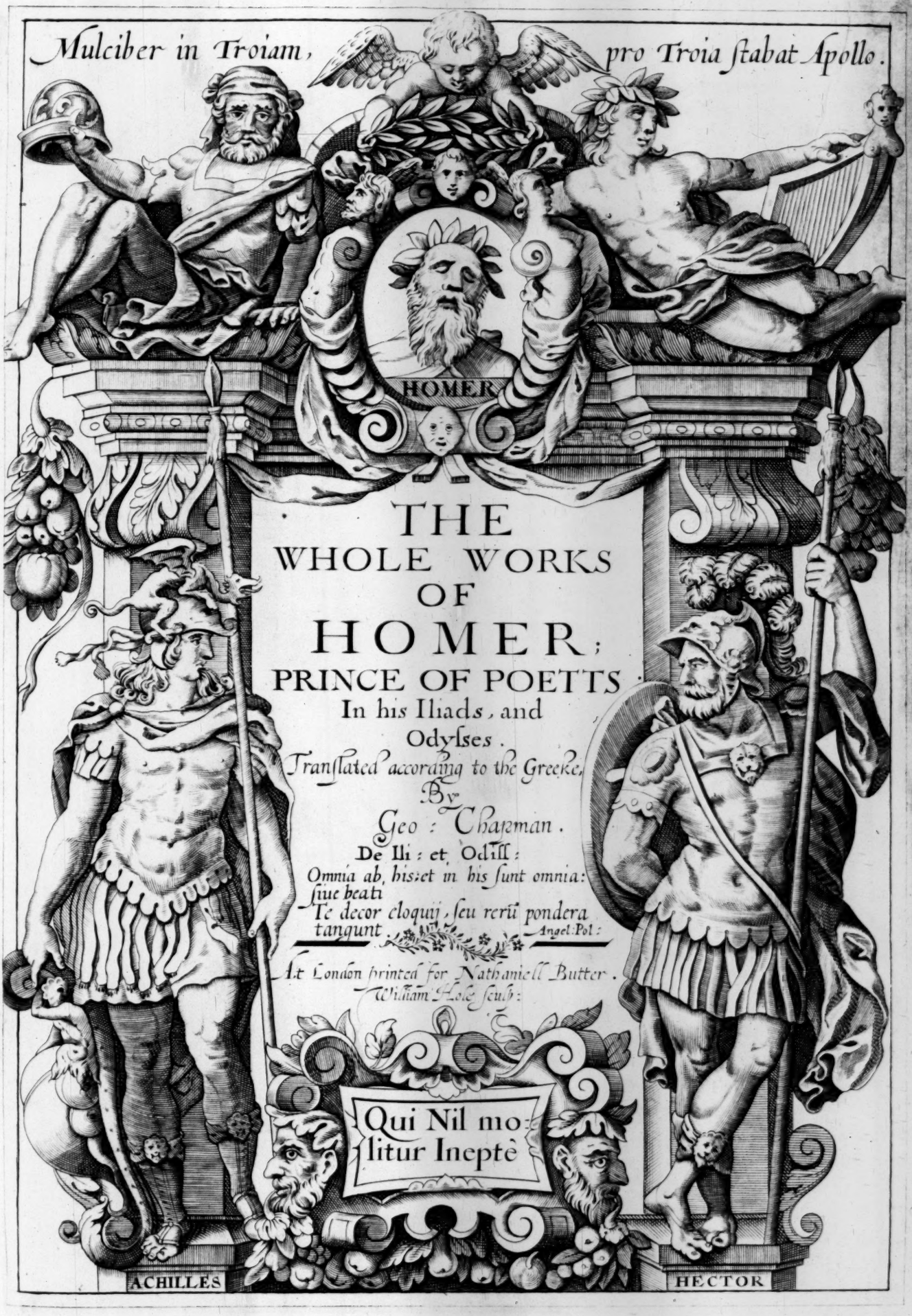
Mulciber in Troiam, pro Troia stabat Apollo.
HOMER
THE
WHOLE WORKS
OF
HOMER;
PRINCE OF POETTS
In his Iliads, and
Odysses.
Translated according to the Greeke,
By
Geo: Chapman.
De Ili: et Odiss:
Omnia ab, his: et in his sunt omnia:
siue beati
Te decor eloquij, seu rerū pondera
tangunt. Angel: Pol:
At London printed for Nathaniell Butter.
William Hole sculp:
Qui Nil mo-
litur Ineptè
ACHILLES
HECTOR

Optimus ille senex, qui nouit omnia Vates,
Prouidens rerum finis, Melioris ad ortus
De Homero Redimitus Heros:
Seuen Lingdomes stroue, which Deeues, could Homer raile,
And now euē Hiraxman, owne sim, from them all. Scotiæ Nobilis.
Eruditorum Poetarum nunc Fui, facile Principi Duo Georgio Chapmano;
Homero scilicet nouis Cunctis Redimito. I. M. Tesselam hanc
Accipiatis, D. D.
Optimus Maro, et Homerum scripserit ipsum,
Qui scripsit Nomen Magne Poeta Tuum.

To the Imortall Memorie, of the Incomparable
Heroe, HENRYE Prince of Wales.

oomb, Arms, Statue: All things fitt to fall
e of Deathe; And worship Funerall
hath hes towd: for Forme, is nought to deare:
lid Virtues yet: eternis'd here:
oode, and wasted spirritts haue onely founde
ded Cost: And broke so riche a grounde,
o interr; But make thee euer springe)
ns, Tombs, Statues; euerye Earthy Thinge,
fade and vanishe into fume before:
las ts; thriues lest: yet: welth of soule is poore;

And so tis kept: Not thy thrice sacred will
Sian'd with thy Deathe; moues any to fullfill
Thy Just beques ts to me: Thow, dead, then; I
Liue deade, for giuing thee Eternitie:.

Ad Famam.

To all Tymes future, This Tymes Marck extend:
Homer, No Patrone founde: Nor Chapman freind:

Ignotus nimis omnibus;
Sat notus, moritur sibi:.

13624c
Homer

TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN, *HENRIE*, THRICE *Royall inheritor to the united Kingdomes of* Great BRITTAINE, &c.

SInce perfect happineſſe, by Princes ſought,
Is not with birth, borne, nor Exchequers bought,
Nor followes in great traines; nor is poſſeſt
With any outward State, but makes him bleſt
That governes inward, and beholdeth there,
All his affection ſtand about him bare;
That by his powre can ſend to Towre, and death,
All traitrous paſſions; marſhalling beneath
His juſtice, his meere will, and in his minde
Holds ſuch a ſcepter, as can keepe confinde
His whole lifes actions in the royall bounds
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds
Takes-in, to ſow his honours, his delights,
And complete empire. You ſhould learne theſe rights
(Great Prince of men) by Princely preſidents;
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale preſents
To furniſh your youths ground-worke, and firſt State;
And let you ſee, one Godlike man create
All ſorts of worthieſt men; to be contriv'd
In your worth onely; giving him reviv'd,
For whoſe life, *Alexander* would have given
One of his kingdomes: who (as ſent from heaven,
And thinking well, that ſo divine a creature
Would never more inrich the race of Nature)

Kept as his Crowne his workes; and thought them ſtill
His Angels, in all power to rule his will.
And would affirme that *Homers* poeſie
Did more advance his Aſian victorie,
Then all his armies. O! tis wondrous much
(Though nothing priſde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written ſoule, to vertue moves.
Nor have we ſoules to purpoſe, if their loves
Of fitting obje&s be not ſo inflam'd.
How much then, were this kingdomes maine ſoule maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in humane ſoules? All Realmes but yours,
Are honour'd with him; and hold bleſt that State
That have his workes to reade and contemplate.
In which, Humanitie to her height is raiſde;
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath praiſde.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verſe compriſe;
Out-ſung the Muſes, and did equaliſe
Their king *Apollo*, being ſo farre from cauſe
Of Princes light thoughts, that their graveſt lawes
May finde ſtuffe to be faſhioned by his lines.
Through all the pompe of kingdomes ſtill he ſhines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your Lutes, and Viols, and more loftily
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* ſung,
To drums and trumpets ſet his angels tongue:
And with the Princely ſport of Hawkes you uſe,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muſe:
And ſee how like the Phœnix ſhe renues
Her age, and ſtarrie feathers in your ſunne;
Thouſands of yeares attending, every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their ſeaſons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offerd to Change, and greedy Funerall;
Yet ſtill your *Homer* laſting, living, raigning;
And proves, how firme truth builds in Poets fayning.

A Princes ſtatue, or in Marble carv'd,
Or ſteele, or gold, and ſhrin'd (to be preſerv'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;
Time into loweſt ruines may depreſſe:
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verſe,
Fame ſhall reſound them on oblivions herſe,
Till graves gaſpe with her blaſts, and dead men riſe.
No gold can follow, where true Poeſie flies.
Then let not this Divinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be ſleighted, as ſhe were the birth
Of idle Fancie; ſince ſhe workes ſo hie:
Nor let her poore diſpoſer (Learning) lye
Still bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't,
In men (with them) is Gods bright image rac't.
For, as the Sunne and Moone, are figures given
Of his refulgent Deitie in heaven:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poeſie,
In earth preſent his fiery Maieſtie.
Nor are Kings like him, ſince their Diademes
Thunder and lighten, and project brave beames;
But ſince they his cleare vertues emulate;
In truth and Iuſtice, imagining his ſtate;
In Bountie, and Humanitie ſince they ſhine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more divine:
Not Fire, nor Light; the Sunnes admired courſe,
The Riſe, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In us, and all this Cope beneath the skie;
Nor great Exiſtence, term'd his treaſurie.
Since not, for being greateſt, he is bleſt;
But being juſt, and in all vertues beſt.
What ſets his juſtice and his truth, beſt forth,
(Beſt Prince) then uſe beſt; which is Poeſies worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt
With gracious vertue, give more ſure effect
To her perſwaſions, pleaſures, reall worth
Then all th'inferiour ſubjects ſhe ſets forth;
Since there ſhe ſhines at full; hath birth, wealth, ſtate,

 Power,

Power, fortune, honor, fit to elevate
Her heavenly merits; and ſo fit they are
Since ſhe was made for them, and they for her:
So, truth, with Poeſie grac't, is fairer farre,
More proper, moving, chaſte, and regular,
Then when ſhe runnes away with untrus't Proſe,
Proportion, that doth orderly diſpoſe
Her vertuous treaſure, and is Queene of Graces;
In Poeſie, decking her with choiſeſt Phraſes,
Figures and numbers: when looſe Proſe puts on
Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot upon
Dull earthly buſineſſe (ſhe being meere divine:)
Holds her to homely Cates, and harſh hedge-wine,
That ſhould drinke Poeſies Nectar; every way
One made for other, as the ſunne and day,
Princes and vertues. And, as in a ſpring,
The plyant water mov'd with any thing
Let fall into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that move round about
The gentle fountaine, one another, raiſing:
So truth and poeſie worke; ſo poeſie blazing,
All ſubjects falne in her exhauſtleſſe fount,
Workes moſt exactly, makes a true account
Of all things to her high diſcharges given,
Till all be circular, and round as heaven.

And laſtly, great Prince, marke and pardon me,
As in a flouriſhing, and ripe fruit tree,
Nature hath made the barke to ſave the Bole;
The Bole, the ſappe. the ſappe to decke the whole
With leaves and branches; they, to beare and ſhield
The uſefull fruit, the fruit it ſelfe to yeeld
Guard to the kernell, and for that all thoſe
(Since out of that againe, the whole tree growes:)
So, in our tree of man, whoſe nervie root
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
All joyn'd in one to ſerve his Queene of arts.

In

In which, doth Poeſie, like the kernell lie
Obſcur'd; though her Promethean faculties
Can create men, and make even death to live;
For which ſhe ſhould live honor'd, Kings ſhould give
Comfort and helpe to her, that ſhe might ſtill
Hold up their ſpirits in vertue; make the will,
That governs in them, to the power conformd;
The power to juſtice, that the ſcandals ſtorm'd
Againſt the poore Dame, clear'd by your faire Grace,
Your Grace may ſhine the clearer. Her low place,
Not ſhewing her, the higheſt leaves obſcure.
Who raiſe her, raiſe themſelves: and he ſits ſure,
Whom her wing'd hand advanceth, ſince on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) ſit.
All whoſe poore ſeed, like violets in their beds
Now grow with boſome-hung, and hidden heads.
For whom I muſt ſpeake (though their Fates convinces
Me, worſt of Poets) to you, beſt of Princes.

By the moſt humble and faithfull implorer for all the graces to your highneſſe eterniſed by your divine Homer.

GEO. CHAPMAN.

AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OVR DREAD PRINCE, MY MOST Gracious and sacred *Mæcenas*;

HENRYE, PRINCE OF WALES, OVR SVNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE.

BE to us as thy great Name doth import,
(Prince of the people) nor suppose it vaine,
That in this secret and prophetique sort,
Thy Name and Noblest Title doth containe
So much right to us; and as great a good,
Nature doth nothing vainly; much lesse Art
Perfecting Nature. No spirit in our bloud,
But in our soules discourses beares a part.
What Nature gives at random in the one,
In th'other, orderd, our divine part serves.
Thou art not HEYR *then, to our state alone;*
But SVNN, PEACE, LIFE. *And what thy powre deserves*
Of us, and our good, in thy utmost strife;
Shall make thee to thy selfe, HEYR, SVNN, PEACE, LIFE.

TO

TO THE SACRED FOVNTAINE OF PRINCES, SOLE EMPRESSE OF BEAVTIE AND VERTVE; ANNE, Queenē of *England*, &c.

With whatsoever Honour we adorne
Your Royall issue; we must gratulate you,
Imperiall Soveraigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you; One Tree make both the Bole and Bow.
If it be honour then to joyne you both
To such a powerfull worke, as shall defend
Both from foule Death, and Ages ugly Moth;
This is an Honour that shau never end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is:
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And joynes your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.
Shield vertue, and advance her then, Great Queen.
And make this Book your Glasse, to make it seen.

Your Majesties in all subjection most
humbly consecrate,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

TO THE READER.

LEſt with foule hands you touch theſe holy Rites,
And with preiudicacies too prophane,
Paſſe Homer, *in your other Poets ſleights;*
Waſh here. In this Porch to his numerous Phane,
Heare ancient Oracles ſpeake, and tell you whom
You have to cenſure. Firſt then Silius *heare,*
Who thrice was Conſull in renowned Rome;
Whoſe verſe (ſaith Martiall*) nothing ſhall out-weare.*

Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.

HE, in *Elyſium*, having caſt his eye
Vpon the figure of a Youth, whoſe haire
With purple Ribands braided curiouſly,
Hung on his ſhoulders wondrous bright and faire;
Said, Virgin, What is he whoſe heavenly face
Shines paſt all others, as the Morne the Night,
Whom many marvelling ſoules, from place to place,
Purſue and haunt, with ſounds of ſuch delight?
Whoſe countenance (wer't not in the Stygian ſhade)
Would make me, queſtionleſſe, beleeve he were
A very God. The learned Virgine made
This anſwer: If thou ſhouldſt beleeve it here,
Thou ſhouldſt not erre: he well deſerv'd to be
Eſteem'd a god; nor held his ſo-much breaſt
A little preſence of the Deitie:
His verſe compriſde earth, ſeas, ſtarres, ſoules at reſt:
In ſong, the Muſes he did equalize;
In honour, *Phœbus*: he was onely ſoule;
Saw all things ſpher'd in Nature, without eyes,
And raiſde your Troy up to the ſtarrie Pole:
Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghoſts,
Said, O if Fates would give this Poet leave
To ſing the acts done by the Romane Hoaſts,
How much beyond, would future times receiue
The ſame facts, made by any other knowne?
O bleſt *Æacides*! to have the grace
That out of ſuch a mouth, thou ſhouldſt be ſhowne
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race
Of all times future, with what he did know:
Thy vertue, with his verſe, ſhall ever grow.

Now

Now heare an Angell ſing our Poets Fame;
Whom Fate, for his divine ſong, gave that name.

Angelus Politianus, in Nutrica.

More liuing, then in old *Demodocus*,
Fame glories to waxe yong in *Homers* verſe.
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds to us
His golden Torch, we ſee the ſtarres diſperſe,
And every way flye heaven; the pallid Moone
Even almoſt vaniſhing before his ſight:
So with the dazeling beames of *Homers* Sunne,
All other antient Poets loſe their light.
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his ſtarre,
Singing the godlike acts of honor'd men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the diuine ſtraines of his pen;
He ſtood amaz'd, and truely did confeſſe
Himſelfe was equall'd in *Maonides*.

Next, heare the great and learned Plinie *uſe*
His cenſure of our ſacred Poets Muſe.

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. 7. Cap. 29.
Turnd into verſe, that no Proſe may come neare *Homer*.

Whom ſhall we chooſe the glory of all wits,
Held through ſo many ſorts of diſcipline,
And ſuch variety of workes and ſpirits,
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did ſhine,
For forme of worke and matter: And becauſe
Our proud doome of him may ſtand iuſtified
By nobleſt iudgements, and receiue applauſe
In ſpite of enuy, and illiterate pride;
Great *Macedon*, amongſt his matchleſſe ſpoiles,
Tooke from rich *Perſia* (on his Fortunes caſt)
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)
Form'd all of gold, with wealthy ſtones enchac't.
He tooke the oyles out, and his neareſt friends
Askt, in what better guard it might be uſde?
All giving their conceits to ſeverall ends;
He anſwerd, his affections rather chuſde
An uſe quite oppoſite to all their kindes:
And *Homers* bookes ſhould with that guard be ſerv'd,
That the moſt precious worke of all mens mindes,
In the moſt precious place, might be preſerv'd.
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,
And gave Antiquity her living fire.

VOlumes of like praiſe, I could heape on this,
Of men more ancient, and more learn'd then theſe:
But ſince true Vertue enough lovely is

With

With her owne beauties; all the ſuffrages
Of others I omit; and would more faine
That *Homer*, for himſelfe, ſhould be belou'd
Who euerie ſort of loue-worth did containe.
Which how I haue in my conuerſion prou'd,
I muſt confeſſe, I hardly dare referre
To reading iudgements; ſince, ſo generally,
Cuſtome hath made euen th'ableſt Agents erre
In theſe tranſlations; all ſo much apply
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,
Make fiſh with fowle, Camels with Whales engender;
Or their tongues ſpeech, in other mouths compell.
For, euen as different a production
Aske Greeke and Engliſh; ſince as they in ſounds,
And letters, ſhunne one forme, and vniſon;
So haue their ſenſe, and elegancie bounds
In their diſtinguiſht natures, and require
Onely a iudegment to make both conſent,
In ſenſe and elocution, and aſpire
As well to reach the ſpirit that was ſpent
In his example; as with arte to pierce
His Grammer, and etymologie of words.
But, as great Clerkes, can write no Engliſh verſe;
Becauſe (alas! great Clerks) Engliſh affords
(Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude toung,
(Since tis their Natiue): but in Greeke or Latine
Their writs are rare; for thence true Poeſie ſprong:
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but skil to chat-in,
Compard with that they might ſay in their owne;
Since thither th'other sfull ſoule cannot make
The ample tranſmigration to be ſhowne
In Nature loueing Poeſie: So the brake
That thoſe Tranſlators ſticke in, that affect
Their word-for-word traductions (where they loſe
The free grace of their naturall Dialect
And ſhame there Authors, with a forced Gloſe)
I laugh to ſee; and yet as much abhorre
More licence from the words, then may expreſſe
Their full compreſſion, and make cleare the Author.
From whoſe truth, if you thinke my feet digreſſe,
Becauſe I vſe needfull Periphraſes;
Reade *Valla*, *Heſſus*, that in Latine Proſe,
And Verſe conuert him; reade the *Meſsines*,
That into Tuſcan turns him; and the Gloſe
Graue *Salel* makes in French, as he tranſlates:
Which (for th'aforeſaide reaſons) all muſt doo;
And ſee that my conuerſion much abates

Of Tranſlation, and the naturall difference of Dialects, neceſſarily to be obſerued in it.

Ironice.

The neceſſarie nearenesſe of tranſlation to the example.

The licence they take, and more ſhowes him too:
Whoſe right, not all thoſe great learn'd men haue done
(In ſome maine parts) that were his Commentors:
But (as the illuſtration of the Sunne
Should be attempted by the erring ſtarres)
They fail'd to ſearch his deepe, and treaſurous hart.
The cauſe was, ſince they wanted the fit key
The power of nature, about Art in Poeſie. Of Nature, in their down-right ſtrength of Art;
With Poeſie, to open Poeſie.
Which in my Poeme of the myſteries
Reueal'd in *Homer*, I will clearely proue.
Till whoſe neere birth, ſuſpend your Calumnies,
And farre-wide imputations of ſelfe loue.
Tis further from me, then the worſt that reades;
Profeſsing me the worſt of all that write:
Yet what, in following one, that brauely leades,
The worſt may ſhow, let this proofe hold the light.
But grant it cleere: yet hath detraction got
My blind ſide, in the forme, my verſe puts on;
Much like a dung-hill Maſtife, that dares not
Aſſault the man he barkes at; but the ſtone
He throwes at him, takes in his eager iawes,
And ſpoyles his teeth becauſe they cannot ſpoyle.
The long verſe hath by proofe receiu'd applauſe
Beyond each other number: and the foile,
That ſquint-ey'd Enuie takes, is cenſurd plaine.
For, this long Poeme askes this length of verſe,
Which I my ſelfe ingeniouſly maintaine
Too long, our ſhorter Authors to reherſe.
And for our tong, that ſtill is ſo empayr'd
Our Engliſh language, about all others, for Rhythmicall Poeſie. By traualing linguiſts; I can proue it cleare,
That no tongue hath the Muſes vtterance heyr'd
For verſe, and that ſweet Muſique to the eare
Strooke out of rime, ſo naturally as this;
Our Monoſyllables, ſo kindly fall
And meete, oppoſde in rime, as they did kiſſe:
French and Italian, moſt immetricall;
Their many ſyllables, in harſh Colliſion,
Fall as they brake their necks; their baſtard Rimes
Saluting as they iuſtl'd in tranſition,
And ſet our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times
Kept in their falles. And me thinkes, their long words
Shew in ſhort verſe, as in a narrow place,
Two oppoſites ſhould meet, with two-hand ſwords
Vnweildily, without or vſe or grace.
Thus hauing rid the rubs, and ſtrowd theſe flowers
In our thrice ſacred *Homers* Engliſh way;
What reſts to make him, yet more worthy yours?

To cite more prayſe of him, were meere delay
To your glad ſearches, for what thoſe men found,
That gaue his praiſe, paſt all, ſo high a place:
Whoſe vertues were ſo many, and ſo cround,
By all conſents, Diuine; that not to grace,
Or adde increaſe to them, the world doth need
Another *Homer*; but euen to reherſe
And number them: they did ſo much exceed;
Men thought him not a man; but that his verſe
Some meere celeſtiall nature did adorne.
And all may well conclude, it could not be,
That for the place where any man was borne,
So long, and mortally, could diſagree
So many Nations, as for *Homer* ſtriu'd,
Vnleſſe his ſpurre in them, had bene diuine.
Then end their ſtriſe, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)
As borne in *England*: ſee him ouer-ſhine
All other-Countrie Poets; and truſt this,
That whoſe-ſoeuer Muſe dares uſe her wing
When his Muſe flies, ſhee will be traſs't by his;
And ſhow as if a Bernacle ſhould ſpring
Beneath an Eagle. In none ſince was ſeene
A ſoule ſo full of heauen as earth's in him.
O! if our moderne poeſie had beene
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne.
What barbarous worldling, groueling after gaine,
Could vſe her louely parts with ſuch rude hate,
As now ſhe ſuffers vnder every ſwaine?
Since then tis nought but her abuſe and Fate,
That thus empaires her; what is this to her
As ſhee is reall, or in naturall right.
But ſince in true Religion men ſhould erre
As much as Poeſie, ſhould th'abuſe excite
The like contempt of her Diuinitie?
And that her truth, and right ſaint ſacred Merites;
In moſt liues, breed but reuerence formally;
What wonder is't if Poeſie inherits
Much leſſe obſeruance; being but Agent for her;
And ſinger of her lawes, that others ſay?
Forth then ye Mowles, ſonnes of the earth abhorre her;
Keepe ſtill on in the durty vulgar way,
Till durt receiue your ſoules, to which ye vow;
And with your poiſon'd ſpirits bewitch our thrifts.
Ye cannot ſo much deſpiſe vs as we you.
Nor one of you, aboue his Mowlehill lifts
His earthy Minde; but, as a ſort of beaſts,
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare
Their manly voices; but when, in their fiſts,

They breathe wild whiſtles; and the beaſts rude eare
Heares their Curres barking; then by heapes they flie,
Headlong together: So men, beaſtly giuen,
The manly ſoules voice (ſacred Poeſie,
Whoſe Hymnes the Angels euer ſing inheauen)
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutiſh noiſes
(For Gaine, Luſt, Honour, in litigious Proſe)
Are bellow'd-out, and cracke the barbaro usvoices
Of turkiſh *Stentors*; O! ye leane to thoſe
Like itching Horſe, to blockes, or high May-poles;
And breake naught but the wind of wealth, wealth, All
In all your Documents; your Aſinine ſoules
(Proud of their burthens) feele not how they gall.
But as an Aſſe, that in a field of weeds
Affects a thiſtle, and falles fiercely to it;
That pricks, and gals him; yet he feeds, and bleeds;
Forbeares a while, and lickes; but cannot woo it
To leaue the ſharpnes when (to wreake his ſmart)
He beates it with his foote; then backward kickes,
Becauſe the Thiſtle gald his forward part;
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the prickes;
Then falles to others with as hote a ſtrife;
And in that honourable warre doth waſte
The tall heate of his ſtomack, and his life:
So, in this world of weeds, you worldings taſte
Your moſt-lou'd dainties; with ſuch warre, buy peace;
Hunger for torment; vertue kicke for vice;
Cares for your ſtates, do with your ſtates increaſe:
And though ye dreame ye feaſt in Paradiſe,
Yet Reaſons Day-light, ſhewes ye at your meate
Aſſes at Thiſtles, bleeding as ye eate.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

OF all bookes extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before his (Iosephus affirmes,) nor before him (saith Velleius Paterculus) was there any whom he imitated: nor after him, any that could imitate him. And that Poesie may be no cause of detraction frō all the eminence we giue him; Spondanus (preferring it to all Arts and sciences) vnanswerably argues and proues. For the glorie of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny) man was chiefly made. And what art performes this chiefe end of man, with so much excitation, and expression as Poesie? Moses, Dauid, Salomon, Iob, Esay, Ieremy, &c. chiefly vsing that to the end aboue said. And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man (as all easily confesse it,) it must needs be acknowledged a diuine infusion. To proue which in a word, this distich, (in my estimation) serues something nearely:

Great Poesie, blind *Homer*, makes all see
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him (according to our most graue and iudicial Plutarch) are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therfore the worlds vilifying of it, that can make it vile: for so we might argue, & blaspheme the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed: but (like Truth) hides it selfe frō it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdomes truth in all humane excellence as in Poets fictions. That most vulgar & foolish receipt of Poeticall licence, being of all knowing men to be exploded; excepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling priuiledge aboue others,) no Artist being so strictly, and inextricably confined to all the lawes of learning, wisedome, and truth, as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinewes and soules of all those; how could they differ farre from, and be combined with eternitie? To all sciences therfore, I must still (with our learned and ingenious Spondanus) preferre it; as hauing a perpetual commerce with the diuine Maiesty; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts; and inioying continuall discourse with his thrice perfect, and most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplatiue life is most worthily & diuinely preferred by Plato, to the actiue; as much as the head to the foote; the eye to the head; reason to sence; the soule to the bodie: the end it selfe, to all things directed to the end: quiet to motion; and Eternitie to Time; so much preferre I diuine Poesie to all worldly wisdome. To the onely shadow of whose worth yet, I entitle not the bold rimes of euery Apish and impudent Braggart, (though he dares assume any thing) such I turne ouer to the weauing of Cobwebs; and shall but chatter on molehils (farre under the hill of the Muses) when their fortunat'st selfloue and ambition hath aduanced them highest. Poesie is the flower of the Sun, & disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures, & counsels frō the vulgar; ne cuilescant (saith our Spond.) we haue example sacred enough, that true Poesie humility, powerty & contempt, are badges of diuinity, not vanity. Bray then, and barke against it ye wolf-fac't worldings, that nothing but

honours, riches, and magiſtracie, neſcio quos, turgidè ſpiratis (*that I may vſe the words of our friend ſtill,*) Qui ſolas leges *Inſtinianas* crepatis; paragraphum vnum aut alterum, pluris quàm vos ipſos facitis, &c. *I (for my part) ſhall euer eſteeme it much more manly and ſacred, in this harmeleſſe and pious ſtudie, to ſit till I ſinke into my graue, then ſhine in our vainglorious bubbles, and impieties; al your poore policies, wiſedomes, their trappings, at no more valuing them a muſty Nut. And much leſſe I wey the frontleſſe detractions of ſome ſtupide ignorants; that no more knowing me, then their owne beaſtly ends; and I, euer (to my knowledge) bleſt from their ſight; whiſper behind me vilifying of my tranſlation: out of the* French *affirming them; when both in* French, *and all other languages but his owne, our withall-skill enriched* Poet, *is ſo poore and vnpleaſing, that no man can diſcerne from whence flowed his ſo generally giuen eminence, and admiration. And therefore (by any reaſonable creatures conference, of my ſleight comment, and conuerſion) it will eaſily appeare how I ſhunne them: and whether the originall be my rule or not. In which, he ſhall eaſily ſee, I vnderſtand the vnderſtandings of all other interpreters, and commenters in places of his moſt depth importance, and rapture. In whoſe expoſition and illuſtration, if I abhorre from the ſence that others wreſt, and racke out of him; let my beſt detractor examine how the Greeke word warrants me. For my other freſh fry, let them fry in thir fooliſh gals; nothing ſo much weighed as the barking of puppies, or foiſting hounds; too vile to thinke of our ſacred* Homer, *or ſet their prophane feete within their liues lengths of his threſhelds. If I faile in ſomthing, let my full performance in other ſome reſtore me; haſte ſpurring me on with other neceſsities. For as at my concluſion I proteſt, ſo here at my entrance, leſſe then fifteene weekes was the time, in which all the laſt twelue books were entirely newtranſlated. No conference had with any one liuing in al the nouelties I preſume I haue found. Only ſome on or two places I haue ſhewed to my worthy and moſt learned friend,* M. Harriots, *for his cenſure how much mine owne weighed: whoſe iudgement and knowledge in al kinds, I know to be incomparable, and bottomleſſe: yea, to be admired as much, as his moſt blameles life, and the right ſacred expence of his time, is to be honoured and reuerenced. Which affirmation of his cleare vnmatchedneſſe in all manner of learning; I make in contempt of that naſtie obiection often thruſt vpon me; that he that will iudge, muſt know more then he of whom he iudges; for ſo a man ſhould know neither God nor himſelfe. Another right learned, honeſt, and entirely loued friend of mine,* M. Robert Hews, *I muſt needs put into my confeſt conference touching* Homer, *though very little more then that I had with* M. Harriots. *Which two, I proteſt, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my generall labour; but onely of thoſe one or two places, which for inſtances of my innouation, and how it ſhewed to them, I imparted. If any taxe me for too much periphraſis or circumlocution in ſome places, let them reade* Laurentius Valla, *and* Eobanus Heſſus, *who either vſe ſuch ſhortneſſe as commeth nothing home to* Homer, *or where they ſhun that fault, are ten parts more paraphraſtical then I. As for example, one place I will trouble you (if you pleaſe) to conferre with the originall, and noe interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third booke, and is* Hellens *ſpeech to* Venus, *fetching her to* Paris, *from ſeeing his cowardly combat with* Menelaus: *part of which ſpeech I wil here cite:*

Οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν μοι Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος

Νικήσας, &c. *For auoiding the common readers trouble here, I muſt referre the more* Greekiſh *to the reſt of the ſpeech in* Homer, *whoſe tranſlation* ad verbum *by* Sondanus, *I will here cite, and then pray you to conferre it with that*

which

which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam vero nunc *Alexandrum, Menelaus*
Poſtquam vicit; vult odioſam me domum abducere;
Propterea vero nunc dolum (ceu colos) cogitans aduenisti?
Sede apud ipſum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque vnquam tuis pedibus reuertaris in cœlum,
Sed ſemper circa eum ærumnas prefer, & ipſum ſerua
Donec te vel vxorem faciat, vel hic ſeruam, &c.

Valla *thus*:

Quoniam victo *Paride*, *Menelaus*, me miſeram, eſt reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falſa ſub imagine veniſti, ut me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in *Paridem* beneuolentiã: eò dum illi ades, dum illi ſtudes, dum pro illo ſatagis, dum illum obſeruas atque cuſtodis, deorum commercium reliquiſti, nec ad eos reuerſura es amplius; adeò (quantum ſuſpicor) aut vxor eius efficieris, aut ancilla, &c.

Wherein note if there be any ſuch thing as moſt of this in Homer; *yet only to expreſſe (as he thinks)* Homers *conceipt, for the more pleaſure of the reader, he vſeth this ouerplus* dum illi ades, dum illi ſtudes, dum pro illo ſatagis, dum illum obſeruas, atque cuſtodis, deorum commercium reliquiſti. *Which (beſides his ſuperfluitie) is vtterly falſe. For where he ſaith* reliquiſti deorum commercium, Hellen *ſaith,* Θεων δ' ἀπόσσεο κηλεδόνας, deorum autem abnega, *or* abnue vias, ἀπόσσεο, (vel ἀπόειπε, *as it is vſed poetically ſignifying* denegare, *or* abnuere; *&* Hellen (*in contempt of her too much obſeruing men*) *bids her renounce heauen, and come liue with* Paris *till he make her his wife or ſeruant; ſceptically or ſcorneſully ſpeaking it: which doth* Valla, Embanus, *and al other interpreters (but theſe* ad verbum) *haue vtterly miſt. And this one example I thought neceſſarie to inſert here, to ſhew my detractors that they haue no reaſon to vilifie my circumlocution ſometimes, when their moſt approued* Grecians, Homers *interpreters generally hold him fit to be ſo conuerted. Yet how much* I *differ, and with what authoritie, let my impartiall, and iudiciall reader iudge. Alwaies conceiuing how pedanticall and abſurd an affectation it is in the interpretation of any Author (much more of* Homer) *to turne him word for word; when (according to* Horace *and other beſt lawgiuers to tranſlaters) it is the part of euery knowing and iudiciall interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the matter all things themſelues, and ſentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorne them with words, and ſuch a ſtile and forme of Oration, as are moſt apt for the language into which they are conuerted. If I haue not turned him in any place falſly (as all other his interpreters haue in many and moſt of his chiefe places;) If I haue not left behind me any of his ſentence, elegancie, height, intention, and inuention: if in ſome few places (eſpecially in my firſt edition, being done ſo long ſince, & following the cõmon tract) I be ſomthing paraphraſticall & faulty; is it iuſtice in that poore fault (if they will needs haue it ſo) to drowne all the reſt of my labour? But there is a certaine enuious Windfucker, that houers vp and down, laboriouſly engroſſing al the aire with his luxurious ambition; and buzzing into euery eare my detraction; affirming I turne* Homer *out of the Latine onely, &c. that ſets all his aſſociates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to beare about my empaire, and poyſon my reputation. One that as he thinkes, whatſoeuer he gines to others, he takes from himſelfe; ſo whatſoeuer he takes from others, he addes to himſelfe. One that in this kinde of robberie, doth like* Mercurie, *that ſtole good, and ſupplied it with counterfeit bad*

ſtill. One like the two gluttons, Phyloxenus *and* Gnatho, *that would ſtill emptie their noſes in the diſhes they loued, that no man might eate but themſelues. For ſo this* Caſtrill, *with too hote a liuer, and luſt after his owne glorie, and to deuoure all himſelfe, diſcourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I haue ſtriken, ſingle him as you can. Nor note I this, to caſt any rubbes, or plaſter out of the particular way of mine owne eſtimation with the world; for I reſolue this with the wilfully obſcure:*

Sine honore, viuam nullóq, numero ero.
Without mens honors I will liue, and make
No number, in the manleſſe courſe they take.

But to diſcourage (if it might be) the generall detraction of induſtrious, and well meaning vertue. I know I cannot too much diminiſh, and deiect my ſelfe; yet the paſſing little that I am, God onely knowes; to whoſe euer-implored reſpect, and comfort, I onely ſubmit me. If any further edition of theſe my ſily endeuors ſhall chance, I will mend what is amiſſe (God aſſiſting me) and amplifie my barſh Comment to Homers *farre more right, and mine owne earneſt, and ingenious loue of him. Notwithſtanding, I know, the curious, and enuious, will neuer ſit downe ſatisfied. A man may go ouer and ouer, till he come ouer and ouer; and his paines be onely his recompence euery man is ſo loded with his particular head; and nothing in all reſpects perfect, but what is perceiued by few.* Homer *himſelfe hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poore-ſelfe, put up with motion. And ſo little I will reſpect malignitie; and ſo much encourage my ſelfe with mine owne knowne ſtrength, and what I finde within me, of comfort, and confirmance; (examining my ſelfe throughout, with a farre more iealous and ſeuere eye, then my greateſt enemie; imitating this:*

Iudex ipſe ſui totum ſe explorat ad vnguem, &c.)

That after theſe Iliads, *I will (God lending me life and any meaneſt meanes) with more labour then I haue loſt here, and all vncheckt alacritie, diue through his* Odyſſes. *Nor can I forget here (but with all heartie gratitude remember) my moſt ancient, learned, and right noble frind* M. Richard Stapilton, *firſt moſt deſertfull mouer in the frame of our* Homer. *For which (and much other moſt ingenious and vtterly vndeſerued deſert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honorable families ſpeedy and full reſtorer. In the meane ſpace, I intreat my impartiall, and indiciall Reader; that all things to the quick he will not pare; but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and if he finde any thing perfect, receiue it vnennied.*

Of Homer.

OF his countrie, and time, the difference is ſo infinite amongſt all writers, that there is no queſtion (in my coniecture) of his antiquitie beyond all. To which opinion, the neareſt I will cite; Addam Cedrenus *placeth him vnder* Dauids *&* Solomons *rule; & the deſtruction of* Troy *vnder* Sauls. *And of one age with* Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus *affirmeth him.* Ariſtotle (in tertio de Poetica) *affirmes he was borne in the Ile of* Io, *begot of a* Genius, *one of them that vſed to dance with the* Muſes, *and a virgine of that Ile, compreſt by that* Genius, *who being quicke with child (for ſhame of the deed) came into a place called* Ægina, *and there was taken of theeues, and brought to* Smyrna, *to* Mœon *king of the* Lidians, *who for her beautie maried her. After which, ſhe walking neare the flood* Meletes; *on that ſhore being ouertaken with the throwes of her deliuerie, ſhee brought forth* Homer, *and inſtantly*

ſtantly died. The infant was receiued by Mœon, and brought vp as his owne till his death; which was not long after. And according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna, were afflicted by the Æolians, and thought fit to leaue the citie, the Captaines by a Herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them; Homer (being a little child) ſaid he would alſo ὀμπεῦν. (that is, ſequi.) And of that, (for Meleſigenes, which was his firſt name) he was called Homer. Theſe Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this, I omit for length: and in place therfore, thinke it not vnfit to inſert ſomething of his praiſe, and honor amongſt the greateſt of all Ages; not that our moſt abſolute of him ſelfe, needes it; but that ſuch autenticall teſtmonies of his ſplendor and excellence, may the better conuince the malice of his maligners.

First, what kind of perſon Homer was, (ſaith Spondanus) his ſtatue teacheth; which Cedrenus deſcribeth. The whole place we will deſcribe, that our relation may hold the better coherence; as Nylander conuerts it. Then was the Octagonon at Conſtantinople conſumed with fire; and the Bath of Seuerus, that bore the name of Zeuxippus: in which there was much varietie of ſpectacle, and ſplendor of Arts; the workes of all Ages being conferred, and preſerued there, of Marble, Rockes, Stones and Images of Braſſe; to which, this onely wanted; that the ſoules of the perſons they preſented, were not in them. Amongſt theſe maſter peeces, and all-wit-exceeding workmanſhips, ſtood Homer, as he was in his age; thoughtfull, and muſing: his hands folded beneath his boſome; his beard untrimmed, and hanging downe; the haire of his head in like ſort thinne on both ſides before; his face with age and cares of the world (as theſe imagine) wrinkled and auſtere; his noſe proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned vp to his eye browes, like one blind (as it is reported he was) not borne blind (ſaith Vell. Paterculus) which he that imagins (ſaith he) is blind of all ſenſes. Vpon his vnder coate he was attired with a looſe robe; and at the baſe beneath his feete, a brazen chain hung. This was the ſtatue of Homer, which in that conflagration periſhed. Another renowned ſtatue of his (ſaith Lucian in his Encomion of Demoſthenes) ſtood in the temple of Ptolomy, on the vpper hand of his own ſtatue. Cedrenus likewiſe remembreth a Library in the Pallace of the king at Conſtantinople, that contained a thouſand a hundred and twenty bookes: amongſt which there was the gut of a Dragon, of an hundred and twentie foote long; in which, in letters of gold; the Iliads, and Odiſſes of Homer were inſcribed: which miracle (in Baſiliſcus the Emperours time) was conſumed with fire.

For his reſpect amongſt the moſt learned; Plato in Ione calleth him ἄειστον καὶ θειότατον τῶν ποιητῶν, Poetarum omnium, & præſtantiſſimum, & diuiniſſimum. In Phædone θεῖον ποιητὴν, diuinum Poetam, and in Theætetus, Socrates citing diuerſe of the moſt wiſe and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, (as Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer) who (ſaith Socrates) againſt ſuch an armie, being all led by ſuch a Captaine as Homers dares fight or reſiſt, but he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger, and all Homer, enuious and ignorant detractors. Why therefore, Plato in another place baniſheth him with all other poets out of his Common-wealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed, vſe men, and then caſt them off, (though Homer he thinks fit to ſend out crowned, and annointed;) I ſee not, ſince he maketh ſtill ſuch honorable mention of him, and with his verſes (as with precious Iemmes) euerie where enchaceth his writings. So Ariſtotle, continually celebrated him. Nay euen amongſt the Barbarous, not onely Homers name, but his Poems haue bene recorded and reuerenced. The Indians

(ſaith

(*ſaith* Elianus var. hiſt. lib. 12. cap 48.) *intheir owne tongue had* Homers *Poems tranſlated and ſung. Nor thoſe* Indians *alone, but the kings of* Perſia. *And amongſt the* Indians (*of all the* Greek *Poets*, Homer *being euer firſt in eſtimatiõ*;) *whenſoeuer they vſed any diuine duties according to the cuſtome of their houſholds and hoſpitalities, they inuited euer*, Apollo, *and* Homer. Lucian *in his* Encomion *of* Demoſth: *affirmeth all Poets celebrated* Homers *birth day*; *& ſacrificed to him the firſt fruites of their verſes. So* Therſagoras *anſwereth* Lician, *he vſed to doe him ſelfe.* Alex. Paphius (*ſaith* Euſtathius *deliuers* Homer, *as borne of* Egyptian *Parents*; Damaſagoras *being his father, and* Æthra *his mother*; *his nourſe being a certaine Propheteſſe, and the daughter of* Oris, Iſis *Prieſt*; *from whoſe breaſts, of tentimes, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he vttered nine ſeuerall notes or voices of fowles*, viz. *of a Swallow, a Peacocke, a Doue, a Crow, a Partrich, a red-Shank, a Stare, a Blackebird, and a Nightingale: and being a little boy, was found playin his bed with nine Doues.* Sibylla *being at a feaſt of his Parents, was taken withſodaine furie*; *and ſing verſes, whoſe beginning was* Δαμασαγορα πολιωίκα ? polynice, *ſignifying much victorie*; *in which ſong alſo ſhe called him* μεγακλεα, *great in glorie*; *and* στεφανοπλω, *ſignifying garland-ſeller*; *and commanded him to build a temple to the* Pegridarij, *that is, to the Muſes.* Herodotus *affirmes, that* Phæmius *teaching a publike ſchoole at* Smyrna) *was his maiſter*; *and* Dionyſius *in his* 56. *oration ſaith*, Socrates *was* Homers *ſcholler. In ſhort*; *what he was, his workes ſhew moſt truly*; *to which (if you pleaſe) go on and examine him.*

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

The Argvment.

Apollo's Prieſt to th' Argive fleet doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, priſoner to the King;
For which, her tenderd freedome, he entreats.
But, being diſmiſt with contumelious threats,
At Phœbus *hands, by vengefull prayer he ſeeks*
To have a plague inflicted on the Greekes.
Which had, Achilles *doth a Counſell cite,*
Emboldning Chalchas *in the Kings deſpite,*
To tell the truth, why they were puniſht ſo.
From hence their fierce and deadly ſtrife did grow.
For wrong in which, Æacides *ſo raves,*
That Goddeſſe Thetis *from her throne of waves,*
(Aſcending heaven) of Iove *aſſiſtance woon,*
To plague the Greeks, by abſence of her ſonne;
And make the Generall himſelfe repent,
To wrong ſo much his Armies ornament.
This found by Iuno, *ſhe with* Iove *contends,*
Till Vulcan, *with heaven's cup, the quarrell ends.*

Æacides, ſirname of Achilles, being the grand-child of Æacus.

Another Argument.

Alpha *the prayer of* Chryſes *ſings:*
The Armie's plague: the ſtrife of Kings.

His propoſition and invocation.

Achilles baneſull wrath reſound, O Goddeſſe that impoſ'd
Infinite ſorrowes on the Greekes, and many brave ſoules loſ'd
From breaſts Heroique: ſent them farre, to that [a] inviſible cave,
That no light comforts; & their lims to dogs & vultures gave.
To [b] all which *Iove's will* gave effect; [c] from whom, firſt ſtrife begun
Betwixt *Atrides* king of men, and *Thetis* godlike ſonne.

Atrides, ſirname of Agamemnon, being ſonne to Atreus.
Eris the goddeſſe of contention.
Narration.

What God gave *Eris* their command, and op't that fighting veine?
Iove's and *Latona's* ſonne, who fir'd againſt the king of men,
For contumely ſhown his Prieſt, infectious ſickneſſe ſent
To plague the army, and to death by troopes the ſoldiers went.
Occaſion'd thus, *Chryſes* the Prieſt came to the fleet, to buy,
For preſents of unvalued price, his daughters liberty.
The golden Scepter, and the Crowne of *Phœbus* in his hands
Propoſing; and made ſuit to all, but moſt to the Commands
Of both th' *Atrides*, who moſt rul'd. Great *Atreus* ſonnes (ſaid he)
And all ye wel-greev'd Greeks, the gods, whoſe habitations be
In heavenly houſes, grace your powers with *Priam's* razed towne,

Agamemnon & Menelaus, called the Atrides, being brethers, and both ſonnes to Atreus.

And

And grant ye happy conduct home: to win which wisht renown
Of *Iove*, by honouring his sonne (farre-shooting *Phœbus*,) daine
Chryses the Priest of Apollo, to the Atrides, and other Greeks. For these fit presents to dissolve, the ransomable chaine
Of my lov'd daughter's servitude. The Greekes entirely gave
Glad acclamations, for signe, that their desires would have
The grave Priest reverenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price embrac'd.
The Generall yet, bore no such minde, but viciously disgrac'd,
Agamemnon's contumelious repulse of Chryses With violent termes, the Priest, and said; Doterd, avoid our fleet,
Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning feet
Let ever visite us againe, lest nor thy godhead's crowne,
Nor scepter save thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne,
Till age defloure her. In our Court at Argos (farre transferd
From her lov'd country) she shall ply, her web, and see *prepard
** See my bed made, it may be english: the word is ἐν πτοωσιν, which signifies contra stantem, as standing of one side, opposite to another on the other side, which yet others translate, capessentem, & adornantem; which, since it shewes best to a reader, I follow.* (With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more,
But (if thou wilt be safe) be gone. This said, the sea-beat shore
(Obeying his high will) the Priest trod off with haste, and feare:
And walking silent, till he left fare of his enemies eare;
Phœbus (faire-hair'd *Latona's* sonne) he stird up, with a vow,
To this sterne purpose: Heare, thou God that bear'st the silver bow,
That *Chrysa* guard'st, rulest Tenedos with strong hand, and the round
Of Cilla most divine dost walk: O *Sminthus*, if crown'd
With thankfull offerings thy rich Phane I ever saw, or fir'd
Fat thighs of oxen, and of goats, to thee; this grace desir'd
Vouchsafe to me: paines for my teares, let these rude Greeks repay,
Forc'd with thy arrowes. Thus he praid, and *Phœbus* heard him pray;
The prayer of Chryses to Apollo And vext at heart, downe from the tops of steep heaven stoopt; his bow
And quiver cover'd round, his hands did on his shoulders throw;
And of the angry deity the arrowes as he mov'd,
Ratl'd about him. Like the night he rang'd the host, and rov'd
(Apart the fleet set) terribly, with his hard-loosing hand
His silver bow twang'd, and his shafts, did first the Mules command,
Apollo sends the plague among the Greeks. And swift hounds: then the Greeks themselves his deadly arrowes shot.
The fires of death never out, nine daies his shafts flew hot
About the army, and the tenth, *Achilles* cald a Court
* *Iuno.* Of all the Greekes: heaven's *white-arm'd Queen (who every where cut short
Beholding her lov'd Greeks by death) suggested it: and he
Achilles to Agamemnon. (All met in one) arose, and said; *Atrides*, now I see
We must be wandering againe, flight must be still our stay,
(If flight can save us now) at once sickenesse and battell lay
Such strong hand on us. Let us aske some Prophet, Priest, or prove
Some dreame-interpreter, (for dreames are often sent from *Iove*)
Why *Phœbus* is so much incenst? If unperformed vowes
He blames in us, or Hecatombs; and if these knees he bowes
To death, may yeeld his graves no more; but offering all supply
Of favours, burnt from lambs, and goats, avert his fervent eye,
And turne his temperate. Thus he sate; and then stood up to them
Chalcas the Prophet. *Chalcas*, sirnamed *Thestorides*, of Augures the supreme:
He knew things present, past, to come; and rulde the Equipage

Of

Of th'Argive fleete to Ilion, for his Prophetique rage
Given by *Apollo*: who well ſeene, in th'ill they felt, propoſd
This to *Achilles*: *Ioves* belov'd? would thy charge ſee diſcloſ'd,
The ſecret of *Apollo's* wrath? then convenant, and take oth,
To my diſcoverie? that with words, and powerfull actions both,
Thy ſtrength will guard the truth, in me; becauſe I well conceive
That he whoſe Empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give,
Confirm'd obedience, will be mov'd; and then you know the ſtate,
Of him that moves him, when a king hath once markt for his hate,
A man inferior; though that day, his wrath ſeemes to digeſt
Th'offence he takes; yet evermore, he rakes up in his breſt,
Brands of quick anger; til revenge, hath quencht to his deſire,
The fire reſerved. Tell mee then, if, whatſoever, ire
Suggeſts, in hurt of me, to him; thy valor will prevent?
Achilles anſwered; All thou know'ſt, ſpeake, and be confident:
For by *Apollo*, *Ioves* belov'd (to whom, performing vowes,
O *Calchas*, for the ſtate of Greece; thy ſpirit Prophetique ſhowes
Skills that direct us) not a man, of all theſe Grecians here,
(I living, and enioying the light, ſhot through this flowrie ſphere)
Shall touch thee, with offenſive hands; though *Agamemnon* be
The man in queſtion, that doth boaſt, the mightieſt Emperie,
Of all our armie. Then tooke heart; the Prophet vnreprov'd,
And ſaid: They are not unpaid vowes, nor Hecatombs, that mov'd
The God againſt us: his offence, is for his Prieſt, empaird,
By *Agamemnon*; that refuſd, the preſent he preferd
And kept his daughter. This is cauſe, why heavens farre-darter darts
Theſe plagues amongſt us; and this ſtill, will emptie in our hearts
His deathfull quiver, vncontaind; till to her loved ſire,
The blacke eyd damſell be reſign'd; no redemtorie hire,
Tooke for her freedome; not a gift; but all the ranſome quit;
And ſhe convaide, with ſacrifice; till her enfranchiſd feete,
Treade Chryſa vnder: then the God (ſo pleaſd) perhaps we may
Move to remiſſion. Thus he ſate; and up, the great in ſway,
Heroique *Agamemnon* roſe eagerly bearing all:
His minds ſeate overcaſt with fumes: an anger generall,
Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes ſparckl'd like kindling fire;
Which, ſternely caſt upon the Prieſt, thus vented he, his ire;
Prophet of ill? For never good, came from thee towards me;
Not to a words worth: evermore, thou tookſt delight to be
Offenſive in thy Auguries; which thou continueſt ſtill;
Now caſting thy prophetique gall, and vouching all our ill
(Shot from *Apollo*,) is impoſd; ſince I refuſ'd the prize
Of faire *Chryſeis* libertie; which would in no worth riſe,
To my rate of her ſelfe; which moves, my vowes to have her home;
Paſt *Clytemneſtra* loving her; that grac't my nuptiall roome,
With her virginitie, and flowre. Nor aske her merits leſſe,
For perſon, diſpoſition, wit, and skill in houſewiferies.
And yet, for all this, ſhee ſhall go; if more conducible

Calchas to Achilles.

Achilles to Chalchas.

Calchas diſcovers. to the Greekes the cauſe of heir plauge.

Agamemnon incenſt, to Calchas

That courſe be, than her holding here. I rather wiſh the weale
Of my lov'd armie then the death. Provide yet, inſtantly,
Supplie for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie,
Loſe not my winnings: tis not fit, ye ſee all, I loſe mine
Forc't by another: ſee as well, ſome other may reſigne,
Achilles to Agamemnon His Priſe to me. To this, replied, the ſwift-foote God-like ſonne
Of *Thetis*, thus: King of us all, in all ambition;
Moſt covetous of all that breath; why ſhould the greatſoul'd Greekes
Supply thy loſt priſe, out of theirs? nor what thy avarice ſeekes,
Our common treaſurie can find; ſo little it doth guard
Of what our rac'd towns, yeelded us; of all which, moſt is ſhar'd,
And given our ſouldiers; which againe, to take into our hands
Were ignominious, and baſe. Now then, ſince God commands,
Part with thy moſt-lou'd priſe to him: not any one of us,
Exacts it of thee: yet we all, all loſſe thou ſufferſt thus,
Will treble; quadruple in gaine, when *Iupiter* beſtowes
The ſacke of well-wall'd Troy one us; which by his word he owes.
Agamemnon to Achilles. Do not deceive your ſelfe with wit, (he anſwerd) God-like man;
Though your good name may colour it; tis not your ſwift foote can
Out runne me here; nor ſhall the gloſſe, ſet on it with the God,
Perſwade me to my wrong. Wouldſt thou, maintaine in ſure abode
Thine owne priſe, and ſlight me of mine? Reſolve this: if our friends
(As fits in equitie, my worth) will right me with amends,
So reſt it; otherwiſe my ſelfe, will enter perſonally
On thy priſe; that of *Ithacus*, or *Aiax*, for ſupply;
Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come we'le order theſe
Heareafter, and in other place. Now put to ſacred ſeas
Our black ſaile; in it rowers put, in it fit ſacrifice;
And to theſe, I will make aſcend, my ſo much envied priſe,
Bright cheekt *Chryſeis*. For conduct, of all which, we muſt chuſe
A chiefe out of our counſellors; thy ſeruice we muſt vſe,
Idomeneus; *Aiax*, thine, or thine, wiſe *Ithacus*;
Or thine, thou terribleſt of men, thou ſonne of *Peleus*;
Which fitteſt were, that thou mightſt ſee, theſe holy acts perform'd,
For which thy cunning zeale ſo pleades; and he whoſe bow thus ſtorm'd
Achilles to Agamemnon. For our offences, may be calm'd. *Achilles*, with a frowne,
Thus anſwer'd: O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne,
Euer reſpectfull; but of that, with all craft, covetous;
With what heart can a man attempt, a ſervice dangerous,
Or at thy voice be ſpirited, to flie upon a foe;
Thy minde thus wretched? For my ſelfe, I was not injur'd ſo,
By any Troian, that my powers, ſhould bid them any blowes;
In nothing beare they blame of me. Phthia, whoſe boſome flowes
With corne and people, neuer felt, impaire of her increaſe,
By their invaſion: hils enow, and farre-reſounding ſeas,
Powre out their ſhades, and deepes, betweene: but thee thou frontleſſe m
We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brothers vengeance ſought (thou dogs eyes) of this Tro.

By your expoſ'd lives; whoſe deſerts, thou neither doſt employ
With honour, nor with care. And now, thou threatſt to force from me
The fruit of my ſweat, which the Greekes, gave all: and though it be
(Compar'd with thy part, then ſnatcht up) nothing: nor ever is,
At any ſackt towne: but of fight (the fetcher in of this)
My hands have moſt ſhare: in whoſe toyles, when I have emptied me
Of all my forces, my amends, in liberality
(Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleaſ'd to my tent:
And yet that little, thou eſteem'ſt too great a continent
In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthya therefore now
My courſe is; ſince 'tis better farre, than here t'endure, that thou
Should'ſt ſtill be raviſhing my right, draw my whole treaſure dry;
And adde diſhonour. He replied; If thy heart ſerve thee, flee; *Agamemnon to Atchilles.*
Stay not for my cauſe; other here, will aid, and honour me;
If not, yet *Iove*, I know, is ſure; that counſellor is he
That I depend on: as for thee, of all our *Iove*-kept kings,
Thou ſtill art moſt mine enemy: ſtrifes, battels, bloody things,
Make thy blood feaſts ſtill. But if ſtrength, that theſe moods build upon,
Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it, and ſo 'tis not thine owne,
But in his hands ſtill: what then lifts thy pride in this ſo high?
Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons; uſe there their Empery,
Command not here: I weigh thee not, nor meane to magnifie
Thy rough hewne rages; but inſtead, I thus farre threaten thee:
Since *Phœbus* needs will force from me, *Chryſeis*; ſhe ſhall go;
My ſhips and freinds ſhall waft her home: but I will imitate ſo
His pleaſure, that mine owne ſhall take, in perſon, from thy tent,
Bright-cheeckt *Briſeis*; and ſo tell thy ſtrength how eminent
My power is, being compar'd with thine: all other, making feare
To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind beare
Their beards againſt me. *Thetis* ſonne at this ſtood vext, his heart *Achilles angry with Agamemnon.*
Briſtled his boſome, and two waies drew his diſcurſive part,
If from his thigh, his ſharp ſword drawne, he ſhould make roome about
Atrides perſon, ſlaughtring him; or ſit his anger out,
And curb his ſpirit. While theſe thoughts ſtriv'd in his blood and minde,
And he his ſword drew: downe from heaven *Athenia** ſtoopt, and ſhin'd *Pallas.*
About his temples, being ſent by th'Ivory-wriſted Queene
Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever loving beene,
And carefull for the good of both. She ſtood behind, and tooke
Achilles by the yellow curles, and onely gave her looke
To him; appearance not a man of all the reſt could ſee,
He turning back his eye, amaze ſtrooke every faculty,
Yet ſtraight he knew her by her eyes, ſo terrible they were,
Sparkling with ardour, and thus ſpake: Thou ſeed of *Iupiter*, *Achilles to Pallas.*
Why com'ſt thou? to behold his pride, that boſts our Empery?
Then witneſſe with it my revenge, and ſee that inſolence dy,
That lives to wrong me. She replied, I come from heaven to ſee *Pallas to Achilles.*
Thine anger ſetled; if thy ſoule will uſe her ſoveraignty
In fit reflection. I am ſent from *Iuno*, whoſe affects

Stand heartily inclind to both : Come give us both reſpects,
And ceaſe contention : draw no ſword ; uſe words, and ſuch as may
Be bitter to his pride, but juſt ; for truſt in what I ſay,
A time ſhall come, when thrice the worth of that he forceth now,
He ſhall propoſe for recompence of theſe wrongs : therefore throw
Reines on thy paſſions, and ſerve us. He anſwer'd : Though my heart
Achilles Palladi, hoc eſt, rationi obſequitur. Burne in juſt anger, yet my ſoule muſt conquer th'angry part,
And yeeld you conqueſt. Who ſubdues his earthy part for heaven,
Heaven to his prayers ſubdues his wiſh. This ſaid, her charge was given
Fit honor : in his ſilver hilt he held his able hand,
And forc't his broad ſword up ; and up to heaven did reaſcend
Minerva, who in *Ioves* high roofe, that beares the rough ſhield, tooke
Her place with other Deities. She gone, againe forſooke
Patience his paſſion, and no more his ſilence could confine
Achilles againe in fury. His wrath, that this broad language gave ; Thou ever ſteept in wine,
Dogs face ? with heart, but of a Hart ; that nor in th'open eye
Of fight dar'ſt thruſt into a preaſe ; nor with our nobleſt, lie
In ſecret ambuſh. Theſe works ſeeme too full of death for thee ;
Tis ſafer farre, in th'open hoſt to dare an injury,
To any croſſer of thy luſt. Thou ſubject-eating king,
Baſe ſpirits thou govern'ſt, or this wrong had been the laſt foule thing
Thou ever author'dſt : yet I vow, and by a great oath ſweare,
Even by this Scepter ; that as this, never againe ſhall beare
This ſimile Virgil directly tranſlates: Green leaves, or branches, nor encreaſe with any growth, his ſiſe ;
Nor did, ſince firſt it left the hils, and had his faculties
And ornaments bereft, with iron ; which now to other end
Iudges of Greece beare ; and their lawes, receiv'd from *Iove*, defend ;
(For which my oath to thee is great :) So whenſoever need
Shall burne with thirſt of me, thy hoſt, no prayers, ſhall ever breed
Affection in me, to their aid ; though well deſerved woes
Afflict thee for them ; when to death man-ſlaughtring *Hector* throwes
Whole troopes of them ; and thou torment'ſt thy vext minde with conceit
Of thy rude rage now : and this wrong, that moſt deſerv'd the right
Of all thy army. Thus he threw his Scepter againſt the ground,
With golden ſtuds ſtuck, and tooke ſeat. *Atrides* breaſt was drown'd
In riſing choler. Vp to both ſweet-ſpoken *Neſtor* ſtood,
Neſtor's age and eloquence. The cunning Pylian Orator ; whoſe tongue pour'd forth a flood
Of more than hony-ſweet diſcourſe : two ages were increaſt
Of divers languag'd men ; all borne in his time, and deceaſt
In ſacred Pylos, where he reign'd, amongſt the third ag'd men :
He (well ſeene in the world) advis'd, and thus expreſt it then.
Neſtor to Achilles and Agamemnon. O Gods, our Greeke earth will be drownd in juſt teares ; rapefull Troy,
Her king, and all his ſonnes will make as juſt a mock, and joy
Of theſe diſjunctions, if of you, that all our hoſt excell,
In counſell, and in skill of fight, they heare this : Come, repell
Theſe yong men's paſſions : y'are not both (put both you yeeres in one)
So old as I : I liv'd long ſince, and was companion
With men ſuperiour to you both, who yet would ever heare

My

My counſels with reſpect. Mine eyes yet never witneſſe were, *Decorum ab ætate.*
Nor ever will be, of ſuch men as then delighted them,
Perithous, *Exadius*, and god-like *Polypheme*,
Ceneus, and *Dryas* prince of men, *Ægean Theſeus*,
A man like heaven's immortals form'd; all, all moſt vigorous,
Of all men that even thoſe daies bred, moſt vigorous men, and ſought
With beaſts moſt vigorous; mountain beaſts, (for mẽ in ſtrength were nought
Matcht with their forces) fought with them, and bravely ſought them downe;
Yet even with theſe men I converſt, being call'd to the renowne
Of their ſocieties, by their ſuites, from Pylos farre, to fight
In th'Aſian kingdome; and I fought to a degree of might
That helpt even their mights; againſt ſuch, as no man now would dare
To meet in conflict; yet even theſe, my counſels ſtill would heare,
And with obedience crowne my words. Give you ſuch palme to them;
Tis better than to wreath your wrath. *Atrides?* give not ſtreame
To all thy power, nor force his prize; but yeeld her ſtill his owne,
As all men elſe do. Nor do thou encounter with thy crowne,
(Great ſonne of *Peleus*) ſince no king that ever *Iove* allow'd
Grace of Scepter, equals him. Suppoſe thy nerves endow'd
With ſtrength ſuperior, and thy birth, a very Goddeſſe gave;
Yet he of force is mightier, ſince what his owne nerves have,
Is amplied with juſt command of many other. King of men
Command thou then thy ſelfe, and I with my prayers will obtaine
Grace of *Achilles*, to ſubdue his fury, whoſe parts are
Worth our intreaty, being chiefe check to all our ill in warre.
All this, good father (ſaid the king) is comely, and good right, *Agamemnon to Neſtor.*
But this man breaks all ſuch bounds; he affects paſt all men, height,
All would in his power hold, all make his ſubjects, give to all
His hot will for a temperate law: all which he never ſhall
Perſwade at my hands. If the gods have given him the great ſtile
Of ableſt ſoldier; made they that, his licence to revile
Men with vile language? *Thetis* ſonne prevented him, and ſaid;
Fearfull and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid *Achilles to Agamemnon.*
By all meanes on me, I ſhould beare. Others command to this,
Thou ſhalt not me; or if thou doſt, farre my free ſpirit is
From ſeruing thy command. Beſide, this I affirme, (afford
Impreſſion of it in thy ſoule) I will not uſe my ſword
On thee, or any, for a wench: unjuſtly though thou tak'ſt
The thing thou gav'ſt; but all things elſe, that in my ſhip thou mak'ſt
Greedy ſurvey of, do not touch without my leave; or do
Adde that acts wrong to this, that theſe may ſee that outrage too;
And then comes my part: then be ſure, thy blood upon my lance
Shall flow in vengeance. Theſe high termes theſe two at variance *The Grecian counſell diſſolved.*
Vſ'd to each other; left their ſeats, and after them aroſe
The whole Court. To his tents and ſhips, with friends and ſoldiers, goes
Angry *Achilles*. *Atreus* ſonne the ſwift ſhipt lancht, and put
Within it twenty choſen row'rs; within it likewiſe ſhut
The Hecatomb, t'appeaſe the God: Then cauſ'd to come abord

Faire cheekt *Chryſeis*. For the cheife, he in whom *Pallas* pour'd
Chryſeis ſent to her father. Her ſtore of counſels, *(Ithacus)* aboord went laſt, and then
The moiſt wayes of the ſea they ſayl'd. And now the king of men
Bade all the hoaſt to ſacrifice. They ſacrific'd, and caſt
The offall of all to the deepes; the angry God they grac't
With perfect Hecatombs: ſome buls, ſome goats, along the ſhore
Of the unfruitfull ſea, inflam'd. To heavens the thick fumes bore
Enwrapped ſauours. Thus though all, the politick king made ſhew
Reſpects to heaven, yet he himſelfe all that time did purſue
His owne affections. The late jarre, in which he thundred threats
Againſt *Achilles*, ſtill he fed, and his affections heats
Thus vented to *Talthibius* and grave *Eurybates*,
Heralds, and miniſters of truſt, to all his meſſages.
Haſte to *Achilles* tent, where take *Briſeis* hand, and bring
Agamemnon to Talthybius and Eurybates his Heralds. Her beauties to us; if he faile to yeeld her, ſay, your King
Will come himſelfe with multitudes, that ſhall the horribler
Make both his preſence, and your charge, that ſo he dares deferre.
This ſaid, he ſent them with a charge of hard condition.
They went willingly, and trod the fruitleſſe ſea's ſhore: ſoone
They reacht the navy and the tents, in which the quarrell lay,
Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chiefe Chiefe in their ſway,
Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was *Achilles* glad
To ſee their preſence; nor themſelves in any glory had
Their meſſage, but with reverence ſtood, and fear'd th'offended King;
Askt not the dame, nor ſpake a word. He yet well knowing the thing
Achilles Princely receipt of the Heralds. That cauſ'd their comming, grac'd them thus; Heralds, ye men that beare
The meſſages of men and Gods, y' are welcome, come ye neere:
I nothing blame you, but your king; 'tis he, I know doth ſend
You for *Briſeis*, ſhe is his. *Patroclus?* honour'd friend,
Bring forth the damſell, and theſe men let lead her to their Lord.
But Heralds, be you witneſſes, before the moſt ador'd,
Before us mortals, and before your moſt ungentle king,
Of what I ſuffer: that if warre ever hereafter bring
My ayd in queſtion, to avert any ſevereſt bane
It brings on others; I am ſcuſde, to keep minde ayd in wane,
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting miſchiefe, raves;
Nor ſees at once, by preſent things, the future; how like waves,
Ils follow ils; injuſtices being never ſo ſecure
In preſent times, but after-plagves, even then, are ſeene as ſure:
Which yet he ſees not, and ſo ſooths his preſent luſt, which checkt,
Would check plagves future; and he might in ſuccouring right, protect
Such as fight for his right at fleet; they ſtill in ſafety fight,
Briſeis led to Agamemnon. That fight ſtill juſtly. This ſpeech uſ'd, *Patroclus* did the rite
His friend commanded, and brought forth *Briſeis* from her tent,
Gave her the Heralds, and away to th'Achive ſhips they went:
She ſad, and ſcarce for greiſe could go; her love, all friends forſooke,
And wept for anger. To the ſhore of th'old ſea he betooke
Himſelfe alone, and caſting forth upon the purple ſea,

His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven, advancing this ſad plea,
Made to his mother: Mother, ſince you brought me forth to breath, *Achilles to Thetis*
So ſhort a life: *Olympius*, had good right to bequeath
My ſhort life, honour; yet that right, he doth in no degree:
But lets *Atrides* do me ſhame, and force that priſe from me
That all the Greekes gave: this with teares, he uttered, and ſhe heard;
Set with her old ſire, in his deepes; and inſtantly appear'd,
Vp, from the gray ſea, like a cloud: ſate by his ſide, and ſaid; (layd
Why weepes my ſonne? what grieves thee? ſpeake; conceale not what hath *Thetis to Achilles*
Such hard hand on thee: let both know. He (ſighing like a ſtorme)
Replied: Thou doſt know; why ſhould I, things knowne; againe informe? *Achilles to Thetis.*
We marcht to Thebs, the ſacred towne, of king *Eetion*,
Sackt it, and brought to fleete the ſpoile, which everie valiant ſonne
Of Greece, indifferently ſhar'd. *Atrides* had for ſhare,
Faire-cheekt *Chryſeis*; after which, his prieſt, that ſhoots ſo farre,
Chryſes, the faire *Chryſeis* ſire, arriv'd at th' Achive fleete,
With infinite ranſome, to redeeme, the deare impriſon'd feete,
Of his faire daughter. In his hands, he held *Apollos* crowne,
And golden ſcepter; making ſuite, to every Grecian ſonne,
But moſt, the ſonnes of *Atreus*, (the others orderers)
Yet they leaſt heard him; all the reſt, receiv'd with reverend ears
The motion: both the Prieſt, and gifts, gracing; and holding worth
His wiſht acceptance. *Atreus* ſonne, yet (vext) commanded forth
With rude termes *Phœbus* reverend Prieſt: who, angrie, made retreat,
And prayd to *Phœbus* in whoſe grace, he ſtanding paſſing greate,
Got his petition. The God, an ill ſhaft ſent abrode,
That tumbl'd downe the Greekes in heapes. The hoſt had no abode,
That was not viſited; we askt a Prophet that well knew
The cauſe of all; and from his lips, *Apollos* prophecies flew,
Telling his anger. Firſt my ſelfe, exhorted to appeaſe
The angerd God; which *Atreus* ſonne, did at the heart diſpleaſe.
And up he ſtood, uſde threats, performd. The blacke-eyd Greeks ſent home
Chryſeis to her ſire; and gave, his God a Hecatombe;
Then, for *Briſeis* to my tents, *Atrides* Heralds came,
And tooke her, that the Greekes gave, all. If then thy powers can frame
Wreake for thy ſonne, afford it; ſcale Olympus, and implore
Iove, (if by either word, or fact; thou ever didſt reſtore
Ioy to his greeu'd heart now to helpe. I oft haue heard thee vant
In court of *Peleus*; that alone, thy hand was converſant
In reſcue from a cruell ſpoile, the blacke-cloud-gathering *Ioue*; (moue
Whom other Godheads, would haue bound. (The power whoſe pace doth
The round earth; heauens great Queene, and *Pallas*) to whoſe bands *Neptune, Iune, and Pallas, confederates in the binding of Iupiter.*
Thou cam'ſt with reſcue; bringing up, him with the hundred hands
To great Olympus; whom the Gods, call *Briareus*; men
Ægæon; who his ſire ſurpaſt; and was as ſtrong againe;
And in that grace, ſat glad, by *Iove*; th' immortals ſtood diſmaid *The fiction of Briareus.*
At his aſcenſion; and gaue, free paſſage to his aid.
Of all this, tell *Iove*; kneele to him; embrace his knee, and pray

(If

(If Trois aide he will ever deigne) that now their forces may
Beat home the Greeks to fleet, and ſea; embruing their retreat
In ſlaughter: their pains paying the wreake, of their proud Soveraigns heart.
And that farre-ruling king may know, from his poore ſouldiers harms,
His owne harme falls: his owne, and all, in mine; his beſt in arms.

Thetis to Achilles. Her anſwer ſhee powr'd out in teares: O me, my ſonne (ſaid ſhe)
Why brought I up, thy being at all; that brought thee forth to be
Sad ſubiect of ſo hard a fate? O would to heauen, that ſince,
Thy fate is little, and not long; thou mightſt without offence,
And teares performe it. But to liue, thrall to ſo ſterne a fate
As Grants thee leaſt life; and that leaſt, ſo moſt vnfortunate,
Grieues me t'haue giuen thee any life. But what thou wiſheſt now
(If *Iove* will grant) Ile up, and aske. Olimpus cround with ſnow
Ile clime: but ſit thou faſt at fleete: renounce all warre, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreake: till which come, thouſhalt neede,

Iupiters feaſt to the Æthiops. A little patience: *Iupiter*, went yeſterday to feaſt
Amongſt the blameleſſe Æthiops, in th'Oceans deepned breaſt;
All Gods attending him: the twelfth, high heauen againe hee ſees,
And then his braſſe-pau'd court Ile skale; cling to his powrefull knees.
And dout not, but to winne thy wiſh Thus made ſhe her remove,
And left wrath tyring on her ſonne, for his enforced love.

Nauigation to Chryſa. *Vlyſſes*, with the Hecatomb, arriu'd at *Chryſas* ſhore:
And when, amidſt the heauens deepe mouth, they came to vſe the oare,
They ſtraite ſtroke ſayle, then rold them up, and on the hatches threw.
The top maſt, to the kelſine then, with haleyards downe they drew;
Then brought the ſhip to Port with oares, then forked anchor caſt,
And gainſt the violence of ſtorme, for drifting made her faſt.
All come aſhore, they all expoſd, the holy Hecatomb
To angry *Phœbus*; and with it, *Chryſeis* welcomd home:
Whom, to her ſire, wiſe *Ithacus*, that did at th'altar ſtand,
For honour, led; and (ſpeaking thus) reſignd her to his hand:

Vlyſſes to Chryſes. *Chryſes*, the mightie king of men (great *Agamemnon*) ſends
Thy lov'd ſeed, by my hands, to thine; and to thy god commends
A Hecatomb, which my charge is, to ſacrifice, and ſeeke
Our much-ſight mixt-woe, his recure, inuokt by everie Greeke.
Thus he reſignd her, and her ſire, receiu'd her highly ioyd.
About the well-built altar then, they orderly emploide
The ſacred offring. Waſht their hands, tooke ſalt cakes, and the Prieſt
(With hands held up to heaven) thus praid: O thou that all things ſeeſt,

Chryſes prayer to Apollo for appeaſing the plague. Fautour of *Chryſa*, whoſe faire hand, doth guardfully diſpoſe
Celeſtiall Cilla: governing, in all power, Tenedos:
O heare thy prieſt, and as thy hand, in free grace to my prayers
Shot feruent plague-ſhafts through the Greekes: now hearten their affaires,
With health renew'd and quite remove, th'infection from their blood.
He praid; and to his prairs againe, the god propitious ſtood:

The ſacrifice. All, after prayre, caſt on ſalt cakes; drew back, kild, flaid the beeues,
Cut out, and dubd with fat their thighes, faire dreſt with doubled leaves;
And on them, all the ſweet-breads prickt. The Prieſt, with ſmall ſere wood

Did

Did ſacrifice, pour'd on red wine, by whom the yong men ſtood,
And turn'd (in five ranks) ſpits ; on which (the legs enough) they eat — *The banquet.*
The inwards ; then in giggots cut the other fit for meat ;
And put to fire ; which (roſted well) they drew ; the labour done,
They ſerv'd the feaſt in, that fed all to ſatisfaction.
Deſire of meat and wine thus quencht, the youths crown'd cups of wine
Drunk off, and fild againe to all. That day was held divine,
And ſpent in Pæans to the Sunne, who heard with pleaſed eare ;
When whoſe bright chariot ſtoopt to ſea, and twilight hid the cleere, — *The evening.*
All ſoundly on their cables ſlept, even till the night was worne :
And when the Lady of the light, the roſie fingerd morne — *The morning.*
Roſe from the hils ; all freſh aroſe, and to the camp retir'd.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their ſwelling bark inſpir'd :
The top-maſt hoiſted, milk-white ſayles on his round breaſt they put ;
The miſens ſtrooted with the gale, the ſhip her courſe did cut
So ſwiftly, that the parted waves againſt her ribs did rore ;
Which comming to the camp, they drew aloft the ſandy ſhore :
Where, laid on ſtocks, each ſouldier kept his quarter as before.
But *Pelius* ſonne, ſwift-footed *Achilles*, at his ſwift ſhips ſate
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councels of eſtate,
That make men honor'd : never trod the fierce embattell'd field,
But kept cloſe, and his lov'd heart pin'd : what fight and cries could yeeld,
Thirſting at all parts to the hoſt. And now ſince firſt he told
His wrongs to *Thetis*, twelve faire morns their enſignes did unfold.
And then the everliving gods mounted Olympus ; *Iove* — *Iupiter and the other gods from the Æthiops.*
Firſt in aſcenſion. *Thetis* then remembred well to move
Achilles motion : roſe from the ſea, and by the morns firſt light,
The great heaven, and Olympus climbd ; where in ſupremeſt height
Of all that many-headed hill, ſhe ſaw the farre-ſeene ſonne — *Iupiter.*
Of *Saturne*, ſet from all the reſt, in his free ſeat alone :
Before whom (on her owne knees faln) the knees of *Iupiter*
Her left hand held, her right his chin ; and thus ſhe did prefer
Her ſon's petition : Father *Iove*, If ever I have ſtood — *Thetis prayer to Iupiter.*
Aidfull to thee in word or work, with this implored good
Requite my aid, renown my ſonne, ſince in ſo ſhort a race
(Paſt others) thou confin'ſt his life : an inſolent diſgrace
Is done him by the king of men : he forc'd from him a prize
Woon with his ſword. But thou, *O Iove*, that art moſt ſtrong, moſt wiſe,
Honor my ſonne for my ſake ; adde ſtrength to the Troians ſide
By his ſides weakneſſe, in his want : and ſee Troy amplifide
In conqueſt, ſo much, and ſo long, till Greece may give againe
The glory reſt him ; and the more, illuſtrate the free reigne
Of his wrong'd honor. *Iove* at this ſate ſilent, not a word
In long ſpace paſt him : *Thetis* ſtill hung on his knee ; implord
The ſecond time his help, and ſaid ; Grant, or deny my ſuit,
Be free in what thou doſt ; I know thou canſt not ſit thus mute,
For feare of any ; ſpeak, deny, that ſo I may be ſure,
Of all heaven's goddeſſes, tis I, that only muſt endure

Diſhonor

Diſhonour by thee. *Iupiter*, the great cloud-gatherer, griev'd
With thought of what a world of greifes this ſuit akt, being atchiev'd,
Iove to Thetis. Swell'd, ſigh'd, and anſwer'd: Works of death thou urgeſt, O at this
Iuno will ſtorme, and all my powers inflame with contumelies.
Ever ſhe wrangles, charging me, in eare of all the gods,
That I am partiall ſtill; that I adde the diſpleaſing oddes
Of my aid to the Ilians. Be gone then, leſt ſhe ſee:
Leave thy requeſt to my care: yet, that truſt may hearten thee
With thy deſire's grant, and my power to give it act, approve
How vaine her ſtrife is: to thy prayer my eminent head ſhall move,
Which is the great ſigne of my will, with all th'immortall ſtates:
Irrevocable; never failes; never without the rates
Of all powers elſe: when my head bowes, all heads bow with it ſtill,
As their firſt mover, and gives power to any work I will.
He ſaid; and his black eyebrowes bent; above his deathleſſe head
Th'Ambroſian curles flowed; great heaven ſhook, and both were ſevered,
Their counſels broken. To the depth of *Neptune's* kingdome div'd
Thetis, from heaven's height: *Iove* aroſe, and all the gods receiv'd
(All riſing from their thrones) their fire; attending to his Court.
None ſate when he aroſe; none delai'd the furniſhing his port,
Till he came neere: all met with him, and brought him to his throne.
Nor ſate great *Iuno* ignorant, when ſhe beheld, alone,
Old *Nereus* ſilver-footed ſeed with *Iove*, that ſhe had brought
Counſels to heaven; and ſtraight her tongue had teeth in it, that wrought
Iuno to Iupiter. This ſharp invective: Who was that, (thou craftieſt counſellor
Of all the gods) that ſo apart, ſome ſecret did implore?
Ever apart from me thou lov'ſt to counſell and decree
Things of more cloſe truſt than thou think'ſt are fit t'impart to me:
What ever thou determin'ſt, I muſt ever be denied
Iupiter to Iuno. The knowledge of it, by thy will. To her ſpeech, thus replied
The father both of men and gods: Have never hope to know
My whole intentions, though my wife: it fits not, nor would ſhow
Well to thine owne thoughts: but what fits thy woman's eare to heare,
Woman, nor man, nor god, ſhall know before it grace thine eare:
Yet, what apart from men and gods I pleaſe to know, forbeare
T'examine, or enquire of that. She with the cowes faire eyes
Iuno's reply. (Reſpected *Iuno*) this return'd: Auſtere king of the skies,
What haſt thou utter'd? when did I, before this time, enquire,
Or ſift thy counſels? paſſing cloſe you are ſtill, your deſire
Is ſerv'd with ſuch care, that I feare you can ſcarce vouch the deed
That makes it publike, being ſeduc'd by this old ſea-god's ſeed,
That could ſo early uſe her knees, embracing thine. I doubt
The late act of thy bowed head, was for the working out
Of ſome boone ſhe askt; that her ſonne, thy partiall hand would pleaſe
Iove incenſt. With plaguing others. Wretch (ſaid he) thy ſubtle jeloſies
Are ſtill exploring: my deſignes can never ſcape thine eye,
Which yet thou never canſt prevent. Thy curioſity
Makes thee leſſe car'd for at my hands, and horrible the end

Shall

Shall make thy humor. If it be what thy ſuſpects intend,
What then? tis my free will it ſhould: to which, let way be given:
With ſilence curb your tongue in time, leſt all the gods in heaven
Too few be, and too weak to help thy puniſht inſolence,
When my inacceſſible hands ſhall fall on thee. The ſenſe
Of this high threatning made her feare, and ſilent ſhe ſate downe,
Humbling her great heart. All the gods, in Court of *Iove*, did frowne
At this offence given: amongſt whom, heaven's famous Artizan,
Ephaiſtus, in his mother's care, this comely ſpeech began: *A name of Vulcan.*
Beleeve it, theſe words will breed wounds, beyond our powers to beare,
If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here
That ſpoiles our banquet. Evermore worſt matters put down beſt.
But mother, though your ſelfe be wiſe, yet let your ſonne requeſt
His wiſdome audience. Give good termes to our lov'd father *Iove*,
For feare he take offence againe, and our kinde banquet prove
A wrathfull battell. If he will, the heavenly lightner can
Take you, and toſſe you from your throne, his power Olympian
Is ſo ſurpaſſing. Soften then, with gentle ſpeech his ſpleen,
And drink to him; I know his heart will quickly downe againe.
This ſaid, ariſing from his throne, in his lov'd mother's hand *Vulcan fils and gives the cup to Iuno.*
He put the double handed cup, and ſaid: Come, do not ſtand
On theſe croſſe humors; ſuffer, beare, though your great boſome greeve,
And leſt blowes force you: all my aid not able to releeve
Your hard condition; though theſe eyes behold it, and this heart
Sorrow to think it; tis a task too dangerous to take part
Againſt *Olympius*. I my ſelfe, the proofe of this ſtill feele;
When other gods would faine have helpt, he took me by the heele, *The fall of Vulcan.*
And hurld me out of heaven: all day I was in falling downe,
At length in Lemnos I ſtruck earth; the likewiſe falling Sunne,
And I, together ſet: my life almoſt ſet too; yet there
The *Sintii* cheerd, and tooke me up. This did to laughter cheere
White-wriſted *Iuno*, who now took the cup of him, and ſmil'd.
The ſweet peace-making draught went round, and lame *Ephaiſtus* fild *Vulcan skinker to the gods.*
Nectar to all the other Gods. A laughter never left,
Shook all the bleſſed deities, to ſee the lame ſo deft
At that cup ſervice. All that day, even till the Sunne went downe,
They banqueted, and had ſuch cheere, as did their wiſhes crowne.
Nor had they muſick leſſe divine, *Apollo* there did touch *Apollo touches his Harp at the banquet, and the Muſes ſing to it.*
His moſt ſweet Harp; to which, with voice, the Muſes pleaſ'd as much.
But when the Sun's faire light was ſet, each godhead to his houſe
Addreſt for ſleep, where every one with art moſt curious
(By heaven's great both-foot halting god) a ſeverall roofe had built;
Even he to ſleep went, by whoſe hand heaven is with lightning guilt,
(High *Iove*) where he had uſ'd to reſt, when ſweet ſleep ſeiz'd his eyes,
By him the golden-thron'd Queene ſlept, the Queene of deities.

COMMENTARIVS.

Since I dissent from all other Translators, and Interpreters, that ever assai'd exposition of this miraculous Poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity, in Grammarians merely, and Grammaticall Critickes, and where the inward sense or soule of the sacred Muse is only within eye-shot of a Poeticall spirit's inspection; (lest I bee prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound by this briefe Comment, to shew I understand how all other extants understand; my reasons why I reject them; and how I receive my Author. In which labour, if where all others finde discords and dissonances, I prove him intirely harmonious and proportionate: if where they often alter, and flee his originall, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it: if where they mix their most pitifull castigations with his prayses, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration: (though truth in her very nakednesse sits in so deepe a pit, that from Gades *to* Aurora, *and* Ganges, *few eyes can sound her:) I hope yet, those few here, will so discover and confirme her, that the date being out of her darknesse in this morning of our* Homer; *he shall now gird his temples with the Sunne, and bee confest (against his good friend)* Nunquam dormitare. *But how all Translators, Censors, or Interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirme, nor of difficulty in you to beleeve: if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartiall conference of their paines and mine bee admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience, and perswasion, trouble your selves but to know this: This never-enough glorified Poet (to vary and quicken his eternall Poem) hath inspired his chiefe persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters; which not understood, how are their speeches? being one by another, as conveniently and necessarily knowne, as the instrument by the sound. If a Translator or Interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiates the originall, to make his speech grave, and him valiant: can the negligence and numbnesse of such an Interpreter or Translator, bee lesse than the sleepe and death I am bold to sprinckle upon him? or could I do lesse than affirme and enforce this, being so happily discovered? This therefore (in his due place) approved and explaned, let me hope my other assumpts will prove as conspicuous.*

This first and second booke I have wholly translated againe; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth bookes, deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since; and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthy veines of this holy ground, so amply discovered in my first twelve labors, as my last; not having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the maine depth, and saw the round coming of this silver bow of our Phœbus; *the cleare scope and contexture of his work; the full and most beautifull figures of his persons. To those last twelve then, I must refer you, for all the chiefe worth of my cleare discoveries. And in the meane space, I entreat your acceptance of some few new touches in the first. Not perplexing you in first or last with any thing handled in any other Interpreter, further than I must conscionably make congression with such as have diminisht, mangled, and maimed, my most worthily most tendered Author.*

a Ἄϊδι προϊάψειν ἀΐδης (*being compounded* ex à privativa, & εἰδω video) *signifies* locus tenebricosus, *or (according to* Virgil) sine luce domus; *and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.*

b Κυνέσσιν, οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι (Διὸς &c.) *is the vulgar reading, which I read* κυνέεσσιν οἰωνοισιτε (πασὶ Διὸς δὲ τελείετο βουλή) *because* πασὶ *refer'd to* κυνέεσσιν, *&c. is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by* Iov'es *counsell, grave, & sententious.*

c Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, &c. ex quo quidem primùm : Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, &c. ex quo. *Here our common readers would have* tempore *understood; because* βουλὴ *(to which they think the Poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But* Homer *understands* Iove; *as in* τῶν *verse* 273. *he expounds himselfe in these words :* — ἀλλὰ πρὸς Ζεὺς, &c. *which* Pindarus Thebanus *in his Epiteme of these Iliads, rightly observes, in these verses.*

Conficiebat enim summi sententia Regis,
Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas.
Sceptriger *Atrides*, & bello clarus *Achilles.*

d Ἐπῴφημῆσαν Ἀχαιοὶ, comprobarunt Græci, *all others turne it; but since* Ἐπῳφημέω *signifies properly,* fausta acclamatione, do significationem approbationis, *I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greekes by word; which was not so, but only by inarticulate acclamations, or shouts.*

e Ἀμφιβεβήκας : ἀμφιβεβαῶ *signifies properly,* circumambulo, *and only* metaphoricè, protego, *or* tueor, *as it is alwayes in this place translated; which suffers alteration with me, since our usuall phrase of walking the round in townes of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the originall.*

f Πρὸ γὰρ ἧκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη, Præmiserat enim Dea alba ulnis *Iuno? Why Iuno should send* Pallas, *is a thing not noted by any : I therefore answer; Because* Iuno *is Goddesse of state. The allegory therefore in the* Prosopopœia *both of* Iuno *and* Pallas *is, that* Achilles *for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraint of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is represented,* Iuno *procures it : as in the eighteenth booke, for the state of* Patroclus *his fetching off,* Iuno *commands the Sunne to go down before his time, &c.*

g Ὡς φάτο δακρυχέων : sic dixit lachrimans, &c. *These teares are called by our Commentators, unworthy, and fitter for children, or women, than such an Heroe as* Achilles : *and therefore* Plato *is cited in* 3 de Repub. *where he saith,* Ὀρθῶς ἄρα, *&c.* Meritò igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus, &c. *To answer which, and justifie the fitnesse of teares generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest, and most renowned men (omitting examples of* Virgil's Æneas, Alexander *the great, &c.) I oppose against* Plato, *only one president of great and most perfect humanity, (to whom infinitely above all other, wee must prostrate our imitations) that shed teares,* viz. *our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for* Lazarus. *This then, leaving the fitnesse of great mens teares generally, utterly unanswerable : these particular teares of unvented anger in* Achilles, *are in him most naturall : teares being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits; either when their abilities cannot performe to their wils, or that they are restrayned of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations : as now the consideration of the state, and gravity of the counsell, and publike good of the army curbd* Achilles. *Who can deny, that there are teares of manlinesse, and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So* Diomed *wept for*

curſt heart, when Apollo *ſtruck his ſcourge from him, and hindered his horſe race: having been warned by* Pallas *before, not to reſiſt the Deities; and ſo his great ſpirits being curbed of revenge, for the wrong hee received then. So when not enough-vented anger was not to be expreſt enough by that teare-ſtarting affection in couragious and fierce men, our moſt accompliſht expreſſor helps the illuſtration in a Simile of his fervour, in moſt fervent-ſpirited fowles, reſembling the wrathfull fight of* Sarpedon *and* Patroclus *to two Vultures fighting, and crying on a rock; which thus I have afterwards Engliſhed, and here for example inſerted:*

Down jumpt he from his chariot; down leapt his foe as light:
And as on ſome far-ſeeing rock, a caſt of Vultures fight,
Fly on each other, ſtrike, and truſſe; part, meet, and then ſtick by;
Tugge both with crooked beakes, and ſeres; cry, fight, and fight, and cry.
So fiercely fought theſe angry Kings, &c.

Wherein you ſee, that crying in theſe eagerly fought fowles (which is like teares in angry men) is ſo farre from ſoftneſſe or faintneſſe, that to the ſuperlative of hardineſſe and courage, it expreſſeth both. Nor muſt we be ſo groſſe to imagine, that Homer *made* Achilles *or* Diomed *blubber, or ſob, &c. but in the very point and ſting of their unvented anger, ſhed a few violent and ſeething-over teares. What Aſſe-like impudence is it then, for any merely vainglorious, and ſelfe-loving puffe, that every where may read theſe inimitable touches of our* Homers *maſtery, any where to oppoſe his arrogant and ignorant caſtigations? when hee ſhould rather (with his much better underſtander* Spondanus) *ſubmit where hee overſees him faulty; and ſay thus:* Quia tu tamen hoc voluiſti, ſacroſanctæ tuæ authoritati, per me nihil detrahetur.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOve *cals a viſion up from* Somnus *den,*
To bid Atrides *muſter up his men.*
The King (to Greeks diſſembling his deſire)
Perſwades them to their country to retire.
By Pallas *will,* Vlyſſes *ſtayes their flight;*
And wiſe old Neſtor *heartens them to fight.*
They take their meat: which done, to armes they go:
And march in good array againſt the foe.
So thoſe of Troy, when Iris, *from the skie,*
Of Saturn's *ſonne, performs the Ambaſſie.*

Another Argument.

Beta *the dream and Synod cites,*
And catalogues the navall knights.

THe other gods, and knights at armes, all night ſlept: only *Iove,* *Iupiter careful in performing his vow to Thetis.*
Sweet ſlumber ſeiſ'd not; he diſcourſt how beſt he might approve
His vow made for *Achilles* grace, and make the Grecians finde
His miſſe, in much death. All waies caſt; this counſell ſerv'd his mind
With moſt allowance: to diſpatch a harmfull dream to greet
The king of men; and gave this charge; Go to the Achive fleet, *Iupiter cals up a viſion.*
(Pernicious dream) and being arriv'd in *Agamemnon's* tent,
Deliver truly all this charge; command him to convent
His whole hoſt arm'd, before theſe towers; for now Troy's broad-way'd town
He ſhall take in: the heaven-houſ'd gods are now indifferent grown,
Iuno's requeſt hath won them: Troy now under imminent ils,
At all parts labours. This charge heard, the viſion ſtrait fulfils;
The ſhips reacht, and *Atrides* tent, in which he found him laid;
Divine ſleep pour'd about his powers. He ſtood above his head
Like *Neſtor* (grac'd of old men moſt) and this did intimate:
Sleepes the wiſe *Atreus*-tame-horſe ſonne? a counſellor of State *The viſion to Agamemnon.*
Muſt not the whole night ſpend in ſleep; to whom the people are
For guard committed; and whoſe life ſtands bound to ſo much care.
Now heare me then, (*Iove's* meſſenger) who, though farre off from thee,
Is neere thee yet, in ruth, and care; and gives command by me,
To arme thy whole hoſt. Thy ſtrong hand, the broad-way'd town of Troy,
Shall now take in: no more the gods diſſentiouſly imploy
Their high-houſ'd powers: *Iuno's* ſuit hath wonne them all to her,
And ill fates ouer-hang theſe towers, addreſt by *Iupiter.*

Fix in thy minde this, nor forget to give it action, when
Sweet ſleep ſhall leave thee. Thus he fled, and left the king of men
Agamemnon diſcourſeth of his viſion. Repeating, in diſcourſe, his dream; and dreaming ſtill, awake,
Of power, not ready yet for act. O foole, he thought to take
In that next day, old *Priam's* town; not knowing what affaires
Iove had in purpoſe; who prepar'd (by ſtrong fight) ſighes and cares
For Greeks and Trojans. The dream gone, his voice ſtill murmured
About the Kings eares: who ſate up, put on him, in his bed,
His ſilken inner weed, faire, new, and then in haſt aroſe;
Caſt on his ample mantle, tied to his ſoft feet faire ſhoes;
His ſilver-hilted ſword he hung about his ſhoulders, took
His fathers ſcepter, never ſtain'd: which then abroad he ſhook,
The morning. And went to fleet. And now great heaven, goddeſſe *Aurora* ſcal'd
To *Iove*, and all gods, bringing light. When *Agamemnon* call'd
His Heralds, charging them aloud, to call to inſtant Court
The thick-haird Greeks. The Heralds call'd, the Greeks made quick reſort:
The Councell chiefly he compoſ'd of old great minded men,
At *Neſtor's* ſhips, the Pylian King, all there aſſembled then,
Agam'mnon. Thus *Atreus* ſonne begun the Court: Heare friends, a dream divine,
Amidſt the calm night in my ſleep, did through my ſhut eyes ſhine,
Within my fantaſie: his form did paſſing naturally
Reſemble *Neſtor*: ſuch attire, a ſtature juſt as high.
He ſtood above my head, and words thus faſhioned did relate.
Sleepes the wiſe *Atreus*-tame-horſe ſonne? a counſellor of State
Ag memnon tells his viſion. Muſt not the whole night ſpend in ſleep; to whom the people are
For guard committed; and whoſe life ſtands bound to ſo much care.
Now heare me then, (*Iove's* meſſenger) who, though farre off from thee,
Is neere thee yet, in love, and care; and gives command by me,
To arme thy whole hoſt. Thy ſtrong hand, the broad-way'd town of Troy,
Shall now take in: no more the gods diſſentiouſly imploy
Their high-houſ'd powers: *Saturnia's* ſuit hath wonne them all to her,
And ill fates ouer-hang theſe towers, addreſt by *Iupiter*.
Fix in thy minde this. This expreſt, he took wing, and away;
And ſweet ſleep left me: let us then by all our meanes aſſay,
To arme our army; I will firſt (as farre as fits our right)
Try their addictions, and command with full ſail'd ſhips our flight:
Which if they yeeld to, oppoſe you. He ſate and up aroſe
Neſtor, of ſandy Pylos, King: who (willing to diſpoſe
Their counſell to the publick good) propoſ'd this to the State:
Neſtor to the Greekes. Princes and Councellors of Greece? if any ſhould relate
This viſion, but the King himſelfe; it might be held a tale,
And move the rather our retrait: but ſince our Generall
Affirms he ſaw it, hold it true; and all our beſt meanes make
To arme our army. This ſpeech uſ'd, he firſt the Counſell brake;
The other ſcepter-bearing States aroſe too, and obeyd
The peoples Rector. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
With flockers to them, that came forth: as when of frequent Bees
Simile. Swarmes riſe out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees

Of their egreſſion endleſly, with their ever riſing new,
From forth their ſweet neſt: as their ſtore, ſtill as it faded, grew,
And never would ceaſe ſending forth her cluſters to the ſpring,
They ſtill crowd out ſo; this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers. So from the ſhips and tents, the armies ſtore,
Troopt to theſe Princes, and the Court, along th'unmeaſur'd ſhore:
Amongſt whom, *Iove's* Ambaſſadreſſe, (*Fame*) in her vertue ſhin'd, *Fame, Iove's Ambaſſadreſſe.*
Exciting greedineſſe to heare. The rabble thus inclin'd,
Hurried together; uproreſeiſ'd the high Court; earth did grone
Beneath the ſetling multitude; tumult was there alone.
Thrice three vociferous Heralds roſe to check the rout, and get
Eare to their *Iove*-kept Governors; and inſtantly was ſet
The huge confuſion; every man ſet faſt, the clamor ceaſt:
Then ſtood divine *Atrides* up, and in his hand compreſt
His ſcepter, th'elaborate work of firy *Mulciber*: *The ſcepter of Agamemnon.*
Who gave it to *Saturnian Iove*; *Iove* to his meſſenger;
His meſſenger (*Argicides*) to *Pelops*, skild in horſe;
Pelops to *Atreus*, chiefe of men; he dying, gave it courſe
To Prince *Thyeſtes*, rich in heards; *Thyeſtes* to the hand
Of *Agamemnon* rendred it, and with it, the command
Of many Iles, and Argos, all. On this he leaning, ſaid:
O friends, great ſonnes of *Danaus*, ſervants of *Mars*; *Iove* laid *Agamemnon to the Greeks.*
A heavy curſe on me, to vow, and binde it with the bent
Of his high forehead; that (this Troy, of all her people ſpent)
I ſhould returne; yet now to mock our hopes, built on his vow;
And charge inglorioufly my flight; when ſuch an overthrow
Of brave friends I have authored. But to his mightieſt will
We muſt ſubmit us; that hath raz'd, and will be razing ſtill,
Mens footſteps, from ſo many townes; becauſe his power is moſt,
He will deſtroy moſt. But how vile, ſuch, and ſo great an hoſt,
Will ſhew to future times? that matcht with leſſer numbers farre,
We fly, not putting on the crowne of our ſo long-held warre?
Of which there yet appeares no end. Yet ſhould our foes and we
Strike truce, and number both our powers; Troy taking all that be
Her arm'd inhabitants; and we in tens ſhould all ſit downe
At our truce banquet; every ten allow'd one of the towne
To fill his feaſt-cup; many tens would their attendant want:
So much I muſt affirme, our power exceeds th'inhabitant.
But their auxiliary bands, thoſe brandiſhers of ſpeares,
(From many cities drawn) are they, that are our hinderers,
Not ſuffering well-rayſ'd Troy to fall. Nine yeeres are ended now,
Since *Iove* our conqueſt vow'd, and now our veſſels rotten grow,
Our tackling failes, our wives, yong ſonnes, ſit in their doores, and long
For our arrivall; yet the work that ſhould have wreakt our wrong,
And made us welcome, lies unwrought: Come then, as I bid, all
Obey, and fly to our lov'd home; for now, nor ever ſhall
Our utmoſt, take in broad-way'd Troy. This ſaid, the multitude
Was all for home, and all men elſe, that what this would conclude

Had not diſcover'd. All the crowd was ſhov'd about the ſhore;
Simile. In ſway, like rude and raging waves, rowſ'd with the fervent blore
Of th'Eaſt and South winds, when they break from *Iove's* clouds, & are borne
On rough backs of th'Icarian ſeas: or like a field of corne
High grown, that *Zephyr's* vehement guſts bring eaſily underneath,
And make the ſtiffe up briſtl'd eares do homage to his breath:
For even ſo eaſily, with the breath *Atrides* uſ'd, was ſwaid
The violent multitude. To fleet, with ſhouts, and diſaraid,
All ruſht; and with a fogge of duſt, their rude feet, dim'd the day;
Each cried to other, clenſe our ſhips; come, lanch, aboord, away.
The clamors of the runners home reacht heaven, and then paſt fate,
The Greeks had left Troy, had not then, the goddeſſe of eſtate,
Iuno to Pallas. Thus ſpoke to *Pallas*; O foule ſhame, thou untam'd ſeed of *Iove*,
Shall thus the ſeas broad back be charg'd with theſe our friends remove?
Thus leaving Argive *Hellen* here? thus *Priam* grac'd? thus Troy?
In whoſe fields, farre from their lov'd owne, (for *Hellen's* ſake) the joy,
And life of ſo much Grecian birth is vaniſht? take thy way
T'our braſſe-arm'd people, ſpeak them faire, let not a man obey
The charge now given, nor lanch one ſhip. She ſaid, and *Pallas* did
As ſhe commanded: from the tops of heaven's ſteep hill ſhe ſlid,
And ſtrait the Greeks ſwift ſhips ſhe reacht: *Vlyſſes* (like to *Iove*
In gifts of counſell) ſhe found out; who, to that baſe remove,
Stird not a foot, nor toucht a ſhip; but griev'd at heart to ſee
That fault in others. To him cloſe, the blue-eyd deity
Made way, and ſaid; Thou wiſeſt Greek, divine *Laertes* ſonne,
Thus fly ye homewards, to your ſhips, ſhall all thus headlong runne?
Glory to *Priam*, thus ye leave; glory to all his friends,
If thus ye leave her here; for whom ſo many violent ends
Have cloſ'd your Greek eyes? and ſo farre from their ſo loved home?
Go to theſe people, uſe no ſtay; with faire termes overcome
Their foule endevour; not a man, a flying ſayle let hoyce.
Thus ſpake ſhe, and *Vlyſſes* knew 'twas *Pallas* by her voyce:
Ran to the runners; caſt from him his mantle, which his man
And Herald, grave *Eurybates*, the Ithacenſian
That follow'd him, took up. Himſelfe to *Agamemnon* went,
His incorrupted ſcepter took, his ſcepter of deſcent,
And with it went about the fleet. What Prince, or man of name,
He found flight-given, he would reſtrain with words of gentleſt blame;
Vlyſſes temper in reſtraining the flight. Good ſir, it fits not you to fly, or fare as one afraid;
You ſhould not only ſtay your ſelfe, but ſee the people ſtaid.
You know not cleerely (though you heard the Kings words) yet his minde,
He only tries men's ſpirits now, and whom his trials finde
Apt to this courſe, he will chaſtiſe. Nor you, nor I, heard all
He ſpake in counſell; nor durſt preſſe too neere our Generall,
Leſt we incenſt him to our hurt. The anger of a King
Is mighty; he is kept of *Iove*, and from *Iove* likewiſe ſpring
His honours; which, out of the love of wiſe *Iove*, he enjoyes.
Thus he the beſt ſort uſ'd: the worſt, whoſe ſpirits brake out in noiſe,

He

He cudgeld wth his ſcepter, chid, and ſaid; Stay wretch, be ſtill,
And heare thy betters; thou art baſe, and both in power and skill
Poore and unworthy; without name, in counſell, or in warre.
We muſt not all be kings: the rule is moſt irregular
Where many rule; one Lord, one King, propoſe to thee; and he
To whom wiſe *Saturn's* ſonne hath given both law, and Empery,
To rule the publick, is that King. Thus, ruling, he reſtrain'd
The hoſt from flight: and then. againe the Councell was maintain'd
With ſuch a concourſe, that the ſhore rung with the tumult made;
As when the farre-reſounding ſea doth in his rage invade
His ſandy confines, whoſe ſides grone with his involved wave,
And make his owne breaſt eccho ſighes. All ſate, and audience gave;
Therſites only would ſpeak all. A moſt diſorder'd ſtore
Of words he fooliſhly pour'd out; of which his minde held more
Than it could manage; any thing with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could containe. He ſhould have yet been ſure
To touch no Kings. T'oppoſe their ſtates becomes not jeſters parts.
But he, the filthieſt fellow was, of all that had deſerts — *Therſites deſcription.*
In Troy's brave ſiege: he was ſquint-eyd, and lame of either foot;
So crook-backt, that he had no breaſt: ſharp headed, where did ſhoot
(Here and there ſperſt) thin mooſie hayre. He moſt of all envi'd
Vlyſſes and *Æacides*, whom ſtill his ſplene would chide; — *Achilles.*
Nor could the ſacred King himſelfe avoid his ſawcy vaine,
Againſt whom, ſince he knew the Greeks did vehement hates ſuſtaine,
(Being angry for *Achilles* wrong) he cri'd out; rayling thus:
Atrides? why complain'ſt thou now? what wouldſt thou more of us? — *Therſites to Agamemnon.*
Thy tents are full of braſſe, and dames; the choice of all are thine;
With whom, we muſt preſent thee firſt, when any townes reſigne
To our invaſion. Want'ſt thou then (beſides all this) more gold
From Troy's Knights, to redeem their ſonnes? whom, to be deerely ſold,
I, or ſome other Greek, muſt take: or wouldſt thou yet againe
Force from ſome other Lord his prze, to ſooth the luſts that reigne
In thy encroching appetite? it fits no Prince to be
A Prince of ill, and govern us; or lead our progeny
By rape to ruine. O baſe Greeks, deſerving infamy,
And ils eternall: Greekiſh girles, not Greeks ye are: Come, flee
Home with our ſhips; leave this man here to periſh with his preys,
And try if we helpt him, or not: he wrong'd a man that weighes
Farre more than he himſelfe in worth: he forc'd from *Thetis* ſonne,
And keepes his prize ſtill: nor think I, that mighty man hath won
The ſtile of wrathfull, worthily; he's ſoft, he's too remiſſe,
Or elſe *Atrides*, his had been thy laſt of injuries.
Thus he the people's Paſtor chid; but ſtrait ſtood up to him
Divine *Vlyſſes*; who with lookes exceeding grave, and grim, — *Vlyſſes to Therſites.*
This bitter check gave; Ceaſe, vaine foole, to vent thy rayling vaine
On Kings thus, though it ſerve thee well: nor thinke thou canſt reſtraine,
With that thy rayling faculty, their wils in leaſt degree,
For not a worſe, of all this hoſt, came with our King, than thee,

To

To Troy's great ſiege: then do not take into that mouth of thine,
The names of kings; much leſſe revile the dignities that ſhine
In their ſupreme ſtates; wreſting thus, this motion for our home,
To ſooth thy cowardiſe; ſince our ſelves yet know not what will come
Of theſe deſignments: if it be our good, to ſtay, or go:
Nor is it that thou ſtand'ſt on; thou, revil'ſt our Generall ſo,
Only, becauſe he hath ſo much, not given by ſuch as thou,
But our Heroes. Therefore this thy rude veine makes me vow,
(Which ſhall be curiouſly obſerv'd) if ever I ſhall heare
This madneſſe from thy mouth againe, let not *Vlyſſes* beare
This head, nor be the father call'd, of yong *Telemachus*;
If to thy nakedneſſe, I take, and ſtrip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleet from Councell; ſend, with ſharp ſtripes, weeping hence,
This glory thou affect'ſt to raile. This ſaid, his inſolence
He ſet'd with his ſcepter; ſtruck his back and ſhoulders ſo,
That bloody wales roſe; he ſhrunk round; and from his eyes did flow
Moiſt teares, and looking filthily, he ſate, fear'd ſmarted; dried
His blubberd cheeks; and all the preaſe (though griev'd to be denied,
Their wiſht retrait for home) yet laught delightſomely, and ſpake
Either to other; O ye Gods, how infinitely take
Vlyſſes vertues in our good? author of Counſels, great
In ordering armies; how moſt well this act became his heat
To beat from Councell this rude foole? I think his ſawcy ſpirit
Hereafter will not let his tongue, abuſe the ſoveraigne merit,
Exempt from ſuch baſe tongues as his. Thus ſpake the people: then
The city-razer, *Ithacus*, ſtood up to ſpeake againe,
Holding his Scepter. Cloſe to him, gray-eyd *Minerva* ſtood;
And like a Herald, ſilence cauſ'd, that all the Achive brood
(From firſt to laſt) might heare and know, the counſell; when (inclin'd
Vlyſſes ſo ſpeaks to Agamemnon and the people. To all their good) *Vlyſſes* ſaid; *Atrides*, now I finde,
Theſe men would render thee the ſhame, of all men; nor would pay
Their owne vowes to thee, when they tooke their free and honor'd way,
From Argos hither; that till Troy were by their brave hands rac'd,
They would not turne home; yet like babes, and widowes, now they haſte
To that baſe refuge. Tis a ſpite, to ſee men melted ſo
In womaniſh changes. Though tis true, that if a man do go
Only a month to ſea, and leave his wife farre off, and he
Tortur'd with winters ſtormes, and toſt with a tumultuous ſea,
Growes heavy, and would home; us then, to whom the thrice three yeere
Hath fild his revoluble orbe, ſince our arrivall here,
I blame not, to wiſh home much more: yet all this time to ſtay
(Out of our judgements) for our end; and now to take our way
Without it, were abſurd and vile. Suſtaine then friends, abide,
The time ſet to our object: try, if *Calchas* prophecied
True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witneſſe well,
(Whom theſe late death-conferring fates have faild to ſend to hell)
That when in Aulis all our fleet aſſembl'd with a freight
Of ils to Ilion, and her friends: beneath the faire growne height

A Platane bore, about a fount, whence chyſtall water flow'd,
And neere our holy altar, we, upon the gods beſtow'd
Accompliſht Hecatombs; and there appear'd a huge portent,
A Dragon with a bloody skale, horrid to ſight, and ſent
To light by great *Olympius*; which crawling from beneath
The Altar, to the Platane climb'd; and ruthleſſe craſht to death
A Sparrowes yong, in number eight, that in a top-bough lay
Hid under leaves: the dam the ninth, that hoverd every way,
Mourning her lov'd birth; till at length, the Serpent watching her,
Her wing caught, and devourd her too. This Dragon, *Iupiter*
(That brought him forth) turn'd to a ſtone; and made a powerfull meane
To ſtirre our zeales up, that admir'd, when of a fact ſo cleane
Of all ill as our ſacrifice, ſo fearfull an oſtent
Should be the iſſue. *Calchas* then, thus prophecied the event;
Why are ye dumb ſtruck, faire-haird Greekes? wiſe *Iove* is he hath ſhowne
This ſtrange oſtent to us. Twas late, and paſſing lately done,
But that grace it foregoes to us, for ſuffering all the ſtate
Of his appearance, (being ſo ſlow) nor time ſhall end, nor fate.
As theſe eight ſparrowes, and the dam, (that made the ninth) were eat
By this ſterne Serpent; ſo nine yeeres we are t'endure the heat
Of ravenous warre, and in the tenth, take in this broad-wayd towne.
Thus he interpreted this ſigne; and all things have their crowne
As he interpreted, till now. The reſt then, to ſucceed,
Beleeve as certaine: ſtay we all, till that moſt glorious deed
Of taking this rich towne, our hands are honor'd with. This ſaid,
The Greeks gave an unmeaſur'd ſhout, which back the ſhips repaid
With terrible ecchoes, in applauſe of that perſwaſion
Divine *Vlyſſes* uſ'd; which yet held no compariſon
With *Neſtor's* next ſpeech, which was this: O ſhamefull thing! ye talk *Neſtor to the Greeks.*
Like children all, that know not warre. In what aire's region walk
Our oathes, and covenants? Now I ſee, the fit reſpects of men
Are vaniſht quite; our right hands given, our faiths, our counſels vaine;
Our ſacrifice with wine; all fled in that prophaned flame
We made to binde all: for thus ſtill, we vaine perſwaſions frame,
And ſtrive to work our end with words; not joyning ſtratagems
And hands together; though thus long the power of our extremes
Have urg'd us to them. *Atreus* ſonne? firme as at firſt houre ſtand;
Make good thy purpoſe; talk no more in counſels, but command
In active field. Let two or three, that by themſelves adviſe,
Faint in their crowning; they are ſuch as are not truly wiſe:
They will for Argos, ere they know if that which *Iove* hath ſaid
Be falſe or true. I tell them all, that high *Iove* bow'd his head
As firſt we went aboord our fleet, for ſigne we ſhould confer
Theſe Trojans their due fate and death; almighty *Iupiter*
All that day darting forth his flames, in an unmeaſured light,
On our right hands; let therefore none once dreame of coward flight,
Till (for his owne) ſome wife of Troy he ſleepes withall, the rape
Of *Hellen* wreaking; and our ſighes, enforc'd for her eſcape:

If any yet dare dote on home, let his diſhonour'd haſte,
His black, and well-buiſt bark, but touch, that (as he firſt diſgrac'd
His countries ſpirit) fate, and death may firſt his ſpirit let go.
But be thou wiſe (king) do not truſt thy ſelfe, but others. Know
I will not uſe an abject word: ſee all thy men arraid
In tribes and nations; that tribes, tribes; nations may nations aid:
Which doing, thou ſhalt know what Chiefs, what ſoldiers play the men;
And what the cowards: for they all will fight in ſeverall then,
(Eaſie for note.) And then ſhalt thou, if thou deſtroyſt not Troy,
Know if the propheſies defect, or men thou doſt employ
In their approv'd arts, want in warre: or lack of that brave heat,
Fit for the ventrous ſpirits of Greece, was cauſe to thy defeat.

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

To this the King of men replied; O father, all the ſonnes
Of Greece thou conquerſt, in the ſtriſe of conſultations.
I would to *Iove*, *Athenia*, and *Phœbus*, I could make
(Of all) but ten ſuch Counſellors; then inſtantly would ſhake
King *Priam's* city, by our hands laid hold on, and laid waſt.
But *Iove* hath orderd I ſhould grieve, and to that end hath caſt
My life into debates, paſt end. My ſelfe, and *Thetis* ſonne,
(Like girles) in words fought for a girle, and I th'offence begunne:
But if we ever talk as friends, Troy's thus deferred fall,
Shall never vex us more one houre. Come then, to victles all,
That ſtrong *Mars*, all may bring to field; each man his lances ſteele
See ſharpned well; his ſhield well lin'd, his horſes meated well,
His chariot carefully made ſtrong; that theſe affaires of death,
We all day may hold fiercely out: no man muſt reſt or breath.
The boſomes of our targatiers muſt all be ſteept in ſweat.
The lancers arme muſt fall diſſolv'd; our chariot-horſe with heat
Muſt ſeeme to melt. But if I finde one ſoldier take the chace,
Or ſtirre from fight, or fight not ſtill, fixt in his enemies face;
Or hid a ſhipboord: all the world for force, nor price, ſhall ſave
His hated life; but fowles and dogs, be his abhorred grave.

Simile.

He ſaid, and ſuch a murmure roſe, as on a lofty ſhore
The waves make, when the Southwind comes, and tumbles them before
Againſt a rock, grown neere the ſtrand, which diverſly beſet,
Is never free, but here and there with varied uprores beat.
All roſe then, ruſhing to the fleet, perfum'd their tents, and eat:
Each offring to th'immortall gods, and praying to ſcape th'heat
Of warre and death. The King of men, an Ox of five yeeres ſpring
T'almighty *Iove* ſlue: call'd the Peeres, firſt *Neſtor*, then the King
Idomenæus: after them, th' *Ajaces*, and the ſonne

Diomed.

Of *Tydeus*; *Ithacus* the ſixth, in counſell Paragon
To *Iove* him ſelfe. All theſe he bade, but at a martiall cry.
Good *Menelaus*, ſince he ſaw his brother buſily
Employd at that time, would not ſtand on invitation,
But of himſelfe came. All about the offring overthrown
Stood round, took ſalt-cakes, and the King himſelfe thus praid for all:
O *Iove*, moſt great, moſt glorious, that in that ſtarry hall,

Sitſt

Sit'ſt drawing darke clouds vp to aire: let not the Sunne go downe,
Darkneſſe ſupplying it; till my hands, the Pallace, and the towne
Of *Priam* ouerthrow, and burne; the armes on *Hectors* breaſt
Diuiding; ſpoiling with my ſword, thouſands (in intereſt
Of his bad quarrell) laid by him, in duſt, and eating earth.
He pray'd, *Ioue* heard him not, but made, more plentifull the birth
Of his ſad toiles; yet tooke his gifts. Prayers paſt, cakes on they threw:
The Oxe then (to the alter drawne,) they kill'd and from him drew
His hide: then cut him vp; his thighes (in two hewne) dubd with fat,
Prickt on the ſweet-breads, and with wood, leaueleſſe, and kindl'd at
Appoſed fire, they burne the thighes; which done, the inwards ſlit,
They broild on coales, and eate. The reſt, in giggots cut, they ſpit,
Roaſt cunningly, draw, ſit, and feaſt: nought lackt to leaue alaid
Each temperate appetite; which ſeru'd, *Neſtor* began and ſaid:
Atrides, moſt grac't king of men, now no more words allow,
Nor more deferre the deed *Ioue* vowes. Let heralds ſummon now
The braſen-coted Greekes; and vs, range euerie where the hoſt,
To ſtirre a ſtrong warre quickly vp. This ſpeech no ſillable loſt;
The high-voic't heralds, inſtantly, he charg'd to call to armes
The curld-head Greekes; they call'd; the Greeks, ſtraight anſwerd their alarmes.
The *Ioue*-kept kings, about the king all gatherd, with their aide
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyd maide
Great *Ægis* (*Ioues* bright ſhield) ſuſtain'd, that can be neuer old;
Neuer corrupted, fring'd about, with ſerpents forg'd of gold,
As many as ſuffiſde to make, an hundred fringes, worth
A hunderd oxen, euerie ſnake, all ſprawling, all ſet forth
With wondrous ſpirit. Through the hoſt, with this the Goddeſſe ran
In furie, caſting round her eyes; and furniſht euerie man
With ſtrength; exciting all to armes, and fight inceſſant. None
Now lik't their lou'd homes like the warres. And as a fire vpon
A huge wood, on the heights of hils, that farre off hurles his light:
So the diuine braſſe ſhin'd on theſe, thus thruſting on for fight;
Their ſplendor through the aire reacht heauen: and as about the flood
Caiſter, in an Aſian meade, flockes of the airie brood
(Cranes, Geeſe, or long-neckt Swans) here, there, proud of there pinions, flie,
And in their falls lay out ſuch throats, that with their ſpiritfull crie
The meddow ſhrikes againe: ſo here, theſe many nation'd men,
Flow'd ouer the Scamandrian field, from tents, and ſhips; the din
Was dreadfull, that the feet of men, and horſe, beate out of earth.
And in the floriſhing meade they ſtood, thicke as the odorous birth
Of flowres, or leaues bred in the ſpring; or thick as ſwarmes of flies
Throng then to ſhip-coates; when each ſwarme, his erring wing applies
To milke deawd on the milke maids pailes: all eagerly diſpoſd,
To giue to ruine th'Ilians. And as in rude heapes cloſd,
Though huge Goate-heards are at their food, the Goat-heards eaſly yet,
Sort into ſundry heards; ſo here, the Chiefes in battell ſet,
Here tribes, here nations, ordering all. Amongſt whome ſhin'd the king,
With eyes, like lightning-louing *Ioue*; his forehead anſwering,

In breaſt like *Neptune*; *Mars* in waſte: and as a goodly Bull
Moſt eminent of all a heard, moſt ſtrong, moſt maſterfull;
So *Agamemnon*, *Ioue* that day, made ouerheighten clere,
That heauen-bright armie; and preferd, to all th'Heroes there.
Now tell me *Muſes*, you that dwell, in heauenly roofes (for you
Are Goddeſſes; are preſent here, are wiſe, and all things know;
We onely truſt the voyce of fame, know nothing:) who they were
That here were captaines of the Greekes? Commanding Princes here,
The multitude exceed my ſong; though fitted to my choice
Ten tongues were, hardned palats ten, a breaſt of braſſe, a voyce
Infract, and trumplike: that greate worke, unleſſe the ſeede of *Ioue*
(The deathleſſe *Muſes*) vndertake, maintaines a pitch aboue
All mortall powers. The Princes then, and nauie that did bring
Thoſe ſo inenarrable troopes; and all their ſoyles, I ſing.

The Catalogue of the Grecian *Ships and Captains.*

PEneleus, and *Leitus*, all that Bœotia bred,
Arceſilaus, *Clonius*, and *Prothoænor*, led;
Th'inhabitants of *Hyria*, and ſtonie *Aulida*;
Schœne, *Schole*, the hilly *Eteon*, and holy *Theſpia*;
Of *Græa*, and great *Micaleſſe*, that hath the ample plaine;
Of *Herma*, and Ileſius, and all that did remaine,
In *Erith*, and in *Eleon*; in *Hylen*, *Peteona*,
In faire *Ocalea*, and the towne, well builded, *Medeona*;
Capas, *Eutreſis*, *Thisbe* that, for Pigeous doth ſurpaſſe;
Of *Coroneio*, *Harliat*; that hath ſuch ſtore of graſſe.
All thoſe that in *Platea* dwelt, that *Gliſſa* did poſſeſſe;
And *Hipothebs*, whoſe wel-built wals, are rare and fellowleſſe;
In rich *Onchestus* famous wood, to watrie *Neptune* vow'd;
And *Arne*, where the vine-trees are, with vigorons bunches bow'd
With them that dwelt in *Mydea*, and *Niſſa* moſt diuine.
All thoſe whom vtmoſt *Anthedon*, did wealthily confine:
From all theſe coaſts in generall, full fiftie ſaile were ſent,
And ſixſcore ſtrong, *Bœotian* youths, in euerie burthen went.
But thoſe who in *Aſpledon* dwelt, and *Minian Orchomen*;
God *Mars* his ſonnes did leade (*Aſcalaphus*, and *Ialmen*.)
Who in *Azidon Actors* houſe, did of *Aſtioche* come;
The baſhfull Maide, as ſhe went vp, into the higher roome,
The warre-god ſecretly compreſt: in ſafe conduct of theſe,
Did thirtie hollow-bottom'd barkes, diuide the wauie ſeas.
Braue *Schedius* and *Epiſtrophus*, the Phoſian captaines were,
Naubolida, *Iphitus* ſonnes all-proofe gainſt any feare;
With them the Cyparisians went, and bold Pythonians,
Men of religious *Chryſa* ſoyle, and fat *Daulidians*:
Panopæans, *Anemors*, and fierce *Hyampoliſts*:
And thoſe that dwell where *Cephiſus*, caſts vp his ſilken miſts.

The

The men that faire *Lylea* held, neare the *Cephiſian* ſpring,
All which did fortie ſable barkes, to that deſignement bring.
About th'entoyld *Phocenſian* fleet, had theſe their ſaile aſſignde:
And neare to the ſiniſter wing, the arm'd Bœotians ſhinde.
Aiax the leſſe, *Oileus* ſonne, the Locrians led to warre,
Not like to *Aiax Telamon*, but leſſer man by farre.
Little he was, and euer wore, a breaſtplate made of linne;
But for the manage of his lance, he generall praiſe did winne.
The dwellers of *Caliarus*, of *Beſſa*, *Opoen*;
The youths of *Cynus*, *Scarphis*, and *Augias*, louely men;
Of *Tarphis*, and of *Thronius*, nere flood *Boagrius* fall;
Twiſe twentie martiall barkes of theſe, leſſe *Aiax* ſaild with all.
Who neare *Eubœas* bleſſed ſoile, their habitations had,
Strength-breathing *Abants*, who their ſeats, in ſweet *Eubœa* made:
The *Aſtæas* rich in grapes, the men of *Chaleida*;
The *Cerinths*, bordering on the ſea, of rich *Eretria*;
Of *Dyons* highly-ſeated towne; *Chariſtus*, and of *Styre*;
All theſe the Duke *Alphenor* led, a flame of *Mars* his fire;
Surnam'd *Chalcodontiades*, the mightie *Abants* guide;
Swift men of foot, whoſe broad-ſet backes, their trailing haire did hide,
Well ſeene in fight and ſoone could pierce, with farre extended darts
The breſtplates of their enemies, and reach their deareſt hearts.
Fortie blacke men of ware did ſailein this *Alphenors* charge.
The ſouldiers that in *Athens* dwelt, a citie builded large,
The people of *Eriſthius*, whom *Ioue*-ſprung *Pallas* fed:
And plentious-feeding *Tellus* brought, out of her flowrie bed:
Him, *Pallas* plac't in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeare,
Of Buls and Lambes, *Athenian* youths, pleaſe him with offrings there.
Mightie *Meneſtheus*, *Pethens* ſonne, had their deuided care:
For horſemen and for targatiers, none could with him compare:
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:
But *Neſtor* (for he elder was) with him did ſole contend:
With him came fiftie ſable ſaile. And out of *Salamine*
Great *Aiax* brought twelue ſaile, that with, th'Athenias did combine.
Who did in fruitfull *Argos* dwell; or ſtrong *Hyrintha* keepe:
Hermion, or in *Aſinen*, whoſe boſome is ſo deepe;
Trazena, *Elion*, *Epidare*, where *Bacchus* crownes his head;
Egina, and *Mazetas* ſoyle, did follow *Diomed*.
And *Sthenelus*, the deare lou'd ſonne, of famous *Copaneus*:
Together with *Eurialus*, heire of *Meciſtæus*,
The king of *Talæonides*; paſt whom, in deeds of warre,
The famous ſouldier *Diomed*, of all was held by farre;
Foureſcore blacke ſhips did follow theſe. The men faire *Mycene* held:
The wealthy *Corinth*, *Cleon* that, for beautious ſight exceld:
Arethireas louely ſeate, and in *Ornias* plaine,
And *Syciona*, where at firſt, did king *Adraſtus* raigne:
High ſeated *Gonoeſſas* towers, and *Hyperiſius*;
That dwelt in fruitfull *Pellenen*; and in diuine *Ægius*:

Their fleet 40.

Aiax, Oileus, captaine of the Locrians.

The townes of the Locrians.

Their naue 40.

Eubœans and their townes.

Alphenor their Commander.

Their fleet 40.

The Athenians.

Meneſtheus their Cheiſe.

Naues Attica 50.
The Salaminues ioyned with thē.
Their leader Aiax Telamonius.
Ships 12.
The Argiues.
Diomed their captaine with Sthenelus and Eurialus.

Their fleet 80 ſaile.
The Mycenians.
Their townes.

With all the ſea-ſide borderers, and wide *Helices* friends;
To *Agamemnon* euery towne, her natiue birth commends,
In double fiftie ſable barks: with him a world of men
Moſt ſtrong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then
Put on his moſt reſplendent armes, ſince he did ouerſhine
The whole heroique hoſt of *Greece*, in power of that deſigne.
Who did in *Lacedæmons* rule, th'vnmeaſur'd concaue hold:
High *Phares*, *Spartas*, *Meſſes* towers, for doues ſo much extold;
Bryſeias and *Augias* grounds, ſtrong *Laa*, *Oetylon*;
Amyclas, *Helos* harbor-towne, that *Neptune* beats vpon:
All theſe did *Menelaus* leade, (his brother that in cries
Of warre was famous) ſixtie ſhips, conuaid theſe enemies,
To Troy in cheeſe; becauſe their king, was chiefly iniur'd there,
In *Hellens* rape; and did his beſt, to make them buy it deare.
Who dwelt in *Pylos* ſandie ſoyle, and *Arene* the faire;
In *Thryon*, neare *Alphæus* flood, and *Aepy* full of aire:
In *Cyparisſeus*, *Amphygen*, and little *Peteleon*;
The towne where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous *Doreon*;
Where all the Muſes (oppoſite, in ſtrife of Poeſie,
To ancient *Thamyris* of *Thrace*) did vſe him cruelly;
He coming from *Eurytus* court the wiſe *Ochalian* king:
Becauſe he proudly durſt affirme, he could more ſweetly ſing,
Then that Pyerean race of *Iove*; who (angry with his vant)
Bereft his eye-ſight, and his ſong, that did the eare enchant;
And of his skill to touch his Harpe diſfurniſhed his hand:
All theſe in ninetie hollow keeles, graue *Neſtor* did command.
The richly bleſt inhabitants of the Arcadian land
Below *Cyllenes* mount, that by *Epyurs* tombe did ſtand;
Where dwelt the bold neare fighting men; who did in *Phæneus* liue:
And *Orchomen*, where flockes of ſheepe, the ſhepheards cluſtring driue:
In *Rype* and in *Stratié*, the faire Mantinean towne,
And ſtrong *Eniſpe*, that for height, is euer weather-blowne,
Tegea, and in *Stimphalus Parrhaſia* ſtrongly wall'd,
All theſe *Alcæus* ſonne; to field (king *Agapenor*) call'd,
In ſixtie barks he brought them on and euerie barke well mand,
With fierce *Arcadians*, skild to vſe, the vtmoſt of a band.
King *Agamemnon* on theſe men, did well-built ſhips beſtow,
To paſſe the gulfie purple ſea, that did no ſea rites know.
They who in *Hermin*, *Buphraſis*, and *Elis* did remaine,
What *Olens* Cliffes, *Aliſius*, and *Myrſin* did containe,
Where led to warre by twiſe two Dukes, and each ten ſhips did bring,
Which many venterous *Epians*, did ſerue for burthening.
Beneath *Alphimacus* his charge, and valiant *Talphius*,
Sonne of *Euritus Actor*, one, the *Cteatus*,
Diores Amarincides, the other did imploy;
The fourth diuine *Polixenus*, *Agaſthenis* his ioy:
The king of faire *Angeiades*, who from *Dulichius* came,
And from *Euchinaus* ſweet Iles, which hold their holy frame

By

By ample *Elis* region, *Meges Phelides* led:
Whom Duke *Phyleus*, *Ioues* belou'd, begat, and whilome fled
To large *Dulychius* for the wrath, that fir'd his fathers breaſt.
Twiſe twentie ſhips with Ebon ſailes, were in his charge addreſt.
The war-like men of *Cephale*, and thoſe of *Ithaca*,
Wooddy *Nerytus*, and the men of wet *Crocilia*:
Sharp *Ægilipha*, *Samos* Ile, *Zacynthus*, ſea incloſd;
Epyrus, and the men that hold, the Continent oppoſd;
All theſe did wiſe *Vliſſes* leade, in counſell Peere to *Iove*:
Twelue ſhips he brought, which in their courſe, vermilion ſternes did moue.
Thoas, *Andremons* wel-ſpoke ſonne, did guide th'Ætolians well;
Thoſe that in *Pleuron*, *Olenon*, and ſtrong *Pylene* dwell:
Great *Calcis* that by ſea-ſide ſtands, and ſtony *Calidon*;
For now no more of *Oeneus* ſonnes ſuruiu'd; they all were gone:
No more his royall ſelfe did liue, no more his noble ſonne,
The golden *Meleager* now, their glaſſes all were run.
All things were left to him in charge, the Ætolians Chiefe he was,
And fortie ſhips to Troian warres, the ſeas with him did paſſe.
The royall ſouldier *Idomen*, did leade the Cretans ſtout:
The men of *Gnoſſus*, and the towne, *Cortima*, wall'd about.
Of *Lictus* and *Myletus* towres, of white *Lycaſtus* ſtate,
Of *Pheſtus* and of *Rhiſtias*, the cities fortunate:
And all, the reſt inhabiting, the hundred townes of *Crete*,
Whom ware-like *Idomen* did leade, copartner in the fleete,
With kil-man *Merion*, eightie ſhips, with them did Troy inuade.
Tlepolemus Heraclides, right ſtrong and bigly made,
Brought nine tall ſhips of warre from *Rhodes*, which hautie *Rhodians* mand,
Who dwelt in three diſcuer'd parts, of that moſt pleaſant land;
Which *Lyndus* and *Ialiſſus* were, and bright *Camyrus*, cald:
Tlepolemus commanded theſe, in battel vnappald:
Whom faire *Aſtioche* brought forth, by force of *Hercules*;
Let out of *Ephyr* with his hand, from riuer *Sellees*;
When many townes of princely youths, he leueld with the ground.
Tlepolem (in his fathers houſe, for building much renownd,
Brought vp to headſtrong ſtate of youth) his mothers brother ſlue,
The flowre of armes, *Lycymnius*, that ſomewhat aged grew:
Then ſtraight he gathred him a fleete, aſſembling bands of men,
And fled by ſea, to ſhun the threats, that were denounced then,
By other ſonnes and nephewes of th'Alciden fortitude.
He in his exile came to *Rhodes*, driuen in with tempeſts rude:
The Rhodians were diſtinct in tribes, and great with *Iove* did ſtand,
The king of men and Gods, who gaue, much treaſure to their land.
Nireus out of *Symus* hauen, three wel-built barkes did bring:
Nireus faire *Aglaias* ſonne, and *Charopes* the king:
Nireus was the faireſt man that to faire *Ilion* came,
Of all the Greekes, ſaue *Peleus* ſonne, who paſt for generall frame.
But weake this was, not fit for warre, and therefore few did guide,
Who did in *Caſſus*, *Niſyrus*, and *Crapathus* abide,

In *Co*, *Eurípilus* his towne, and in *Calydnas* ſoyles,
Phydippus and bold *Antiphus*, did guide to Troian toyles;
The ſonnes of crowned *Theſſalus*, deriu'd from *Hercules*,
Who went with thirtie hollow ſhips well ordred to to the ſeas.
Now will I ſing the ſackfull troopes, Pelaſgian *Argos* held,
That in deepe *Alus*, *Alopé*, and ſoft *Trechina* dweld;
In *Pthya* and in *Hellade*, where liue the louely dames,
The *Myrmidons*, *Helenians*, and *Achiues*, robd of Fames:
All which the great *Æacides*, in fiftie ſhips did leade.
For, theſe forgat warres horrid voice, becauſe they lackt their head.
That would haue brought them brauely foorth; but now at fleete did lie,
That wind-like vſer of his feet, faire *Thetis* progenie;
Wroth for bright cheekt *Bryſeis* loſſe; whom from *Lyrneſſus* ſpoiles,
(His owne exploit) he brought away, as trophee of his toiles,
When that towne was depopulate; he ſunke the Theban towres;
Myneta, and *Epiſtrophus*, he ſent to *Plutoes* bowres,
Who came of king Euenus race, great *Helepiades:*
Yet now he idely liues enrag'd, but ſoone muſt leaue his eaſe.
Of thoſe that dwelt in *Phylace*, and flowrie *Pyrraſon*
The wood of *Ceres*, and the ſoyle, that ſheepe are fed vpon,
Iten and *Antron*, built by ſea, and *Pteleus* full of graſſe,
Proteſilaus while he liu'd, the worthie captaine was:
Whom now the ſable earth detaines: his teare-torne faced ſpouſe
He wofull left in *Philace*, and his halfe finiſht houſe:
A fatall Dardane firſt his life, of all the Greekes, bereft,
As he was leaping from his ſhip; yet were his men vnleft
With out a Chiefe, for though they wiſht, to haue no other man,
But good *Proteſilay* their guide; *Podarces* yet began
To gouerne them, *Iphitis* ſonne, the ſonne of *Philacus*,
Moſt rich in ſheepe, and brother to ſhort-liu'd *Proteſilaus*:
Of yonger birth, leſſe, and leſſe ſtrong; yet ſeru'd he to direct
The companies, that ſtill did more, their ancient Duke affect.
Twiſe twentie Iettie ſailes with him, the ſwelling ſtreame did take.
But thoſe that did in *Pheres* dwell, at the Bæbreian lake,
In *Bæbe*, and in *Glaphira*, *Iaolcus* builded faire:
In thrice ſix ſhips to *Pergamus*: did through the ſeas repaire,
With old *Admetes* tender ſonne, *Eumelus*, whom he bred,
Of *Alceſt Pelius* faireſt child, of all his femall ſeed.
The ſouldiers that before the ſiege, *Methones* vales did hold:
Thaumacia, flowrie *Melibæ*, and *Oliſon* the cold,
Duke *Philoctetes* gouerned, in darts of fineſt ſleight:
Seuen veſſels in his charge conuaid, their honorable freight;
By fiftie rowers in a barke, moſt expext in the bow:
But he in ſacred *Lemnos* lay, brought miſerably low,
By torment of an ulcer growne, with *Hydras* poyſon'd bloud:
Whoſe ſting was ſuch, *Greece* left him there, in moſt impatient moode:
Yet thought they on him at his ſhip, and chuſde to lead his men,
Medon, *Oyleus* baſtard ſonne, brought forth to him by *Rhen*.

From

From *Thricce*, bleake Ithomens cliffes, and hapleſſe *Oechaly*
Eurites citie rul'd by him, in wilfull tyrany,
In charge of *Eſculapius* ſonnes, phyſitian highly praiſd:
Machaon, *Podalirius*, were thirtie veſſels raiſd:
Who neare *Hiperias* fountaine dwelt, and in *Ormenius*:
The ſnowy tops of *Titannus*, and in *Aſterius*:
Eucmons ſonne *Euripilus*, did leade into the field:
Whoſe townes did fortie blacke-ſaild ſhips, to that encounter yeeld.
Who *Gyrton*, and *Argiſſa* held, *Orthen* and *Elons* ſeate,
And chalkie *Olooſſine*, were led by *Polipete*;
The iſſue of *Perithous*, the ſonne of *Iupiter*.
Hiſm the *Athenian Theſeus* friend, *Hypodomy* did beare;
When he the briſtled ſauages: did giue *Ramnuſia*,
And draue them out of *Pelius*, as farre as *Ethica*.
He came not ſingle, but with him, *Leonteus*, *Corons* ſonne,
An arme of *Mars*; and *Corons* life, *Ceneus* ſeed begun.
Twiſe twentie ſhips, attended theſe. *Cuneus* next did bring,
From *Cyphus*, twentie ſaile and two, the *Enians* following;
And fierce *Peræbi*, that about, *Dodones* frozen mold,
Did plant their houſes, and the men, that did the medowes hold,
Which *Titoreſius* deckes with flowers, and his ſweet curent leades,
Into the bright *Peneius*, that hath the ſiluer heads.
Yet with his admirable ſtreame, doth not his waues commix;
But glides aloft on it like oyle: for tis the floud of Stix,
By which th'immortall Gods doe ſweare. *Teuthredons* honor'd birth
Prothous led the *Magnets* forth, who neare the ſhadie earth,
Of *Pelius*, and *Penelon*, dwelt; fortie reuengefull ſaile
Did follow him; theſe were the Dukes, and Princes of anaile,
That came from Greece: but now the man, that ouerſhin'd them all.
Sing Muſe: and their moſt famous Steeds, to my receitall call,
That both th'*Atrides* followed; faire *Pheretiedes*,
The braueſt mares did bring by much; *Eumelius* manag'd theſe:
Swift of their feete as birds of wings; both of one haire did ſhine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as meſur'd by a line:
Whom ſiluer bow'd *Apollo* bred, in the *Pierean* mead;
Both ſlicke and daintie, yet were both, in warre of wondrous dread.
Great *Aiax Telamon* for ſtrength, paſt all the Peeres of warre,
While vext *Achilles* was away: but he ſurpaſt him farre:
The horſe that bore that faultleſſe man, were likewiſe paſt compare:
Yet lay he at the crookt-ſtern'd ſhips, and furie was his fare,
For *Atreus* ſonnes vngracious deed: his men yet pleaſd their hearts,
With throwing of the holed ſtone; with hurling of their darts,
And ſhooting fairely one the ſhore. Their horſe at chariots fed,
On greateſt parſly, and on ſedge, that in the fens is bred.
His Princes tents their chariots held, that richly couerd were.
His Princes, amorous of their Chiefe, walkt ſtorming here and there,
About the hoſt, and ſcorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did paſſe,
Before them flew, as if a fire, fed on the trembling graſſe.

Earth vnder-gron'd their high raiſd feet, as when offended *Ioue*,
In *Arime*, *Typhoius*, with rattling thunder droue,
Beneath the earth: in *Arime*, men ſay the graue is ſtill,
Where thunder tomb'd *Typhoius*, and is a monſtrous hill.
And as that thunder made earth grone, ſo gron'd it as they paſt,
They trode with ſuch hard-ſet-downe ſteps, and ſo exceeding faſt.
To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,
From *Ioue* (as all to Councell drew; in *Priams* Pallace gates)
Reſembling *Priams* ſonne in voyce, *Polytes* ſwift of feete:
In truſt where of (as Sentinell, to ſee when from the fleet,
The Grecians ſallied) he was ſet, vpon the loftie brow
Of aged *Eſietes* tombe, and this did *Iris* ſhow;
O *Priam*, thou art alwaies pleaſd, with indiſcreet aduice:
And fram'ſt thy life to times of peace, when ſuch a warre doth riſe
As threats ineuitable ſpoyle; I neuer did behold
Such and ſo mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mould,
In number like *Autumnus* leaues, or like the marine ſand:
All ready round about the walles, to vſe a ruining hand.
Hector? I therefore charge thee moſt, this charge to vndertake:
A multitude remaine in *Troy*, will fight for *Priams* ſake,
Of other lands and languages, let euerie leader then
Bring forth, well arm'd into the field, his ſeuerall bands of men.
Strong *Hector* knew, a deitie, gaue charge to this aſſay:
Diſmiſt the Counſell ſtraight, like waues, cluſters to armes do ſway:
The ports are all wide open ſet: out ruſht the troopes in ſwarmes,
Both horſe and foote, the citie rung, with ſudden-cryed alarems.
A Columne ſtands without the towne, that high his head doth raiſe,
A little diſtant, in a plaine trod downe with diuers waies:
Which men do *Batieia* call, but the immortalls name
Myrinnes famous ſepulcher, the wondrous actiue dame:
Here were th' *Auxiliarie* bands, that came in *Troyes* defence,
Diſtinguiſht under ſeuerall guides, of ſpeciall excellence.
The Duke of all the Troian power great helme-deckt *Hector* was
Which ſtood of many mightie men, wel skilld in darts of braſſe:
Æneas of commixed ſeed (a goddeſſe with a man,
Anchiſes, with the Queene of loue:) the troopes Dardanian,
Led to the field; his louely Sire, in *Idas* lower ſhade,
Begat him of ſweet *Cypridis*, he ſolely was not made
Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers: *Antenors* valiant ſonnes,
Archilochus, and *Acamas*, were ioyn'd companions.
Who in *Zelia* dwelt, beneath, the ſacred foote of *Ide*,
That dranke of blacke *Æſepus* ſtreame, and wealth made full of pride,
(The *Aphnij*) *Lycaons* ſonne, whom *Phœbus* gaue his bow,
Prince *Pandarus*) did leade to field. Who *Adreſtinus* owe,
(*Apeſus* citie, *Pitæi*, and mount *Tereies*)
Adreſtus, and ſtout *Amphius* led, who did their Sire diſpleaſe,
Merops Percoſius) that exceld, all Troy in heauenly skill,
Of futures ſearching propheſie: for much againſt his will,

His

His ſonnes were agents in thoſe armes: whome ſince they diſobeyd,
The fates, in letting ſlip their threds, their haſtie valures ſtaid.
Who in *Percotes*, *Practius*, *Arisbe* did abide,
Who *Seſtus* and *Abidus* bred, *Hyrtacides* did guide:
Prince *Aſius Hyrtacides* that through great *Selees* force,
Brought from *Arisba* to that fight, the great and fierie horſe.
Pyleus, and *Hypothous*, the ſtout Pelaſgians led,
Of them *Lariſſas* fruitfull ſoyle, before had nouriſhed:
Theſe were Pelaſgian *Pithus* ſonne of *Teutamidas*.
The Thratian guides where *Pyrous*, and valiant *Acamas*.
Of all that the impetuous flood, of *Helleſpont* encloſd;
Euphemus, the Ciconian troopes, in his command diſpoſd;
Who from *Trezenius Ceades*, right noble did deſcend.
Perechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend.
From *Axius* out of *Amidon*, he had them in command:
From *Axius*, whoſe moſt beautious ſtreame, ſtill ouerflowes the land.
Pylemen with the well arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led,
From *Enes*, where the race of mules, fit for the plough is bred:
The men that broad *Cytorus* bonds, and *Seſamus* enfold,
About *Parthenius* loftie flood in houſes much extold,
From *Cromna* and *Ægialus*, the men that armes did beare,
And *Eurithymus* ſituate high, *Pylemens* ſouldiers were.
Epiſtrophus and *Dius* did, the Halizonians guide,
Far-fetcht from *Alybe*, where firſt, the ſiluer mines were tride.
Chronius, and Augur *Eunomus*, the Myſians did command,
Who could not with his auguries, the ſtrength of death withſtand:
But ſuffred it beneath the ſtroke, of great *Æacides*,
In *Xanthus*: where he made more ſoules, diue to the Stygian ſeas.
Phorcys and faire *Aſcanius*, the Phrygians brought to warre;
Well train'd for battell, and were come, out of *Aſcania* farre.
With *Methles*, and with *Antiphus* (*Pylemens* ſonnes) did fight,
The men of *Mezon*, whom the fenne) *Gygea* brought to light.
And thoſe Mæonians that beneath, the mountaine *Tmolus* ſprong;
The rude vnletterd *Caribæ*, that barbarous were of tongue,
Did under *Nauſtes* colours march, and young *Amphimachus*,
(*Nomyons* famous ſonnes) to whom, the mountaine *Phthirorus*,
That with the famous wood is crown'd, *Miletus*, *Micales*,
That hath ſo many loftie markes for men that loue the ſeas,
The crooked armes *Meander* bowd with his ſo ſnakie flood,
Reſign'd for conduct the choice youth, of all their mortiall brood.
The foole *Amphimachus*, to field, brought gold to be his wracke,
Proude-girlelike that doth euer beare, her dowre vpon her backe,
Which wiſe *Achilles* markt, ſlew him, and tooke his gold in ſtrife,
At *Xanthus* floud, ſo little death, did feare his golden life.
Sarpedon led the Lycians, and *Glaucus* vnreprou'd,
From *Lycia* and the gulfie flood, of *Xanthus* farre remou'd:

COM-

COMMENTARIVS.

α Ὅτε ἔαρος, &c. Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium, &c. *In this* Simile, Virgil (*vsing the like in imitation*) *is preferd to* Homer; *with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different.* Homer *intending to expresse the infinite multitude of souldiers euery where dispersing*; Virgil, *the diligence of builders.* Virigil. Simile *is this.* 1. Æneid.

Qualis apes æstate noua, per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant; & dulci distendunt Nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut agmine facto;
Ignauum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent:
Feruent opus; redolent thymo fragrantia mella.

Now compare this with Homers, *but in my translation; and iudge if to both their ends, there be any such betterneſſe in* Virgils: *but that the reuerence of the ſcholler, due to the maiſter (euen in theſe his maligners) might well haue containd their lame cenſures of the Poeticall furie; from theſe vnmannerlie and hatefull compariſons. Eſpeſially, ſince* Virgil *hath nothing of his owne, but onely elocution; his inuention, matter and forme, being all* Homers: *which laid by a man, that which he addeth, is onely the worke of a woman, to netiſie and poliſh. Nor do I, alas, but the formoſt ranke of the moſt ancient and beſt learned that ever were, come to the field for* Homer, *hiding all other Poets vnder his enſigne: hate not me then, but them; to whom, before my booke I referre you. But much the rather* I *inſiſt on the former* Simile; *for the word* Ἴλαδον, cateruatim, *or* confertim *which is noted by* Spondanus *to containe all the* ἀπόδοσιν, *reddition, or application of the compariſon; and is nothing ſo. For though it be all the reddition* Homer *expreſſeth; yet he intends two ſpeciall parts in the application more; which he leaues to his iudicial readers vnderſtanding, as he doth in all his other* Similes: *ſince a man may pernially (or as he paſſeth) diſcerne all that is to be vnderſtood. And here, beſides ther throngs of ſouldiers, expreſt in the ſwarmes of Bees, hee intimates the infinite number in thoſe throngs or companies, iſſuing from fleete ſo ceaſleſly, that there appeared almoſt no end of their iſſue: and thirdly, the euerie where diſperſing themſelues. But* Spondanus *would excuſe* Homer, *for expreſſing no more of his applycation; with; affirming it impoſſible; that the thing compared, and the compariſon, ſhould anſwere in all parts; and therefore alledges the vulgar vnderſtanding of a* Simile, *which is as groſſe as it is vulgar; that a ſimilitude muſt* vno pede ſemper claudicare. *His reaſon for it as abſurd as the reſt: which is this,* ſi ea inter ſe omnino reſponderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum ſimile eſt idem; *as though the generall application of the compared, and the compariſon, would make them any thing more the ſame, or all one; more then the ſwarmes of Bees, and the throng of ſouldiers are all one or the ſame; for anſwering moſt aptly. But that a* Simile *muſt needs halt of one foote ſtill, ſheweth how lame vulgar tradition is, eſpecially in her cenſure of* Poeſie. *For who at firſt ſight, will not conceiue it abſurd to make a* Simile, *which ſerues to the illuſtration and ornament of a* Poeme, *lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence ſuffered by* Homer *in all the reſt of his moſt inimitable* Similes, *being*

expreſt

expreſt in his place, will abundantly proue the ſtupiditie of this tradition: and how iniuriouſly ſhort his interpreters muſt needs come of him, in his ſtreight and deepe places; when in his open and faire paſſages, they halt and hang back ſo.

b Τον μεν ἀειζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς, *&c.* hunc quidem clarũ (*or* illuſtrem) fecit Deus; *as it is by all tranſlated; wherein I note the ſtrange abuſe (as I apprehend it) of the word* ἀειζηλος, *beginning here, & continuing whereſoeuer it is found in theſe Iliads. It is by the tranſition of* ζ *into* δ *in deriuation, acording to the Doricke: for which cauſe our Interpreters will needes haue* Homer *intend* ἀειδηλος, *which is* clarus *or* illuſtris *when he himſelfe ſaith,* ἀειζηλος *which is a compound of* ἀρι, *which is* valde, *and* ζηλος, *and ſignifies* quem valde æmulamur, *or* valde æmulandus, *according to* Scap. *But becauſe* ζηλος *is moſt authentically expounded,* impetus mentis ad cultum diuinum, *that expoſition I follow in this place, and expound* τον μεν αριζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς; hunc quidem magnum impulſum ad cultum diuinum fecit Deus; *becauſe he turnd ſo ſuddenly and miraculouſly the Dragon to a ſtone. To make it* ἀριδηλον, *and ſay* clarum *or* illuſtrem fecit Deus qui oſtendit, *or* oſtenderat, *(which followes in the verſe) and ſaith thus much in our tongue: God that ſhewed this, made it cleare; is very little more, then God that ſhewed this, ſhewed it. One way it obſerues the word (betwixt which, and the other, you ſee what great difference) and is faire, full, graue; the other alters the originall, and is uglie, emptie, idle.*

c Αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος, *&c.* Spontaneus autem ei venit, voce bonus *Menelaus; and ſome ſay* bello ſtrenuus *Menelaus: which is farre eſtranged from the mind of our* Homer, βοη *ſignifying* vociferatio, *or* clamor, *though ſome will haue it* pugna, ex conſequenti; *becauſe fights are often made with clamor. But* in bello ſtrenuus, *(vnleſſe it be ironically taken) is here ſtraind beyond ſufferance, & is to be expounded* vociferatione bonus *Menelaus: which agreeth with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of vtterance or voice: which is* μαλα λιγεως, valde ſtridulè, *or* arguto cum ſtridore; λιγεως *being cõmonly and moſt properlie taken in the worſe part, and ſignifieth ſhrillie, or noiſefullie, ſqueaking: howſoeuer in the vulgar conuerſion it is in that place moſt groſſelie abuſed. To the conſideration whereof, being of much importance, I refer you in his place. And in the meane time ſhew you, that in this firſt and next verſe,* Homer *(ſpeaking ſcoptically) breakes open the fountaine of his ridiculous humor following: neuer by anie interpreter vnderſtood, or touched at, being yet the moſt ingenious conceited perſon that any man can ſhew in any heroicall* Poeme, *or in any Comick Poet. And that you may ſomething perceiue him before you reade to him in his ſeuerall places: I will, as I can in haſte giue you him here together as* Homer *at all parts preſents him: viz. ſimple, wel-meaning, ſtanding ſtill affectedlie on telling truth, ſmall, and ſhrill voice; (not ſweet, or eloquent, as ſome moſt againſt the haire would haue him) ſhort ſpoken after his countrie the Laconicall manner: yet ſpeaking thicke and faſt, induſtrious in the field, and willing to bee emploied. And (being* mollis Bellator *himſelfe) ſet ſtill to call to euerie hard ſeruice, the hardieſt. Euen by the wit of* Aiax, *plaid vpon, about whom he would ſtill be diligent: and what he wanted of the martiall furie and faculties himſelfe, that he would be bold to ſupplie out of* Aiax: Aiax *and he, to any for blowes:* Antilochus *and he for wit:* (Antilochus *old* Neſtors *ſonne, a moſt ingenious, valiant, and excellentlie formed perſon.)*

Sometimes valiant, or daring, (as what coward is not) ſometimes, falling vpon

ſentence

ſentence, and good matter in his ſpeeches (as what meaneſt capacitie doth not?) Nor vſeth our moſt inimitable Imitator of nature, this croſſe and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and auoid too broad a taxation of ſo eminent a perſon; then to follow the true life of nature, being often, or alwaies, expreſt ſo diſparent in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that ſome poore Criticks haue ſtood vpon; to make fooles alwaies fooliſh, cowards at all times cowardly, &c. is farre from the variant order of nature, whoſe principles being contrary, her productions moſt needes containe the like oppoſition.

But now to the firſt; αὐτόμαλος δὲ ἐλήλυθε, *&c.* ſpontaneus autem ei venit, &c. *about which, a paſſing great peece of work is pickt out by our greateſt Philoſophers, touching the vnbidden coming of* Menelaus *to ſupper or Counſell, which ſome commend; others condemne in him: but the reaſon why he ſtaid not the inuitement, rendered immediatly by* Homer, *none of the will vnderſtand, viz.* Η δεε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν *&c.* ſciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat: *of which verſe his interpreters crie out for the expunction, only becauſe it was neuer enterd in their apprehenſion; which more then admire (for the eaſineſſe of it) ſo freely offering it ſelfe to their entertainment; & yet vſing the hoofe of* Pegaſus, *only with a touch breaking open (as aboueſaid) the fountaine of his humor. For thus I expound it, (laying all againe together, to make it plaine enough for you,)* Agamemnon *inuiting all the chiefe Commanders to ſupper, left out his brother; but he, ſeeing how much his brother was troubled about the dreame, and buſied, would not ſtand vpon inuitement, but came of himſelf. And this being ſpoken* scoptice, *or by way of irriſion, argueth what manner of man he made of him.* Ineptus enim *(as it is affirmed in* Plutarch, 1. Symp. *and ſecond queſtion)* fuit *Menelaus*, & locum dedit prouerbio qui ad conſilium dandum acceſſiſſet, non vocatus: *And to this place he had reference, becauſe a Counſell of war was to be held at this ſupper. And here (I ſay)* Homer *opened the veine of his ſimplicitie, not ſo much in his going vnbidden to ſupper, and Counſell, as in the reaſon for it ironically rendered; that he knew his brother was buſie, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very ſenſe of our Poet is not ſafe, our interpreters would haue raced.*

The end of the ſecond Booke.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

PAris *(betwixt the Hoasts) to single fight*
(Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie knight:
King Menelaus *doth accept his brave*
Conditioning that he againe should have
Faire Helena, *with all she brought to Troy,*
If he subd'd; else Paris *should enioy*
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conquest doth grant
Her deare wreath to the Grecian combatant;
But Venus *to her champions life doth yeeld*
Safe rescue, and conveyes him from the field,
Into his chamber; and for Hellen *sends;*
Whom much, her lovers foule disgrace offends;
Yet Venus *for him still makes good her charmes,*
And ends the second combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Gamma *the single fight doth sing*
Twixt Paris *and the Spartan King.*

WHen every least Commanders will, best souldiers had obaide,
And both the hosts were rang'd for fight, the Troians would have
The Greeks with noises; crying out, in comming rudely on, (fraid
At all parts like the Cranes that fill, with harsh confusion,
Of brutish clanges all the aire: and in ridiculous warre,
(Eschuing the unsufferd stormes, shot from the winters starre)
Visite the Ocean, and conferre the Pygmei souldiers death.
The Greekes charg'd silent, and like men, bestow'd their thrifry breath
In strength of far-resounding blowes; still entertaining care
Of eithers rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare.
And as upon a hils steepe top, the South winde powres a cloud
To shepheards thankles; but by theeves that love the night, allowd,
A darknesse letting downe, that blinds a stones cast off mens eyes:
Such darknesse from the Greeks swift feet, (made all of dust) did rise.
But ere sterne conflict mixt both strengths, faire *Paris* stept before
The Troian host, athwart his backe, a Panthers hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and sword, and shooke two brazen-headed darts,
With which (well arm'd) his tongue provok't the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd most
Of all the Greekes, so gloriously, saw stalke before the host;

The Troians compared to Cranes.

The silent assault of the Greekes.

As when a Lyon is rejoyc't (with hunger halfe forlorne)
That findes ſome ſweet prey, (as a Hart, whoſe grace lyes in his horne,
Or Sylvane Goat) which he devours, though never ſo purſu'd
With dogs and men; ſo *Spartas* King, exulted when he view'd
The faire-fac'd *Paris* ſo expoſde to his ſo thirſted wreake,
Whereof his good cauſe made him ſure. The Grecian front did breake,
And forth he ruſht, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepar'd for charge. Which ſeene, cold terror ſhot
Paris fly that ſight of Menelaus. Simile. The heart of *Paris*, who retir'd, as headlong from the King,
As in him: he had ſhund his death: and as a hilly ſpring,
Preſents a ſerpent to a man, full underneath his feet,
Her blew necke (ſwolne with poyſon) raiſd, and her ſting out, to greet
His heedleſſe entry: ſodainly his walke he altereth;
Starts backe amaz'd, is ſhooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death:
So *Menelaus*, *Paris* ſcar'd: ſo that divine fac't foe,
Shrunke in his beauties. Which beheld, by *Hector*, he let goe
Hector to Paris. This bitter checke at him. Accurſt, made but in beauties ſcorne;
Impoſtor, womans man! O heaven, that thou hadſt nere beene borne,
Or (being ſo manleſſe) never liv'd to beare mans nobleſt ſtate,
The nuptiall honour; which I wiſh, becauſe it were a fate
Much better for thee, then this ſhame; this ſpectacle doth make
A man a monſter: Harke how lowd the Greekes laugh, who did take
Thy faire forme for a continent of parts as faire; a rape
Thou mad'ſt of Nature, like their Queene. No ſoule, an emptie ſhape
Takes up thy being: yet how ſpight to every ſhade of good,
Fils it with ill? for as thou art, thou covldſt collect a brood
Of others like thee: and farre hence, fetcht ill enough to us;
Even to thy father: all theſe friends, make thoſe foes mocke them thus,
In thee: for whoſe ridiculous ſake, ſo ſeriouſly they lay,
All Greece, and Fate upon their neckes: O wretch! not dare to ſtay
Weake *Menelaus*? But twas well: for in him, thou hadſt tried
What ſtrength, loſt beauty can infuſe; and with the more griefe dyed,
To feele thou robſt a worthier man; to wrong a ſouldiers right:
Your Harpes ſweet touch, curld lockes, fine ſhape, and gifts ſo exquiſite,
Given thee by *Venus*, would have done your fine Dames little good,
When bloud and duſt had ruffled them, and had as little ſtood
Thy ſelfe in ſtead; but what thy care of all theſe in thee flyes,
We ſhould inflict on thee our ſelves: infectious cowardiſe
(In thee) hath terrified our hoſt; for which, thou well deſerv'ſt
A coat of Tomb ſtone, not of ſteele: in which, for forme thou ſerv'ſt.
Paris to Hector. To this thus *Paris* ſpake, (for forme, that might inhabit heaven)
Hector? Becauſe thy ſharpe reproofe, is out of juſtice given,
I take it well. but though thy heart (inur'd to theſe affrights,
Cuts through them, as an axe through Oake; that, more uſd, more excites
The workmans facultie: whoſe art can make the edge goe farre,
Yet I (leſſe practiſd, then thy ſelfe, in theſe extremes of warre)
May well be pardond, though leſſe bold; in theſe your worth exceeds,
In others, mine: Nor is my minde of leſſe force to the deeds

Requir'd in warre, becauſe my forme, more flowes in gifts of peace.
Reproach not therefore the kinde gifts of golden *Cyprides*,
All heav'ns gifts have their worthy price, as little to be ſcorn'd,
As to be wonne with ſtrength, wealth, ſtate; with which, to be adorn'd,
Some man would change, ſtate, wealth, or ſtrength. But if your martiall heart
Wiſh me to make my challenge good, and hold it ſuch a part
Of ſhame to give it over thus, cauſe all the reſt to reſt;
And twixt both hoſts, let Spartas King and me performe our beſt,
For *Hellen* and the wealth ſhe brought: and he that overcomes,
Or proves ſuperiour any way, in all your equall doomes,
Let him enjoy her utmoſt wealth, keepe her, or take her home;
The reſt ſtrike leagues of endleſſe date, and hearty friends become;
You dwelling ſafe in gleby Troy, the Greekes retire their force,
T'Achaia, that breedes faireſt Dames: and Argos, faireſt horſe.
He ſaid, and his amends full words, did *Hector* highly pleaſe,
Who rnſht betwixt the fighting hoſts, and made the Troians ceaſe,
By holding up, in midſt, his Lance: the Grecians noted not
The ſignall he for parle uſde, but at him fiercely ſhot;
Hurld ſtones, and ſtill were levelling darts. At laſt the King of men
(Great *Agamemnon*) cryed alowd: Argives? for ſhame containe:
Youths of Achaia! ſhoot no more; the faire-helm'd-*Hector* ſhowes
As he deſir'd to treate with us. This ſaid, all ceaſt from blowes,
And *Hector* ſpake to both the hoſts: Trojans, and hardie Greekes:
Heare now, what he that ſtird theſe warres, for their ceſſation ſeekes:
He bids us all, and you diſarme, that he alone may fight
With *Menelaus*, for us all; for *Hellen* and her right,
With all the dowre ſhe brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,
Or is, in all the art of armes, ſuperiour any way;
The Queene, and all her ſorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy,
The reſt ſtrike truce, and let love ſeale firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.
The Greeke hoſt wondred at this Brave: ſilence flew every where;
At laſt ſpake Spartas warlike King: Now alſo give me eare,
Whom griefe gives moſt cauſe of reply; I now have hope to free
The Greekes and Trojans of all ils, they have ſuſtaind for me
And *Alexander*, that was cauſe I ſtretcht my ſpleene ſo farre
Of both then, which is neareſt fate, let his death end the warre:
The reſt immediately retire, and greet all homes in peace:
Go then (to bleſſe your champion, and give his powers ſucceſſe)
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, the (gods on whom ye call)
Two lambs, a blacke one and a white: a female and a male;
And we, another for our ſelves, will fetch, and kill to *Iove*;
To ſigne which rites, bring *Priams* force, becauſe we well approve
His ſonnes perfidious envious (and out of practiſd bane
To fight, when ſhe beleeves in them) *Ioves* high truce may prophane,
All yong mens hearts are ſtill unſtaid: but in thoſe wel-weigh'd deeds,
An old man will conſent to paſſe things paſt, and what ſucceeds,
He lookes into; that he may know how beſt to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact: and will the worſt obay.

Agamemnon reſtraines the fight againſt Hector.

Hector to the Greekes and Troians.

Menelaus to both the armies.

(This granted) a delightfull hope, both Greekes and Troians fed,
Of long'd-for reſt, from thoſe long toyles, their tedious warre had bred.
Their horſes then in ranke they ſet, drawne from their chariots round;
Deſcend themſelves, tooke off their armes, and plac't them on the ground,
Neare one another; for the ſpace, twixt both the hoſts was ſmall.
Hector two heralds ſent to Troy, that they from thence might call
Hector ſendeth for Priam. King *Priam*; and to bring the lambs, to rate the truce they ſwore.
But *Agamemnon* to the fleet, *Talthibius* ſent before,
To fetch their lambe, who nothing ſlackt, the royall charge was given.
* *Iris* the raine-bow then came downe, Ambaſſadreſſe from heaven,
Iris to Hellen. To white-arm'd *Hellen*; ſhe aſſum'd, at every part, the grace
Of *Hellens* laſt loves ſiſters ſhape, who had the higheſt place
In *Hellens* love; and had to name, *Laodice*, moſt faire
Of all the daughters *Priam* had: and made the nuptiall paire,
With *Helicaon*; royall ſproute, of old *Antenors* ſeed;
She found Queene *Hellena* at home, at worke about a weed,
Wov'n for her ſelfe: it ſhin'd like fire; was rich, and full of ſlſe;
The worke of both ſides being alike, in which ſhe did compriſe
The many labours, warlike Troy, and braſſe-arm'd Greece endur'd
For her faire ſake, by cruell *Mars*, and his ſterne friends procur'd.
Iris came in, in joyfull haſte, and ſaid: O come with me,
(Lou'd Nymph) and an admired ſight of Greekes and Troians ſee,
Who firſt on one another brought, a warre ſo full of teares,
(Even thirſty of contentious warre) now every man forbeares,
And friendly by each other ſits, each leaning on his ſhield;
Their long and ſhining lances pitcht faſt by them in the field.
Paris, and Spartas King alone, muſt take up all the ſtrife;
And he that conquers, onely call faire *Hellena* his wife.
Thus ſpake the thouſand colour'd Dame: and to her minde commends
Hellens deſire to ſee her firſt huſband & friends. The ioy to ſee her firſt eſpouſd, her native towrs and friends,
Which ſtir'd a ſweet deſire in her, to ſerve the which, ſhe hi'd:
Shadowed her graces with white veiles, and (though ſhe tooke a pride
To ſet her thoughts at gaze, and ſee in her cleare beauties flood,
What choice of glory ſwum to her, yet tender womanhood)
Seaſon'd with teares, her ioyes to ſee, more ioyes the more offence:
And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellence.
Thus went ſhe forth, and tooke with her, her women moſt of name,
Æthra, *Pittheus* lovely birth: and *Clymene*, whom fame
Hath, for her faire eyes, memoriſd. They reacht the Scæan towrs,
Where *Priam* ſat to ſee the fight, with all his Counſellors,
Panthous, *Lampus*, *Clitius*, and ſtout *Hycetaon*,
Thimætes, wiſe *Antenor*, and profound *Vcalegon*:
All grave old men, and ſouldiers, they had beene, but for age
Now left the warres; yet Counſellors they were exceeding ſage.
Old men, and their weake utterance, moſt aptly compared to Graſſhoppers and their ſinging. And, as in well-growne woods, on trees, cold ſpinie Graſſhoppers
Sit chirping, and ſend voyces out, that ſcarce can pierce our eares,
b For ſoftneſſe, and their weake faint ſounds: ſo (talking on the towre)
Theſe Seniors of the people ſate: who when they ſaw the powre

Of beauty, in the Queene aſcend; even thoſe cold-ſpirited Peeres;
Thoſe wiſe, and almoſt witherd men, found this heate in their yeeres;
That they were forc't (though whiſpering) to ſay; what man can blame
The Greeckes and Trojans to indure, for ſo admir'd a Dame,
So many miſeries, and ſo long? In her ſweet countenance ſhine
Lookes like the Goddeſſes: and yet (though never ſo divine)
Before we boaſt, uniuſtly ſtill, of her enforced priſe,
And iuſtly ſuffer for her ſake, with all our progenies,
Labour and ruine, let her goe: the profit of our land,
Muſt paſſe the beauty. Thus, though theſe could beare ſo fit a hand
On their affections; yet when all their graveſt powers were uſde,
They could not chuſe but welcome her, and rather they accuſde
The gods then beauty; for thus ſpake the moſt fam'd King of Troy;
Come, loved daughter, ſit by me, and take the worthy ioy
Of thy firſt husbands ſight; old friends, and Princes neare allyed:
And name me ſome of theſe brave Greekes, ſo manly beautified.
Come: doe not thinke I lay the warres, endur'd by us, on thee,
The gods have ſent them, and the teares, in which they ſwumme to me,
Sit then, and name this goodly Greeke, ſo tall, and broadly ſpred,
Who then the reſt, that ſtand by him, is higher by the head;
The braveſt man I ever ſaw, and moſt maieſticall;
His onely preſence makes me thinke him King amongſt them all.

Hellens beautie moves even the oldeſt.

Priam cals Hellen to informe him of the Greek Princes.

The faireſt of her ſexe replyed; Moſt reverend fath'r in law:
Moſt lov'd, moſt fear'd; would ſome ill death had ſeiſd me, when I ſaw
The firſt meane, why I wrong'd you thus; that I had never loſt
The ſight of theſe my ancient friends; of him that lov'd me moſt,
Of my ſole daughter, brothers both; with all thoſe kindely mates,
Of one ſoyle, one age borne with me, though under different fates,
But theſe boones envious ſtarres deny; the memory of theſe,
In ſorrow pines thoſe beauties now, that then did too much pleaſe;
Nor ſatisfie they your demand, to which I thus reply:
That's *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* ſonne) the great in Emperie;
A King, whom double royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;
And one that was my brother in law, when I contain'd my bloud,
And was more worthy; if at all, I might be ſaid to be,
My Being, being loſt ſo ſoone, in all that honour'd me?

Hellen to Priam

The good old King admir'd, and ſaid: O *Atreus* bleſſed ſonne!
Borne under joyfull deſtinies, that haſt the Empire wonne
Of ſuch a world of Grecian youths, as I diſcover here;
I once marcht into Phrygia, that many vines doth beare,
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skild in uſe of horſe,
That of the two men, like two gods, were the commanded force,
(*Otræus*, and great *Migdonus*) who on Sangarius ſands,
Set downe their tents, with whom my ſelfe (for my aſſiſtant bands)
Was numbred as a man in chiefe: the cauſe of warre was then,
Th'Amazon dames, that in their facts, affected to be men.
In all, there was a mighty powre, which yet did never riſe,
To equall theſe Achaian youths, that have the ſable eyes,

Priams admiration to Agamemnon.

Then (ſeeing *Vlyſſes* next) he ſaid, Lov'd daughter, what is he,
That lower then great *Atreus* ſonne, ſeemes by the head to me?
Yet in his ſhoulders, and big breaſt, preſents a broader ſhow,
His armor lyes upon the earth: he up and downe doth go,
To ſee his ſoulders keepe their rankes, and ready have their armes,
If, in this truce, they ſhould be tried by any falſe alarmes:
Much like a well growne Bel-weather, or feltred Ram he ſhewes,
That walkes before a wealthy flocke of faire white-fleeced Ewes.
High *Iove*, and Ledas faireſt ſeed, to *Priam* thus replies:
Vlyſſes deſcribed This is the old *Laertes* ſonne, *Vlyſſes* cald the wiſe;
Who, though unfruitfull *Ithaca*, was made his nurſing ſeate,
Yet knowes he every ſort of ſleight: and is in counſels great.
The wiſe *Antenor* anſwerd her, tis true, renowned Dame;
Antenor to Helen by way of digreſſion. For, ſome times paſt, wiſe *Ithacus*, to Troy a Legate came
With *Menelaus*, for your cauſe: to whom I gave receit,
As gueſts, and welcom'd to my houſe, with all the love I might.
I learn'd the wiſedomes of their ſoules, and humors of their bloud:
For when the Troian Councell met, and theſe together ſtood,
By height of his broad ſhoulders had *Atrides* eminence,
Yet ſet, *Vlyſſes* did exceed, and bred more reverence.
And when their counſels and their words, they wove in one, the ſpeech
Of *Atreus* ſonne was paſſing loud, ſmall, faſt, yet did not reach
To much; being naturally borne Laconicall: nor would
His humour lye for any thing, or was (like th'other) old.
But when the prudent *Ithacus*, did to his counſels riſe,
He ſtood a little ſtill, and fixt upon the earth his eyes;
His ſcepter moving neither way, but held it formally,
Like one that vainely doth affect. Of wrathfull qualitie,
And franticke (raſhly iudging him) you would have ſaid he was,
But when out of his ample breaſt, he gave his great voyce paſſe,
Vlyſſes wiſedome admirably illuſtrated by ſimilitude. And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters ſnow;
None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for ſhow.
The third man, aged *Priam* markt, was *Aiax Telamon*:
Of whom he askt, What Lord is that ſo large of limme and bone,
So raiſd in height, that to his breaſt, I ſee there reacheth none?
To him the Goddeſſe of her ſexe, the large veild *Hellen* ſaid;
Aiax Telamon the Grecian bulwarke. That Lord is *Aiax Telamon*, a Bulwarke in their aide:
Idomenus King of Crete. On th'other ſide ſtands *Idomen*, in Crete of moſt command,
And round about his royall ſides, his Cretane Captaines ſtand.
Oft hath the warlike Spartan King, given hoſpitable due
To him within our Lacene court, and all his retinue.
And now the other Achive Dukes, I generally diſcerne,
All which I know, and all their names, could make thee quickly learne.
Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;
Caſtor and Pollux brothers to Hellen. *Caſtor*, the skilfull Knight on horſe, and *Pollux* uncontrold,
For all ſtand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred,
My naturall brothers: either here, they have not followed,
From lovely Sparta; or (arriv'd within the ſea-borne fleet)

(In

(In feare of infamie for me) in broad field ſhame to meet.
Nor ſo, for holy *Tellus* wombe incloſd thoſe worthy men,
In Sparta their beloved ſoyle. The voycefull heralds then,
The firme agreement of the gods, through all the citie ring:
Two lambs, and ſpirit-refreſhing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring,
Within a Goate-skin bottle cloſd; *Idæus* alſo brought
A maſſie glittering boll, and cups, that all of gold were wrought:
Which bearing to the King they cride; Sonne of *Laomedon*?
Riſe, for the wel-rode Peeres of Troy, and braſſe-arm'd Greekes in one,
Send to thee to deſcend the field, that they firme vowes may make,
For *Paris*, and the Spartan King muſt fight for *Hellens* ſake,
With long arm'd Lances, and the man that proves victorious,
The woman and the wealth ſhe brought, ſhall follow to his houſe;
The reſt knit friendſhip, and firme leagues, we ſafe in *Troy* ſhall dwell;
In Argos and Achaia they that doe in Dames excell.
He ſaid, and *Priams* aged joynts with chilled feare did ſhake,
Yet inſtantly he bad his men, his chariot ready make.
Which ſoone they did, and he aſcends: he takes the reines, and guide,
Antenor cals, who inſtantly mounts to his royall ſide;
And through the Scæan ports, to field, the ſwift-foot horſe they drive.
And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrive,
From horſe, on Troyes well feeding ſoyle, twixt both the hoſts they go,
When ſtraight up roſe the King of men, up roſe *Vlyſſes* to
The heralds in their richeſt cotes, repeate (as was the guiſe)
The true vowes of the gods, term'd theirs, ſince made before their eyes,
Then in a cup of gold they mixe the wine that each ſide brings;
And next, poure water on the hands of both the Kings of Kings.
Which done, *Atrides* drew his knife, that evermore he put
Within the large ſheath of his ſword: with which, away he cut
The wooll from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in uſe
Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce)
The heralds of both hoſts did give the Peeres of both, And then
With hands and voyce advan't to heaven, thus prayd the king of men:
O *Iove*, that *Ida* doſt protect, and haſt the titles wonne,
Moſt glorious, moſt invincible; and thou all-ſeeing Sunne,
All-hearing, all-recomforting; flouds? earth? and powers beneath?
That all the periuries of men, chaſtiſe even after death;
Be witneſſe, and ſee perform'd, the heartie vowes we make,
If *Alexander* ſhall the life of *Menelaus* take,
He ſhall from henceforth *Hellena*, with all her wealth retaine;
And we will to our houſhold gods, hoyſe ſayle, and home againe.
If by my honourd brothers hand, be *Alexander* ſlaine,
The Troians then, ſhall his forc't Queene, with all her wealth reſtore,
And pay convenient fine to us, and ours for euermore.
If *Priam* and his ſonnes deny to pay this, thus agreed,
When *Alexander* ſhall be ſlaine; for that perfidious deed,
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repay
By death and ruine, the amends that falſhood keepes away.

The heralds prepare for the compact.

Idæus to Priamus.

Agamemnon himſelfe prayes.

This

Homer

The contract is confirmed.

This ſaid, the throtes of both the lambs, cut with his royall knife,
He laid them panting on the earth, till (quite depriv'd of life)
The ſteele had rob'd them of their ſtrength. Then golden cups they crownd,
With wine out of a ciſterne drawne. which pour'd upon the ground,
They fell upon their humble knees, to all the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hoſts, that might doe ſacrifice;

Now one praies, whoſe office was to doe ſacrifice.

O *Iupiter*, moſt high, moſt great and all the deathleſſe powers,
Who firſt ſhall dare to violate the late ſworne oaths of ours,
So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they ſhall produce,
Flow on the ſtaind face of the earth; as now, this ſacred iuyce:
And let their wives with baſtardiſe, brand all their future race.
Thus praid they: but with wiſht effects, their prayrs *Iove* did not grace.

Priam to both hoſts.

When *Priam* ſaid; Lords of both hoſts? I can no longer ſtay,
To ſee my lov'd ſonne try his life; and ſo muſt take my way
To winde-expoſed Ilion. *Iove* yet and heavens high States,
Know onely, which of theſe muſt now pay tribute to the Fates.

Priam and Antenor retire to Troy.

Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts and reines his horſe,
Antenor to him; and to Troy, both take their ſpeedy courſe.

Hector and Vlyſſes meaſure the ground for the combat.

Then *Hector* (*Priams* martiall ſonne) ſtept forth, and met the ground,
(With wiſe *Vlyſſes*) where the blowes of combat muſt reſound.
Which done, into a helme they put two lots, to let them know,
Which of the combatants ſhould firſt his braſſe-pil'd javeline throw.
When, all the people ſtanding by, with hands held up to heaven,
Pray'd *Iove*, the conqueſt might not be by force or fortune given;
But that the man, who was in right the author of moſt wrong,
Might feele his juſtice, and no more theſe tedious warres prolong,
But ſinking to the houſe of death, leave them (as long before)
Linkt faſt in leagues of amitie, that might diſſolve no more.

Hector ſhakes the helme, and Paris drawes the lot to hurle firſt.

Then *Hector* ſhooke the helme that held the equall doomes of chance,
Look't backe, and drew; and *Paris* firſt had lot to hurle his lance.
The ſouldiers all ſate downe enrank't, each by his armes and horſe,
That then lay downe, and cool'd their hooфes. And now th'allotted courſe

He armes.

Bids faire-hair'd *Hellens* husband arme: who firſt makes faſt his greaves,
With ſilver buckles to his legs: then on his breaſt receives
The curets that *Lycaon* wore, (his brother) but made fit
For his faire body: next, his ſword he tooke, and faſtned it
(All damaskt) underneath his arme: his ſhield then, grave and great,
His ſhoulders wore: and on his head, his glorious helme he ſet;
Topt with a plume of horſes haire, that horribly did dance,
And ſeem'd to threaten as he mov'd. At laſt he takes his Lance,
Exceeding big, and full of weight, which he with eaſe could uſe:

Menelaus arms.

In like ſort, Spartas warlike King, himſelfe with armes indues.
Thus arm'd at either armie both, they both ſtood bravely in,
Poſſeſſing both hoſts with amaze: they came ſo chin to chin,
And with ſuch horrible aſpects, each other did ſalute.

The combat.

A faire large field was made for them: where wraths (for hugeneſſe) mute
And mutuall, made them mutually, at either ſhake their darts,
Before they threw: then *Paris* firſt, with his long javeline parts,

It ſmote *Atrides* orbie targe: but ranne not through the braſſe:
For in it (arming well the ſhield) the head reflected was.
Then did the ſecond combatant apply him to his ſpeare:
Where ere he threw, he thus beſought almightie *Iupiter*:
O *Iove*! vouchſafe me now revenge, and that my enemy
(For doing wrong ſo undeſerv'd) may pay deſervedly
The paines he forfeited; and let theſe hands inflict thoſe paines,
By conquering, I, by conquering dead, him on whom life complaines:
That any now, or any one, of all the brood of men
To live hereafter, may with feare, from all offence abſtaine,
(Much more from all ſuch foule offence) to him that was his hoſt,
And entertain'd him, as the man whom he affected moſt.
This ſaid, he ſhook, and threw his lance; which ſtrook through *Paris* ſhield,
And with the ſtrength he gaue to it, it made the curets yeeld;
His coate of Maile, his breaſt and all: and drave his intrailes in,
In that low region, where the guts in three ſmall parts begin:
Yet he, in bowing of his breaſt, prevented ſable death.
This taint he follow'd with his ſword, drawne from a ſilver ſheath:
Which (lifting high) he ſtrooke his helme, full where his plume did ſtand,
On which, it piece-meale brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.
At which, he ſighing ſtood, and ſtar'd upon the ample skie,
And ſaid, O *Iove*, there is no god, given more illiberally
To thoſe that ſerve thee, then thy ſelfe; why have I pray'd in vaine?
I hop't my hand ſhould have reveng'd the wrongs I ſtill ſuſtaine
On him that did them; and ſtill dares their foule defence purſue;
And now my Lance hath miſt his end, my ſword in ſhivers flew,
And he ſcapes all. With this againe, he ruſht upon his gueſt,
And caught him by the horſe-haire plume, that dangl'd on his creſt;
With thought to drag him to the Greekes, which he had ſurely done,
And ſo (beſides the victory) had wondrous glory wonne;
(Becauſe the needle-painted lace, with which his helme was tied
Beneath his chin, and ſo about his dainty throte implyed,
Had ſtrangl'd him:) but that in time, the Cyprian ſeed of *Iove*
Did breake the ſtring, with which was lin'd, that which the needle wove,
And was the tough thong of a Steere, and ſo the victors palme
Was (for ſo full a man at armes) onely an emptie helme.
That then he ſwong about his head, and caſt among his friends;
Who ſcrambled, and took't up with ſhouts. Againe then he intends
To force the life bloud of his foe, and ranne on him amaine,
With ſhaken javeline; when the Queene, that lovers loves, againe
Attended; and now raviſht him from that encounter quite,
With eaſe, and wondrous ſodainly; for ſhe (a Goddeſſe) might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him knowne,
Till in his chamber, (freſh and ſweet) ſhe gently ſet him downe;
And went for *Hellen*, whom ſhe found in Scæas utmoſt height;
To which, whole ſwarmes of citie Dames had climb'd to ſee the fight.
To give her errand good ſucceſſe; ſhe tooke on her the ſhape
Of beldame *Græa*, who was brought by *Hellen* in her rape,

Menelaus prayeth to Iove.

Menelaus ſword breaketh.

Menelaus et Jupiter.

Venus rapture of Paris from Menelaus. This place Virgil imitateth.

Venus like Græa to Hellen.

From

From Lacedæmon, and had truſt in all her ſecrets ſtill;
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will;
And ſpun for her, her fineſt wooll; like her, loves Empreſſe came,
Puld *Hellen* by the heavenly veile, and ſoftly ſaid: Madame,
My Lord cals for you, you muſt needs make all your kinde haſte home;
He's in your chamber, ſtayes, and longs; ſits by your bed; pray come,
Tis richly made, and ſweet; but he, more ſweet; and lookes ſo cleare,
So freſh, and movingly attir'd: that (ſeeing) you would ſweare,
He came not from the duſty fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing. This ſhe made a charme for dalliance;
Whoſe vertue *Hellen* felt, and knew (by her ſo radiant eyes,
White necke, and moſt inticing breaſts) the deified diſguiſe.

Hellen chideth Venus.

At which amaz'd, ſhe anſwerd her: unhappy Deitie?
Why lov'ſt thou ſtill in theſe deceits, to wrap my phantaſie?
Or whether yet (of all the townes, given to their luſt beſide,
In Phrygia, or Mæonia) com'ſt thou to be my guide?
If there (of divers languag'd men) thou haſt (as here in Troy)
Some other friend, to be my ſhame? ſince here thy lateſt ioy,
By *Menelaus* now ſubdu'd; by him ſhall I be borne
Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of his ſcorne.
And to this end, would thy deceits my wanton life allure.
Hence, goe thy ſelfe to *Priams* ſonne, and all the waies abiure
Of gods, or godlike minded Dames, nor ever turne againe
Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven: but for his ſake, ſuſtaine
Toyles here: guard, grace him endleſly: till he reqnire thy grace,
By giving thee my place with him: or take his ſervants place,
If all diſhonourable waies, your favours ſeeke to ſerve
His never-pleaſd incontinence: I better will deſerve,
Then ſerve his dotage now: what ſhame were it for me to feed
This luſt in him? all honour'd Dames would hate me for the deed;
He leaves a womans love ſo ſham'd, and ſhowes ſo baſe a minde;
To feele, nor my ſhame, nor his owne; griefes of a greater kinde;
Wound me, then ſuch as can admit ſuch kinde delights ſo ſoone.

Venus terrifies Heker.

The Goddeſſe, (angry that paſt ſhame, her meere will was not done)
Replied, Incenſe me not you wretch, leſt (once incenſt) I leave
Thy curſt life to as ſtrange a hate, as yet it may receive
A love from me; and leſt I ſpread through both hoſts ſuch deſpite,
For thoſe plagues they have felt for thee, that both abiure thee quite:
And (ſetting thee in midſt of both) turne all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead: that ſuch a death may wreake thy wrong of me.
This ſtrooke the faire Dame with ſuch feare, it tooke her ſpeech away,
And (ſhadowed in her ſnowy veile) ſhe durſt not but obay:
And yet (to ſhun the ſhame ſhe fear'd) ſhe vaniſht undeſcride
Of all the Troian Ladies there; for *Venus* was her guide.

Hellen followeth Venus from the port.

Arriv'd at home, her women both, fell to their worke in haſte;
When ſhe that was of all her ſexe, the moſt divinely grac't,
Aſcended to a higher roome, though much againſt her will,
Where lovely *Alexander* was, being led by *Venus* ſtill.

The

The laughter loving Dame diſcern'd her mov'd mind, by her grace:
And (for her mirth ſake) ſet a ſtoole full before *Paris* face,
Where ſhe would needs have *Hellen* ſit: who (though ſhe durſt not chuſe
But ſit, yet) lookt away for all the Goddeſſe powre could uſe,
And uſde her tongue too, and to chide, whom *Venus* ſooth'd ſo much,
And chid too, in this bitter kinde; and was thy cowardiſe ſuch,
(So conquerd) to be ſeene alive? O would to God thy life
Had periſht by his worthy hand, to whom I firſt was wife:
Before this, thou wouldſt glorifie, thy valour, and thy Lance;
And, paſt my firſt Loves, boaſt them farre: Goe once more, and advance
Thy braves againſt his ſingle power: this foile might fall by chance.
Poore conquerd man; twas ſuch a chance, as I would not adviſe,
Thy valour ſhould provoke againe: ſhun him thou moſt unwiſe,
Leſt next, thy ſpirit ſent to hell, thy body be his priſe.

Venus mixt with Hellen.

Hellens bitter reproofe of Paris

He anſwerd, pray thee woman ceaſe to chide and grieve me thus:
Diſgraces will not ever laſt; looke on their end, on us
Will other gods, at other times, let fall the victors wrath,
As on him *Pallas* put it now. Shall our love ſinke beneath
The hate of fortune? In loves fire, let all hates vaniſh: Come,
Love never ſo inflam'd my heart; no not, when (bringing home
Thy beauties ſo delicious priſe) on Cranaes bleſt ſhore
I long'd for, and enjoyd thee firſt. With this, he went before,
She after, to the odorous bed. While theſe to pleaſure yeeld,
Perplext *Atrides*, ſavage-like, ran up and downe the field,
And every thickeſt troupe of Troy, and of their farre-cald aid,
Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betraid,
Nor out of friendſhip (out of doubt) did they conceale his ſight;
All hated him ſo like their deaths, and ow'd him ſuch deſpight.

Paris to Helen.

Menelaus ſeeketh for Paris through the troupes.

At laſt thus ſpake the King of men: Heare me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans and the reſt, whoſe powres you in their aides employ;
The conqueſt on my brothers part, ye all diſcerne it cleare:
Doe you then Argive *Hellena*, with all her treaſure here
Reſtore to us, and pay the mulct, that by your vowes is due,
Yeeld us an honourd recompence: and all that would accrue
To our poſterities, confirme; that when you render it,
Our acts may here be memoriſd. This all Greekes elſe thought fit.

Againſt them to both the armies.

COMMENTARIVS.

a Ἶρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένην, *&c.* Iris autem Helene, &c. *Elegantly, and moſt aptly (ſaith* Spondanus) *is* Hellen *called by* Homer, *to the ſpectacle of this ſingle fight: as being the chiefe perſon in cauſe of all the action. The chiefe end of whoſe comming yet, enviouſly and moſt vainely,* Scaligers Criticus *taxeth. Which was her relation to* Priam, *of the perſons he noted there: jeſting (with his French wit) at this Greeke Father, and fount of all wit; for making* Priam *to ſeeke now of their names and knowledges, when nine yeeres together they had lyen there before. A great piece of neceſſity to make him therefore know them before, when there was no ſuch urgent occaſion before, to bring* Priam *to note them? nor ſo calme a convenience, in their ordered and quiet diſtinction? But let this criticiſme in this be weighed with*

with his other faults found in our maſter: as, for making lightning in winter before ſnow or raine; which the moſt ignorant upland peaſant could teach him out of his obſervations. For which yet, his Criticus *hath the proiect impudence to taxe* Homer. *Moſt falſly repeating his words too: ſaying,* Vbi ningit, *when hee ſaith,* τὰ χὼν ἢ πολὺν ὄμβρον, *&c.* Parans, *or* ſtruens, vel multum imbrem, immenſámue grandinem, vel nivem: *preparing, or going about thoſe moiſt impreſſions in the ayre, not in preſent act with them. From this, immediatly and moſt rabidly he ranges to* Vlyſſes *reprehenſion, for killing the wooers with his bow, in the* Odyſſes. *Then to his late vomit againe in the* Iliads *the very next word, and envyeth* Achilles *horſe for ſpeaking, (becauſe himſelfe would have all the tongue) when, in ſacred writ,* Balaams *Aſſe could have taught him, the like hath beene heard of. Yet now to the* Odyſſes *againe with a breath, and challengeth* Vlyſſes *ſhip for ſuffering* Neptune *to turne it to a rocke. Here is ſtrange laying out for a maſter ſo curiouſly methodicall. Not with what Graces, with what Muſes, we may aske he was inſpired: but with what Harpyes? what Furies? putting the* putidum mendacium *upon* Homer. Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis, *(being termes fitter for a ſcold or a bawd, then a man ſoftened by learning) he belcheth againſt him, whom all the world hath reverenced, and admired, as the fountaine of all wit, wiſedome, and learning. Woat touch is it to me then, to beare ſpots of depravations, when my great maſter is thus muddily dawb'd with it? But who ever ſaw true learning, wiſedome, or wit, vouchſafe manſion in any proud, vaineglorious, and braggartly ſpirit, when their chiefe act and end is, to abandon and abhorre it? Language, reading, habite of ſpeaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant: but in this* Poeſie, *redundant I affirme him, and rammiſh. To conclude, I will uſe the ſame words of him, that he of* Eraſmus (in calce Epinomidos) *which are theſe (as I convert it:) Great was his name, but had beene futurely greater, would himſelfe have beene leſſe: where now, hold with the greatneſſe of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much leſſe exactneſſe; and ſo his confidence ſet on by the renowne of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c.*

b Ὀπὰ λιγειὸν ἱεῖσι. Vocem ſuavem emittunt; *ſaith the Interpreter (intending the Graſhoppers, to whom he compareth the old Counſellors) but it is here to be expounded,* vocem teneram, *not* ſuavem: (λιγειὸς *in this place ſignifying* tener) *for Graſhoppers ſing not ſweetly, but harſhly and faintly: wherein the weake and tender voyces of the old Counſellors is to admiration expreſt. The Simile* Spondanus *highly commends, as moſt apt and expreſsive: but his application in one part doth abuſe it, in the other right it: and that is, to make the old men reſemble Graſhoppers for their cold, and bloudleſſe ſpinineſſe,* Tython *being for age turned to a Graſhopper. But where they were grave and wiſe Counſellors, to make them garrulous, as Graſhoppers are ſtridulous; that application holdeth not in theſe old men, though ſome old men are ſo. Theſe being,* Ἐσθλοὶ ἀγορηταὶ, boni, & periti concionatores; *the word* Ἐσθλὸς *ſignifying* frugi *alſo, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and ſo, farre from intimating any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our Poet by* Spondanus *or any other, underſtood in this* Simile.

c Ἐπισχεδὸν ἀγόρευε, ſuccinctè concionabatur *Menelaus; he ſpeakes ſuccinctly, or compendiouſly, ſay his interpreters; which is utterly otherwiſe, in the voice* ἐπισχεδὸν, *ſignifying* velociter, *properly,* modo eorum qui currunt; *he ſpake faſt or thicke.*

d παυρα

d παῦρα μὲν, &c. *few words yet, he vſed,* ἀλλὰ μαλὰ λίγεως, ſed valde acutè: *they expound it; when it is* valde ſtridulè, *ſhrilly, ſmally, or alowd;* λίγεως *(as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worſe part: and accordingly expounded, maketh even with his ſimple character at all parts, his utterance being noyſefull, ſmall, or ſqueaking: an excellent pipe for a foole. Nor is the voyce or manner of utterance in a man, the leaſt key that diſcovereth his wiſedome or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of* Vlyſſes *in the ſecond booke: that he knew* Pallas *by her voyce:* ἐπεὶ ἃ πολύμυθ☉, quoniam non garrulus, *or* loquax; *being borne naturally Laconicall, which agreeth not the leſſe with his faſt or thicke ſpeaking: for a man may have that kinde of utterance, and yet few words.*

e Οὐδ' ἀταμβρτοέπης: neque in verbis peccans. *ſay the Commentors, as though a foole were perfectly ſpoken: when the word here hath another ſence, and our* Homer *a farre other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded:* neque mendax erat, *he would not lye by any meanes, for that affectedly he ſtands upon hereafter. But to make a foole* non peccans verbis, *will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancie or abſurditie, in men of meere language.*

You ſee then, to how extreme a difference and contrarietie the word and ſence lye ſubiect: and that without firſt finding the true figures of perſons in this kinde preſented, it is impoſsible for the beſt lingueſt living to expreſſe an Author truly, eſpecially any Greeke author, the language being ſo differently ſignificant: which not iudicially fitted with the expoſition, that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley, and confuſed man a tranſlator may preſent? As now they doe all, of Menelaus, *who, whereſoever he is called* ἀρηίφιλ☉, *is there untruely tranſlated* bellicoſus; *but* cui Mars eſt charus, *becauſe he might love the warre, and yet be no good warriour: as many love many exerciſes at which they will never be good: and* Homer *gave it to him for another of his peculiar Epithets, as a vaineglorious affectation in him, rather then a ſolid affection.*

And here haſte makes me give end to theſe new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine bookes for more breath and encouragement. Since time (that hath ever oppreſt me) will not otherwiſe let me come to the laſt twelve, in which the firſt free light of my Author, entred and emboldned me. Where ſo many rich diſcoveries importune my poore expreſsion, that I feare rather to betray them to the world, then expreſſe them to their price. But howſoever envy and preiudice ſtand ſquirting their poyſon through the eyes of my readers, thus ſhall appeare to all competent apprehenſions, I have followed the Originall with authenticall expoſitions (according to the proper ſignification of the word in this place, though I differ therein utterly from others:) I have rendred all things of importance, with anſwerable life and height to my Author, (though with ſome periphraſis, without which no man can worthily tranſlate any worthy Poet.) And ſince the tranſlation it ſelfe, and my notes, (being impartially conferred) amply approve this, I will ſtill be confident in the worth of my paines, how idly and unworthily ſoever I be cenſured. And thus to the laſt twelve Bookes (leaving other horrible errors in his other Interpreters unmoved) with thoſe free feet that entred me, I haſte,

ſure of nothing but my labour.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

The Argvment.

THe Gods in Counſell, at the laſt decree,
That famous Ilion *ſhall expugned be.*
And, that their owne continued faults may prove
The reaſons that have ſo incenſed Iove.
Minerva *ſeekes with more offences done,*
Againſt the lately iniur'd Atreus *ſonne,*
(A ground that cleareſt would make ſeene their ſinne)
To have the Lycian Pandarus *beginne.*
He (gainſt the Truce with ſacred covenants bound)
Gives Menelaus *a diſhonour'd wound,*
Machaon *heales him.* Agamemnon *then,*
To mortall warre incenſeth all his men:
The battels ioyne, and in the heate of fight,
Cold death ſhuts many eyes in endleſſe night.

Another Argument.

In Delta *is the Gods aſſiſe,*
The Truce is broke, warres freſhly riſe.

The gods in Counſell at Ioves Court. Hebe fils Nectar

WIthin the faire pav'd Court of *Iove*, he and the gods conferd
About the ſad events of Troy; amongſt whom miniſterd,
Bleſt *Hebe*, Nectar. As they ſate and did Troyes towres behold,
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full crownd cups of (gold
The mirth at whoſe feaſt was begun by great *Saturnides*,
In urging a begun diſlike amongſt the Goddeſſes.
But chiefly in his ſolemne Queene, whoſe ſpleene he was diſpoſd
To tempt yet further, knowing well what anger it incloſd,
And how wives angers ſhould be uſd. On which (thus pleaſd) he playd:
Two Goddeſſes there are, that ſtill give *Menelaus* ayd:
And one that *Paris* loves. The two that ſit from us ſo farre,
Ioves mirth with his wife and daughter Pallas. (Which Argive *Iuno* is, and ſhe that rules in deeds of warre,
No doubt are pleaſd, to ſee how well the late-ſeene fight did frame.
And (yet upon the adverſe part) the laughter-loving Dame,
Made her powre good too, for her friend. For though he were ſo neare
The ſtroke of death, in th'others hopes, ſhe tooke him from them cleare;
The conqueſt yet is queſtionleſſe, the martiall Spartan Kings;
We muſt conſult then what events ſhall crowne theſe future things.
If warres and combats we ſhall ſtill, with even ſucceſſes ſtrike;
Or (as impartiall) friendſhip plant on both parts. If ye like

The

The laſt, and that it will as well delight, as meerely pleaſe
Your happy Deities: ſtill let ſtand, old *Priams* towne in peace;
Asd let the Lacedæmon King, againe his Queene enioy.
As *Pallas* and heavens Queene ſat cloſe, complotting ill to Troy;
With ſilent murmurs they receiv'd this ill-likt choice from *Iove*;
Gainſt whom was *Pallas* much incenſt, becauſe the Queene of Love
Could not without his leave relieve in that late point of death,
The ſonne of *Priam*, whom ſhe loath'd; her wrath yet fought beneath
Her ſupreme wiſedome, and was curb'd: but *Iuno* needs muſt eaſe
Her great heart with her ready tongue, and ſaid: What words are theſe *Iuno angry with Iupiter.*
(Auſtere, and too much *Saturns* ſonne?) why wouldſt thou render ſtill
My labours idle? and the ſweat of my induſtrious will,
Diſhonour with ſo little power? My chariot horſe are tir'd
With poſting to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes deſir'd,
To people-muſtring *Priamus*, and his perfidious ſonnes:
Yet thou protect'ſt, and joynſt with them, whom each iuſt Deitie ſhuns.
Goe on, but ever goe reſolv'd, all other gods have vow'd
To croſſe thy partiall courſe for Troy, in all that makes it proud. *Iupiter to Iuno.*
At this, the cloud-compelling *Iove*, a farre-fetcht ſigh let flie:
And ſaid, thou Furie, what offence of ſuch impietie,
Hath *Priam* or his ſonnes done thee? that with ſo high a hate
Thou ſhouldſt thus ceaſleſly deſire to raze and ruinate
So well a builded towne as Troy? I thinke (hadſt thou the powre)
Thou wouldſt the ports and farre-ſtretcht wals flye over, and devoure
Old *Priam*, and his iſſue quicke: and make all Troy the feaſt;
And then at length I hope thy wrath and tired ſpleene would reſt:
To which, run on thy chariot, that nought be found in me,
Of iuſt cauſe to our future iarres. In this yet ſtrengthen thee,
And fixe it in thy memory faſt; that if I entertaine
As peremptorie a deſire, to levell with the plaine,
A citie, where thy loved live; ſtand not betwixt my ire,
And what it aimes at; but give way, when thou haſt thy deſire,
Which now I grant thee willingly, although againſt my will.
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heavens ſtarre-bearing hill, *Troy moſt loved of Iupiter, of all other cities.*
There is a towne of earthly men, ſo honour'd in my minde,
As ſacred Troy, nor of earths Kings, as *Priam* and his kinde,
Who never let my altars lacke rich feaſt of offrings ſlaine,
And their ſweet ſavours. for which grace, I honour them againe.
Drad *Iuno*, with the Cowes faire eyes, replyed; three townes there are *Three cities deare to Iuno.*
Of great and eminent reſpect, both in my love and care,
Mycena, with the broad high wayes, and Argos rich in horſe;
And Sparta: all which three deſtroy, when thou envi'ſt their force;
I will not aid them, nor maligne thy free and ſoveraigne will:
For if I ſhould be envious, and ſet againſt their ill,
I know my envy were in vaine, ſince thou art mightier farre:
But we muſt give each other leave, and winke at eithers warre.
I likewiſe muſt have power to crowne my workes with wiſhed end; *Her deadly hate to Troy.*
Becauſe I am a Deitie, and did from thence deſcend,

Whence thou thy ſelfe, and th'elder borne, wiſe *Saturne* was our Sire,
And thus there is a two-fold cauſe that pleads for my deſire,
Being ſiſter, and am cald thy wife: and more, ſince thy command
Rules all gods elſe; I claime therein a like ſuperiour hand.
All wrath before then, now remit, and mutually combine
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illuſtrate mine.
So will the other gods agree: and we ſhall all be ſtrong:
And firſt, (for this late plot) with ſpeed, let *Pallas* goe among
The Troians; and ſome one of them, entice to breake the truce,
By offering in ſome treacherous wound, the honourd Greekes abuſe.
The Father both of men and gods, agreed, and *Pallas* ſent
Iupiter to Pallas With theſe wing'd words to both the hoſts; Make all haſte, and invent
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, againſt the truce agreed,
May ſtirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with ſome inglorious deed.
Thus charg'd he her with haſte, that did before in haſte abound,
Pallas falls from heaven like a Comet. Who caſt her ſelfe from all the heights, with which ſteepe heaven is crownd:
And as *Iove* brandiſhing a ſtarre (which men a Comet call)
Hurls out his curled haire abroad, that from his brand exhals
A thouſand ſparkes; to fleets at ſea, and every mighty hoſt,
(Of all preſages and ill haps, a ſigne miſtruſted moſt:)
So *Pallas* fell twixt both the Camps, and ſodainly was loſt,
When through the breaſts of all that ſaw, ſhe ſtrooke a ſtrong amaze,
With viewing in her whole deſcent, her bright and ominous blaze.
When ſtraight, one to another turn'd, and ſaid; Now thundring *Iove*,
(Great arbiter of peace and armes) will either ſtabliſh love
Amongſt our nations: or renue ſuch warre as never was.
Thus either armie did preſage, when *Pallas* made her paſſe
Amongſt the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace
Of brave *Laodocus*, the flowre of old *Antenors* race;
And ſought for Lycian *Pandarus*, a man that being bred
Out of a faithleſſe familie, ſhe thought, was fit to ſhed
The bloud of any innocent, and breake the covenant ſworne.
He was *Lycaons* ſonne, whom *Iove* into a Wolfe did turne
For ſacrificing of a childe, and yet in armes renownd,
As one that was inculpable: him *Pallas* ſtanding found,
And round about him, his ſtrong troupes that bore the ſhadie ſhields:
He brought them from Æſæpus floud, let through the Lycian fields:
Pallas to Pandarus, perſwading him to breake the truce. Whom ſtanding neare, ſhe whiſpred thus: *Lycaons* warlike ſonne?
Shall I deſpaire at thy kinde hands, to have a favour done?
Nor dar'ſt thou let an arrow flye upon the Spartan King?
It would be ſuch a grace to Troy, and ſuch a glorious thing,
That every man would give his gift, but *Alexanders* hand
Would loade thee with them, if he could diſcover from his ſtand,
His foes pride ſtrooke downe with thy ſhaft, and he himſelfe aſcend
The flaming heape of funerall: Come, ſhoote him (princely friend.)
But firſt invoke the god of light, that in thy land was borne,
And is in archers art the beſt that ever ſheafe hath worne;
To whom a hundred firſt ew'd lambs, vow thou in holy fire,

When

When ſafe to ſacred *Zelias* towres, thy zealous ſteps retire.
With this, the mad-gift-greedy man, *Minerva* did perſwade;
Who inſtantly drew forth a bow, moſt admirably made
Of th'antler of a iumping Goate, bred in a ſteepe up land;
Which Archerlike (as long before he tooke his hidden ſtand;
The Evicke, skipping from a rocke) into the breaſt he ſmote,
And headlong feld him from his cliffe. The forehead of the Goate
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that ſixteene branches brought:
Of all which, (ioynd) an uſefull bow, a skilfull Bowyer wrought;
(Which pickt and poliſht,) both the ends he hid with hornes of gold.
And this bow (bent) he cloſe laid downe, and bad his ſouldiers hold
Their ſhields before him; leſt the Greekes (diſcerning him) ſhould riſe
In tumults, ere the Spartan King could be his arrowes prize.
Meane ſpace, with all his care he chuſd, and from his quiver drew
An arrow, fetherd beſt for flight; and yet that never flew;
Strong headed, and moſt apt to pierce; then tooke he up his bow,
And nockt his ſhaft, the ground whence all their future griefe did grow.
When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,
And king of Archers; promiſing, that he the bloud would ſhed
Of full an hundred firſt fallen lambs, all offred to his name,
When to Zelias ſacred wals, from reſcu'd Troy he came)
He tooke his arrow by the nocke, and to his bended breſt,
The Oxy ſinew cloſe he drew, even till the pile did reſt
Vpon the boſome of the bow: and as that ſavage priſe,
His ſtrength conſtraind into an Orb, (as if the winde did riſe)
The comming of it made a noiſe, the ſinew forged ſtring
Did give a mighty twang; and forth the eager ſhaft did ſing,
(Affecting ſpeedineſſe of flight) amongſt the Achive throng:
Nor were the bleſſed heavenly powres, unmindfull of thy wrong,
O *Menelaus*; but in chiefe, *Ioves* ſeed the Pillager,
Stood cloſe before, and ſlackt the force the arrow did confer;
With as much care and little hurt, as doth a mother uſe,
And keepe off from her babe, when ſleepe doth through his powers diffuſe
His golden humour; and th'aſſaults of rude and buſie flies,
She ſtill checks with her carefull hand: for ſo the ſhaft ſhe plies,
That on the buttons made of gold, which made his girdle faſt,
And where his curets double were, the fall of it ſhe plac't.
And thus much proofe ſhe put it to: the buckle made of gold,
The belt it faſtned, bravely wrought; his curets double fold;
And laſt, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him more then all,
And gainſt all darts and ſhafts beſtowd, was to his life a wall.
So (through all theſe) the upper skin, the head did onely race,
Yet forth the bloud flow'd, which did much his royall perſon grace;
And ſhew'd upon his Ivorie skin, as doth a purple dye,
Laid (by a Dame of Caira, or lovely Mæony)
On Ivorie; wrought in ornaments, to decke the cheekes of horſe;
Which in her marriage roome muſt lie; whoſe beauties have ſuch force,
That they are wiſht of many Knights, but are ſuch precious things,

The deſcription of Pandarus his Bow.

Virgil uſeth theſe verſes. Pandarus draught and ſhow.

Menelaus hurt. Simile.

That they are kept for horſe that draw the chariots of Kings;
Which horſe (ſo deckt) the charioteere eſteemes a grace to him:
Like theſe (in grace) the bloud upon thy ſolid thighes did ſwim,
O *Menelaus*, downe thy calves and ankles to the ground;
For nothing deckes a ſouldier ſo, as doth an honour'd wound.
Yet (fearing he had far'd much worſe) the haire ſtood up on end
On *Agamemnon*, when he ſaw ſo much blacke bloud deſcend.
And ſtifned with the like diſmay, was *Menelaus* to:
But (ſeeing th'arrowes ſtale without,) and that the head did goe
No further then it might be ſeene, he cald his ſpirits againe:
Which *Agamemnon* marking not (but thinking he was ſlaine)
He grip't his brother by the hand, and ſigh't as he would breake:
Which ſigh the whole hoſt tooke from him, who thus at laſt did ſpeake:

Agamemnons complaint and feare of his brothers hurt.

O deareſt brother, is't for this? that thy death muſt be wrought,
Wrought I this truce? For this haſt thou, the ſingle combat fought
For all the armie of the Greekes? For this hath Ilion ſworne,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worne
The right we challeng'd out of force; this cannot render vaine
Our ſtricken right hands; ſacred wine, nor all our offrings ſlaine.
For though *Olympius* be not quicke in making good our ill,
He will be ſure, as he is ſlow; and ſharplier prove his will:
Their owne hands ſhall be miniſters of thoſe plagues they deſpiſe:
Which ſhall their wives and children reach, and all their progenies.
For both in minde, and ſoule, I know, that there ſhall come a day,
When Ilion, *Priam*, all his powre ſhall quite be worne away;
When heaven-inhabiting *Iove* ſhall ſhake his fierie ſhield at all,
For this one miſchiefe. This I know, the world cannot recall.
But, be all this; all my griefe ſtill, for thee will be the ſame,
(Deare brother:) if thy life muſt here put out his royall flame;
I ſhall to ſandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face,
And all the Greekes will call for home: old *Priam* and his race
Will flame in glory; *Helena* untoucht, be ſtill their prey,
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our curſed fates ſhall lay;
Thy Sepulcher be trodden downe, the pride of Troy deſire,
(Inſulting on it:) Thus, O thus, let *Agamemnons* ire,
In all his acts, be expiate, as now he carries home
His idle armie, emptie ſhips, and leaves here overcome
Good *Menelaus*. When this Brave, breakes in their hated breath;
Then let the broad earth ſwallow me, and take me quicke to death.

Menelaus to Agamemnon.

Nor ſhall this ever chance (ſaid he) and therefore be of cheare,
Leſt all the armie (led by you) your paſſions put in feare:
The arrow fell in no ſuch place, as death could enter at;
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my moſt truſted plate,
Obiected all twixt me and death, the ſhaft ſcarce piercing one.

Agamemnon to Menelaus.

Good brother (ſaid the King, I wiſh it were no further gone;
For then our beſt in medicines skild, ſhall ope and ſearch the wound;
Applying balmes to eaſe thy paines, and ſoone reſtore thee ſound.
This ſaid, divine *Talibybius* he cald, and bad him haſte

Machaon) Æſculapius ſonne, who moſt of men was grac't
With Phyſickes ſoveraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand
To *Menelaus*, ſhot by one well skild in the command
Of bow and arrowes, one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid,
Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much diſmaid.
He heard and haſted inſtantly, and caſt his eyes about
The thickeſt ſquadrons of the Greekes, to finde *Machaon* out.
He found him ſtanding guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;
With whom he quickly ioynd, and ſaid; Man of *Apollos* race?
Haſte, for the King of men commands to ſee a wound impreſt
In *Menelaus* (great in armes) by one inſtructed beſt
In th'art of archerie, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renowne adornes, us with diſhonour brands.
Machaon much was mov'd with this, who with the herald flew
From troupe to troupe, alongſt the hoſt, and ſoone they came in view
Of hurt *Atrides*; circled round with all the Grecian Kings,
Who all gave way, and ſtraight he drawes the ſhaft: which forth he brings
Without the forkes, the girdle then, plate, curets, off he pluckes,
And viewes the wound, when firſt from it the clotterd bloud he ſuckes,
Then medicines wondrouſly compoſd, the skilfull Leech applyed,
Which loving *Chyron* taught his Sire; he from his Sire had tryed.
While theſe were thus employed to eaſe, the *Atrean* martialiſt,
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes, the Greekes arme and reſiſt.
Then not aſleepe, nor maz'd with feare, nor ſhifting off the blowes,
You could behold the King of men, but in full ſpeed he goes
To ſet a glorious fight on foot: and he examples this,
With toyling (like the worſt) on foot, who therefore did diſmiſſe
His braſſe-arm'd chariot, and his ſteeds with *Ptolomeus* ſonne,
(Sonne of *Pyraides*) their guide, the good *Eurymidon*;
Yet (ſaid the King) attend with them, leſt wearineſſe ſhould ſeiſe
My lims, ſurcharg'd with ordering troupes, ſo thicke and vaſt as theſe:
Eurimidon then rein'd his horſe, that trotted neighing by;
The King a foot-man, and ſo ſcowres the ſquadrons orderly.
Thoſe of his ſwiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,
Thoſe he put on with chearefull words, and bad them not remit
The leaſt ſparke of their forward ſpirits, becauſe the Troians durſt
Take theſe abhord advantages, but let them doe their worſt:
For they might be aſſur'd that *Iove* would patroniſe no lies,
And that, who with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,
With Vultures ſhould be torne themſelves; that they ſhould raze their towne,
Their wives and children at their breaſt, led vaſſals to their owne.
But ſuch as he beheld hang off from that increaſing fight,
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with diſgrace excite
Baſe Argives, bluſh ye not to ſtand, as made for Buts to darts?
Why are ye thus diſcomfited like Hinds that have no hearts?
Who wearied with a long-run field, are inſtantly emboſt,
Stand ſtill, and in their beaſtly breaſts, is all their courage loſt:
And ſo ſtand you ſtrooke with amaze, nor dare to ſtrike a ſtroke.

Agamemnon ſends Talthybius for Machaon.

Talthybius to Machaon.

Machaon draws the arrow.

The Troians renew the fight.

Agamemnon marſhals his armie.

Agamemnon to the Greekes.

Agamemnon to the negligent ſouldiers.

Would

Would ye the foe ſhould nearer yet, your daſtard ſpleenes provoke?
Even where on Neptunes fomie ſhore, our navies lie in ſight?
To ſee if *Iove* will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?
Thus he (commanding) rang'd the hoſt, and (paſſing many a band)
He came to the Ceetenſian troupes, where all did armed ſtand
About the martiall *Idomen*; who bravely ſtood before,
In vantguard of his troupes, and matcht, for ſtrength a ſavage Bore.
Meriones (his charioteere) the Rereguard bringing on:
Which ſeene to *Atreus* ſonne, to him it was a ſight alone;
And *Idomens* confirmed minde, with theſe kinde words he ſeekes;
Agamemnon to Idomen. O *Idomen!* I ever lov'd thy ſelfe paſt all the Greekes;
In warre, or any worke of peace; at table, every where;
For when the beſt of Greece beſides, mixe ever, at our cheere,
My good old ardent wine, with ſmall; and our inferiour mates
Drinke even that mixt wine meaſur'd too; thou drinkſt without thoſe rates
Our old wine, neate; and evermore thy boll ſtands full like mine;
To drinke ſtill when, and what thou wilt. Then rowſe that heart of thine,
And whatſoever heretofore thou haſt aſſum'd to be,
This day be greater. To the King in this ſort anſwerd he,
Idomen to Agamemnon. *Atrides*, what I ever ſeem'd, the ſame at every part
This day ſhall ſhew me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.
But thou ſhouldſt rather cheare the reſt, and tell them they in right
Of all good warre, muſt offer blowes, and ſhould begin the fight.
(Since Troy firſt brake the holy truce) and not indure theſe braves,
To take wrong firſt, and then be dar'd to the revenge it craves:
Aſſuring them that Troy, in fate, muſt have the worſe at laſt;
Since firſt, and gainſt a truce, they hurt, where they ſhould have embract.
This comfort and advice did fit *Atrides* heart indeed,
Who ſtill through new raiſd ſwarmes of men, held his laborious ſpeed:
And came where both th' *Aiaces* ſtood; whom like the laſt he found,
Arm'd, caskt, and ready for the fight. Behinde them, hid the ground,
A cloud of foot, that ſeem'd to ſmoke. And as a Goteheard ſpies,
How the troupes of Aiax ſtood. On ſome hill top, ont of the Sea, a rainy vapour riſe,
Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he reſt)
Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempeſt in his breaſt;
Whereat, he frighted, drives his herds apace into a den:
So (darkning earth, with darts and ſhields) ſhew'd theſe with all their men.
This ſight, with like ioy fir'd the King, who thus let forth the flame,
Agamemnon to the Aiaces. In crying out to both the Dukes: O you of equall name,
I muſt not cheare; nay, I diſclaime all my command of you,
Your ſelves command with ſuch free mindes, and make your ſouldiers ſhew,
As you, nor I led, but themſelves. O would our father *Iove*,
Minerva, and the god of light, would all our bodies move
With ſuch brave ſpirits as breathe in you: then *Priams* loftie towne
Should ſoone be taken by our hands, for ever overthrowne.
Then held he on to other troupes, and *Neſtor*, next beheld
Neſtors art in ordering his ſouldiers. (The ſubtle Pylian Orator) range up and downe the field,
Embattelling his men at armes, and ſtirring all to blowes;

Points

Points every legion out his Chiefe, and every Chiefe he ſhowes
The formes and diſcipline of warre: yet his Commanders were
All expert, and renowned men: Great *Pelagon* was there;
Alaſtor: manly *Chromius*, and *Hemon* worth a Throne,
And *Byas* that could armies leade: with theſe he firſt put on
His horſe troupes with their chariots: his foote (of which he chuſde
Many, the beſt and ableſt men, and which he ever uſde,
As rampire to his generall powre) he in the rere diſpoſd.
The ſloathfull, and the leaſt in ſpirit, he in the midſt incloſd;
That ſuch as wanted noble wils, baſe need might force to ſtand.
His horſe troupes (that the Vantgard had) he ſtrictly did command
To ride their horſes temperately; to keepe their rankes, and ſhun
Confuſion; leſt their horſemanſhip and courage made them run
(Too much preſum'd on) much too farre: and (charging ſo alone)
Engage themſelves in th'enemies ſtrength, where many fight with one.
Who his owne chariot leaves to range, let him not freely goe,
But ſtraight unhorſe him with a lance: for tis much better ſo.
And with this diſcipline (ſaid he), this forme, theſe mindes, this truſt;
Our Anceſtors have wals, and townes, laid levell with the duſt.
Thus prompt, and long inur'd to armes, this old man did exhort;
And this *Atrides* likewiſe tooke in wondrous chearefull ſort:
And ſaid, O Father! would to heaven, that as thy minde remaines
In wonted vigor; ſo thy knees could undergoe our paines.
But age, that all men overcomes, hath made his prize on thee,
Yet ſtill I wiſh, that ſome yong man growne old in minde, might be
Put in proportion with thy yeares; and thy minde (young in age)
Be fitly anſwerd with his youth; that ſtill where conflicts rage,
And yong men uſde to thruſt for fame, thy brave exampling hand
Might double our young Grecian ſpirits, and grace our whole command.
The old Knight anſwer'd? I my ſelfe could wiſh (O *Atreus* ſonne)
I were as young, as when I ſlue brave *Ereuthalion*;
But gods at all times, give not all their gifts to mortall men.
If then I had the ſtrength of youth, I miſt the counſels then,
That yeares now give me; and now yeares want that maine ſtrength of youth;
Yet ſtill my minde retaines her ſtrength, (as you now ſaid the ſooth)
And would be where that ſtrength is uſd, affoording counſels ſage,
To ſtirre youths mindes up; tis the grace and office of our age;
Let yonger ſinewes, men ſprung up, whole ages after me,
Aud ſuch as have ſtrength, uſe it; and, as ſtrong in honour be.
The King (all this while comforted) arriv'd next, where he found
Well-rode *Meneſtheus*, (*Peteus* ſonne) ſtand ſtill, invirond round
With his well-train'd Athenian troupes: and next to him he ſpide
The wiſe *Vlyſſes*, deedleſſe too, and all his bands beſide,
Of ſtrong Cephalians; for as yet, th'alarme had not beene heard
In all their quarters, Greece and Troy, were then ſo newly ſtird,
And then firſt mov'd (as they concei'vd) and they ſo lookt about
To ſee both hoſts give proofe of that, they yet had cauſe to doubt.
Atrides ſeeing them ſtand ſo ſtill) and ſpend their eyes at gaze;

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

Neſtor to Agamemnon.

Began

Began to chide; and why (ſaid he) diſſolv'd thus, in a maze,
Agamemnon to Vlyſſes and Menesthem. Thou ſonne of *Peteus*, *Iove*-nurſt King; and thou in wicked ſleight,
A cunning ſouldier, ſtand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
Should be by other men begun? tis fit the formoſt band
Should ſhew you there; you firſt ſhould front, who firſt lifts up his hand.
Firſt you can heare, when I invite the Princes to a feaſt:
When firſt, moſt friendly, and at will, ye eate and drinke the beſt;
Yet in the fight, moſt willingly, ten troupes ye can behold
Take place before ye. *Ithacus*, at this his browes did fold,
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon. And ſaid, How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy ſet of teeth?
To ſay that we are ſlacke in fight? and to the field of death
Looke others ſhould enforce our way? when we were buſied then,
(Even when thou ſpeak'ſt) againſt the foe, to cheare and leade our men.
But thy eyes ſhall be witneſſes (if it content thy will,
And that (as thou pretendſt) theſe cares doe ſo affect thee ſtill)
The father of *Telemachus* (whom I eſteeme ſo deare,
And to whom, as a Legacie, Ile leave my deeds done here)
Even with the formoſt band of Troy, hath his encounter dar'd;
And therefore are thy ſpeeches vaine, and had beene better ſpar'd.
Agamemnon to Vlyſſes. He ſmiling, ſince he ſaw him mov'd, recald his words, and ſaid;
Moſt generous *Laertes* ſonne, moſt wiſe of all our aid;
I neither doe accuſe thy worth, more then thy ſelfe may hold
Fit (that inferiours thinke not much (being ſlacke) to be controld)
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy minde
Knowes how ſweet gentle counſels are, and that thou ſtandſt enclind
As I my ſelfe, for all our good. On then: if now we ſpake
What hath diſpleaſd, another time, we full amends will make:
And gods grant that thy vertue here, may prove ſo free and brave,
That my reproofes may ſtill be vaine, and thy deſervings graue.
Thus parted they, and forth he went, when he did leaning finde
Againſt his chariot, neare his horſe, him with the mighty minde,
Great *Diomedes* (*Tydeus* ſonne) and *Sthenelus*, the ſeed
Of *Capaneius*, whom the King, ſeeing like wiſe out of deed,
Agamemnon chideth Diomed Thus cryed he out on *Diomed*: O me! in what a feare
The wiſe great warriour, *Tydeus* ſonne, ſtands gazing every where,
For others to begin the fight? It was not *Tydeus* uſe
To be ſo danted, whom his ſpirit would evermore produce,
Before the formoſt of his friends, in theſe affaires of fright,
As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight.
For me, I never knew the man, nor in his preſence came:
But excellent above the reſt, he was in generall fame.
The hiſtory of Tydeus. And one renownd exploit of his, I am aſſur'd is true,
He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes, and did ſue
At Godlike *Polinices* hands, to have ſome worthy aid,
To their deſignes, that gainſt the wals of ſacred Thebes were laid,
He was great *Polinices* gueſt, and nobly entertaind:
And of the kinde Mycenian ſtate, what he requeſted gaind,
In meere conſent: but when they ſhould the ſame in act approve,

(By

(By ſome ſiniſter prodigies, held out to them by *Iove*)
They were diſcourag'd; thence he went, and ſafely had his paſſe
Backe to Æſopus floud, renown'd for Bulruſhes and graſſe;
Yet, once more, their Ambaſſadour, the Grecian Peeres addreſſe,
Lord *Tydeus* to *Eteocles:* to whom being given acceſſe,
He found him feaſting with a crew of Cadmians in his hall,
Amongſt whom, though an enemy, and onely one to all;
To all yet, he his challenge made at every martiall feate,
And eaſly foild all, ſince with him, *Minerva* was ſo great.
The ranke-rode Cadmians (much incenſt with their ſo foule diſgrace)
Lodg'd ambuſcados for their foe, in ſome well choſen place,
By which he was to make returne. Twiſe five and twenty men,
And two of them great Captaines too, the ambuſh did containe.
The names of thoſe two men of rule, were *Mæon*, *Hæmons* ſonne,
And *Lycophontes*, Keepe-field cald, the heire of *Autophon*,
By all men honord like the gods: yet theſe and all their friends,
Were ſent to hell by *Tydeus* hand, and had untimely ends.
He truſting to the aid of gods, reveald by Augurie;
Obeying which, one Chiefe he ſav'd, and did his life apply,
To be the heavy meſſenger of all the others deaths,
And that ſad meſſage (with his life) to *Mæon* he bequeaths.
So brave a Knight was *Tydeus:* of whom a ſonne is ſprong,
Inferiour farre in martiall deeds, though higher in his tongue.
All this. *Tydides* ſilent heard, aw'd by the reverend King;
Which ſtung hot *Sthenelus* with wrath, who thus put forth his ſting:
Atrides? when thou know'ſt the truth, ſpeake what thy knowledge is,
And doe not lye ſo; for I know, and I will bragge in this;
That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;
We tooke the ſeven-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there
So great helpe as our fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to *Mars*, by helpe of *Iove*; and truſting to the fall
Of happy ſignes from other gods, by whom we tooke the towne
Vntoucht, our fathers periſhing there, by follies of their owne:
And therefore never more compare our fathers worth with ours.

Sthenelus rough ſpeech to Agamemnon.

Tydides frown'd at this, and ſaid; Suppreſſe thine angers powrs,
(Good friend) and heare why I refrain'd: thou ſeeſt I am not mov'd
Againſt our Generall, ſince he did but what his place behov'd,
Admoniſhing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy prove our prize,
The honour and the joy is his. If here our ruine lyes,
The ſhame and griefe for that, as much, is his in greateſt kindes.
As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dantleſſe mindes.
Thus from his chariot (amply arm'd) he jumpt downe to the ground:
The armor of the angry King, ſo horribly did ſound,
It might have made his braveſt foe, let feare take downe his braves.
And as when with the Weſt-winde flawes, the ſea thruſts up her waves,
One after other, thicke and high, upon the groning ſhores;
Firſt, in her ſelfe, lowd (but oppoſd with bankes and rocks) ſhe rores,
And (all her backe in briſtles ſet) ſpits every way her ſome;

Diomed rebukes Sthenelus.

Similes.

So

So (after *Diomed*) inſtantly, the field was overcome
The ſilence of the Greek fight. With thicke impreſſions of the Greekes, and all the noiſe that grew
(Ordring and chearing up their men) from onely leaders flew.
The reſt went ſilently away, you could not heare a voyce,
Nor would have thought in all their breaſts, they had one in their choice;
Their ſilence uttering their awe of them, that them contrould;
Which made ech man keep bright his arms, march, fight ſtill where he ſhould.
The Troians compared to Ewes. The Troians (like a ſort of Ewes pend in a rich mans fold,
Cloſe at his dore, till all be milkt; and never baaing hold,
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide hoſt fill
With ſhowts and clamors, not obſerv'd, one voyce, one baaing ſtill;
But ſhew'd mixt tongues from many a land, of men cald to their aid:
Mars for the Troians, Pallas for the Greekes. Diſcord the ſiſter of Mars. Virgil the fame of Fame. Rude *Mars* had th'ordring of their ſpirits: of Greeks, the learned Maid.
But terror follow'd both the hoſts, and flight; and furious ſtrife,
The ſiſter, and the mate of *Mars*, that ſpoyle of humane life,
And never is her rage at reſt, at firſt ſhe is but ſmall,
Yet after, (but a little fed) ſhe growes ſo vaſt, and tall,
That while her feet move here in earth, her forhead is in heaven.
And this was ſhe that made even then both hoſts ſo deadly given.
Through every troupe ſhe ſtalkt, and ſtird rough ſighes up as ſhe went:
But when in one field, both the foes her furie did content;
And both came under reach of darts, then darts and ſhields oppoſd
To darts and ſhields, ſtrength anſwerd ſtrength, then ſwords and targets cloſd
With ſwords and targets; both with pikes, and then did tumult riſe
Vp to her height; then conquerors boaſts, mixt with the conquerds cries,
Earth flow'd with bloud. And as from hils, raine waters, headlong fall,
That all wayes eate huge Ruts, which met, in one bed, fill a vall
With ſuch a confluence of ſtreames, that on the mountaine grounds
Farre off, in frighted ſhepheards eares, the buſtling noiſe rebounds:
So grew their conflicts, and ſo ſhew'd their ſcuffling to the eare;
With flight and clamor, ſtill commixt, and all effects of feare.
Antilochus ſlue Echepolus. And firſt renown'd *Antilochus*, flew (fighting in the face
Of all *Achaias* formoſt bands, with an undanted grace)
Echepolus Thalyſiades: he was an armed man;
Whom, on his haire-plum'd helmets creſt, the dart firſt ſmote, then ran
Into his forehead, and there ſtucke, the ſteele pile making way
Quite through his skull; a haſtie night ſhut up his lateſt day.
His fall was like a fight-rac't towre, like which, lying there diſpred,
King *Elephenor*, (who was ſonne to *Chalcodon*, and led
The valiant Abants) covetous; that he might firſt poſſeſſe
His armes, laid hands upon his feet, hal'd him from the preaſſe
Elephenor drawing of the body of Echepolus, is ſlaine by Agenor. Of darts and Iavelins hurld at him. The action of the King
When (great in heart) *Agenor* ſaw, he made his Iaveline ſing
To th'others labour; and along, as he the trunke did wreſt,
His ſide (at which he bore his ſhield, in bowing of his breaſt)
Lay naked, and receiv'd the lance, that made him loſe his hold,
And life together; which in hope of that he loſt, he ſold.
But for his ſake the fight grew fierce, the Troians and their foe,

Like

Like wolves, on one another ruſht; and man for man it goes,
The next of name, that ſerv'd his fate; great *Aiax Telamon*, *Aiax ſlayes Simoyſius.*
Preferd ſo ſadly; he was heire to old *Anthemion*,
And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which yet fled,
Before the honour'd nuptiall torch could light him to his bed;
His name was *Symoiſius*; For, ſome few yeares before,
His mother walking downe the hill of Ida, by the ſhore
Of Silver Symois, to ſee her parents flockes; with them,
Shee (feeling ſodainly the paines of child-birth) by the ſtreame
Of that bright river brought him forth; and ſo (of *Symois*)
They cald him *Symoiſius*. Sweet was that birth of his
To his kinde parents; and his growth did all their care employ;
And yet thoſe rites of pietie that ſhould have beene his joy,
To pay their honourd yeares againe, in as affectionate ſort,
He could not graciouſly performe, his ſweet life was ſo ſhort:
Cut off with mightie *Aiax* lance. For, as his ſpirit put on,
He ſtrooke him at his breaſts right pappe, quite through his ſhoulder bone;
And in the duſt of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull ſoyle
Of his friends hopes; but where he ſow'd, he buried all his toyle. *Simile.*
And as a Poplar ſhot aloft, ſet by a river ſide,
In moiſt edge of a mightie fenne, his head in curls implide;
But all his body plaine and ſmooth: to which a Wheel-wright puts
The ſharpe edge of his ſhining axe, and his ſoft timber cuts
From his innative root; in hope to hew out of his bole
The Fell'ffs, or out-parts of a wheele, that compaſſe in the whole;
To ſerve ſome goodly chariot; but (being bigge and ſad,
And to be hal'd home through the bogs) the uſefull hope he had
Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lyes withering out his grace:
So lay, by *Iove*-bred *Aiax* hand, *Anthemions* forward race.
Nor could through that vaſt fen of toiles, be drawne to ſerve the ends
Intended by his bodies pow'rs, nor cheare his aged friends.
But now the gay-arm'd *Antiphus* (a ſonne of *Priam*) threw *Antiphus one of Priams ſonnes.*
His lance at *Aiax* through the preaſſe, which went by him, and flew
On *Leucus*, wiſe *Vlyſſes* friend; his groine it ſmote, as faine
He would have drawne into his ſpoile, the carkaſſe of the ſlaine;
By which he fell, and that by him; it vext *Vlyſſes* heart;
Who thruſt into the face of fight, well arm'd at every part,
Came cloſe, and lookt about to finde an object worth his lance;
Which when the Trojans ſaw him ſhake, and he ſo neare advance,
All ſhrunke, he threw, and forth it ſhin'd: nor fell, but where it feld:
His friends griefe gave it angry powre, and deadly way it held
Vpon *Democoon*, who was ſprung of *Priams* wanton force; *Democoon Priams baſe ſonnes ſlaine by Vlyſſes.*
Came from *Abydus*, and was made the maſter of his horſe.
Through both his temples ſtrooke the dart, the wood of one ſide ſhew'd,
The pile out of the other lookt, and ſo the earth he ſtrew'd
With much ſound of his weightie armes. Then backe the formoſt went,
Even *Hector* yeelded, then the Greekes gave worthy clamors vent,
Effecting then their firſt dumbe powers, ſome drew the dead and ſpoild,

Some followed, that in open flight, Troy might confeſſe it foild.
Apollo exci'es the Troians. *Apollo* (angry at the ſight) from top of Ilion cride,
Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride;
They are not charm'd againſt your points, of ſteele, nor Iron fram'd;
Nor fights the faire-haird *Thetis* ſonne, but ſits at fleet inflam'd.
So ſpake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greekes, *Ioves* nobleſt ſeed,
Pallas encourageth the Greeks. Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit ſpirit did need,
She gave it, marching in the midſt; then flew the fatall houre
Backe on *Diores*, in returne of Ilions ſun-burnd powre;
Diores. *Diores Amarincides*, whoſe right legs ankle bone,
And both the ſinewes, with a ſharpe, and handfull charging ſtone,
Piros. *Pirus Imbraſides* did breake, that led the Thracian bands,
And came from Ænos; downe he fell, and up he held his hands
To his lov'd friends; his ſpirit wingd, to flie out of his breaſt;
With which not ſatisfied, againe, *Imbraſides* addreſt
His Iaveline at him, and ſo ript his navill, that the wound,
(As endleſly it ſhut his eyes) ſo (open'd) on the ground,
It powr'd his entrailes. As his foe, went then ſuffis'd away,
Thoas Ætolius threw a dart, that did his pile convay
Above his nipple, through his lungs; when (quitting his ſterne part)
Piros ſlaine by Thoas. He clos'd with him; and from his breaſt, firſt drawing out his dart,
His ſword flew in, and by the midſt, it wip't his belly out;
So tooke his life, but left his armes; his friends ſo flockt about,
And thruſt forth lances of ſuch length, before their ſlaughterd king;
Which though their foe were big and ſtrong, and often brake the ring,
Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforc't) he left th'affected priſe;
The Thracian, and the Epeian Dukes, laid cloſe with cloſed eyes,
By either other, drownd in duſt; and round about the plaine
All hid with ſlaughterd carkaſſes; yet ſtill did hotely raigne
The martiall planet; whoſe effects, had any eye beheld,
Free, and unwounded (and were led, by *Pallas* through the field,
To keepe of Iavelins, and ſuggeſt, the leaſt fault could be found)
He could not reprehend the fight, ſo many ſtrew'd the ground.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

KIng Diomed *(by* Pallas *ſpirit inſpir'd,*
With will and power) is for his acts admir'd:
Meere men, and men deriv'd from Deities,
And Deities themſelves, he terrifies;
Addes wounds to terrors: his inflamed lance
Draws bloud from Mars, *and* Venus: *In a trance*
He caſts Æneas, *with a weightie ſtone;*
Apollo *quickens him, and gets him gone:*
Mars *is recur'd by* Pæon; *but by* Iove
Rebuk't, for authoring breach of humane love.

Another Argument.

In Epſilon, *heavens bloud is ſhed,*
By ſacred rage of Diomed.

THen *Pallas* breath'd in *Tydeus* ſonne: to render whom ſupreame
To all the Greekes, at all his parts, ſhe caſt a hoter beame,
On his high minde; his body fild, with much ſuperiour might,
And made his compleate armour caſt, a farre more complete light.
From his bright helme and ſhield, did burne, a moſt unwearied fire:
Like rich *Autumnus* golden lampe, whoſe brightneſſe men admire,
Paſt all the other hoſt of ſtarres, when with his chearfull face,
Freſh waſht in loftie Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchaſe.
To let whoſe glorie loſe no ſight, ſtill *Pallas* made him turne,
Where tumult moſt expreſt his power, and where the fight did burne.
An honeſt and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;
Dares the Prieſt of *Mulciber*, who two ſonnes did enjoy,
Idæus, and bold *Phegeus*, well ſeene in every fight:
Theſe (ſingl'd from their troopes, and horſt) aſſaild *Minervas* Knight,
Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foot; all haſting mutuall charge,
(And now drawne neare) firſt *Phegeus* threw a javeline ſwift and large:
Whoſe head the Kings left ſhoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:
Then ruſht he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall;
But in his breaſt ſtucke twixt the paps, and ſtrooke him from his horſe.
Which ſterne ſight, when *Idæus* ſaw (diſtruſtfull of his force
To ſave his ſlaughterd brothers ſpoyle) it made him head-long leape
From his faire Chariot, and leave all: yet had not ſcap't the heape
Of heavie funerall, if the God, great preſident of fire,
Had not (in ſudden clouds of ſmoke, and pittie of his Sire,

Pallas inſpires and glorifies Diomed.

This ſimile likewiſe Virgil learnes of him.

Dares Prieſt of Mulciber, or Vulcan.

Idæus and Phegeus both againſt Diomed.

Phegeus ſlaine: Idæus flies.

To leave him utterly unheird) given ſafe paſſe to his feet.
He gone, *Tydides* ſent the horſe, and chariot to the fleet.
The Trojans ſeeing *Dares* ſonnes, one ſlaine, the other fled,
Were ſtrooke amaz'd; the blew-eyd maide (to grace her *Diomed*
In giving free way to his power) made this ſo ruthfull fact,
A fit advantage to remove, the warre-God out of act,
Who rag'd ſo on the Ilion ſide; ſhe grip't his hand and ſaid,
Pallas to Mars. *Mars, Mars*, thou ruiner of men, that in the duſt haſt laid
So many Cities, and with bloud, thy Godhead doſt diſteine;
Now ſhall we ceaſſe to ſhew our breaſts, as paſſionate as men,
And leave the mixture of our hands? reſigning *Iove* his right
(As rector of the Gods) to give, the glory of the fight,
Where he affecteth? leſt he force, what we ſhould freely yeeld?
He held it fit, and went with her, from the tumultuous field,
Who ſet him in an hearby ſeat, on brode Scamanders ſhore.
Mars leaves the field, and Troy flies. He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greekes drave all before,
And every Leader ſlue a man; but firſt the king of men
Deſerv'd the honour of his name, and led the ſlaughter then,
Agamemnon ſlaies Odius. And ſlue a Leader; one more huge, than any man he led;
Great *Odius*, Duke of Halizons; quite from his chariots head
He ſtrooke him with a lance to earth, as firſt he flight addreſt;
It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breaſt;
His huge trunke ſounded, and his armes, did eccho the reſound.
Idomenæus ſlaies Phæſtus. *Idomenæus* to the death, did noble *Phæſtus* wound,
The ſonne of *Mæon Borus*, that, from cloddie Terna came;
Who (taking chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the ſame
From his attempted ſeat; the lance, through his right ſhoulder ſtrooke,
And horrid darkneſſe ſtrooke through him: the ſpoile his ſouldiers tooke.
Atrides-Menelaus ſlue (as he before him fled)
Menelaus ſlaies Scamandrius. *Scamandrius*, ſonne of *Strophius*, that was a huntſman bred;
A skilfull huntſman, for his skill, *Dianas* ſelfe did teach;
And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach
All ſorts of ſubtleſt ſavages, which many a wooddie hill
Bred for him; and he much preſerv'd, and all to ſhew his skill.
Yet, not the dart-delighting Queene, taught him to ſhun this dart:)
Nor all his hitting ſo farre off, (the maſtrie of his art:)
His backe receiv'd it, and he fell, upon his breaſt withall:
His bodies ruine, and his armes, ſo founded in his fall,
That his affrighted horſe flew off, and left him, like his life.
Meriones ſlue Phereclus an excellent Architect. *Meriones* ſlue *Phereclus*, whom ſhe that nere was wife,
Yet Goddeſſe of good houſewives, held, in excellent reſpect,
For knowing all the wittie things, that grace an Architect;
And having pow'r to give it all, the cunning uſe of hand;
Harmonides his fire built ſhips, and made him underſtand,
(With all the practiſe it requir'd) the frame of all that skill;
He built all *Alexanders* ſhips, that author'd all the ill
Of all the Trojans and his owne, becauſe he did not know
The Oracles, adviſing Troy (for feare of overthrow)

To medle with no ſea affaire, but live by tilling land;
This man *Meriones* ſurpriſ'd, and drave his deadly hand
Through his right hip; the lances head, ran through the region
About the bladder, underneath th'in-muſcles, and the bone;
He (ſighing) bow'd his knees to death, and ſacrific'd to earth.
Phylides ſtaid *Pedæus* flight; *Antenors* baſtard birth:
Whom vertuous *Theano* his wife (to pleaſe her husband) kept
As tenderly as thoſe ſhe lov'd. *Phylides* neare him ſtept,
And in the fountaine of the nerves, did drench his fervent lance,
And his heads back-part; and ſo farre, the ſharp head did advance,
It cleft the Organe of his ſpeech; and th'Iron (cold as death)
He tooke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gave the aire his breath.
Eurypilus the much renown'd, and great *Evemons* ſonne,
Divine *Hypſenor* ſlue, begot by ſtout *Dolopion*,
And conſecrate *Scamanders* Prieſt; he had a gods regard,
Amongſt the people: his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;
Ruſht in ſo cloſe, that with his ſword he on his ſhoulders laid
A blow, that his armes brawne cut off; nor there his vigor ſtaid,
But drave downe, and from off his wriſt, it hewd his holy hand,
That guſht out blood, and downe it dropt, vpon the bluſhing ſand;
Death, with his purple finger ſhut, and violente fate, his eyes.
Thus foughte theſe, but diſtinguiſht well; *Tydides* ſo implies
His furie, that you could not know, whoſe ſide had intereſt
In his free labors, Greece or Troy. But as a flood increaſt
By violent and ſodaine ſhowres, let downe from hils, like hils
Melted in furie; ſwels, and fomes, and ſo he over fills
His naturall channell; that beſides, both hedge and bridge reſignes
To his rough confluence, farre ſpread: and luſtie flouriſhing vines
Drown'd in his outrage. *Tydeus* ſonne, ſo over-ran the field,
Strew'd ſuch as floriſht in his way: and made whole ſquadrons yeeld
When *Pandarus*, *Lycaons* ſonne, beheld his ruining hand,
With ſuch reſiſtleſſe inſolence, make lanes through everie band:
He bent his gold-tipt bow of horne, and ſhot him ruſhing in,
At his right ſhoulder; where his armes were hollow; forth did ſpin
The blood, and downe his curets, ranne; then *Pandarus* cried out,
Ranke riding Troians, Now ruſh in: Now, now, I make no doubt,
Our braveſt foe is markt for death, he cannot long ſuſtaine
My violent ſhaft, if *Ioves* faire Sonne, did worthily conſtraine
My foot from Lycia: thus he brav'd, and yet his violent ſhaft
Strooke ſhort with all his violence, *Tydides* life was ſaft;
Who yet withdrew himſelfe, behinde his chariot and ſteeds,
And cald to *Sthenelus*; Come friend, my wounded ſhoulder needs,
Thy hand to eaſe it of this ſhaft. He haſted from his ſeate
Before the coach, and drewe the ſhaft: the purple wound did ſweate,
And drowne his ſhirt of male in blood, and as it bled he praid:
Heare me, of *Iove Ægiochus*, thou moſt unconquer'd maid,
If ever in the cruell field, thou haſt aſſiſtfull ſtood,
Or to my father, or my ſelfe, now love, and do me good;

Pedæus ſlain by Phylides.

Eurypilus ſlaies Hypſenor.

Diomed compared to a torrent.

Pandarus wounds Diomed.

Diomeds prayer to Pallas.

Homer

Give him into my lances reach that thus hath given a wound,
To him thou guardſt; preventing me, and brags that never more,
I ſhall behold the chearfull Sunne: thus did the king implore.
The Goddeſſe heard, came neere, and tooke the wearyneſſe of fight
From all his nerves, and lineaments, and made them freſh and light,
Pallas encourageth Diomed. And ſaid; Be bold, ô *Diomed*, in everie combat ſhine,
The great ſhield-ſhaker *Tydeus* ſtrength (that knight, that Sire of thine)
By my infuſion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing mind,
I have remov'd thoſe erring miſts, that made it lately blind,
That thou maiſt difference Gods from men: and therefore uſe thy skill,
Againſt the tempting Deities, if any have a will
To trie if thou preſum'ſt of that, as thine, that flowes from them;
And ſo aſſum'ſt above thy right. Where thou diſcern'ſt a beame
Of any other heavenly power, then ſhee that rules in love,
That cals thee to the change of blowes; reſiſt not, but remove;
But if that Goddeſſe be ſo bold (ſince ſhe firſt ſtird this warre)
Aſſault and marke her from the reſt, with ſome infamous ſcarre.
The blew-eyd Goddeſſe vaniſhed, and he was ſeene againe
Amongſt the foremoſt; who before, though he were prompt and faine
To fight againſt the Troians powers; now, on his ſpirits were cald
With thriſe the vigor, Lion-like, that hath beene lately gald,
By ſome bold ſhepheard in a field, where his curlde flockes were laid;
Who tooke him as he leapt the fold; not ſlaine yet, but appaied,
Diomed made thriſe ſo ſtrong as before by Pallas. With greater ſpirit; comes againe, and then the ſhepheard hides,
(The rather for the deſolate place) and in his Coate abides;
His flookes left guardleſſe; which amaz'd, ſhake and ſhrink up in heapes;
He (ruthleſſe freely takes his prey; and out againe he leapes:
So ſprightly, fierce victorious, the great Heroe flew
Vpon the Troians; and at once, he two commanders ſlew;
Hyppenor and Aſtynous ſlaine by Diomed. *Hyppenor* and *Aſtynous*, in one, his lance he fixt
Full at the nipple of his breſt: the other ſmote betwixt
The necke and ſhoulder with his ſword; which was ſo well laid on,
It ſwept his arme and ſhoulder off. Theſe left he ruſht upon
Abbas, and *Polyeidus* of old *Eurydamas*
The hapleſſe ſonnes; who could by dreames, tell what would come to paſſe:
Yet, when his ſonnes ſet forth to Troy, the old man could not read
By their dreames, what would chance to them, for both were ſtricken dead
By great *Tydides*: after theſe, he takes into his rage
Xanthus, and *Thoon*, *Phenops* ſonnes, borne to him in his age;
The good old man, even pin'd with yeares, and had not one ſonne more
To heire his goods: yet *Diomed*, tooke both, and left him ſtore
Of teares and ſorowes in their ſteads; ſince he could neuer ſee
Egreſſum nullos His ſonnes leaue thoſe hote warres a live: ſo this the end muſt be
Of all his labours; what he heapt, to make his iſſue great,
Authoritie heird, and with her ſeed, fild his forgotten ſeate.
Simile of a Lyon otherwiſe applied then before. Then ſnatcht he up two *Priamiſts*, that in one chariot ſtood;
Echemon, and faire *Chromius*; as feeding in a wood
Oxen or ſteeres are; one of which, a Lyon leapes upon,

Teares

Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: ſo ſternely *Tydeus* ſonne
Threw from their chariot both theſe hopes, of old *Dardanides*:
Then tooke their armes, and ſent their horſe, to thoſe that ride the ſeas.
Æneas (ſeeing the troopes thus toſt) brake through the heate of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight
Lycaons ſonne: whom having found, he thus beſpake the Peere:
O Pandarus, wher's now thy bow? thy deathfull arrowes where? *Pandarus to Æneas.*
In which no one in all our hoſt, but gives the palme to thee;
Nor in the Sun-lov'd Lycian greenes, that breed our Archerie,
Liues any that exceeds thy ſelfe. Come lift thy hands to *Iove*,
And ſend an arrow at this man (if but a man he prove,
That winnes ſuch god-like victories; and now affects our hoſt
With ſo much ſorrow: ſince ſo much, of our beſt blood is loſt
By his high valour;) I have feare, ſome god in him doth threat,
Incenſt for want of ſacrifice; the wrath of god is great.
Lycaons famous ſonne replyde; Great Counſellor of Troy, *Æneas to Pandarus.*
This man ſo excellent in armes, I thinke is *Tydeus* ioy;
I know him by his fierie ſhield, by his bright three plum'd caske,
And by his horſe; nor can I ſay, if or ſome god doth maske
In his apparance; or he be (whome I nam'd) *Tydeus* ſonne:
But without God the things he does (for certaine) are not done,
Some great Immortall, that conueyes, his ſhoulders in a clowd,
Goes by and puts by everie dart, at his bold breaſt beſtow'd;
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I my ſelfe let flie
A ſhaft that ſhot him through his armes, but had as good gone by:
Yet, which I glorioufly affirm'd, had driuen him downe to hell.
Some God is angrie, and with me; for farre hence, where I dwell,
My horſe and Chariots idle ſtand; with which ſome other way
I might repaire this ſhamefull miſſe: eleuen faire chariots ſtay
In old *Lycaons* Court; new made, new trimd, to haue bene gone;
Curtain'd and Arraſt vnder foote, two horſe to every one,
That eate white Barly and blacke Otes, and do no good at all:
And theſe *Lycaon*, (that well knew, how theſe affaires would fall)
Charg'd (when I ſet downe this deſigne) I ſhould command with here;
And gave me many leſſons more, all which much better were
Then any I tooke forth my ſelfe. The reaſon I laid downe,
Was, but the ſparing of my horſe ſince in a ſieged towne,
I thought our horſe-meate would be ſcant; when they were uſd to have
Their manger full; ſo I left them, and like a lackey ſlave
Am come to Ilion, confident, in nothing but my bow,
That nothing profits me; two ſhafts, I vainly did beſtow
At two great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither ſlew;
Nor this, nor *Atreus* yonger ſonne: a little blood I drew,
That ſerv'd but to incenſe them more. In an vnhappie ſtarre,
I therefore from my Armorie, have drawne thoſe tooles of warre:
That day, when for great *Hectors* ſake, to amiable Troy
I came to lead the Troian bands. But if I ever ioy
(In ſafe returne) my Countries ſight; my wives, my lofty towres;

Let any ſtranger take this head, if to the firie powers,
This bow, theſe ſhafts, in peeces, burſt (by theſe hands) be not throwne;
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renowne.
Æneas to Pandarus. *Æneas* ſaid, Vſe no ſuch words; for, any other way
Then this, they ſhall not now be vſd: we firſt will both aſſay
This man with horſe and chariot. Come then, aſcend to me,
That thou maiſt trie our Troian horſe, how skild in field they be:
And in purſuing thoſe that flie, or flying, being purſuede
How excellent they are of foote: and theſe (If *Iove* conclude
The ſcape of *Tydeus* againe, and grace him with our flight)
Shall ſerve to bring us ſafely off. Come, Ile be firſt ſhall fight:
Take thou theſe faire reines and this ſcourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou,
And leave the horſes care to me. He anſwer'd, I will now
Deſcend to fight; keepe thou the raines, and guide thy ſelfe thy horſe;
Pandarus fights and Æneas guideth the chariot. Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force
Of the impulſive chariot, if we be driven to flie,
Then with a ſtranger; under whom, they will be much more ſhye,
And (fearing my voice, wiſhing thine) grow reſtie, nor go on,
To beare us off? but leave engag'd, mightie *Tydeus* ſonne,
Themſelves and us; Then be thy part, thy one hov'd horſes guide;
Ile make the fight: and with a dart receive his utmoſt pride.
With this the gorgeous chariot, both (thus prepar'd) aſcend,
And make full way at *Diomed*; which noted by his friend;
Sthenelus to Diomed. Mine owne moſt loved Mind (ſaid he) two mightie men of warre
I ſee come with a purpoſ'd charge; one, s he that hits ſo farre
With bow and ſhaft, *Lycaons* ſonne: the other fames the brood
Of great *Anchiſes*, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood;
Æneas excellent in armes) come up and uſe your ſteeds
And looke not warre ſo in the face, leſt that deſire that feeds
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger ſting
The blood of *Diomed*, to ſee, his friend that chid the king
Before the fight, and then preferd, his ableneſſe, and his mind,
To all his anceſtors in fight, now come ſo farre behind:
Diomed now finds time to make Sthenelus see better his late rebuke of Agamemnon. Whom thus he anſwerd; Vrge no flight, you cannot pleaſe me ſo;
Nor is it honeſt in my mind, to feare a coming foe;
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,
And ſcorne the help-tire of a horſe; I will not blow the fire,
Of their hot valours with my flight; but caſt upon the blaze
This body borne upon my knees: I entertaine amaze?
Minerua will not ſee that ſhame: and ſince they have begun,
They ſhall not both elect their ends; and he that ſcapes ſhall runne;
Or ſtay and take the others fate: and this I leave for thee;
If amply wiſe *Athenia*, give both their lives to me.
Reine our horſe to their chariot hard, and have a ſpeciall heed
To ſeiſe upon *Æneas* ſteeds; that we may change their breed,
And make a Grecian race of them, that have bene long of Troy
For, theſe are bred of thoſe brave beaſts, which for the lovely Boy,
That wayts now on the cup of *Iove*, *Iove*, that farre-ſeeing God.

Gave

Gave *Tros* the King in recompence: the beſt that ever trod
The ſounding Center, underneath, the Morning and the Sunne.
Anchiſes ſtole the breed of them; for where their Sires did runne,
He cloſely put his Mares to them, and never made it knowne
To him that heird them, who was then, the King *Laomedon*.
Sixe horſes had he of that race, of which himſelfe kept foure,
And gave the other two his ſonne; and theſe are they that ſcoure
The field ſo bravely towards us, expert in charge and flight:
If theſe we have the power to take, our prize is exquiſite,
And our renowne will farre exceed. While theſe were talking thus,
The fir'd horſe brought th'aſſailants neare: and thus ſpake *Pandarus*; *Pandarus to Diomed.*
Moſt ſuffering-minded *Tydeus* ſonne, that haſt of warre the art:
My ſhaft that ſtrooke thee, ſlue thee not, I now will prove a dart:
This ſaid, he ſhooke, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large,
That in *Tydides* curets ſtucke, quite driving through his targe;
Then braid he out ſo wilde a voyce, that all the field might heare;
Now have I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death ſhall beare
Our praiſes chiefe prize from the field: *Tydides*, undiſmaid,
Replide; Thou err'ſt, I am not toucht: but more charge will be laid
To both your lives before you part: at leaſt the life of one
Shall ſatiate the throat of *Mars*; this ſaid, his lance was gone:
Minerva led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,
And as he ſtoopt, ſtrooke through his jawes, his tongues root, and his chinne. *Diomed ſlaies Pandarus.*
Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay armes ſhin'd and rung,
The ſwift horſe trembled, and his ſoule, for ever charm'd his tongue.
Æneas with his ſhield and lance, leapt ſwiftly to his friend,
Affraid the Greekes would force his trunke; and that he did defend,
Bold as a Lyon of his ſtrength: he him him with his ſhield,
Shooke round his lance, and horribly did threaten all the field
With death, if any durſt make in; *Tydides* raiſ'd a ſtone,
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powr'd it manly on
The hip of *Anchiſiades*, wherein the ioynt doth moue *Æneas being ſonne to Anchiſes.*
The thigh, tis cald the huckle bone, which all in ſherds it drove;
Brake both the nerves, and with the edge, cut all the fleſh away:
It ſtaggerd him upon his knees, and made th'Heroe ſtay
His ſtrooke-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
And there this Prince of men had died, if ſhe that gave him birth,
(Kiſt by *Anchiſes* on the greene, where his faire oxen fed,
Ioves loving daughter) inſtantly, had not about him ſpred
Her ſoft embraces, and conſtaid, within her heauenly vaile, *Venus takes off Æneas being wounded.*
(Vſ'd as a rampier gainſt all darts, that did ſo hot aſſaile)
Her deare-lov'd iſſue from the field: Then *Sthenelus* in haſt,
(Remembring what his friend adviſ'd) from forth the preaſſe made faſt
His owne horſe to their chariot, and preſently laid hand
Vpon the lovely-coated horſe, *Æneas* did commands *The horſe of Æneas made prize.*
Which bringing (to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend
To his belov'd *Deiphylus*, who was his inward friend,
And (of his equals) one to whom, he had moſt honour ſhowne;

That

That he might ſee them ſafe at fleet: then ſtept he to his owne,
With which he chearfully made in, to *Tydeus* mightie race;
He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hot in deſperate chaſe
Of her that made it; with his lance (arm'd leſſe with ſteele then ſpight)
Well knowing her no Deitie, that had to do in fight;
Minerva his great Patroneſſe, nor ſhe that raceth townes,
Bellona; but a Goddeſſe weake, and foe to mens renownes;
Her (through a world of fight) purſu'de, at laſt he over-tooke,
Diomed wounds Venus. And (thruſting up his ruthleſſe lance) her heavenly veile he ſtrooke,
(That even the Graces wrought themſelves, at her divine command)
Quite through, and hurt the tender backe of her delicious hand:
The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th'immortall bloud,
(Bloud, ſuch as flowes in bleſſed Gods, that eate no humane food,
Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloudleſſe are,
And cald immortals:) out ſhe cryed, and could no longer beare
Her lov'd ſonne, whom ſhe caſt from her; and in a ſable cloud
Venus fvanguiſh throweth away Æneas, whom Apollo receives. *Phœbus* (receiving) hid him cloſe from all the Grecian crowd;
Leſt ſome of them ſhould finde his death. Away flew *Venus* then,
And after her cryed *Diomed*; Away thou ſpoyle of men,
Diom. to Venus. Though ſprung from all-preſerving *Iove*; Theſe hot encounters leave:
Is't not enough that ſillie Dames, thy ſorceries ſhould deceive,
Vnleſſe thou thruſt into the warre, and rob a ſouldiers right?
I thinke, a few of theſe aſſaults, will make thee feare the fight,
Where ever thou ſhalt heare it nam'd. She ſighing, went her way
Extreamely griev'd, and with her grieſes, her beauties did decay;
Iris reſcues Venus. And blacke her Ivorie bodie grew. Then from a dewy miſt,
Brake ſwift-foot *Iris* to her aide, from all the darts that hiſt
At her quicke rapture; and to *Mars*, they tooke their plantiſe courſe,
And found him on the fights left hand; by him his ſpeedie horſe,
Venus to Mars. And huge lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,
Χευσαμπυκας, ητε ἐν ἵπποις. Her loved brother on her knees, beſought with inſtant prayre,
His golden ribband-bound-mand'd horſe, to lend her up to heaven,
For ſhe was much griev'd with a wound, a mortall man had giuen;
Tydides: that gainſt *Iove* himſelfe, durſt now aduance his arme.
Mars lends his horſe to Venus. He granted, and his chariot (perplext with her late harme)
She mounted, and her waggonneſſe, was ſhe that paints the ayre;
The horſe ſhe reind, and with a ſcourge, importun'd their repaire,
That of themſelues out-flew the winde, and quickly they aſcend
Olympus, high ſeat of the Gods; th'horſe knew their journies end,
Stood ſtill, and from their chariot, the windie footed Dame
Diſſolu'd, and gaue them heauenly food; and to *Dione* came
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; ſhe kindly bad her ſtand;
With ſweet embraces helpt her up; ſtrok't her with her ſoft hand;
Dione mother of Venus, to Venus Call'd kindly by her name; and askt, what God hath beene ſo rude,
(Sweet daughter) to chaſtiſe thee thus? as if thou wert purſude,
Euen to the act of ſome light ſinne, and deprehended ſo?
For otherwiſe, each cloſe eſcape, is in the Great let go.
Venus to Dione. She anſwer'd; Haughtie *Tydeus* ſonne, hath beene ſo inſolent;

Since

Since he, whom moſt my heart eſteemes, of all my lov'd deſcent,
I reſcu'd from his bloudy hand: now battell is not given
To any Trojans by the Greekes, but by the Greekes to heaven.
She anſwer'd, Daughter, thinke not much, though much it grieve thee: uſe *Dione to Ven.*
The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,
In many bitter ils receiv'd; as well that men ſuſtaine
By their inflictions, as by men, repaid to them againe:
Mars ſuffered much more then thy ſelfe, by *Ephialtes* powre, *Mars bound in chaines by Otus and Ephialtes.*
And *Otus*, *Aloeus* ſonnes, who in a brazen towre,
(And in inextricable chaines) caſt that warre-greedy God;
Where twice ſixe months and one he liv'd, and there the period
Of his ſad life perhaps had clos'd, if his kind ſtep-dames eye,
Faire *Erebæa* had not ſeene, who told it *Mercurie*;
And he by ſtealth enfranchis'd him, though he could ſcarce enjoy
The benefit of franchiſment, the chaines did ſo deſtroy
His vitall forces with their weight. So *Iuno* ſufferd more,
When with a three-forkt arrowes head, *Amphytrios* ſonne did gore
Her right breaſt, paſt all hope of cure. *Pluto* ſuſtaind no leſſe
By that ſelfe man; and by a ſhaft, of equall bitterneſſe,
Shot through his ſhoulder at hell gates, and there (amongſt the dead,
Were he not deathleſſe) he had died: but up to heaven he fled
(Extremely tortur'd) for recure, which inſtantly he wonne
At *Pæons* hand, with ſoveraigne Balme; and this did *Ioves* great ſonne. *Paon Phiſitian to the gods* ἰατρεύσιμα.
Vnbleſt, great-high deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
That with his bow durſt wound the gods; but by *Minerva's* will,
Thy wound, the fooliſh *Diomed*, was ſo prophane to give;
Not knowing he that fights with heaven, hath never long to live,
And for this deed, he never ſhall have childe about his knee
To call him father, comming home. Beſides, heare this from me,
(Strength-truſting man) though thou be ſtrong, and art in ſtrength a towre;
Take heed a ſtronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
Containes not that ſuperiour ſtrength; and leſt that woman be
Adraſtus daughter, and thy wife, the wiſe *Ægiale*,
When (from this houre not farre) ſhe wakes, even ſighing with deſire
To kindle our revenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
In chooſing her ſome freſh young friend, and ſo drowne all thy fame,
Wonne here in warre, in her Court-peace, and in an opener ſhame.
This ſaid, with both her hands ſhe cleans'd the tender backe and palme
Of all the ſacred bloud they loſt; and never uſing Balme,
The paine ceaſt, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde Queene of love.
Iuno and *Pallas* ſeeing this, affaid to anger *Iove*,
And quit his late made-mirth with them, about the loving Dame,
With ſome ſharpe jeſt, in like ſort built upon her preſent ſhame.
Grey-eyd *Athenia* began, and ask't the Thunderer,
If (nothing moving him to wrath) ſhe boldly might preferre *Pallas to Iove.*
What ſhe conceiv'd, to his conceit: and (ſtaying no reply)
She bade him view the *Cyprian* fruit, he lov'd ſo tenderly,
Whom ſhe though hurt, and by this meanes, intending to ſuborne

Some

Some other Ladie of the Greekes (whom louely veiles adorne)
Sc pitè. To gratifie ſome other friend, of her much-loued Troy,
As ſhe imbrac't and ſtird her bloud, to the Venerean joy,
The golden claſpe thoſe Grecian Dames, upon their girdles weare,
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, ſhe had feare.
Iove to Venus. The Thunderer ſmil'd, and cald to him, loues golden Arbitreſſe,
And told her, thoſe rough workes of warre were not for her acceſſe:
She ſhould be making marriages, imbracings, kiſſes, charmes;
Sterne *Mars* and *Pallas* had the charge of thoſe affaires in armes.
While theſe thus talk't, *Tydides* rage ſtill thirſted to atchieue
His priſe upon *Anchiſes* ſonne; though well he did perceiue
The Sunne himſelfe protected him: but his deſires (inflam'd
With that great Trojan Princes bloud, and armes ſo highly fam'd)
Not that great God did reuerence. Thrice ruſh he rudely on,
And thrice betwixt his darts and death, the ſunnes bright target ſhone:
But when upon the fourth aſſault (much like a ſpirit) he flew,
The far-off working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,
Apollo to Diomed. And ask't him: What? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equals learne to know:
The race of Gods is farre aboue, men creeping here below.
This draue him to ſome ſmall retreite; he would not tempt more neare
The wrath of him that ſtrooke ſo farre, whoſe powre had now ſet cleare
Apollo beares Æneas to Troy. *Æneas* from the ſtormie field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his ſo ſoueraigne grace,
A goodly Temple was aduanc't, in whoſe large inmoſt part
He left him, and to his ſupply, inclin'd his mothers heart
(*Latona*) and the dart-pleas'd Queene, who cur'd, and made him ſtrong.
The ſiluer-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,
The Image of Æneas. An Image, that in ſtature, looke, and armes he did create
Like *Venus* ſonne; for which the Greekes and Trojans made debate,
Laid lowd ſtrokes on their Oxe-hide ſhields, and bucklers eaſly borne:
Which error *Phœbus* pleas'd to urge, on *Mars* himſelfe in ſcorne:
Apollo to Mars. *Mars, Mars*, (ſaid he) thou plague of men, ſmeard with the duſt & bloud
Of humanes, and their ruin'd wals; yet thinks thy God-head good,
To fright this Furie from the field? who next will fight with *Iove.*
Firſt, in a bold approach he hurt the moiſt palme of thy Love:
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)
He held out his aſſault on me. This ſaid, the loftie towre
Of Pergamus he made his ſeate, and *Mars* did now excite
The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight
The Thracian troopes; ſwift *Acamas*. O *Priams* ſonnes (ſaid he)
Mars like Acamas to the ſonne of Priam. How long, the ſlaughter of your men, can ye ſuſtaine to ſee?
Euen till they braue you at your gates? Ye ſuffer beaten downe
Æneas, great *Anchiſes* ſonne; whoſe proweſſe we renowne
As much as *Hectors:* fetch him off from this contentious preaſe.
With this, the ſtrength and ſpirits of all, his courage did increaſe,
Sarpedon reproues Hector. And yet *Sarpedon* ſeconds him, with this particular taunt
Of noble *Hector*: *Hector?* where is thy unthankfull vaunt,
And that huge ſtrength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,

With

With all thy brothers (without aid of us or our ſupplies,
And troubling not a citizen) the Citie ſafe would hold:
In all which, friends, and brothers helps, I ſee not, nor am told
Of any one of their exploits, but (all held in diſmay
Of *Diomed*, like a ſort of dogs, that at a Lyon bay,
And entertaine no ſpirit to pinch,) we (your aſſiſtants here)
Fight for the towne, as you helpt us: and I (an aiding Peere,
No Citizen, even out of care, that doth become a man,
For men and childrens liberties) adde all the aide I can:
Not out of my particular cauſe, far hence my profit growes:
For far hence *Aſian Lycia* lyes, where gulfie *Xanthus* flowes:
And where my lov'd wife, infant ſonne, and treaſure nothing ſcant,
I left behinde me, which I ſee thoſe men would have, that want:
And therefore they that have, would keepe, yet I (as I would loſe
Their ſure fruition) cheere my troupes, and with their lives propoſe
Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope,
With this great ſouldier: though (I ſay) I entertaine no hope
To have ſuch gettings as the Greekes, nor feare to loſe like Troy.
Yet thou (even *Hector*) deedleſſe ſtandſt, and car'ſt not to employ
Thy towne-borne friends, to bid them ſtand, to fight and ſave their wives:
Leſt as a Fowler caſts his nets upon the ſilly lives
Of birds of all ſorts, ſo the foe, your walls and houſes hales,
(One with another) on all heads: or ſuch as ſcape their fals,
Be made the prey and prize of them, (as willing overthrowne)
That hope not for you, with their force: and ſo this brave built towne
Will prove a Chaos: that deſerves, in thee ſo hot a care
As ſhould conſume thy dayes and nights, to hearten and prepare
Th'aſſiſtant Princes: pray their minds, to beare their far-brought toiles,
To give them worth, with worthy fight: in victories and ſoiles
Still to be equall, and thy ſelfe (exampling them in all)
Need no reproofes nor ſpurs. all this in thy free choice ſhould fall.
This ſtung great *Hectors* heart: and yet, as every generous minde
Should ſilent beare a juſt reproofe, and ſhew what good they finde
In worthy counſels, by their ends, put into preſent deeds:
Not ſtomacke, nor be vainly ſham'd: ſo *Hectors* ſpirit proceeds:
And from his Chariot (wholly arm'd) he jumpt upon the ſand;
On foot, ſo toyling through the hoaſt, a dart in either hand,
And all hands turn'd againſt the Greeks, the Greeks deſpis'd their worſt,
And (thickning their inſtructed powers) expected all they durſt.
Then with the feet of horſe and foot, the duſt in clouds did riſe.
And as in ſacred floores of barnes, upon corne-winowers flies
The chaffe, driven with an oppoſite winde, when yellow *Ceres* dites,
Which all the Diters, feet, legs, armes, their heads and ſhoulders whites:
So lookt the Grecians gray with duſt, that ſtrooke the ſolide heaven,
Rais'd from returning chariots, and troupes together driven.
Each ſide ſtood to their labours firme: fierce *Mars* flew through the aire,
And gatherd darkneſſe from the fight: and with his beſt affaire,
Obeyd the pleaſure of the Sunne, that weares the golden ſword,

Simile from the husbandman expreſſing note-by.

Who bad him raiſe the ſpirits of Troy, when *Pallas* ceaſt t'afford
Apollo brings Æneas from his Temple to field cured. Her helping office to the Greeks; and then his owne hands wrought,
Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, cur'd) the true *Æneas* brought,
And plac't him by his Peeres in field, who did (with joy) admire
To ſee him both alive and ſafe, and all his powers entire:
Yet ſtood not ſifting, how it chanc't: another ſort of taske,
Then ſtirring th'idle ſive of newes, did all their forces aske:
Inflam'd by *Phœbus*, harmfull *Mars*, and *Eris*, eagrer farre:
The Greekes had none to hearten them; their hearts roſe with the warre;
But chiefly *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and both th' *Aiaces* us'de
Stirring examples, and good words: their owne fames had infus'de
Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare
The Troians force, nor Fate it ſelfe; but ſtill expecting were
When moſt was done, what would be more; their ground they ſtil made good;
Simile. And (in their ſilence, and ſet powers) like faire ſtill clouds they ſtood:
With which, *Iove* crownes the tops of hils, in any quiet day,
When *Boreas* and the ruder winds (that uſe to drive away
Aires duskie vapors, being looſe, in many a whiſtling gale)
Are pleaſingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;
So firmely ſtood the Greeks, nor fled, for all the *Ilions* ayd.
Atrides yet coaſts through the troupes, confirming men ſo ſtayd:
O friends (ſaid he) hold up your minds; ſtrength is but ſtrength of will;
Reverence each others good in fight, and ſhame at things done ill:
Where ſouldiers ſhew an honeſt ſhame, and love of honour liues,
That ranks men with the firſt in fight; death fewer liveries giues
Then life, or then where Fames neglect, makes cowards fight at length:
Flight neither doth the body grace, nor ſhewes the mind hath ſtrength.
He ſaid; and ſwiftly through the troupes, a mortall lance did ſend,
That reſt a ſtandard-bearers life, renownd *Æneas* friend;
Pergaſides ſlaine by Agamemnon *Deicoon Pergaſides*, whom all the Troians lov'd,
As he were one of *Priams* ſonnes; his mind was ſo approv'd
In alwayes fighting with the firſt: the Lance his target tooke,
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerely ſtrooke,
And in his bellies rimme was ſheath'd, beneath his girdle-ſtead;
He ſounded falling, and his armes, with him reſounded, dead.
Orſilochus and Crethon ſlain by Æneas. Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great *Æneas* ire,
Diocleus ſonnes (*Orſilochus*, and *Crethon*) whoſe kinde Sire
In bravely-builded Phæra dwelt; rich, and of ſacred bloud;
He was deſcended lineally, from great *Alphæus* floud,
That broadly flowes through Pylos fields: *Alphæus* did beget
The pedigree of Orſilochus. *Orſilochus*; who in the rule of many men was ſet:
And that *Orſilochus* begat, the rich *Diocleus*:
Diocleus ſire to *Crethon* was, and this *Orſilochus*:
Both theſe, arriv'd at mans eſtate, with both th' *Atrides* went,
To honour them in th' *Ilion* warres; and both were one way ſent,
Simile. To death as well as Troy; for death, hid both in one blacke houre.
As two young Lyons (with their dam, ſuſtaind but to devoure)
Bred on the tops of ſome ſteepe hill, and in the gloomie deepe

Of

Of an inacceſſible wood, ruſh out, and prey on ſheepe,
Steeres, Oxen; and deſtroy mens ſtals, ſo long that they come ſhort,
And by the Owners ſteele are ſlaine: in ſuch unhappie ſort,
Fell theſe beneath *Æneas* powre. When *Menelaus* view'd
(Like two tall firre-trees) theſe two fall; their timeleſſe falls he rew'd;
And to the firſt fight, where they lay, a vengefull force he tooke;
His armes beat backe the Sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he ſhooke:
Mars put the furie in his minde; that by *Æneas* hands,
(Who was to make the ſlaughter good) he might have ſtrewd the ſands.
Antilochus (old *Neſtors* ſonne) obſerving he was bent
To urge a combat of ſuch ods; and knowing the event,
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone ſuſtain'd for him)
Erd from their end, made after hard, and tooke them in the trim
Of an encounter; both their hands and darts advanc't, and ſhooke,
And both pitcht, in full ſtand of charge; when ſuddenly the looke
Of *Anchiſiades* tooke note of *Neſtors* valiant ſonne,
In full charge too; which two to one, made *Venus* iſſue ſhunne
The hot adventure, though he were a ſouldier well approv'd.
Then drew they off their ſlaughterd friends; who giuen to their belou'd,
They turn'd where fight ſhewd deadlieſt hate; and there mixt with the dead
Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led,
A man like *Mars*; and with him fell, good *Mydon* that did guide
His chariot; *Atymnus* ſonne. The Prince *Pylemen* died
By *Menelaus*; *Neſtors* ioy, ſlue *Mydon*; one before,
The other in the chariot: *Atrides* lance did gore
Pylemens ſhoulder, in the blayd: *Antilochus* did force
A mightie ſtone up from the earth, and (as he turnd his horſe)
Strooke *Mydons* elbow in the midſt: the reines of Iuorie
Fell from his hands into the duſt: *Antilochus* let flie
His ſword withall, and (ruſhing in) a blow ſo deadly laid
Vpon his temples, that he gron'd; tumbl'd to earth, and ſtayd
A mightie while prepoſterouſly (becauſe the duſt was deepe)
Vpon his necke and ſhoulders there, euen till his foe tooke keepe
Of his priſde horſe, and made them ſtirre; and then he proſtrate fell:
His horſe *Antilochus* tooke home. When *Hector* had heard tell,
(Amongſt the uprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voyce,
And ranne upon the Greeks: behinde, came many men of choyce;
Before him marcht great *Mars* himſelfe, matcht with his female mate,
The drad *Bellona*: ſhe brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
A tumult that was wilde, and mad: he ſhooke a horrid Lance,
And, now led *Hector*, and anon, behinde would make the chance.
This ſight, when great *Tydides* ſaw, his haire ſtood up on end:
And him, whom all the skill and power of armes did late attend,
Now like a man in counſell poore, that (trauelling) goes amiſſe,
And (hauing paſt a boundleſſe plaine) not knowing where he is,
Comes on the ſudden, where he ſees a riuer rough, and raues
With his owne billows rauiſhed, into the King of waues;
Murmurs with ſome, and frights him backe: ſo he, amaz'd, retirde,

Antilochus voluntary care of Menelaus, and their charge of Æneas.

Menelaus ſlaies Pylemen.

Antilochus ſlaies Mydon.

Hectors manner of aſſault.

Simile.

And thus would make good his amaze; O friends, we all admirde
Great *Hector*, as one of himſelfe, well-darting, bold in warre;
When ſome God guards him ſtill from death, and makes him dare ſo farre;
Now *Mars* himſelfe (form'd like a man) is preſent in his rage:
And therefore, whatſoever cauſe, importunes you to wage
Warre with theſe Trojans; never ſtrive, but gently take your rod;
Leſt in your boſomes, for a man, ye ever finde a God.
As Greece retirde, the power of Troy, did much more forward preaſe;
Hector ſlaughters Meneſthes and Anchialus. And *Hector*, two brave men of warre, ſent to the fields of peace;
Meneſthes, and *Anchialus*; one chariot bare them both:
Ajax ſlayes Amphius Selages. Their fals made *Ajax Telamon*, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;
Who lightned out a lance, that ſmote *Amphius Selages*,
That dwelt in Pædos; rich in lands, and did huge goods poſſeſſe:
But Fate, to *Priam* and his ſonnes, conducted his ſupply:
The Iavelin on his girdle ſtrooke, and pierced mortally
His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes ſo trim,
That *Ajax* needs would prove their ſpoyle; the Trojans powr'd on him
Whole ſtormes of Lances, large, and ſharpe: of which, a number ſtucke
In his rough ſhield; yet from the ſlaine, he did his Iavelin plucke:
But could not from his ſhoulders force the armes he did affect;
The Trojans, with ſuch drifts of Darts, the body did protect:
And wiſely *Telamonius* fear'd their valorous defence;
So many, and ſo ſtrong of hand, ſtood in with ſuch expence,
Of deadly proweſſe; who repeld (though bigge, ſtrong, bold he were)
The famous *Ajax*; and their friend, did from his rapture beare.
Thus this place, fild with ſtrength of fight, in th'armies other preaſe,
Tlepolemus, a tall bigge man, the ſonne of *Hercules*,
A cruell deſtinie inſpir'd, with ſtrong deſire to prove
Encounter with *Sarpedons* ſtrength, the ſonne of *Cloudy Iove*;
Iovis ſon Sarpedon, and Tlepolemus his nephew ſon to Hercules, drew to encounter. Who, comming on, to that ſterne end, had choſen him his foe:
Thus *Ioves* great Nephew, and his ſonne, 'gainſt one another go:
Tlepolemus to Sarpedon. *Tlepolemus* (to make his end, more worth the will of Fate)
Began, as if he had her powre; and ſhew'd the mortall ſtate
Of too much confidence in man, with this ſuperfluous Brave;
Sarpedon, what neceſſitie, or needleſſe humour drave
Thy forme, to theſe warres? which in heart, I know thou doeſt abhorre;
A man not ſeene in deeds of armes, a Lycian counſellor;
They lye that call thee ſonne to *Iove*, ſince *Iove* bred none ſo late;
The men of elder times were they, that his high power begat,
Such men as had *Herculean* force; my father *Hercules*
Was *Ioves* true iſſue; he was bold; his deeds did well expreſſe
They ſprung out of a Lyons heart: he whilome came to Troy,
(For horſe that *Iupiter* gave *Tros*, for *Ganimed* his boy)
With ſix ſhips onely, and few men, and tore the Citie downe,
Left all her broad wayes deſolate, and made the horſe his owne:
For thee, thy minde is ill diſpoſde, thy bodies powers are poore,
And therefore are thy troopes ſo weake: the ſouldier evermore
Follows the temper of his chiefe; and thou pull'ſt downe a ſide.

But

But say, thou art the sonne of *Iove*, and hast thy meanes supplide
With forces fitting his descent: the powers that I compell,
Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head, run ope the gates of hell.
Ioves Lycian issue answerd him, *Tlepolemus*, tis true; *Sarpedon to Tlepolemus.*
Thy father, holy *Ilion*, in that sort overthrew;
Th'injustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had
Vs'de good deservings to his state, he quitted him with bad.
Hesione, the joy and grace of King *Laomedon*,
Thy father rescude from a Whale, and gave to *Telamon*
In honourd Nuptials; *Telamon*, from whom your strongest Greeke
Boasts to have issude, and this grace might well expect the like:
Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept, against his oath, his horse;
And therefore both thy fathers strength, and justice might enforce
The wreake he tooke on Troy: but this, and thy cause differ farre;
Sonnes seldome heire their fathers worths; thou canst not make his warre:
What thou assum'st from him, is mine, to be on thee impos'de.
With this, he threw an ashen dart; and then *Tlepolemus* losde
Another from his glorious hand: Both at one instant flew;
Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, *Sarpedons* Iavelin drew *Sarpedon slaughters Tlepolemus.*
The life-bloud of *Tlepolemus*; full in the midst it fell:
And what he threatned, th'other gave; that darknesse, and that hell.
Sarpedons left thigh tooke the Lance; it pierc't the solide bone;
And with his raging head, ranne through; but *Iove* preserv'd his sonne.
The dart yet vext him bitterly, which should have beene puld out; *Himselfe sore hurt by Tlepolemus.*
But none considered then so much; so thicke came on the rout,
And fild each hand so full of cause, to plye his owne defence;
Twas held enough (both saine) that both were nobly carried thence.
Vlysses knew the events of both, and tooke it much to hart,
That his friends enemie should scape; and in a twofold part
His thoughts contended; if he should pursue *Sarpedons* life,
Or take his friends wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this strife; *Vlysses valour.*
By whom twas otherwise decreed, then that *Vlysses* steele
Should end *Sarpedon*. In this doubt, *Minerva* tooke the wheele
From fickle Chance; and made his minde resolve to right his friend
With that bloud he could surest draw. Then did Revenge extend
Her full power on the multitude; Then did he never misse,
Alastor, *Halius*, *Chromius*, *Noemon*, *Pritanis*,
Alcander, and a number more, he slue, and more had slaine,
If *Hector* had not understood; whose powre made in amaine,
And strooke feare through the Grecian troupes; but to *Sarpedon* gave *Sarpedon to Hector.*
Hope of full rescue, who thus cryed, O *Hector!* helpe and save
My body from the spoyle of Greece; that to your loved towne,
My friends may see me borne; and then, let earth possesse her owne,
In this soyle, for whose sake I left my countries; for no day
Shall ever shew me that againe; nor to my wife display
(And yong hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirsted sight:
All which, I left for Troy; for them, let Troy then doe this right.
To all this *Hector* gives no word: but greedily he strives,

With all ſpeed to repell the Greekes, and ſhed in flouds their liues,
And left *Sarpedon:* but what face ſoeuer he put on
Of following the common cauſe, he left his Prince alone
For his particular grudge, becauſe, ſo late, he was ſo plaine
In his reproofe before the hoſt, and that did he retaine;
How euer, for example ſake, he would not ſhew it then
And for his ſhame to, ſince twas iuſt. But good *Sarpedons* men
Venturd themſelues, and forc't him off, and ſet him underneath
The goodly Beech of *Iupiter*, where now they did unſheath
The Aſhen lance: ſtrong *Pelagon*, his friend, moſt lov'd, moſt true,
Sarpedon in a trance. Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which his ſpirit flew,
And darkneſſe ouer-flew his eyes, yet with a gentle gale
That round about the dying Prince, coole *Boreas* did exhale,
He was reviv'd, recomforted, that elſe had grieu'd and dyed.
All this time, flight drave to the fleet, the Argiues, who applyed
No weapon 'gainſt the proud purſuit, nor euer turnd a head,
They knew ſo well that *Mars* purſude, and dreadfull *Hector* led:
Then who was firſt, who laſt, whoſe liues the Iron *Mars* did ſeiſe,
And *Priams Hector? Helenus*, ſurnamed *Oenopides*,
Good *Teuthras*, and *Oreſtes*, skild in managing of horſe,
Bold *Oenomaus*, and a man, renownd for martiall force,
Trechus, the great Ætolian Chiefe, *Oresbius*, that did weare
The gawdy Myter, ſtudied wealth extremely, and dwelt neare
Th' Athlantique lake Cephiſides, in Hyla, by whoſe ſeat,
The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This ſlaughter grew ſo great,
It flew to heauen: *Saturnia* diſcernd it, and cried out
To *Pallas*, O unworthy ſight? to ſee a field ſo fought,
And breake our words to Spartas King, that Ilion ſhould be rac't,
And he returne reveng'd: when thus, we ſee his Greekes diſgrac't,
And beare the harmefull rage of *Mars:* Come, let us uſe our care,
That we diſhonour not our powers. *Minerva* was as yare
As ſhe, at the deſpight of Troy. Her golden-bridl'd ſteeds,
Then *Saturns* daughter brought abroad, and *Hebe*, ſhe proceeds
T'addreſſe her chariot, inſtantly, ſhe giues it either wheele,
Iunos chariot. Beam'd with eight Spokes of ſounding braſſe, the Axle-tree was ſteele,
The Fellffes incorruptible gold, their uper bands, of braſſe,
Their matter moſt unvalued, their worke of wondrous grace.
The Naves in which the Spokes were driven, were all with ſiluer bound,
The chariots ſeate, two hoopes of gold and ſiluer, ſtrengthned round,
Edg'd with a gold and ſiluer fringe, the beame that lookt before,
Was maſſie ſilver, on whoſe top, geres all of gold it wore,
And golden Poitrils. *Iuno* mounts, and her hot horſes rein'd,
That thirſted for contention, and ſtill of peace complaind.
Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiouſly ſhe wove,
Pallas armed. With glorious colours, as ſhe ſate, on th'azure floore of *Iove*,
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field:
Ægis (Ioues ſhield) deſcribed About her brode-ſpred ſhoulders hung his huge and horrid ſhield,
Fring'd round with ever-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life

The miſeries and deaths of fight: in it ſtound bloudie *Strife*;
In it ſhin'd ſacred *Fortitude*; in it fell *Purſuit* flew;
In it the monſter *Gorgons* head, in which (held out to view)
Were all the dire oſtents of *Ioue*; on her bigge head ſhe plact
His foure-plum'd glittering caske of gold, ſo admirably vaſt,
It would an hundred garriſons of ſouldiers comprehend.
Then to her ſhining chariot, her vigorous feet aſcend:
And in her violent hand ſhe takes his grave, huge, ſolid lance,
With which the conqueſts of her wrath, ſhe uſeth to advance,
And overturne whole fields of men; to ſhew ſhe was the ſeed
Of him that thunders. Then heavens Queene (to urge her horſes ſpeed)
Takes up the ſcourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heaven
Rung, and flew open of themſelves; the charge whereof is given
(With all *Olympus*, and the skie) to the diſtinguiſht houres,
That cleare, or hide it all in clouds; or powre it downe in ſhowres.
This way their ſcourge-obeying horſe, made haſte, and ſoone they wonne
The top of all the topfull heavens, where aged *Saturns* ſonne
Sate ſever'd from the other Gods; then ſtaid the white-arm'd Queene
Her ſteeds; and askt of *Ioue*, if *Mars* did not incenſe his ſpleene
With his foule deeds; in ruining ſo many and ſo great
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in ſo rude a heat.
At which (ſhe ſaid) *Apollo* laught, and *Venus*; who ſtill ſue
To that mad God for violence, that never juſtice knew;
For whoſe impietie ſhe askt, if with his wiſhed love
Her ſelfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather move
Athenia to the charge ſhe ſought, who uſ'd of old to be
The bane of *Mars*; and had as well the gift of ſpoile as he.
This grace ſhe ſlackt not, but her horſe, ſcourg'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the cope of ſtarres and earth: And how farre at a view
A man into the purple Sea, may from a hill deſcrie:
* So farre a high-neighing horſe of heaven, at every jumpe would flie.
Arrivd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two flouds mixe their force,
(*Scamander*, and bright *Simois*) *Saturnia* ſtaid her horſe;
Tooke them from chariot; and a cloud of mightie depth diffuſ'd
About them; and the verdant bankes of Symois produc'd
(In nature) what they ** eate in heaven. Then both the Goddeſſes
Marcht like a paire of timorous Doues, in haſting their acceſſe,
To th'Argive ſuccour. Being arriud, where both the moſt and beſt
Were heapt together (ſhewing all, like Lyons at a feaſt
Of new ſlaine carkaſſes; or Bores, beyond encounter ſtrong)
There found they *Diomed*; and there, midſt all th'admiring throng,
Saturnia put on *Stentors* ſhape; that had a brazen voice,
And ſpake as loud as fiftie men; like whom ſhe made a noiſe,
And chid the Argiues; O ye Greekes, in name, and outward rite,
But Princes onely; not in act: what ſcandall? what deſpight
Vſe ye to honour? all the time, the great *Æacides*
Was converſant in armes; your foes durſt not a foot addreſſe
Without their ports; ſo much they feard, his lance that all controld;

The three houres Guardians of heaven gates.

** How farre a heavenly horſe took at one reach or ſtroke in galloping or running; where in Homers minde is farre from being expreſt in his Interpreters, all taking it for how far Deities were borne from the earth: when inſtantly they came down to earth:* τόσσον ἐπι-ῤῥωσσατ', &c. *tantum uno ſaltu conficiunt, vel, tantũ ſubſultum progrediuntur deorũ alterzoni equi, &c. uno, being underſtood, and the horſes ſwiftneſſe highly expreſt. The ſenſe otherwiſe is ſenſleſſe, and contradictorie.*

*** Ἀμβροσίην is the originall word, which Scaleger taxeth, very learnedly, asking how the horſe came by it on thoſe bankes, when the text tels him Symois produced it: being willing to expreſſe by Hyperbole the delicacie of that ſoile If not, I hope the Deities could ever command it.*

And now they out-ray to your fleet. This did with ſhame make bold
The generall ſpirit and power of Greece; when (with particular note
Of their diſgrace) *Athenia*, made *Tydeus* iſſue hote.
She found him at his chariot, refreſhing of his wound
Inflicted by ſlaine *Pandarus*; his ſweat did ſo abound,
It much annoid him underneath the broad belt of his ſhield;
With which, and tyred with his toyle, his ſoule could hardly yeeld
His bodie motion. With his hand he lifted up the belt,
And wipt away that clotterd bloud, the fervent wound did melt.
Minerva leand againſt his horſe, and neare their withers laid
Pallas to Diomed. Her ſacred hand; then ſpake to him; Beleeve me *Diomed*,
Tydeus exampl'd not himſelfe in thee his ſonne; not Great,
But yet he was a ſouldier; a man of ſo much heat,
That in his Ambaſſie for Thebes, when I forbad his minde
To be too ventrous; and when Feaſts his heart might have declin'd
(With which they welcom'd him) he made a challenge to the beſt,
And foild the beſt; I gave him aide, becauſe the ruſt of reſt
(That would have ſeiſd another minde) he ſuffer'd not; but uſ'd
The triall I made like a man; and their ſoft feaſts refuſ'd:
Yet when I ſet thee on, thou faint'ſt; I guard thee, charge, exhort,
That (I abetting thee) thou ſhould'ſt be to the Greeks a Fort,
And a diſmay to Ilion; yet thou obey'ſt in nought:
Afraid, or ſlothfull, or elſe both: henceforth renounce all thought
Diomed to Pallas. That ever thou wert *Tydeus* ſonne. He anſwer'd her, I know
Thou art *Ioves* daughter, and for that, in all juſt dutie owe
Thy ſpeeches reverence: yet affirme, ingeniouſly, that feare
Doth neither hold me ſpiritleſſe, nor ſloth. I onely beare
Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I ſhould never warre
With any bleſſed Deitie, unleſſe (exceeding farre
The limits of her rule) the Queene, that governs Chamber ſport
Should preaſſe to field; and her, thy will, enjoyn'd my lance to hurt:
But he whole power hath right in armes, I knew in perſon here
(Beſides the *Cyprian* Deitie) and therefore did forbeare;
And here have gather'd in retreit, theſe other Greeks you ſee
Pallas againe. With note and reverence of your charge. My deareſt minde (ſaid ſhe)
What then was fit is chang'd: Tis true, *Mars* hath juſt rule in warre,
What unjuſt warre is. But juſt warre; otherwiſe he raves, not fights; he's alter'd farre;
He vow'd to *Iuno* and my ſelfe, that his aide ſhould be uſ'd
Againſt the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abuſ'd
His rule in armes, infring'd his word, and made his warre unjuſt:
He is inconſtant, impious, mad: Reſolve then; firmly truſt
My aide of thee againſt his worſt, or any Deitie:
Adde ſcourge to thy free horſe, charge home: he fights perfidiouſly.
This ſaid; as that brave King, her Knight, with his horſe-guiding fri
Were ſet before the chariot (for ſigne he ſhould deſcend,
That ſhe might ſerve for wagonneſſe) ſhe pluckt the waggoner backe,
And up into his ſeat ſhe mounts: the Beechen tree did cracke
Beneath the burthen; and good cauſe, it bore ſo large a thing:

A Goddeſſe ſo repleate with power, and ſuch a puiſſant King:
She ſnatcht the ſcourge up and the reines, and ſhut her heavenly looke
In hels vaſt helme, from *Mars* his eyes: and full careere ſhe tooke
At him, who then had newly ſlaine the mightie *Periphas*,
Renown'd ſonne to *Ochesius*; and farre the ſtrongeſt was
Of all th'Ætolians; to whoſe ſpoile, the bloudie God was runne:
But when this man-plague ſaw th'approach of God-like *Tydeus* ſonne;
He let his mightie *Periphas* lye, and in full charge he ranne *The combat of Mars and Diomed.*
At *Diomed*; and he at him; both neare; the God began,
And (thirſtie of his bloud) he throwes a brazen lance, that beares
Full on the breaſt of *Diomed*, above the reines and geres;
But *Pallas* tooke it on her hand, and ſtrooke the eager lance
Beneath the chariot: then the Knight of *Pallas* doth advance, *Mars hurt by Diomed.*
And caſt a Iaveline off at *Mars*; *Minerva* ſent it on;
That (where his arming girdle girt) his belly graz'd upon,
Iuſt at the rim, and rancht the fleſh: the lance againe he got,
But left the wound; that ſtung him ſo, he laid out ſuch a throat
As if nine or ten thouſand men, had bray'd out all their breaths
In one confuſion; having felt as many ſudden deaths.
The rore made both the hoſts amaz'd. Vp flew the God to heaven;
And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tincture driven
(To *Diomeds* eyes) as when the earth, halfe chok't with ſmoking heat
Of gloomie clouds, that ſtifle men; and pitchie tempeſts threat,
Vſherd with horrid guſts of winde: with ſuch blacke vapours plum'd,
Mars flew t'*Olympus*, and brode heaven; and there his place reſum'd. *Mars fled to heaven.*
Sadly he went and ſate by *Iove*, ſhew'd his immortall bloud,
That from a mortall-man-made-wound, powr'd ſuch an impious floud;
And (weeping) powr'd out theſe complaints: O Father, ſtormſt thou not *Mars to Iupiter.*
To ſee us take theſe wrongs from men? extreme griefes we have got
Even by our owne deepe counſels held, for gratifying them;
And thou (our Councels Preſident) conclud'ſt in this extreme
Of fighting ever; being rul'd by one that thou haſt bred;
One never well, but doing ill; a girle ſo full of head,
That, though all other Gods obey, her mad moods full command
By thy indulgence; nor by ſword, nor any touch of hand
Correcting her; thy reaſon is, ſhe is a ſparke of thee,
And therefore ſhe may kindle rage, in men, gainſt Gods; and ſhe
May make men hurt Gods; and thoſe Gods, that are (beſides) thy ſeed:
Firſt in the palms height *Cyprides*; then runnes the impious deed
On my hurt perſon: and could life give way to death in me;
Or had my feet not fetcht me off; heaps of mortalitie
Had kept me conſort. *Iupiter*, with a contracted brow
Thus anſwerd *Mars*: Thou many minds, inconſtant changling thou; *Iupiter to Mars.*
Sit not complaining thus by me; whom moſt of all the Gods
(Inhabiting the ſtarrie hill) I hate: no periods
Being ſet to thy contentions, brawls, fights, and pitching fields;
Iuſt of thy mother *Iunos* moods; ſtiffe-neckt, and never yeelds,
Though I correct her ſtill, and chide; nor can forbeare offence,

Though

Though to her ſonne, this wound I know, taſts of her inſolence;
But I will prove more naturall, thou ſhalt be cur'd, becauſe
Thou com'ſt of me: but hadſt thou beene ſo croſſe to ſacred lawes,
Being borne to any other God, thou hadſt beene throwne from heaven
Long ſince, as low as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driven.
This ſaid, he gave his wound in charge, to *Paan*, who applied
Such ſoveraigne medicines, that as ſoone, the paine was qualified,
And he recur'd; as nouriſhing milke, when runnet is put in,
Runnes all in heapes of tough thicke curd, though in his nature thinne
Even ſo ſoone, his wounds parted ſides, ranne cloſe in his recure;
For he (all deathleſſe) could not long, the parts of death endure.
Hebe alt ves Mar. Then *Hebe* bath'd, and put on him, freſh garments, and he ſate
Exulting by his Sire againe, in top of all his ſtate;
So (having from the ſpoiles of men, made his deſir'd remove)
Iuno and *Pallas* reaſcend, the ſtarrie Court of *Iove*.

The end of the fifth Booke.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greekes prevaile, the ſlaughterd Trojans yeeld;
Hector (*by* Hellenus *advice*) *retires*
In haſte to Troy; and Hecuba, *deſires*
To pray Minerva, *to remove from fight*
The ſonne of Tydeus, *her affected knight;*
And vow to her (for favour of ſuch price)
Twelve Oxen ſhould be ſlaine in ſacrifice.
In meane ſpace, Glaucus *and* Tydides *meete;*
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of old love twixt their fathers; which inclines
Their hearts to friendſhip; who change armes for ſignes
Of a continu'd love for eithers life.
Hector, *in his returne, meets with his wife,*
And taking, in his armed armes, his ſonne,
He prophecies the fall of Ilion.

Another Argument.

In Zeta, Hector *Prophecies;*
Prayes for his ſonne: wils ſacrifice.

THe ſtern fight freed of all the gods; conqueſt, with doubtfull wings
Flew on their lances; every way, the reſtleſſe field ſhe flings,
Betwixt the flouds of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd
All their affaires at Ilion, and round about them ſhin'd.
The firſt that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular ſide,
Was *Aiax*, ſonne of *Telamon:* who like a bulwarke plide
The Greekes protection, and of Troy, the knotty orders brake:
Held out a light to all the reſt, and ſhew'd them how to make
Way to their conqueſt: he did wound the ſtrongeſt men of Thrace,
The talleſt, and the biggeſt ſet, (*Euſſorian Acamas:*)
His lance fell on his caskes plum'd top, in ſtooping; the fell head
Drave through his forehead to his jawes; his eyes Night ſhadowed.
Tydides ſlue *Teuthranides*, *Axilus*, that did dwell
In faire Arisbas well-built towres, he had of wealth a Well,
And yet was kinde and bountifull: he would a traveller pray
To be his gueſt; his friendly houſe ſtood in the broad high way;
In which, he all ſorts nobly us'd: yet none of them would ſtand
'Twixt him and death; but both himſelfe, and he that had command
Of his faire horſe, *Caliſius*, fell liveleſſe on the ground,
Euryalus; *Opheltius*, and *Dreſus* dead did wound;

Tydides, alias Diomed (being ſon to Tydeus.)

Nor

Nor ended there his fierie courſe, which he againe begins,
And ran to it ſucceſſefully, upon a paire of twins,
Æſepus, and bold *Pedaſus*, whom good *Bucolion*,
(That firſt cal'd father, though baſe borne, renown'd *Laomedon*)
On *Nais* A barbaræa got, a Nymph that (as ſhe fed
Her curled flockes) *Bucolion* woo'd, and mixt in love and bed.
Both theſe were ſpoild of armes, and life, by *Mecißiades*.
Then *Polypætes*, for ſterne death, *Aßialus* did ſeiſe:
Vlyſſes ſlue *Percoſius*: *Teucer*, *Aretaón*:
Antilochus (old *Neſtors* joy) *Ablerus*: the great ſonne
Of *Atreus*, and king of men, *Elatus*, whoſe abode
He held at upper Pedaſus, where Satnius river flow'd.
The great Heroe *Leitus*, ſtaid *Philacus* in flight,
From further life: *Euripilus*, *Melanthius* reft of light.
The brother to the king of men, *Adreßus* tooke alive,
Whoſe horſe, (affrighted with the flight) their driver now did drive,
Amongſt the low-growne Tamriske trees, and at an arme of one
The chariot in the draught-tree brake, the horſe brake looſe, and ron
The ſame way others fled, contending all to towne:
Himſelfe cloſe at the chariot wheele, upon his face was throwne,
And there lay flat, roll'd up in duſt: *Atrides* inwards drave,
And (holding at his breaſt his lance) *Adreßus* ſought to ſave
His head, by loſing of his feet, and truſting to his knees:
On which, the ſame parts of the king, he hugs, and offers fees
Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt:
Take me alive, O *Atreus* ſonne, and take a worthy weight
This Virgill imitates. Of braſſe, elaborate iron, and gold: a heape of pretious things
Are in my fathers riches hid, which (when your ſervant brings
Newes of my ſafety to his eares) he largely will divide
With your rare bounties: *Atreus* ſonne thought this the better ſide,
Agamemnon to Menelaus. And meant to take it; being about to ſend him ſafe to fleete:
Which when (farre off) his brother ſaw, he wing'd his royall feet,
And came in threatning, crying out, O ſoft heart? what's the cauſe
Thou ſpar'ſt theſe men thus? have not they obſerv'd theſe gentle lawes
Of milde humanitie to thee, with mighty argument,
Why thou ſhouldſt deale thus? In thy houſe? and with all preſident
Of honord gueſt rites entertaind? not one of them ſhall flye,
A bitter end for it, from heaven, and much leſſe (dotingly)
Scape our revengefull fingers: all, even th'infant in the wombe
Shall taſt of what they merited, and have no other tombe,
Then razed Ilion, nor their race have more fruit, then the duſt.
This juſt cauſe turnd his brothers mind, who violently thruſt
The priſoner from him, in whoſe guts, the King of men impreſt
His aſhen lance, which (pitching downe his foot upon the breſt
Neſtor to the Greekes. Of him that upwards fell) he drew, then *Neſtor* ſpake to all:
O friends and houſhold men of *Mars*, let not your purſuit fall
With thoſe ye fell, for preſent ſpoile, nor (like the king of men)
Let any ſcape unfeld: but on, diſpatch them all, and then

Ye

Ye ſhall have time enough to ſpoile. This made ſo ſtrong their chace,
That all the Trojans had beene hous'd, and never turnd a face,
Had not the *Priamiſt Helenus* (an Augure moſt of name)
Will'd *Hector*, and *Æneas* thus: *Hector? Anchiſes* fame?
Since on your ſhoulders, with good cauſe, the weightie burthen lies
Of Troy and Lycia, (being both, of nobleſt faculties,
For counſell, ſtrength of hand, and apt, to take chance at her beſt,
In every turne ſhe makes) ſtand faſt, and ſuffer not the reſt
(By any way ſearcht out for ſcape) to come within the ports:
Leſt (fled into their wives kinde armes) they there be made the ſports
Of the purſuing enemie: exhort and force your bands
To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands
(Though in a hard condition) to make the other ſtay:
Hector, goe thou to Ilion, and our Queene mother pray,
To take the richeſt robe ſhe hath; the ſame that's chiefly deare
To her Court fancie: with which Iemme, (aſſembling more to her,
Of Troyes chiefe Matrons) let all goe, (for feare of all our fates)
To *Pallas* temple: take the key, unlockt the leavie gates,
Enter, and reach the higheſt towre, where her Palladium ſtands,
And on it put the precious veile, with pure, and reverend hands:
And vow to her (beſides the gift) a ſacrificing ſtroke
Of twelve fat Heifers of a yeere, that never felt the yoke:
(Moſt anſwering to her maiden ſtate) if ſhe will pittie us;
Our towne, our wives, our yongeſt joyes: and (him that plagues them thus?
Take from the conflict; *Diomed*, that Furie in a fight,
That true ſonne of great *Tydeus*, that cunning Lord of Flight:
Whom I eſteeme the ſtrongeſt Greeke: for we have never fled
Achilles (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddeſſe bred)
Like him, his furie flies ſo high, and all mens wraths commands.

Helenus to Hector and Æneas.

Hector intends his brothers will, but firſt through all his bands,
He made quicke way, encouraging, and all (to feare) affraide:
All turnd their heads and made Greece turne. Slaughter ſtood ſtill diſmaid
On their parts, for they thought ſome God, fallen from the vault of ſtarres,
Was ruſht into the Ilions aide, they made ſuch dreadfull warres.

Hector to the Troians.

Thus *Hector*, toyling in the waves, and thruſting backe the floud
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: So, ſo, now runs your bloud
In his right current, Forwards now, Troians? and farre cald friends?
Awhile hold out, till for ſucceſſe, to this your brave amends,
I haſte to Ilion, and procure our Counſellours and wives
To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their ſtates in our liues.

Then faire-helm'd *Hector* turnd to Troy, and (as he trode the field)
The blacke Buls hide, that at his backe he wore about his ſhield,
(In the extreme circumference) was with his gate ſo rockt,
That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

How Hector left the field.

And now betwixt the hoſts were met, *Hippolochus* braue ſonne
Glaucus, who (in his very looke) hope of ſome wonder wonne:
And little *Tydeus* mightie heire, who ſeeing ſuch a man
Offer the field, (for uſuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

The encounter of Diomed and Glaucus.

Diomed to Glaucus.

What art thou (ſtrongſt of mortall men) that putſt ſo farre before?
Whom theſe fights never ſhew'd mine eyes? they have beene evermore
Sonnes of unhappy parents borne, that came within the length
Of this *Minerva*-guided lance, and durſt cloſe with the ſtrength
That ſhe inſpires in me. If heaven be thy divine abode,
And thou a Deitie, thus inform'd, no more, with any god
Will I change lances: the ſtrong ſonne of *Drias* did not live
Long after ſuch a conflict dar'd, who godleſly did drive
Niſæus Nurſes through the hill, made ſacred to his name,
And cald *Niſſeius:* with a goade he puncht each furious dame,
And made them every one caſt downe their greene and leavie ſpeares:
This, t'homicide *Lycurgus* did, and thoſe ungodly feares,
He put the Froes in, ſeiſd their god. Euen *Bacchus* he did drive
From his *Niſſeius*, who was faine (with huge exclaimes) to dive
Into the Ocean: *Thetis* there, in her bright boſome tooke
The flying Deitie, who ſo feard *Lycurgus* threats, he ſhooke:
For which, the freely liuing gods, ſo highly were incenſt,
That *Saturns* great ſonne ſtrooke him blinde, and with his life diſpenct
Eu: ſmall time after: all becauſe th immortals lou'd him not:
Nor lou'd him, ſince he ſtriv'd with them: and this end hath begot
Feare in my powers to fight with heaven: but if the fruits of earth
Nouriſh thy body, and thy life, be of our humane birth,
Come neare, that thou maiſt ſoone arrive, on that life-bounding ſhore,
To which I ſee thee hoiſe ſuch ſaile. Why doſt thou ſo explore,

Glaucus his worthy anſwer to Diomed and his pedegree drawne even from Syſiphus.

(Said *Glaucus*) of what race I am? when like the race of leaves
The race of man is, that deſerves, no queſtion, nor receiues
My being any other breath: The wind in Autumne ſtrowes
The earth with old leaues, then the Spring, the woods with new endowes:
And ſo death ſcatters men on earth: ſo life puts out againe
Mans leavie iſſue: but my race, if (like the courſe of men)
Thou ſeek'ſt in more particular termes: tis this, (to many knowne)

The Hiſtorie of Bellerophon.

In midſt of Argos, nurſe of horſe, there ſtands a walled towne
Ephyré, where the Manſion houſe, of *Syſiphus* did ſtand,
Of *Syſiphus Æolides*, moſt wiſe of all the land:
Glaucus was ſonne to him, and he begat *Bellerophon*,
Whoſe body heaven indued with ſtrength, and put a beauty on:
Exceeding lovely: *Prætus* yet, his cauſe of loue did hate,
And baniſht him the towne, he might: he ruld the argiue ſtate:
The vertue of the one, *Iove* plac't beneath the others powre.
His exile grew, ſince he denied, to be the Paramour
Of faire *Anteia*, *Prætus* wife, who felt a raging fire
Of ſecret loue to him: but he, whom wiſedome did inſpire
As well as prudence (one of them, aduiſing him to ſhunne
The danger of a Princeſſe loue: the other, not to runne
Within the danger of the gods: the act being ſimply ill)
Still entertaining thoughts diuine, ſubdu'd the earthly ſtill.
She (rul'd by neither of his wits) preferd her luſt to both,
And (falſe to *Prætus*) would ſeeme true, with this abhorr'd untroth,

Prætus

Prætus? or die thy ſelfe (ſaid ſhe) or let *Bellerophon* die;
He urg'd diſhonour to thy bed: which ſince I did denie,
He thought his violence ſhould grant, and ſought by force.
The King, incenſt with her report, reſolv'd upon her courſe;
But doubted, how it ſhould be runne: he ſhun'd his death direct;
(Holding a way ſo neare, not ſafe) and plotted the effect,
By ſending him with letters ſeald (that, opened, touch his life)
To *Rheuns* King of Lycia, and father to his wife.
He went, and happily he went: the Gods walkt all his way.
And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth diſplay
The ſilver enſignes of his waves: the King of that brode land
Receiu'd him with a wondrous free, and honourable hand.
Nine dayes he feaſted him, and kild, an Oxe in euery day,
In thankfull ſacrifice to heauen, for his faire gueſt; whoſe ſtay,
With roſie fingers, brought the world, the tenth wel-welcomd morne:
And then the King did moue to ſee, the letters he had borne
From his lou'd ſonne in law; which ſeene, he wrought thus their contents.
Chymæra the inuincible, he ſent him to conuince:
Sprung from no man, but meere diuine; a Lyons ſhape before,
Behinde, a dragons, in the midſt, a Goats ſhagg'd forme ſhe bore;
And flames of feruencie, flew from her breath and eyes:
Yet her he ſlue, his confidence, in ſacred prodigies
Renderd him victor. Then he gaue his ſecond conqueſt way,
Againſt the famous *Solymi*, when (he himſelfe would ſay
Reporting it) he enterd on, a paſſing vigorous fight.
His third huge labour he approv'd, againſt a womans ſpight
That fild a field of Amazons: he overcame them all.
Then ſet they on him ſlie *Deceit*, when *Force* had ſuch a fall;
An ambuſh of the ſtrongeſt men, that ſpacious Lycia bred,
Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd ſure: they neuer raiſd a head.
His deeds thus ſhewing him deriu'd, from ſome Celeſtiall race,
The King detaind, and made amends, with doing him the grace
Of his faire daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a dowre)
Gaue halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did powre
More then was giuen to any King: a goodly planted field,
In ſome parts, thicke of groues, and woods: the reſt, rich crops did yeeld.
This field, the Lycians futurely (of future wandrings there
And other errors of their Prince, in the unhappie Rere
Of his ſad life) the Errant cald: the Princeſſe brought him forth
Three children (whoſe ends grieu'd him more, the more they were of worth)
Iſander, and *Hippolochus*, and faire *Laodomy*:
With whom, euen *Iupiter* himſelfe, left heaven it ſelfe, to lye;
And had by her the man at armes, *Sarpedon*, cald diuine.
The Gods then left him (leſt a man ſhould in their glories ſhine)
And ſet againſt him, for his ſonne, *Iſandrus*, (in a ſtrife,
Againſt the valiant *Solymi*) *Mars* reft of light and life,
Laodamia (being envied, of all the Goddeſſes)
The golden-bridle-handling Queene, the maiden Patroneſſe,

Bellerophontis literæ. Ad. Eraſ.

This long ſpeech many Criticks taxe as untimely, being (as they take it) in the heat of fight. Hier. Vidas (a late obſerver) being eagreſt againſt Homer, whoſe ignorance in this, I cannot but note, and prove to you: for (beſides the authority & office of a Poet, to vary and quicken his Poem with theſe epiſods, ſometimes beyond the leaſure of their actions) the Critic notes not how far his forerunner prevents his worſt as far: and ſets downe his ſpeech, at the ſudden and ſtrange turning of the Trojan field, ſet on a little before by Hector; and that ſo fiercely, it made an admiring ſtand amõg the Grecians, & therein gave fit time for theſe great captaines to utter their admirations: the whole field in that part being to ſtand like their Commanders. And then how full of decorum this gallant ſhew and ſpeech was to ſound-underſtandings, I leave onely to ſuch, and let our Criticks go cavill.

Sarpedons birth.

Slue with an arrow: and for this, he wandred evermore
Alone through his Aleian field; and fed upon the core
Of his ſad boſome: flying all the loth'd conſorts of men.
Yet had he one ſurviv'd to him, of thoſe three children;
Hippolochus, the root of me: who ſent me here with charge,
That I ſhould alwayes beare me well, and my deſerts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar: leſt I ſham'd, my race, that farre exceld
All that *Ephyras* famous towers, or ample Lycia held.
This is my ſtocke, and this am I. This cheard *Tydides* heart,
Who pitcht his ſpeare downe; leand, and talkt, in this affectionate part.

Diomed a ſwer to Glaucus.

Certeſſe (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art
A gueſt of mine, right ancient; King *Oeneus* twentie dayes
Detain'd, with feaſts, *Bellerophon*, whom all the world did praiſe:
Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were given: my Grandſire gave to thine,
A girdle of Phœnician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:
Thine gave a two-neckt Iugge of gold, which though I uſe not here,
Yet ſtill it is my gemme at home. But if our fathers were
Familiar; or each other knew, I know not, ſince my ſire
Left me a child, at ſiege of Thebes: where he left his lifes fire.
But let us prove our Grandſires ſonnes, and be each others gueſts:
To Lycia when I come, do thou receive thy friend with feaſts:
Peloponneſus, with the like, ſhall thy wiſht preſence greet;
Meane ſpace, ſhunne we each other here, though in the preaſſe we meet:
There are enow of Troy beſide, and men enough renownd,
To right my powres, whom ever heaven ſhall let my lance confound:
So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canſt: and now
For ſigne of amitie twixt us, and that all theſe may know
We glory in th'hoſpitious rites, our Grandſires did commend,
Change we our armes before them all. From horſe then Both deſcend,
Ioyne hands, give faith, and take; and then did *Iupiter* * elate
The minde of *Glaucus*: who to ſhew his reverence to the ſtate
Of vertue in his Grandſires heart, and gratulate beſide
The offer of ſo great a friend: exchang'd (in that good pride)
Curets of gold for thoſe of braſſe, that did on *Diomed* ſhine:
One of an hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.
By this, had *Hector* reacht the ports of Scæa, and the towr's:
About him flockt the wives of Troy, the children, paramours,
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loves.
He ſtood not then to anſwer them; but ſaid, It now behoves
Ye ſhould go all t'implore the aide of heaven in a diſtreſſe
Of great effect, and imminent. Then haſted he acceſſe
To *Priams* goodly builded Court; which round about was runne
With walking porches, galleries, to keepe off raine and Sunne;
Within of one ſide, on a rew, of ſundrie colour'd ſtones,
Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for *Priams* fiftie ſonnes:
And for as faire ſort of their wives; and in the oppoſite view
Twelve lodgings of like ſtone, like height, were likewiſe built arew;
Where, with their faire and vertuous wives, twelve Princes, ſonnes in law,

* Φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς Mentē ademit Iup. *the text hath it: which onely Patter of all Homers originall, ſince Plutarch againſt the Stoicks, excuſes this ſuppoſed folly in Glaucus. Spond. likewiſe encouraging my alterations, which I uſe for the loved and ſimple Nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrary to others that for the ſuppoſed folly in Glaucus, turnd his change into a Proverbe,* χρύσεα χαλκείων, *golden for brazē Priams Court.*

To

To honourable *Priam*, lay: And here met *Hecuba*
(The loving mother) her great ſonne, and with her, needs muſt be
The faireſt of her female race, the bright *Laodice*.
The Queene grip't hard her *Hectors* hand, and ſaid; O worthieſt ſonne, *Hecuba to Hector.*
Why leav'ſt thou field? is't not becauſe the curſed nation
Afflict our countrimen and friends? they are their mones that move
Thy minde to come and lift thy hands (in his high towre) to *Ioue*:
But ſtay a little, that my ſelfe, may fetch our ſweeteſt wine,
To offer firſt to *Iupiter*: then that theſe joynts of thine
May be refreſht: for (woe is me) how thou art toyld and ſpent!
Thou for our cities generall ſtate: thou, for our friends farre ſent,
Muſt now the preaſſe of fight indure: now ſolitude to call
Vpon the name of *Iupiter*: thou onely for us all.
But wine will ſomething comfort thee: for to a man diſmaid,
With carefull ſpirits; or too much, with labour overlaid,
Wine brings much reſcue, ſtrengthning much the body and the mind
The great Helme-mover thus receiv'd, the authreſſe of his kinde; *Hector to Hecuba.*
My royall mother, bring no wine, leſt rather it impaire,
Then helpe my ſtrength, and make my minde, forgetfull of th'affaire
Committed to it. And (to poure it out in ſacrifice)
I feare, with unwaſht hands to ſerve the pure-liv'd Deities,
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd with bloud and duſt, to prove
The will of heauen: or offer vowes, to cloud-compelling *Ioue*.
I onely come to uſe your paines (aſſembling other Dames,
Matrons, and women honourd moſt, with high and vertuous names)
With wine and odors; and a robe, moſt ample, moſt of price;
And which is deareſt in your loue, to offer ſacrifice,
In *Pallas* temple: and to put the pretious robe ye beare,
On her Palladium; vowing all, twelue Oxen of a yeare,
Whoſe necks were neuer wrung with yoke; ſhall pay her Grace their liues,
If ſhe will pittie our fieg'd towne; pittie our ſelues, our wiues;
Pittie our children; and remoue from ſacred Ilion,
The dreadfull ſouldier *Diomed*; and when your ſelues are gone
About this worke, my ſelfe will goe, to call into the field,
(If he will heare me) *Hellens* loue, whom would the earth would yeeld,
And headlong take into her gulfe, euen quicke before mine eyes:
For then my heart, I hope, would caſt her lode of miſeries;
Borne for the plague he hath beene borne, and bred to the deface
(By great *Olympius*) of Troy, our Sire, and all our race.
This ſaid, graue *Hecuba* went home, and ſent her maids about
To bid the Matrons: ſhe her ſelfe, deſcended, and ſearcht out
(Within a place that breath'd perfumes) the richeſt robe ſhe had:
Which lay with many rich ones more, moſt curiouſly made
By women of Sydonia; which *Paris* brought from thence,
Sayling the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,
In which he brought home *Hellena*. That robe, transferd ſo farre,
(That was the undermoſt) ſhe tooke; it glitterd like a ſtarre;
And with it, went ſhe to the Fane, with many Ladies more:

Amongſt whom, faire cheekt *Theano*, unlockt the folded dore;
Chaſte *Theano*, *Antenors* wife, and of *Ciſſeus* race,
Siſter to *Hecuba*, both borne to that great King of Thrace.
Her, th'Ilions made *Minervas* Prieſt; and her they followed all,
Vp to the Temples higheſt towre; where, on their knees they fall;
Lift up their hands, and fill the Fane with Ladies pitious cries.
Theano Minervas Prieſt, and Antenors wife, prayes to Pallas. Then lovely *Theano* tooke the veile, and with it ſhe implies
The great *Palladium*, praying thus; Goddeſſe of moſt renowne?
In all the heauen of Goddeſſes: great guardian of our towne?
Reuerend *Minerva?* breake the lance of *Diomed*; ceaſſe his grace;
Giue him to fall in ſhamefull flight, headlong, and on his face,
Before our ports of Ilion; that inſtantly we may,
Twelve unyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple ſlay
To thy ſole honor; take their blouds, and baniſh our offence;
Accept Troyes zeale; her wiues, and ſaue our infants innocence.
She praid, but *Pallas* would not grant. Meane ſpace was *Hector* come
Where *Alexanders* lodgings were; that many a goodly roome
Had, built in them by Architects, of Troyes moſt curious ſort;
And were no lodgings, but a houſe; nor no houſe, but a Court;
Or had all theſe containd in them; and all within a towre,
Next *Hectors* lodgings and the Kings. The lou'd of heauens chiefe powre,
(*Hector*) here entred. In his hand, a goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the braſen head went ſhining in before;
Helpt with a burniſht ring of gold; he found his brother then
Amongſt the women; yet prepar'd, to goe amongſt the men:
For in their chamber he was ſet, trimming his armes, his ſhield,
His curets, and was trying how his crooked bow would yeeld
To his ſtreight armes; amongſt her maids was ſet the Argive Queene,
Commanding them in choiſeſt workes. When *Hectors* eye had ſeene
His brother thus accompanied; and that he could not beare
The very touching of his armes, but where the women were;
And when the time ſo needed men: right cunningly he chid,
That he might doe it bitterly; his cowardiſe he hid
(That ſimply made him ſo retir'd) beneath an anger faind,
Hector diſſemble, the cowardiſe he finds in Paris, turning it, as if he chid him for his anger at the Troians for hating him being conquered by Menelaus: when it is for his effeminacie: which is all paraphraſticall in my tranſlation. In him, by *Hector*; for the hate, the citizens ſuſtaind
Againſt him, for the foile he tooke in their cauſe; and againe,
For all their generall foiles in his. So *Hector* ſeemes to plaine
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardiſe;
As that were it that ſheltred him in his effeminacies;
And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fight:
For which he chid thus; Wretched man? ſo timeleſſe is thy ſpight,
That tis not honeſt; and their hate is juſt, gainſt which it bends:
Warre burns about the towne for thee; for thee our ſlaughterd friends
Beſiege Troy with their carkaſſes, on whoſe heapes our high wals
Are overlookt by enemies: the ſad ſounds of their fals
Without, are eccho'd with the cries of wives and babes within;
And all for thee: and yet for them, thy honor cannot win
Head of thine anger: thou ſhouldſt need, no ſpirit to ſtirre up thine,

But

But thine ſhould ſet the reſt on fire; and with a rage divine
Chaſtiſe impartiall the beſt, that impiouſly forbeares:
Come forth, leſt thy faire towres and Troy, be burn'd about thine eares.
Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all juſt that *Hector* ſpake;
Allowing iuſtice, though it were for his iniuſtice ſake:
And where his brother put a wrath, upon him by his art;
He takes it (for his honours ſake) as ſprung out of his heart:
And rather would have anger ſeeme his fault, then cowardiſe:
And thus he anſwer'd: Since with right you ioyn'd checke with adviſe, *Paris to Hector.*
And I heare you; give equall eare; It is not any ſpleene
Againſt the Towne (as you conceive) that makes me ſo unſeene;
But ſorrow for it: which to eaſe, and by diſcourſe digeſt,
(Within my ſelfe) I live ſo cloſe: and yet, ſince men might wreſt
My ſad retreat, like you; my wife (with her advice inclinde
This my addreſſion to the field; which was mine owne free minde,
As well as th'inſtance of her words: for though the foyle were mine,
Conqueſt brings forth her wreaths by turnes: ſtay then this haſt of thine,
But till I arme; and I am made, a conſort for thee ſtreight;
Or go, Ile overtake thy haſte. *Hellen* ſtood at receipt,
And tooke up all great *Hectors* powers, t'attend her heavie words; *Hellens rubbish complaint to Hector.*
By which had *Paris* no reply; this vent her griefe affords:
Brother (if I may call you ſo, that had beene better borne
A dogge, then ſuch a horrid Dame, as all men curſe and ſcorne;
A miſchiefe maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day
That firſt gave light to me, had beene a whirlwinde in my way,
And borne me to ſome deſart hill, or hid me in the rage
Of earths moſt farre-reſounding ſeas; ere I ſhould thus engage
The deare lives of ſo many friends: yet ſince the Gods have beene
Helpleſſe fore-ſeers of my plagues, they might have likewiſe ſeene
That he they put in yoke with me, to beare out their award,
Had beene a man of much more ſpirit; and, or had noblier dar'd
To ſhield mine honour with his deed; or with his minde had knowne
Much better the upbraids of men; that ſo he might have ſhowne
(More like a man) ſome ſence of griefe, for both my ſhame and his:
But he is ſenſleſſe, nor conceiues, what any manhood is;
Nor now, nor ever after will: and therefore hangs, I feare,
A plague aboue him. But come neare; good brother, reſt you here,
Who (of the world of men) ſtands charg'd, with moſt unreſt for me,
(Vile wretch) and for my Lovers wrong; on whom a deſtinie
So bitter is impoſde by *Ioue*, that all ſucceeding times
Will put to our un-ended ſhames) in all mens mouthes our crimes.
He anſwer'd: *Hellen*, do not ſeeke to make me ſit with thee: *Hector to Hellen.*
I muſt not ſtay, though well I know thy honour'd love of me:
My minde cals forth to aid our friends, in whom my abſence breeds
Longings to ſee me: for whoſe ſakes, importune thou to deeds,
This man by all meanes, that your care may make his owne make haſt,
And meete me in the open towne, that all may ſee at laſt,
He minds his lover: I my ſelfe will now go home, and ſee

My houſhold, my deare wife, and ſonne, that little hope of me.
For (ſiſter) tis without my skill, if I ſhall ever more
Returne, and ſee them; or to earth, her right in me reſtore:
The Gods may ſtoupe me by the Greeks. This ſaid, he went to ſee
The vertuous Princeſſe, his true wife, white arm'd *Andromache*.
She (with her infant ſonne, and maide) was climb'd the towre, about
The ſight of him that ſought for her, weeping and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retird;
Stood in the gate; her woman cald; and curiouſly enquir'd,
Where ſhe was gone; bad tell him true, if ſhe were gone to ſee
His ſiſters, or his brothers wiues? or whether ſhe ſhould be
At Temple with the other Dames, t'implore *Minerua's* ruth.
Her woman anſwer'd; ſince he askt, and urg'd ſo much the truth;
The truth was, ſhe was neither gone to ſee his brothers wives,
His ſiſters, nor t'implore the ruth of *Pallas* on their lives;
But (ſhe advertiſde of the bane, Troy ſuffer'd; and how vaſt
Conqueſt had made her ſelfe for Greece) like one diſtraught, made haſt
To ample *Ilion* with her ſonne, and Nurſe; and all the way
Mourn'd, and diſſolu'd in teares for him. Then *Hector* made no ſtay;
But trod her path, and through the ſtreets (magnificently built)
All the great Citie paſt, and came, where (ſeeing how bloud was ſpilt)
Andromache might ſee him come; who made as he would paſſe
The ports without ſaluting her, not knowing where ſhe was:
She, with his ſight, made breathleſſe haſt to meet him: ſhe, whoſe grace
Brought him withall ſo great a dowre; ſhe that of all the race
Of King *Ætion*, onely liv'd: *Ætion*, whoſe houſe ſtood
Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuiron'd with the wood
Of Theban Hippoplace, being Court, to the Cilician land:
She ranne to *Hector*, and with her (tender of heart and hand)
Her ſonne, borne in his Nurſes armes: when like a heauenly ſigne,
Compact of many golden ſtarres, the Princely childe did ſhine;
Whom *Hector* cald *Scamandrius*; but whom the towne did name
Aſtianax; becauſe his ſire, did onely prop the ſame.
Hector (though griefe bereft his ſpeech,) yet ſmil'd upon his ioy:
Andromache cride out, mixt hands, and to the ſtrength of Troy,
Andromaches paſſion to Hector
Thus wept forth her affection: O nobleſt in deſire;
Thy minde, inflam'd with others good, will ſet thy ſelfe on fire:
Nor pittieſt thou thy ſonne, nor wife, who muſt thy widdow be,
If now thou iſſue: all the field will onely runne on thee.
Better my ſhoulders underwent the earth, then thy deceaſe;
For then would earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the blacke increaſe
Of griefes (like Greeks on *Ilion*) Alas, what one ſurviues
To be my refuge? one blacke day, bereft ſeven brothers lives,
Thebes a moſt rich city of Cilicia.
By ſterne *Achilles*; by his hand, my father breath'd his laſt:
His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, ſackt by him, and laid waſt;
The royall bodie yet he left unſpoild: Religion charm'd
That act of ſpoyle; and all in fire, he burn'd him compleate arm'd;
Built over him a royall toumbe: and to the monument

He

He left of him; Th'*Oreades* (that are the high deſcent
Of *Ægis*-bearing *Iupiter*) another of their owne
Did adde to it, and ſet it round with Elms; by which is ſhowne
(In theirs) the barrenneſſe of death: yet might it ſerue beſide
To ſhelter the ſaid Monument from all the ruffinous pride
Of ſtormes and tempeſts, uſde to hurt, things of that noble kinde:
The ſhort life yet, my mother liv'd, he ſav'd; and ſerv'd his minde
With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough eſteem'd,
He kept her priſoner; whom ſmall time, but much more wealth redeem'd:
And ſhe in ſylvaine Hyppoplace, Cilicia rul'd againe;
But ſoone was over-rul'd by death: *Dianas* chaſt diſdaine
Gave her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all theſe gone from me,
Thou amply renderſt all; thy life, makes ſtill my father be;
My mother; brothers: and beſides, thou art my husband too;
Moſt lov'd, moſt worthy. Pitie then (deare love) and do not go;
For thou gone, all theſe go againe: pitie our common joy,
Leſt (of a fathers patronage, the bulwarke of all Troy)
Thou leav'ſt him a poore widdowes charge; ſtay, ſtay then, in this Towre,
And call up to the wilde Figge-tree, all thy retyred powre:
For there the wall is eaſieſt ſcal'd, and fitteſt for ſurpriſe;
And there, th'*Aiaces*, *Idomen*, th'*Atrides*, *Diomed*, thriſe
Have both ſurvaid, and made attempt; I know not, if induc'd
By ſome wiſe Augure; or the fact was naturally infuſ'd
Into their wits, or courages. To this, great *Hector* ſaid;
Be well aſſur'd wife, all theſe things, in my kinde cares are waid:
But what a ſhame, and feare it is, to thinke how Troy would ſcorne
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-traind gownes adorne)
That I ſhould cowardly flie off? The ſpirit I firſt did breath,
Did never teach me that; much leſſe, ſince the contempt of death
Was ſettl'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthy was;
Whoſe office is, to leade in fight, and give no danger paſſe
Without improvement. In this fire muſt *Hectors* triall ſhine;
Here muſt his countrey, father, friends, be (in him) made divine.
And ſuch a ſtormy day ſhall come, in minde and ſoule I know,
When ſacred Troy ſhall ſhed her towres, for teares of overthrow;
When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, ſhall in thoſe teares be drownd.
But neither Troyes poſteritie, ſo much my ſoule doth wound:
Priam, nor *Hecuba* her ſelfe, nor all my brothers woes
(Who though ſo many, and ſo good, muſt all be food for foes)
As thy ſad ſtate; when ſome rude Greeke ſhall leade thee weeping hence;
Theſe three dayes clouded; and a night, of captiue violence
Loding thy temples: out of which, thine eyes muſt never ſee;
But ſpin the Greeke wiues, webs of taske; and their Fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Meſſeides, or cleare Hyperias ſpring:
Which (howſoeuer thou abhorſt) Fate's ſuch a ſhrewiſh thing,
She will be miſtriſſe; whoſe curſt hands, when they ſhall cruſh out cries
From thy oppreſſions, (being beheld by other enemies)
Thus they will nouriſh thy extremes. This dame was *Hectors* wife,

Hector to Andromache.

The names of two fountaines: of which, one in Theſſaly, the other neer Argos: or according to others, in Peloponneſus or Lacedemon.

A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthieſt life
Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull wounds,
To miſſe the man, that to thy bands, could giue ſuch narrow bounds:
But that day ſhall not wound mine eyes; the ſolide heape of night
Shall interpoſe, and ſtop mine eares, againſt thy plaints, and plight.
This ſaid, he reacht to take his ſonne: who (of his armes afraid;
And then the horſe-haire plume, with which, he was ſo ouerlaid,
Nodded ſo horribly) he clingd backe to his Nurſe, and cride.
Laughter affected his great Sire; who doft, and laid aſide
His fearfull Helme; that on the earth, caſt round about it, light;
Then tooke and kiſt his louing ſonne; and (ballancing his weight
In dancing him) theſe louing vowes, to liuing *Ioue* he uſde,
Hect. his prayer for his ſonne. And all the other bench of Gods: O you that haue infuſde
Soule to this Infant; now ſet downe, this bleſſing on his ſtarre:
Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equall his ſtrength in warre;
And make his reigne ſo ſtrong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeeld
His facts this fame; (when rich in ſpoyles, he leaves the conquer'd field
Sowne with his ſlaughters.) Theſe high deeds, exceed his fathers worth:
And let this eccho'd praiſe ſupply, the comforts to come forth
Of his kinde mother, with my life. This ſaid; th'Heroicke Sire
Gaue him his mother; whoſe faire eyes, freſh ſtreames of loues ſalt fire,
Billow'd on her ſoft cheeks, to heare, the laſt of *Hectors* ſpeech
In which his vowes compriſde the ſumme, of all he did beſeech
In her wiſht comfort. So ſhe tooke, into her odorous breſt,
Her husbands gift; who (mou'd to ſee her heart ſo much oppreſt)
He dried her teares; and thus deſir'd: Afflict me not (deare wife)
With theſe vaine griefes; He doth not liue, that can diſioyne my life
And this firme boſome; but my Fate; and Fate, whoſe wings can flie?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls: once borne, the beſt muſt dye:
Go home, and ſet thy huſwifrie, on theſe extremes of thought;
And drive warre from them with thy maids; keepe them from doing nought:
Theſe will be nothing; leaue the cares of warre to men, and me;
In whom (of all the *Ilion* race) they take their high'ſt degree:
On went his helme; his Princeſſe home, halfe cold with kindly feares;
When every feare turnd backe her looks; and every looke ſhed teares.
Fo-ſlaughterring *Hectors* houſe, ſoone reacht, her many women there
Wept all to ſee hers in his life, great *Hectors* funerals were;
Neuer lookt any eye of theirs, to ſee their Lord ſafe home,
Scapt from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was *Paris* come
Paris ouertakes Hector. From his high towres; who made no ſtay, when once he had put on
His ſmile: high and expreſſive: which Virgil almoſt word for word hath tranſlated it, 11. Æn. His richeſt armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon
Sparkled with luſter of his armes; his long-ebd ſpirits, now flowd
The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a faire Steed, proud
With full-given mangers; long tied up, and now (his head-ſtall broke)
He breakes from ſtable, runnes the field, and with an ample ſtroke
Meaſures the center; neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head:
About his ſhoulders, ſhakes his Creſt; and where he hath beene fed,
Or in ſome calme floud waſht; or (ſtung, with his high plight) he flies

Amongſt

Amongſt his femals, ſtrength put forth, his beautie beautifies.
And like Lifes mirror, beares his gate: ſo *Paris* from the towre
Of lofty Pergamus came forth, he ſhewd a Sun-like powre
In cariage of his goodly parts, addreſt now to the ſtrife,
And found his noble brother neere, the place he left his wife,
Him (thus reſpected) he ſalutes, Right worthy, I have feare
That your ſo ſerious haſte to field, my ſtay hath made forbeare, *Paris to Hector.*
Aud that I come not, as you wiſh. He anſwerd, Honourd man, *Hector to Paris.*
Be confident, for not my ſelfe, nor any others can
Reprove in thee, the worke of fight, at leaſt, not any ſuch,
As is an equall judge of things: for thou haſt ſtrength as much
As ſerves to execute a minde, very important: But
Thy ſtrength too readily flyes off: enough will is not put
To thy abilitie. My heart is in my minds ſtrife, ſad,
When Troy (out of her much diſtreſſe, ſhe and her friends have had
By thy procurement) doth deprave thy nobleneſſe in mine eares:
But come, hereafter we ſhall calme theſe hard conceits of theirs,
When (from their ports the foe expulſt) high *Iove* to them hath given
Wiſht peace, and us free ſacrifice, to all the powers of heaven.

The end of the ſixth Booke.

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

HEctor, *by* Hellenus *advice doth ſeeke*
Adventurous combat on the boldeſt Greeke.
Nine Greeks ſtand up, Acceptants every one,
But lot ſelects ſtrong Ajax Telamon.
Both, with high honor, ſtand th'important fight,
Till Heralds part them by approched night.
Laſtly, they grave the dead: the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Navie to protect;
Which angers Neptune. Iove, *by hapleſſe ſignes,*
In depth of night, ſucceeding woes divines.

Another Argument.

In Eta. Priams *ſtrongeſt ſonne*
Combats with Ajax Telamon.

These next foure bookes have not my laſt hand: & becauſe the reſt (for a time) will be ſufficient to employ your cenſures, ſuſpend them of theſe: ſpare not the other.

THis ſaid, brave *Hector* through the ports, with Troyes bane-bringing (Knight,
Made iſſue to th'inſatiate field, reſolv'd to fervent fight.
And as the weather-weilder ſends, to Sea-men proſperous gales,
When with their ſallow-poliſht Oares, long lifted from their fals,
Their wearied armes, diſſolv'd with toyle, can ſcarce ſtrike one ſtroke more,
Like thoſe ſweet winds appear'd theſe Lords, to Troians tir'd before.
Then fell they to the workes of death: by *Paris* valour fell
King *Areithous* hapleſſe ſonne, that did in Arna dwell,
(*Moneſthius*) whoſe renown'd Sire, a Club did ever beare,
And of *Philomedusa* gat (that had her eyes ſo cleare)
This ſlaughterd iſſue: *Hectors* dart, ſtrooke *Eioneus* dead;
Beneath his good ſteele caske, it pierc't above his gorget ſtead.
Glaucus (*Hyppolochus* his ſonne) that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades, with ſodaine Iavelin ſlew,
As he was mounting to his horſe: his ſhoulders tooke the ſpeare,
And ere he ſate, in tumbling downe, his powers diſſolved were.

Pallas to the Grecian ayd: Apollo to the Troian.

When gray-eyd *Pallas* had perceiv'd the Greekes ſo fall in fight,
From high Olympus top ſhe ſtoopt, and did on *Ilion* light.
Apollo (to encounter her) to Pergamus did flye,
From whence he (looking to the field) wiſh Troians victorie.

Apollo to Pallas

At *Ioves* broad Beech theſe godheads met, and firſt *Ioves* ſonne objects,
Why, burning in contention thus, doe thy extreame affects
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to overſway

The

The doubtfull victory of fight, and give the Greeks the day ?
Thou never pittieſt periſhing Troy: yet now let me perſwade,
That this day no more mortall wounds, may either ſide invade.
Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they ſhall apply the fight,
Since your immortall wils reſolve to overturne it quite.
Pallas replide, it likes me well; for this came I from heaven: *Pallas to Apollo.*
But to make either army ceaſe, what order ſhall be given ?
He ſaid, we will direct the ſpirit that burnes in *Hectors* breſt, *His reply.*
To challenge any Greeke to wounds, with ſingle powers impreſt,
Which Greeks (admiring) will accept; and make ſome one ſtand out,
So ſtout a challenge to receive, with a defence as ſtout:
It is confirmd; and *Hellenus* (King *Priams* loved ſeed) *Hellenus Priams ſonne, and a Prophet to Hector.*
By Augurie, diſcernd th'event, that theſe two powers decreed.
And (greeting *Hector*) askt him this: Wilt thou be once advis'de?
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is evenly prisde;
Command the reſt of Troy and Greece, to ceaſe this publike fight,
And what Greeke beares the greateſt minde, to ſingle ſtrokes excite:
I promiſe thee that yet thy ſoule ſhall not deſcend to fates,
So heard I thy ſurvivall caſt, by the celeſtiall States.
Hector with glad allowance gave his brothers counſell eare,
And (tronting both the hoaſts) advanc't, juſt in the midſt, his ſpeare.
The Troians inſtantly ſurceaſe, the Greeks *Atrides* ſtaid:
The God that beares the ſilver Bow, and warres triumphant Maide, *The combat prepared.*
On *Ioves* Beech, like two Vultures ſat, pleas'd to behold both parts,
Flow in, to heare; ſo ſternly arm'd, with huge ſhields, helmes and darts.
And ſuch freſh horror as you ſee, driven through the wrinkled waves
By riſing *Zephyre*, under whom, the ſea growes blacke, and raves: *Simile.*
Such did the haſtie gathering troupes, of both hoaſts make, to heare;
Whoſe tumult ſettl'd, twixt them both, thus ſpake the challenger:
Heare Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my ſtrong minde (diffuſde *Hector, to both hoaſts.*
Through all my ſpirits) commands me ſpeake; *Saturnius* hath not uſde
His promiſt favour for our truce, (but ſtudying both our ils)
Will never ceaſe, till *Mars*, by you, his ravenous ſtomacke fils
With ruin'd Troy, or we conſume your mighty Sea-borne fleet.
Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voyce meete,
Amongſt you all, whoſe breaſt includes the moſt impulſiue minde,
Let him ſtand forth as combatant, by all the reſt deſignde.
Before whom thus I call high *Iove* to witneſſe of our ſtrife;
If he, with home-thruſt iron can reach th'expoſure of my life,
(Spoyling my armes) let him at will, conuey them to his tent,
But let my body be returnd, that Troyes two-ſext deſcent
May waſte it in the funerall Pile: if I can ſlaughter him,
(*Apollo* honouring me ſo much) Ile ſpoyle his conquerd lim,
And beare his armes to *Ilion*, where in *Apollos* ſhrine
Ile hang them, as my trophies due: his body Ile reſigne
To be diſpoſed by his friends, in flamie funerals,
And honourd with erected tombe, where *Helleſpontus* ſals
Into Egæum, and doth reach, euen to your nauall rode,

That when our beings, in the earth, ſhall hide their period,
Suruiuers, ſailing the blacke ſea, may thus his name renew:
Epitaphium per anticipationem. This is his monument, whoſe bloud, long ſince, did fates embrew,
Whom, paſſing farre in fortitude, illuſtrious *Hector* ſlew.
This ſhall poſteritie report, and my fame never dye.
This ſaid, dumbe ſilence ſeiz'd them all, they ſhamed to deny,
And fear'd to undertake. At laſt, did *Menelaus* ſpeake,
Menelaus chides Checkt their remiſneſſe, and ſo ſigh'd, as if his heart would breake,
O vere Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges: ſaith his imitator. Aye me, but onely threatning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
If *Hectors* honourable proofe, be entertaind by none,
But you are earth and water all, which (ſymboliz'd in one)
Have fram'd your faint unfirie ſpirits: ye ſit without your hearts,
Groſly inglorious: but my ſelfe, will uſe acceptive darts,
And arme againſt him, though you thinke, I arme gainſt too much ods:
But conqueſts garlands hang aloft, amongſt th'immortall gods.
He arm'd, and gladly would have fought: but (*Menelaus*) then,
By *Hectors* farre more ſtrength, thy ſoule, had fled th'abodes of men;
Had not the Kings of Greece ſtood up, and thy attempt reſtraind,
And even the King of men himſelfe, that in ſuch compaſſe raign'd,
Agamemnon wiſer then his brother. Who tooke him by the bold right hand, and ſternly pluckt him backe:
Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou ſeekſt thy wilfull wracke:
Containe though it deſpite thee much, uor for this ſtrife engage
Thy perſon with a man more ſtrong, and whom all feare t'enrage:
Yea whom *Æacides* himſelfe, in men-renowning warre,
Makes doubt t'encounter, whoſe huge ſtrength, ſurpaſſeth thine by farre;
Sit thou then by thy regiment; ſome other Greecke will riſe
(Though he be dreadleſſe, and no warre, will his deſires ſuffice,
That makes this challenge to our ſtrength) our valours to avow:
To whom, if he can ſcape with life, he will be glad to bow.
This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded, knowing it true,
Neſtor to the Greekes. And his glad ſouldiers tooke his armes, when *Neſtor* did purſue
The ſame reproofe he ſet on foot, and thus ſupplide his turne:
What huge indignitie is this! how will our country mourne!
Old *Peleus* that good King will weepe: that worthy Councellor,
That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for
All men of name that went to Troy, with joy he did enquire
Their valour and their towardneſſe: and I made him admire:
But that ye all feare *Hector* now, if his grave eares ſhall heare,
How will he lift his hands to heaven, and pray that death may beare
O ſi præteritos referat mihi Iuppiter annos, Qualis eram, &c. His grieved ſoule into the deepe! O would to heavens great King,
Minerva and the god of light, that now my youthfull ſpring
Did flouriſh in my willing veines, as when at *Phæas* towres,
About the ſtreames of *Iardanus*, my gather'd Pylean powres,
And dart-employed Arcadians fought, neere raging *Celadon*:
Amongſt whom, firſt of all ſtood forth, great *Ereuthalion*,
Who th'armes of *Areithous* wore (brave *Areithous*)
And (ſince he ſtill fought with a club) ſirnamed *Clavigerus*,

All

All men, and faire-girt Ladies both, for honour cald him ſo:
He fought not with a keepe-off ſpeare, or with a farre ſhot bow;
But with a maſſie club of iron, he brake through armed bands:
And yet *Lycurgus* was his death, but not with force of hands;
With ſleight (encountring in a lane, where his club wanted ſway)
He thruſt him through his ſpacious waſte, who fell, and upwards lay;
In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did deſpoyle;
Which iron, *Mars* beſtowd on him: and thoſe, in *Mars* his toile,
Lycurgus ever after wore; but when he aged grew,
Enforc't to keepe his peacefull houſe, their uſe he did renew,
On mightie *Ereuthalions* limbs; his ſouldier, loved well;
And with theſe armes he challeng'd all that did in Armes excell:
All ſhook, and ſtood diſmaid, none durſt, his adverſe champion make;
Yet this ſame forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake
To fight with all his confidence; though yongeſt enemie
Of all the armie we conduct; yet I fought with him, I;
Minerva made me ſo renownd; and that moſt tall ſtrong Peere
I ſlue; his bigge bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,
As it were covetous to ſpread, the center every where.
O that my youth were now as freſh, and all my powers as ſound;
Soone ſhould bold *Hector* be impugn'd: yet you that moſt are crown'd
With fortitude, of all our hoſt; even you, me thinks are ſlow,
Not free, and ſet on fire with luſt, t'encounter ſuch a foe.
With this, nine royall Princes roſe; *Atrides* for the firſt;
Then *Diomed*: th' *Aiaces* then, that did th'encounter thirſt:
King *Idomen* and his conſorts; *Mars*-like *Mericnes*;
Evemons ſonne, *Euripilus*; and *Andremonides*;
Whom all the Grecians *Thoas* cald; ſprong of *Andremons* bloud;
And wiſe *Vlyſſes*; every one, propoſ'd, for combat ſtood.
Nine Princes ſtand up to en-counter Hector.
Againe *Gerenius Neſtor* ſpake; Let lots be drawne by all,
His hand ſhall helpe the wel-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;
And to his wiſh ſhall he be helpt, if he eſcape with life,
The harmfull danger-breathing fit, of his adventrous ſtrife.
Lots adviſed by Neſtor for the combattant.
Each markt his lot, and caſt it in, to *Agamemnons* caske;
The ſouldiers prayed, held up their hands, and this of *Iove* did aske,
(With eyes advanc't to heaven) O *Iove*, ſo leade the Heralds hand,
That *Aiax* or great *Tydeus* ſonne, may our wiſht champion ſtand:
Or elſe the King himſelfe, that rules, the rich Mycenian land.
This ſaid, old *Neſtor* mixt the lots: the formoſt lot ſurvaid,
With *Aiax Telamon* was ſign'd; as all the ſouldiers praid,
One of the Heralds drew it forth, who brought and ſhewd it round,
Beginning at the right hand firſt, to all the moſt renownd:
None knowing it; every man denide: but when he forth did paſſe,
To him which markt and caſt it in, which famous *Aiax* was,
He ſtretcht his hand, and into it, the Herald put the lot,
Who (viewing it) th'inſcription knew; the Duke denied not,
But joyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
The lot falls to Aiax.
And ſaid, (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my ſoule is ſweet;

For now I hope my fame ſhall riſe, in noble *Hectors* fall.
He to the Greeks But whilſt I arme my ſelfe, do you, on great *Saturnius* call;
But ſilently, or to your ſelves, that not a Trojan heare:
Or openly (if you thinke good) ſince none alive we feare;
None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,
At leaſt for plaine fierce ſwinge of ſtrength, or want of skill in fight:
For I will well prove that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
Was not all conſecrate to meat, or meere effects of wine.
This ſaid, the well-given ſouldiers prayed: up went to heaven their eyne;
O *Iove*, that *Ida* doeſt protect, moſt happie, moſt divine;
Send victory to *Ajax* ſide; fame; grace, his goodly lim:
Or (if thy love, bleſſe *Hectors* life, and thou haſt care of him)
Beſtow on both, like power, like fame. This ſaid, in bright armes ſhone
The good ſtrong *Aiax*: who, when all his warre attire was on,
Aiax armed, & his dreadfull manner of approach to the combat. Marcht like the hugely figur'd *Mars*, when angry *Iupiter*,
With ſtrength, on people proud of ſtrength, ſends him forth to inferre
Wreakfull contention; and comes on, with preſence full of feare;
So th'Achive rampire, *Telamon*, did twixt the hoſts appeare:
Smil'd; yet of terrible aſpect; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly ſtalkt, and ſhooke aloft, his dart, with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to ſee; but heartquakes ſhooke the joynts
Of all the Trojans; *Hectors* ſelf, felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold boſome: but he now muſt make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuſe, that had provokt the fight.
The ſhield of Aiax, like a towre: *Aiax* came neare; and like a towre, his ſhield his boſome bard;
The right ſide braſſe, and ſeven Oxe hides, within it quilted hard:
Tychius the currier. Old *Tychius* the beſt currier, that did in Hyla dwell,
Hinc illud Dominus clypei ſeptemplicis Aiax. Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous well.
With this ſtood he to *Hector* cloſe, and with this Brave began:
Now *Hector* thou ſhalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,
What other leaders arme our hoſt, beſides great *Thetis* ſonne:
Who, with his hardie Lyons heart, hath armies overrunne.
But he lyes at our crookt-ſternd fleet, a Rivall with our King
In height of ſpirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,
Coequall with *Æacides*; all able to ſuſtaine
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.
The Helme-grac't *Hector* anſwer'd him; Renowned *Telamon*,
Hector to Aiax. Prince of the Souldiers came from Greece; aſſay not me like one,
Yong and immartiall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;
I have the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame
Of every ſlaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;
I know the left, and every ſway of my ſecurefull targe;
I triumph in the crueltie, of fixed combat fight,
And manage horſe to all deſignes; I thinke then with good right,
I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty ſhoes.
But (being a ſouldier ſo renownd) I will not worke on thee,
With leaſt advantage of that skill, I know doth ſtrengthen me;

And ſo with privitie of ſleight, winne that for which I ſtrive:
But at thy beſt (even open ſtrength) if my endevours thrive.
Thus ſent he his long Iavelin forth; it ſtrooke his foes huge ſhield,
Neere to the upper skirt of braſſe, which was the eighth it held.
Sixe folds th'untamed dart ſtrooke through, and in the ſeventh tough hide,
The point was checkt: then *Aiax* threw: his angry Lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, ſhirt of maile,
And did his manly ſtomacks mouth, with dangerous taint aſſaile:
But in the bowing of himſelfe, blacke death too ſhort did ſtrike;
Then both to plucke their Iavelins forth, encountred Lion-like;
Whoſe bloudy violence is increaſt, by that raw food they eate:
Or Bores, whoſe ſtrength, wilde nouriſhment, doth make ſo wondrous great.
Againe, *Priamides* did wound, in midſt, his ſhield of braſſe,
Yet pierc't not through the uper plate, the head reflected was:
But *Aiax* (following his Lance) ſmote through his target quite,
And ſtayd bold *Hector* ruſhing in; the Lance held way outright,
And hurt his necke, out guſht the bloud: yet *Hector* ceaſt not ſo,
But in his ſtrong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards go)
Blacke, ſharpe, and big, layd in the field: the ſevenfold targe it ſmit,
Full on the boſſe; and round about, the braſſe did ring with it.
But *Aiax* a farre greater ſtone, lift up, and (wreathing round,
With all his body layd to it) he ſent it forth to wound.
And gave unmeaſur'd force to it; the round ſtone broke within
His rundled target: his lov'd knees, to languiſh did begin;
And he leand, ſtretcht out on his ſhield; but *Phœbus* rais'd him ſtreight.
Then had they layd on wounds with ſwords, in uſe of cloſer fight,
Vnleſſe the Heralds (meſſengers of gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperiall ſcepters: then the one (*Idæus*, grave and wiſe)
Said to them; Now no more my ſonnes: the Soveraigne of the skies
Doth love you both; both ſouldiers are, all witneſſe with good right,
But now night layes her mace on earth, tis good t'obey the night.
Idæus? (*Telamon* replide,) to *Hector* ſpeake, not me:
He that cald all our Achive Peeres, to ſtation fight, twas he,
If he firſt ceaſe, I gladly yeeld: great *Hector* then began:
Aiax, ſince *Iove* to thy big forme, made thee ſo ſtrong a man,
And gave thee skill to uſe thy ſtrength; ſo much, that for thy ſpeare,
Thou art moſt excellent of Greece, now let us fight forbeare:
Hereafter we ſhall warre againe, till *Iove* our Herald be,
And grace with conqueſt, which he will; heavens yeeld to night, and we.
Goe thou and comfort all thy Fleet; all friends and men of thine,
As I in Troy my favourers, who in the Fane divine
Have offerd Oriſons for me; and come, let us impart
Some enſignes of our ſtrife, to ſhew, each others ſuppled harts;
That men of Troy and Greece may ſay, thus their high quarrell ends:
Thoſe that encountring, were ſuch foes, are now (being ſeparate) friends.
He gave a ſword, whoſe handle was, with ſilver ſtuds through driven,
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By *Telamon* was given.

The combat.

Saxis pugnant.

Hector ſtrooke on his knees.

Aiax to Idæus.

Hector to Aiax.

Hector gives Aiax a ſword: Aiax, Hector a girale. Both which gifts were afterward cauſe of both their deaths.

A faire well gloſſed purple waſte. Thus *Hector* went to Troy,
And after him a multitude, fild with his ſafeties joy;
Deſpairing he could ever ſcape the puiſſant fortitude
And unimpeached *Aiax* hands. The Greekes like joy renude,
For their reputed victory, and brought him to the King;
Sacrifice for victory. Virgil, imit. Who to the great *Saturnides*, preferd an offering:
An Oxe that fed on five faire ſprings; they fleyd and quartred him,
And then (in pieces cut) on ſpits, they roſted every lim:
Convivium à ſacrificio. Which neatly dreſt, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feaſt:
Neſtor to the Greekes. All had enough; but *Telamon*, the King fed paſt the reſt,
With good large pieces of the chine. Thus, thirſt and hunger ſtaid,
Neſtor (whoſe counſels late were beſt) vowes new, and firſt he ſaid:
Atrides, and my other Lords, a ſort of Greekes are dead,
Whoſe blacke bloud neare Scamanders ſtreame, inhumane *Mars* hath ſhed:
Their ſoules to hell deſcended are: it fits thee then our King,
To make our ſouldiers ceaſe from warre; and by the dayes firſt ſpring,
Let us our ſelves, aſſembled all, the bodies beare to fire,
With Mules and Oxen neare our fleet; that when we home retire,
Each man may carry, to the ſonnes, of fathers ſlaughterd here,
Their honourd bones: one tombe for all, for ever let us reare,
Circling the pile without the field: at which we will erect
Wals, and a raveling, that may ſafe, our fleet and us protect.
And in them let us faſhion gates, ſolid and bard about,
Through which our horſe and chariots, may well get in and out.
Without all, let us dig a dike, ſo deepe it may availe
Our forces gainſt the charge of horſe, and foot, that come t'aſſaile:
And thus th'attempts, that I ſee ſwell in Troys proud heart, ſhall faile.
The King do his advice approve: ſo Troy doth Court conuent,
Antenors counſell to the Troians. At *Priams* gate, in th'Ilion towre, fearfull and turbulent:
Amongſt all, wiſe *Antenor* ſpake: Troians and Dardan friends,
And Peeres aſſiſtants, give good eare, to what my care commends
To your conſents, for all our good: reſolve, let us reſtore
The argive *Hellen*, with her wealth, to him ſhe had before:
We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuſe,
No good event can I expect, of all the warres we uſe.
Paris replies. He ceaſt, and *Alexander* ſpake, husband to th'Argive Queene;
Antenor, to mine eares thy words, harſh and ungracious beene:
Thou canſt uſe better if thou wilt: but if theſe truely fit
Thy ſerious thoughts; the gods, with age, have reft thy graver wit:
To war-like Troians I will ſpeake, I clearly doe deny
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth, Ile render willingly,
What ever I from *Argos* brought; and vow to make it more;
Which I have ready in my houſe, if peace I may reſtore.
Priam, firnam'd *Dardanides* (godlike in connſels grave)
Priam to the Troians: In his ſonnes favour well adviſde, this reſolution gave;
My royall friends of every ſtate, there is ſufficient done,
For this late counſell we have cald, in th'offer of my ſonne;
Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be ſet,

And

And every court of guard held ſtrong: ſo when the morne doth wet
The high raiſd battlements of Troy, *Idæus* ſhall be ſent
To th' Argive fleet, and *Atreus* ſonnes, t'unfold my ſonnes intent,
From whoſe fact our contention ſprings: and (if they will) obtaine
Reſpit from heat of fight, till fire conſume our ſouldiers ſlaine:
And after, our moſt fatall warre, let us importune ſtill,
Till *Iove* the conqueſt have diſpoſ'd, to his unconquer'd will.
All heard, and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,
That were to ſet the watch that night) did to their ſuppers fall:
Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achive Peeres did finde
In counſell at *Atrides* ſhip: his audience was aſſign'd:
And in the midſt of all the Kings, the vocall Herald ſaid:
Atrides? my renowned King, and other kings his aide,
Propoſe by me, in their commands, the offers *Paris* makes,
(From whoſe joy all our woes proceed) he Princely undertakes
That all the wealth be brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will (with other added wealth) for your amends reſtore:
But famous *Menelaus* wife, he ſtill meanes to enjoy,
Though he be urg'd the contrary, by all the Peeres of Troy.
And this beſides, I have in charge, that if it pleaſe you all;
They wiſh both ſides may ceaſſe from warre, that rites of funerall
May on their bodies be perform'd, that in the fields lye ſlaine:
And after to the will of Fate, renue the fight againe.
All ſilence held at firſt: at laſt, *Tydides* made reply;
Let no man take the wealth, or Dame; for now a childs weake eye
May ſee the imminent blacke end of *Priams* Emperie.
This ſentence quicke, and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire:
Then ſaid the King; Herald, thou hear'ſt, in him, the voice entire
Of all our Peeres, to anſwer thee, for that of *Priams* ſonne:
But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne
To ſatisfie thy King therein, without the ſlendreſt gaine
Made of their ſpoyled carkaſſes; but freely (being ſlaine)
They ſhall be all conſum'd with fire: to witneſſe which, I cite
H'gh thundring *Iove*, that is the king, of *Iunos* beds delight.
With this, he held his ſcepter up, to all the skie thron'd powers:
And grave *Idæus* did returne to ſacred Ilions towres,
Where Ilians, and Dardanians did ſtill their counſels plie,
Expecting his returne: he came, and told his Legacie.
All, whirlwinde like, aſſembled then: ſome, bodies to tranſport,
Some to hew trees: On th'other part, the Argives did exhort
Their Souldiers to the ſame affaires: then did the new fir'd Sunne
Smite the broad fields, aſcending heauen, and th'Ocean ſmooth did runne:
When Greece and Troy mixt in ſuch peace, you ſcarce could either know:
Then waſht they off their bloud and duſt, and did warme teares beſtow
Vpon the ſlaughterd, and in Carres, conveid them from the field:
Priam commanded none ſhould mourne, but in ſtill ſilence yeeld
Their honor'd carkaſſes to fire, and onely grieve in heart.
All burnd: to Troy, Troyes friends retire: to fleet, the Grecian part:

Idæus to the Grecian fleet.

Idæus to the Greeks.

Diomed to Idæus

Ag memnon to Idæus.

Yet doubtfull night obſcur'd the earth, the day did not appeare:
When round about the funerall pyle, the Grecians gatherd were;
The pyle they circled with a tombe, and by it raiſ'd a wall,
High towres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midſt of all
They built ſtrong gates, through which the horſe, and chariots paſſage had:
Without the rampire a broad dike, long and profound they made,
On which they Palleſados pitcht; and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge works in ſo little time, were to perfection brought,
That all Gods, by the Lightner ſet, the frame thereof admir'd;
Mongſt whom, the earthquake-making God, this of their King enquir'd;
Neptune to Iupiter. Father of Gods, will any man, of all earths graſſie ſphere,
Aske any of the Gods conſents, to any actions there,
If thou wilt ſee the ſhag-haird Greeks, with headſtrong labours frame
So huge a worke, and not to us, due offrings firſt enflame?
As farre as white *Auroras* dewes, are ſprinkled through the aire,
Fame will renowne the hands of Greece, for this divine affaire:
Men will forget the ſacred worke, the Sunne and I did raiſe,
For King *Laomedon* (bright Troy) and this will beare the praiſe.
Iove to Neptune *Iove* was extremely mou'd with him, and ſaid, What words are theſe,
Thou mightie ſhaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the ſeas?
Some other God, of farre leſſe power, might hold conceits diſmaid,
With this rare Grecian ſtratageme, and thou reſt well apaid;
The fortification that in the twelfth Booke is razed. For it will glorifie thy name, as farre as light extends:
Since, when theſe Greekes ſhall ſee againe their native ſoile and friends,
(The bulwarke batterd) thou maiſt quite devoure it with thy waves,
And cover (with thy fruitleſſe ſands) this fatall ſhore of graves:
That what their fierie induſtries, have ſo divinely wrought,
In raiſing it: in razſing it, thy power will prove it nought.
Thus ſpake the Gods among themſelues: ſet was the fervent Sunne;
And now the great worke of the Greeks was abſolutely done.
Then ſlue they Oxen in their tents, and ſtrength with food reviv'd;
A fleet of wine of a thouſand tunne, ſent by Euneus King of Lemnos, Iaſons ſonne. When out of *Lemnos* a great fleet of odorous wine arriv'd;
Sent by *Euneus*, *Iaſons* ſonne, borne of *Hypſiphile*.
The fleet containd a thouſand tunne: which muſt tranſported be
To *Atreus* ſonnes, as he gave charge; whoſe merchandiſe it was.
The Greeks bought wine for ſhining ſteele, and ſome for ſounding braſſe;
Some for Oxe hides; for Oxen ſome, and ſome for priſoners.
A ſumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the Peeres,
And faire-hair'd Greeks conſum'd in feaſt: ſo Trojans, and their aide.
And all the night *Iove* thunderd loud: pale feare all thoughts diſmaide.
While they were gluttonous in earth, *Iove* wrought their banes in heaven:
They powr'd full cups upon the ground; and were to offerings driuen,
In ſtead of quaffings: and to drinke, none durſt attempt, before
In ſolemne ſacrifice they did almightie *Iove* adore.
Then to their reſts they all repair'd: bold zeale there feare bereav'd:
And ſudden ſleeps refreſhing gift, ſecurely they receiv'd.

The end of the ſeventh Booke.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

WHen Iove *to all the Gods had giuen command,*
That none, to either hoſt, ſhould helpfull ſtand;
To Ida he deſcends: and ſees from thence
Iuno *and* Pallas *haſte the Greeks defence:*
Whoſe purpoſe, his command by Iris *giuen,*
Doth intervent; then came the ſilent Even;
When Hector *chargde fires ſhould conſume the night.*
Leſt Greeks in darkneſſe tooke ſuſpected flight.

Another Argument.

In Theta *Gods a Counſell haue,*
Troyes conqueſt, glorious Hectors *Brave.*

THe chearfull Ladie of the light, deckt in her ſaffron robe,
Diſperſt her beames through every part of this enflowred globe,
When thundring *Iove* a Court of Gods, aſſembled by his will,
In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th'Olympian hill.

Periphraſis of the Morning.

He ſpake, and all the Gods gaue eare: Heare how I ſtand inclinde;
That God nor Goddeſſe may attempt, t'infringe my ſoueraigne minde:
But all giue ſuffrage; that with ſpeed, I may theſe diſcords end.
What God ſoeuer I ſhall finde, indeuour to defend
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven, he (ſham'd) ſhall reaſcend;
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile caſt him downe as deepe
As *Tartarus* (the brood of night) where *Barathrum* doth ſteepe
Torment in his profoundeſt ſinks; where is the floore of braſſe,
And gates of iron; the place, for depth, as farre doth hell ſurpaſſe,
As heaven (for height) exceeds the earth; then ſhall he know from thence,
How much my power paſt all the Gods, hath ſoueraigne eminence.
Indanger it the whiles and ſee: let downe our golden chaine;
And, at it, let all Deities, their vtmoſt ſtrengths conſtraine,
To draw me to the earth from heaven: you neuer ſhall preuaile,
Though with your moſt contention, ye dare my ſtate aſſaile:
But when my will ſhall be diſpoſde, to draw you all to me;
Even with the earth it ſelfe, and ſeas, ye ſhall enforced be.
Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,
And by it euery thing ſhall hang, by my command inclinde:
So much I am ſupreme to Gods; to men ſupreme as much.
The Gods ſat ſilent, and admir'd; his dreadfull ſpeech was ſuch.

Iove to the bench of Deities.

Virgil maketh this likewiſe his place, adding, Bis patet in præceps, tantum tenditq; ſub umbras, &c. *Homers golden chaine.*

At laſt, his blue eyd daughter ſpake, O great *Saturnides*,
Pallas to Iove. O Father, O heauens higheſt King; well know we the exceſſe
Of thy great power, compar'd withall: yet the bold Greeks eſtate
We needs muſt mourne, ſince they muſt fall, beneath ſo hard a fate:
For if thy grave command enjoyne, we will abſtaine from fight:
But to afford them ſuch advice, as may relieve their plight,
We will (with thy conſent) be bold; that all may not ſuſtaine
The fearfull burthen of thy wrath, and with their ſhames be ſlaine.
Iove to Pallas. He ſmil'd, and ſaid; Be confident, thou art belou'd of me:
I ſpeake not this with ſerious thoughts, but will be kinde to thee.
Ioves horſe. This ſaid, his braſſe hou'd winged horſe, he did to chariot binde,
Whoſe creſt was fring'd with manes of gold, and golden garments ſhin'd.
On his rich ſhoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden ſcourge,
Divinely faſhion'd, and with blowes, their willing ſpeed did urge,
Iove deſcends to Ida. Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven; to Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious ſprings, and nurſe of beaſts untame;
Where (on the mountaine Gargarus) men did a Fane erect
To his high name, and altars ſweet; and there his horſe he checkt;
Diſſolv'd them from his chariot, and in a cloud of ieate
He cover'd them, and on the top, tooke his triumphant ſeat;
Iouis proſpect. Beholding *Priams* famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece,
Both hoſts arme. The Greeks tooke breakfaſt ſpeedily, and arm'd at every peece:
So Trojans; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:
Dire need enforc't them to avert, their wives and childrens harmes.
All gates flew open, all the hoſt, did iſſue, foot and horſe,
The fight. In mightie tumult: ſtrait one place, adjoyn'd each adverſe force: (poſ'd:
Then ſhields with ſhields met, darts with darts, ſtrength againſt ſtrength op-
The boſſe pik't targets were thruſt on, and thunderd as they cloſ'd
In mightie tumult; grone for grone, and breath for breath did breath:
Of men then ſlaine, and to be ſlaine; earth flowd with fruits of death.
While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increaſt in height;
Their Iavelins mutually made death, tranſport an equall freight:
Anceps victoria But when the hot Meridian point, bright *Phœbus* did aſcend,
The Meridian libra Jovis Aurea. Virg. tranſtulit Macrobius 5. Then *Iove* his golden Ballances did equally extend:
And of long-reſt-conferring death, put in two bitter fates
For Troy and Greece he held the midſt: the day of finall dates
Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots, ſunke to the flowrie ground.
The Trojans leapt as high as heaven, then did the claps reſound,
Ioves thunder amongſt the Grecians. Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt, amongſt each Grecian troope:
The ſight amaz'd them; pallid feare made boldeſt ſtomacks ſtoope.
Then *Idomen* durſt not abide; *Atrides* went his way,
And both th'*Aiaces*: *Neſtor* yet, againſt his will did ſtay
(That grave Protector of the Greeks) for *Paris* with a dart
Enrag'd one of his chariot horſe; he ſmote the upper part
Of all his skull, even where the haire, that made his foretop, ſprung;
The hurt was deadly, and the paine, ſo ſore the courſer ſtung,
(Pierc't to the braine) he ſtampt and plung'd: one on another beares:
Entangled round about the beame; then *Neſtor* cut the geres

With

With his new drawne authentique ſword; meane while the firie horſe
Of *Hector* brake into the preaſſe, with their bold rulers force:
Then good old *Neſtor* had beene ſlaine, had *Diomed* not eſpied;
Who to *Vlyſſes*, as he fled, importunately cried; *Diomed to Vlyſſes.*
Thou, that in counſels doſt abound, O *Laertiades*,
Why flyeſt thou? why thus cowardlike, ſhunſt thou the honourd preaſſe;
Take heed thy backe take not a dart: ſtay, let us both intend
To drive this cruell enemie, from our deare aged friend.
He ſpake: but warie *Ithacus*, would finde no patient eare: *Vlyſſes flyes, and Diomed alone ſteps to the reſcue of Neſtor.*
But fled forth right, even to the fleet: yet though he ſingle were,
Brave *Diomed* mixt amongſt the fight, and ſtood before the ſteeds
Of old *Neleides*, whoſe eſtate, thus kingly he areeds:
O father, with theſe youths in fight, thou art unequall plac't,
Thy willing ſinewes are unknit, grave age purſues thee faſt,
And thy unruly horſe are ſlow; my chariot therefore uſe,
And trie how ready Trojan horſe, can flie him that purſues,
Purſue the flier, and every way, performe the varied fight:
I forc't them from *Anchiſes* ſonne, well skild in cauſe of flight.
Then let my Squire leade hence thy horſe: mine thou ſhalt guard, whilſt I
(By thee advanc't) aſſay the fight, that *Hectors* ſelfe may try
If my lance dote with the defects, that faile beſt mindes in age,
Or finde the palſey in my hands, that doth my life engage.
This, noble *Neſtor* did accept, and *Diomeds* two friends,
Eurymedon, that valour loves, and *Sthenelus*, aſcends,
Old *Neſtors* coach: of *Diomeds* horſe, *Neſtor* the charge ſuſtains,
And *Tydeus* ſonne tooke place of fight, *Neleides* held the rains,
And ſcourg'd the horſe, who ſwiftly ran, direct in *Hectors* face,
Whom fierce *Tydides* bravely charg'd: but, he turnd from the chace, *Diomed charges Hector.*
His javeline *Eniopeus* ſmit, mighty *Thebæus* ſonne,
And was great *Hectors* chariotere, it through his breaſt did runne,
Neare to his pappe; he fell to earth, backe flew his frighted horſe,
His ſtrength and ſoule were both diſſolv'd. *Hector* had deepe remorſe
Of his miſhap: yet left he him, and for another ſought:
Nor long his ſteeds did want a guide: for ſtraight good fortune brought
Bold *Archeptolemus*, whoſe life, did from *Iphytis* ſpring:
He made him take the reines and mount. then ſoules were ſet on wing:
Then high exploits were undergone, then Troians in their wals
Had beene infolded like meeke lambs, had *Iove* winkt at their fals,
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings flie
Into the earth, before the horſe, that *Neſtor* did apply.
A dreadfull flaſh burnt through the aire, that ſavourd ſulphure-like,
Which downe before the chariot, the dazled horſe did ſtrike:
The faire reines fell from *Neſtors* hand, who did (in feare) intreate
Renownd *Tytides*, into flight, to turne his furies heate. *Neſtor to Diomed.*
For knoweſt thou not, ſaid he, our aide is not ſupplide from *Iove*?
This day he will give fame to Troy, which when it fits his love,
We ſhall enjoy, let no man tempt his unreſiſted will,
Though he exceed in gifts of ſtrength: for he exceeds him ſtill.

Father

Diomed to Neſtor. Father (replied the King) 'tis true: but both my heart and ſoule
Are moſt extremely griev'd to thinke how *Hector* will controule
My valour with his vants in Troy: that I was terror-ſicke
With his approach: which when he boaſts, let earth deuoure me quicke.

Neſtor to Diomed. Ah warlike *Tydeus* ſonne (ſaid he) what needleſſe words are theſe?
Though *Hector* ſhould report thee faint, and amorous of thy eaſe,
The Troians nor the Troian wiues, would neuer giue him truſt,
Whoſe youthfull husbands thy free hand, hath ſmotherd ſo in duſt:
This ſaid, he turn'd his one-hou'd horſe, to flight, and troope did take;
When *Hector* and his men with ſhouts, did greedy purſuit make,
And pour'd on darts, that made aire ſigh: then *Hector* did exclaime,

Hectors brave to Diomed. O *Tydeus* ſonne, the Kings of Greece doe moſt renowne thy name
With higheſt place, feaſts, and full cups, who now will doe thee ſhame:
Thou ſhalt be like a woman uſde, and they will ſay, Depart
Immortall minion, ſince to ſtand, *Hector* thou haſt no hart.
Nor canſt thou ſcale our turrets tops, nor leade the wiues to fleet
Of valiant men, that wifelike fear'ſt, my aduerſe charge to meet.
This, two waies mou'd him, ſtill to flye, or turne his horſe and fight:
Thriſe thruſt he forward to aſſault, and euery time the fright
Of *Ioues* fell thunder draue him backe: which he propoſd for ſigne
(To ſhew the change of victory) Troians ſhould victors ſhine.

Hector to his friends. Then *Hector* comforted his men; All my aduentrous friends,
Be men, and of your famous ſtrength, thinke of the honourd ends.
I know, beneuolent *Iupiter*, did by his becke profeſſe
Conqueſt, and high renowne to me; and to the Greekes diſtreſſe.
O fooles, to raiſe ſuch ſilly forts, not worth the leaſt account,
Nor able to reſiſt our force, with eaſe our horſe may mount,
Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their fleet I reach,
Let memory to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:
For, I will all their ſhips inflame, with whoſe infeſtiue ſmoke
(Feare-ſhrunke and hidden neere their keels) the conquerd Greeks ſhall choke.

The names of Hectors horſe. Then cheriſht he his famous horſe: O *Xanthus*, now, ſaid he,
And thou *Podargus*: *Æthon* to, and *Lampus*, deare to me;
Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choice of meate,
Giuen you by faire *Andromache*, bread of the pureſt wheate,

Vinum equis. And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheare,
Still ſeruing you before my ſelfe (her husband yong and deare:)
Purſue and uſe your ſwifteſt ſpeed, that we may take for priſe
The ſhield of old *Neleides*, which Fame lifts to the skies,

Neſtors ſhie'd all of gold. Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of maſſie gold:
And from the ſhoulders let us take, of *Diomed* the bold,
The royall curace *Vulcan* wrought, with art ſo exquiſite.
Theſe if we make our ſacred ſpoyle, I doubt not, but this Night,
Euen to their nauie to enforce, the Greekes vnturned flight.
This *Iuno* tooke in high diſdaine, and made Olympus ſhake,
As ſhe but ſtird within her throne, and thus to *Neptune* ſpake;

Iuno to Neptune. O *Neptune*, what a ſpite is this? thou God ſo huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honour'd heart, to ſee rude ſpoile devoure

Theſe Greekes that have in Helice, and Aege, offred thee
So many and ſo wealthy gifts, let them the victors be;
If we that are the aids of Greece, would beate home theſe of Troy,
And hinder broad-eyd *Ioves* proud will, it would abate his joy.
Neptune to Iuno
He (angry) told her, ſhe was raſh, and he would not be one,
Of all the reſt, ſhould ſtriue with *Iove*, whoſe power was matcht by none:
Whiles they conferd thus, all the ſpace, the trench containd before,
(From that part of the fort that flankt, the nauie-anchoring ſhore)
Was fild with horſe and targateirs, who therefor refuge came,
By *Mars*-ſwift *Hectors* power engagde; *Iove* gave his ſtrength the fame:
And he with ſpoileſull fire had burnt the fleet: if *Iunos* grace
had not inſpirde the King himſelfe, to run from place to place,
And ſtir up euery ſouldiers power, to ſome illuſtrious deed;
Agamemnons labor in ranging his armie.
Firſt viſiting their leaders tents, his ample purple weed
He wore, to ſhew all who he was; and did his ſtation take
At wiſe *Vlyſſes* ſable barkes, that did the battell make
Of all the fleet; from whence his ſpeech, might with more eaſe be driuen
To *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſhips, to whoſe chiefe charge were giuen
The Vantguard and the Rereguard both; both for their force of hand,
And truſty boſomes. There arriu'd, thus urg'd he to withſtand
Agamemnons exprobration of the Greeks.
Th'inſulting Troians; O what ſhame, ye emptie hearted Lords,
Is this to your admired formes? where are your glorious words?
In Lemnos vaunting you the beſt of all the Grecian hoſt?
We are the ſtrongeſt men (ye ſaid) we will command the moſt;
Eating moſt fleſh of high hornd beeues, and drinking cups full crownd;
And euery man a hundred foes, two hundred will confound;
Now all our ſtrength, dar'd to our worſt, one *Hector* cannot tame,
Who preſently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame.
Apoſtrophe ad Iouem.
O Father *Iove*, hath euer yet, thy moſt unſuffred hand
Afflicted, with ſuch ſpoyle of ſoules, the King of any land?
And taken ſo much fame from him? when I did neuer faile
(Since under moſt unhappy ſtarres, this fleet was under ſaile)
Thy glorious altars, I proteſt; but above all the gods,
Have burnt fat thighs of beeves to thee, and praid to raze th'abodes
Of rape-defending Ilions; yet grant (almighty *Iove*)
One favour, that we may at leaſt, with life from hence remove:
Not under ſuch inglorious hands, the hands of death employ,
And where Troy ſhould be ſtoopt by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy.
To this even weeping King, did *Iove*, remorſefull audience give,
And ſhooke great heaven to him, for ſigne, his men and he ſhould live:
Iove caſts off his Eagle on the Greeks right hand, that muſt a Hinde-calfe.
Then quickly caſt he off his hawke, the Eagle prince of aire,
That perfects his unſpotted vowes, who ſeiſd in her repaire
A ſucking hinde calfe; which ſhe truſt, in her enforcive ſeeres,
And by *Ioves* altar let it fall, amongſt th'amazed Peeres,
Where the religious Achive Kings, with ſacrifice did pleaſe
The author of all Oracles, divine *Saturnides*.
Now when they knew the bird of *Iove*, they turnd couragious head:
When none (though many Kings put on) could make his vaunt, he led

Diomed.

Tydides to renewd aſſault: or iſſued firſt the dike,
Or firſt did fight: but tarre the firſt, ſtone dead his lance did ſtrike
Arm'd *Argelaus*, by deſcent, ſurnam'd *Phradmonides*;
He turn'd his ready horſe to flight; and *Diomeds* lance did ſeiſe
His backe betwixt his ſhoulder blades, and lookt out at his breſt;
He fell, and his armes rang his fall. Th' *Atrides* next addreſt
Themſelves to fight; th' *Aiaces* next, with vehement ſtrength endude:
Idomeneus and his friend, ſtout *Merion*, next purſude:
And after theſe *Euripelus*, *Euemons* honord race:
The ninth, with backward wreathed bow, had little *Teucer* place;

Teucer ſerving under Aiax ſhield.

He ſtill fought under *Aiax* ſhield; who ſometimes held it by,
And then he lookt his object out, and let his arrow flye:
And whomſoever in the preaſſe, he wounded, him he ſluc,
Then under *Aiax* ſeven-fold ſhield, he preſently withdrew:
He far'd like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run
For ſuccour, when he knowes full well, he ſome ſhrewd turne hath done.
What Troians then were to their deaths, by *Teucers* ſhafts impreſt:
Hapleſſe *Orſylochus* was firſt; *Ormenus*, *Opheleſt*,
Detor, and hardy *Cronius*, and *Lycophon* divine;
And *Amopaon*, that did ſpring, from *Polyemons* line,
And *Menalippus*: all on heapes, he tumbled to the ground.
The King rejoyc't to ſee his ſhafts, the Phrygian ranks confound:

Agamemnon to Teucer.

Who ſtraight came neare, and ſpake to him; O *Teucer* lovely man,
Strike ſtill ſo ſure, and be a grace to every Grecian;
And to thy father *Telamon*, who tooke thee kindely home,
(Although not by his wife, his ſonne) and gave thee foſter roome,
Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remou'd,
Make *good fame* reach; and to thy ſelfe, I vow what ſhall be prov'd:
If he that dreadfull *Egis* beares, and *Pallas* grant to me
Th' expugnance of well-builded Troy, I firſt will honour thee,
Next to my ſelfe with ſome rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot veſſell, that for grace, in ſacred Fanes doth ſtand:
Or two horſe and a chariot, or elſe a lovely Dame,
That may aſcend on bed with thee, and amplifie thy name.

Teucer to Agamemnon.

Teucer right nobly anſwerd him: Why (moſt illuſtrious King)
I being thus forward of my ſelfe, doſt thou adjoyne a ſting?
Without which, all the power I have, I ceaſe not to employ:
For, from the place where we repulſt the Troians towards Troy,
I all the purple field have ſtrew'd, with one or other ſlaine:
Eight ſhafts I ſhot, with long ſteele heads, of which not one in vaine;
All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres conſtraint:
Yet this wild dog, with all my aime, I have no power to taint.
This ſaid, another arrow forth from his ſtiffe ſtring he ſent,
At *Hector*, whom he long'd to wound, but ſtill amiſſe it went:
His ſhaft ſmit faire *Gorgythion*, of *Priams* princely race,
Who in Æpina was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)
By *Caſtianira*; that, for forme, was like celeſtiall breed.
And as a crimſon Poppie flower, ſurcharged with his ſeed,

And vernall humours falling thicke, declines his heavie brow;
So, of one ſide, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:
Yet *Teucer* would another ſhaft at *Hectors* life diſpoſe;
So faine, he ſuch a marke would hit: but ſtill beſides it goes;
Apollo did avert the ſhaft: but *Hectors* charioteere
Bold *Archeptolemus* he ſmit, as he was ruſhing neere
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his ſwift horſe backe did flie,
And there, were both his ſtrength and ſoule, exilde eternally.
Huge griefe, for *Hectors* ſlaughter'd friend, pincht in his mightie minde:
Yet was he forc't to leave him there, and his void place reſignd
To his ſad brother, that was by; *Cebriones*: whoſe eare
Receiuing *Hectors* charge, he ſtraight the weightie reines did beare;
And *Hector* from his ſhining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,
To wreake his friend on *Teucers* hand; and up he tooke a ſtone,
With which he at the Archer ranne; who, from his quiuer, drew
A ſharp-pilde ſhaft, and knockt it ſure: but, in great *Hector*, flew,
With ſuch fell ſpeed, that in his draught, he his right ſhoulder ſtrooke,
Where twixt his necke and breaſt, the ioynt, his natiue cloſure tooke:
The wound was wondrous full of death, his ſtring in ſunder flees;
His nummed hand fell ſtrengthleſſe downe, and he upon his knees.
Ajax neglected not to aid, his brother thus depreſt;
But came and ſaft him with his ſhield; and two more friends addreſt
To be his aide, tooke him to fleet; *Meciſtius*, *Echius* ſonne,
And gay *Alaſtor*: *Teucer* ſigh'd, for all his ſervice done.
Then did *Olympius*, with freſh ſtrength, the Trojan powers revive;
Who to their trenches once againe, the troubled Greeks did driue.
Hector brought terrour with his ſtrength, and euer fought before.
As when ſome highly ſtomackt hound, that hunts a ſylvan Bore,
Or Kingly Lion, loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behinde,
Bold of his feet, and ſtill obſerues the game, to turne inclind,
Not utterly diſſolu'd in flight. So *Hector* did purſue;
And whoſoeuer was the laſt, he euer did ſubdue.
They fled, but when they had their dike, and Palliſadoes paſt,
(A number of them put to ſword) at ſhips they ſtaid at laſt:
Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eyes,
Aduanc't to all the Gods, their plagues, wrung from them open cries.
Hector with his foure rich-man'd horſe, aſſaulting alwayes rode;
The eyes of *Gorgon* burnt in him, and warres vermilion God.
The Goddeſſe that all Goddeſſes (for ſnowie armes) out ſhin'd,
Thus ſpake to *Pallas*; to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd.
O *Pallas*, what a griefe is this? is all our ſuccour paſt
To theſe our periſhing Grecian friends? at leaſt withheld at laſt?
Even now, when one mans violence, muſt make them periſh all,
In ſatisfaction of a Fate, ſo full of funerall?
Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be endur'd.
That hath alreadie on the Greeks, ſo many harmes inur'd.
The Azure Goddeſſe anſwerd her; This man had ſurely found
His fortitude and life diſſolu'd, euen on his fathers ground,

Virg. in Pallante imitatus eſt.

Hector with a ſtone at Teucer.

Hectors terrible aſpect.

Iuno to Pallas.

By Grecian valour; if my Sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too jealous of their bloods:
And ever, an unjust repulse, stands to my willing powres;
Little remembring what I did, in all the desperate houres
Of his affected *Hercules:* I ever rescued him,
In labours of *Eurisstheus*, untoucht in life or lim;
When he (heaven knows) with drowned eyes, lookt up for help to heaven:
Which euer at command of *Iove*, was by my suppliance giuen.
But had my wisedome reacht so farre, to know of this euent,
When to the solid-ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,
To hale out hatefull *Plutoes* dogge, from darksome *Erebus*,
He had not scapt the streames of *Styx*, so deepe and dangerous:
Yet *Iove* hates me, and shews his loue, in doing *Thetis* will,
That kist his knees, and strok't his chin; praid, and importun'd still,
That he would honour with his aide, her citie-razing sonne,
Displeasde *Achilles*: and for him, our friends are thus undone.
But time shall come againe, when he (to do his friends some aid)
Will call me his *Glaucopides*; his sweet and blew-eyd maid.
Then harnesse thou thy horse for me, that his bright Pallace gates
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:
And I will trie if *Priams* sonne, will still maintaine his cheare,
When in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appeare;
For some proud Trojan shall be sure, to nourish dogges and fowls,
And paue the shore with fat and flesh, depriu'd of liues and soules.
Iuno prepar'd her horse, whose manes, Ribands of gold enlac't.
Pallas armes. *Pallas* her partie coloured robe; on her bright shoulders cast,
Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in th'entrie of her Sire:
Then put she on her ample breast, her under-arming tire,
And on it her celestiall armes: the chariot streight she takes,
With her huge heauie violent lance, with which she slaughter makes
Iuno b r waggwesse. Of armies, fatall to her wrath: *Saturnia* whipt her horse,
And heauen gates, guarded by the Howres, op't by their proper force:
Through which they flew. Whom when *Iove* saw (set neare th'Idalian spring)
Highly displeasde: he *Iris* cald, that hath the golden wings,
Iove to Iris. And said; Flie *Iris*, turne them backe, let them not come at me:
Our meetings (seuerally dispos'd) will nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, Ile shiuer their proud steeds:
Hurle downe themselues, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,
In ten whole yeares they shall not heale, the wounds I will impresse
With horrid thunder; that my maid may know, when to addresse
Armes against her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,
T'is but her use to interrupt, what euer I intend.
Iris to heaven. *Iris*, with this, left Idas hils, and up t'Olympus flew,
Met (neare heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.
What course intend you? why are you, wrapt with your fancies storme?
Iove likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will performe,
To crush in pieces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
Hurle downe your selues, your chariot breake: and those impoysoned strokes

His

His wounding thunder ſhall imprint, in your celeſtiall parts,
In ten full Springs ye ſhall not cure: that ſhe that tames proud hearts
(Thy ſelfe, *Minerva*) may be taught, to know for what, and when,
Thou doſt againſt thy father fight; for ſometimes children
May with diſcretion plant themſelves, againſt their fathers wils;
But not where humors onely rule, in workes beyond their skils.
For, *Iuno*, ſhe offends him not, nor vexeth him ſo much;
For, 'tis his uſe to croſſe his will, her impudence is ſuch:
The habite of offence in this, ſhe onely doth contract, *Facile facit quod ſemper facit.*
And ſo grieves or incenſeth leſſe, though nere the leſſe her fact:
But thou moſt griev'ſt him (dogged Dame) whom he rebukes in time,
Leſt ſilence ſhould pervert thy will, and pride too highly clime
In thy bold boſome (deſperate girle) if ſeriouſly thou dare
Lift thy unweildie lance gainſt *Iove*, as thy pretences are.
She left them, and *Saturnia* ſaid, Ay me thou ſeed of *Iove*, *Iuno to Pallas.*
By my advice we will no more, unfit contention move
With *Iupiter* for mortall men; of whom, let this man dye,
And that man live, who ever he purſues with deſtinie:
And let him (plotting all events) diſpoſe of either hoſt,
As he thinks fitteſt for them both, and may become us moſt.
Thus turnd ſhe backe, and to the Howres, her rich man'd horſe reſign'd,
Who them t'immortall mangers bound; the chariot they inclin'd
Beneath the Chriſtall wals of heaven, and they in golden thrones
Conſorted other Deities, repletae with paſſions.
Iove, in his bright-wheeld chariot, his firie horſe now beats,
Vp to Olympus; and aſpir'd the gods eternall ſeats:
Great *Neptune* loos'd his horſe, his Carre, upon the altar plac't,
And heavenly-linnen Coverings, did round about it caſt.
The farre-ſeer us'd his throne of gold: the vaſt Olympus ſhooke
Beneath his feet, his wife, and maid, apart their places tooke;
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts, and ſaid;
Why doe you thus torment your ſelves? you need not ſit diſmaid *Iove to Iuno and Pallas.*
With the long labours you have us'd, in your victorious fight,
Deſtroying Trojans: gainſt whoſe lives, you heape ſuch high deſpight. *Sceptice.*
Ye ſhould have held your glorious courſe; for be aſſur'd, as farre
As all my powres (by all meanes urg'd) could have ſuſtaind the warre:
Not all the hoſt of Deities, ſhould have retir'd my hand
From vowd inflictions on the Greeks: much leſſe, you two withſtand.
But you before you ſaw the fight, much leſſe the ſlaughter there,
Had all your goodly lineaments, poſſeſt with ſhaking feare;
And never had your chariot borne, their charge to heaven againe:
But thunder ſhould have ſmit you both, had you one Trojan ſlaine.
Both Goddeſſes let fall their chins, upon their Ivorie breaſts,
Set next to *Iove*, contriving ſtill, afflicted Troyes unreſts:
Pallas for anger could not ſpeake, *Saturnia*, contrary,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold reply;
Not to-be-ſuffred *Iupiter*, what needſt thou ſtill enforce
Thy matchleſſe power? we know it well: But we muſt yeeld remorſe *Iuno to Iupiter.*

To them that yeeld us ſacrifice: nor needſt thou thus deride
Our kinde obedience, nor our griefes, but beare our powers applide
To iuſt protection of the Greeks, that anger tombe not all
In Troyes foule gulfe of perjurie, and let them ſtand, ſhould fall.
Iupiter to Iuno. Grieve not (ſaid *Iove*) at all done yet: for if thy faire eyes pleaſe,
This next red morning they ſhall ſee the great *Saturnides*
Bring more deſtruction to the Greekes: and *Hector* ſhall not ceaſe,
Till he have rowſed from the Fleet, ſwift-foot *Æacides*:
In that day, when before their ſhips, for his *Patroclus* ſlaine,
The Greeks in great diſtreſſe ſhall fight, for ſo the Fates ordaine.
I weigh not thy diſpleaſed ſpleene, though to th'extremeſt bounds
Of earth and ſeas it carry thee; where endleſſe night confounds
Iapet, and my dejected Sire, who ſit ſo farre beneath,
They never ſee the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
Neare to profoundeſt *Tartarus*: nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pitty of thy moods, ſince none more impudent.
To this, ſhe nothing did reply: and now *Sols* glorious light
Fell to the ſea, and to the land, drew up the drowſie night:
The Night. The Troians griev'd at *Phœbus* fall, which all the Greeks deſir'd:
And ſable night (ſo often wiſht) to earths firme throne aſpir'd.
Hector (intending to conſult) neare to the gulfie floud
Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure, and exempt from bloud,
The Troians forces: from their horſe, all lighted, and did heare
Th'Oration *Iove*-lov'd *Hector* made; who held a goodly ſpeare,
Eleven full cubits long; the head was braſſe, and did reflect
A wanton light before him ſtill, it round about was deckt
With ſtrong hoopes of new burniſht gold. On this he leand, and ſaid:
Hector to his friends. Heare me my worthy friends of Troy, and you our honord aid:
A little ſince, I had conceit, we ſhould have made retreate,
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greekes eſcheate;
But darkneſſe hath prevented us, and ſaf'd, with ſpeciall grace,
Theſe Achives, and their ſhore-hal'd fleet. Let us then render place,
To ſacred Night, our ſuppers dreſſe; and from our chariot free
Our faire-man'd horſe, and meate them well: then let there convoid be,
From forth the citie preſently, Oxen, and well fed ſheepe;
Sweet wine, and bread, and fell much wood, that all night we may keepe
Vina parant animos. Plenty of fires, even till the light bring forth the lovely morne;
And let their brightneſſe glaſe the skies, that night may not ſuborne
The Greekes eſcape, if they, for flight: the ſeas broad backe would take
At leaſt they may not part with eaſe, but as retreit they make,
Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
Made with a ſhaft or ſharpned ſpeare, and others feare to come,
With charge of lamentable warre, gainſt ſouldiers bred in Troy.
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices imploy,
To warne the youth, yet ſhort of warre, and time-white fathers, paſt,
That in our god-built towres they ſee, ſtrong courts of guard be plac't,
About the wals, and let our Dames, yet flouriſhing in yeares,
That (having beauties to keepe pure) are moſt inclin'd to feares,

(Since

(Since darkneſſe in diſtreſſefull times, more dreadfull is then light)
Make loftie fires in every houſe: and thus, the dangerous night,
Held with ſtrong watch; if th'enemie have ambuſcadoes laid
Neare to our wals (and therefore ſeeme, in flight the more diſmaid,
Intending a ſurpriſe, while we, are all without the towne)
They every way ſhall be impugn'd, to euery mans renowne.
Performe all this brave Trojan friends: what now I have to ſay,
Is all expreſt; the chearfull morne, ſhall other things diſplay;
It is my glory (putting truſt, in *Iove*, and other Gods)
That I ſhall now expulſe theſe dogges, fates ſent to our abodes;
Who bring oſtents of deſtinie, and blacke their threatning fleet.
But this night let us hold ſtrong guards: to morrow we will meet
(With fierce-made warre) before their ſhips; and Ile make knowne to all,
If ſtrong *Tydides*, from their ſhips can drive me to their wall,
Or I can pierce him with my ſword; and force his bloudie ſpoyle;
The wiſhed morne ſhall ſhew his power, if he can ſhunne his foyle,
I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day aſcends,
He ſhall lye wounded with the firſt, and by him many friends.
O that I were as ſure to live, immortall, and ſuſtaine
No frailties, with increaſing yeares, but evermore remaine
Ador'd like *Pallas*, or the Sunne; as all doubts dye in me,
That heavens next light ſhall be the laſt, the Greeks ſhall ever ſee.
This ſpeech all Trojans did applaud; who from their traces loſde
Their ſweating horſe; which ſeverally with headſtals they repoſde,
And faſtned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,
Fat ſheepe and oxen, inſtantly; bread, wine; and hewed downe
Huge ſtore of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly skie,
Their ſuppers ſavour; to the which, they ſate delightfully,
And ſpent all night in open field; fires round about them ſhinde;
As when about the ſilver Moone, when ayre is free from winde,
And ſtars ſhine cleare; to whoſe ſweet beames, high proſpects, and the brows
Of all ſteepe hils and pinnacles, thruſt up themſelves for ſhowes;
And euen the lowly vallies joy, to glitter in their ſight,
When the unmeaſur'd firmament, burſts to diſcloſe her light,
And all the ſignes in heauen are ſeene, that glad the ſhepheards heart;
So many fires diſcloſde their beames, made by the Trojan part,
Before the face of *Ilion*; and her bright turrets ſhow'd.
A thouſand courts of guard kept fires: and euery guard allow'd
Fiftie ſtout men, by whom their horſe, eate oates, and hard white corne,
And all did wilfully expect, the ſiluer-throned morne:

Ignes Troianorum aſtris ſimiles.

The end of the eighth Booke.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

TO Agamemnon (*urging hopeleſſe flight*)
Stand Diomed, *and* Neſtor *oppoſite:*
By Neſtors *counſell, Legats are diſmiſt,*
To Thetis *ſonne, who ſtill denies t'aſſiſt.*

Another Argument.

Iota *ſings the Ambaſſie,*
And great Achilles *ſterne replie.*

SO held the Trojans ſleeples guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:
The feeble conſort of cold feare (ſtrangely infuſde from heaven)
Griefe, not to be endur'd, did wonnd, all Greeks of greateſt worth.
And as two lateral-ſited winds (the Weſt wind and the North)
Meete at the Thracian ſeas blacke breaſt; ioyne in a ſudden blore;
Tumble together the darke waves, and powre upon the ſhore
A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:
So *Ioue* and Troy did drive the Greeks, and all their minds confound:
But *Agamemnon* moſt of all, was tortur'd at his heart,
Who to the voycefull Heralds went, and bad them cite, apart,
Each Grecian leader ſeverally, not openly proclaime;
In which he labourd with the firſt: and all together came.
They ſadly ſate; the King aroſe, and pour'd out teares as faſt
As from a loftie rocke, a ſpring, doth his blacke waters caſt:
Agamemnon to the Greeks. And deeply ſighing, thus beſpake, the Achives; O my friends,
Princes and leaders of the Greeks; heavens adverſe King extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to my ſo iuſt deſigne;
Since he hath often promiſt me, and bound it with the ſigne
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands ſhould race,
And ſafe returne: yet now ingag'd, he plagues us with diſgrace;
When all our truſt to him hath drawne, ſo much bloud from our friends.
My glory, nor my brothers wreake, were the propoſed ends,
For which he drew you to theſe toyles; but your whole countries ſhame,
Which had beene huge, to beare the rape of ſo divine a Dame,
Made in deſpite of our revenge: and yet not that had mov'd
Our powres to theſe deſignes, if *Ioue*, had not our drifts approv'd;
Which ſince we ſee he did for bloud, tis deſperate fight in us
To ſtrive with him; then let us flie: tis flight he urgeth thus.

Long

Long time ſtill ſilence held them all; at laſt did *Diomed* riſe:
Atrides, I am firſt muſt croſſe thy indiſcreet adviſe,
As may become me, being a King, in this our martiall court.
Be not diſpleaſde then: for thy ſelfe, didſt broadly miſreport
In open field my fortitude, and cald me faint and weake;
Yet I was ſilent, knowing the time; loth any rites to breake,
That appertaind thy publicke rule: yet all the Greeks knew well
(Of euery age) thou didſt me wrong. As thou then didſt reſell
My valour firſt of all the hoaſt, as of a man diſmaid:
So now, with fit occaſion giuen, I firſt blame thee afraid.
Inconſtant *Saturnes* ſonne hath given, inconſtant ſpirits to thee;
And with a ſcepter over all, an imminent degree:
But with a ſcepters ſoveraigne grace, the chiefe powre, Fortitude,
(To bridle thee) he thought not beſt, thy breaſt ſhould be endude.
Vnhappie King, think'ſt thou the Greeks are ſuch a ſilly ſort,
And ſo exceſſive impotent, as thy weake words import?
If thy minde moue thee to be gone; the way is open, go:
Mycenian ſhips enow ride neare, that brought thee to this wo;
The reſt of Greece will ſtay, nor ſtirre, till Troy be overcome,
With full everſion; or if not, but (doters of their home)
Will put on wings to flie with thee; my ſelfe and *Sthenelus*
Will fight, till (truſting fauouring *Iove*) we bring home Troy with us.

Diomed to Agamemnon: and takes fit time to anſwer his wrõg done by Agamemnon in the fourth Booke.

This, all applauded, and admir'd, the ſpirit of *Diomed*;
When *Neſtor* (riſing from the reſt) his ſpeech thus ſeconded:
Tydides, thou art (queſtionleſſe) our ſtrongeſt Greeke, in warre,
And graveſt in thy counſels too, of all that equall are
In place with thee, and ſtand on ſtrength; Nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy ſpeech: And yet thou haſt not gone
So farre, but we muſt further go; th'art yong, and well mightſt be
My yongeſt ſonne, though ſtill I yeeld, thy words hath high degree
Of wiſedome in them to our King; ſince well they did become
Their right in queſtion, and refute, inglorious going home;
But I (well knowne thy ſenior farre) will ſpeake, and handle all
Yet to purpoſe: which none ſhall checke; no not our Generall.
A hater of ſocietie, uniuſt, and wilde is he,
That loves inteſtine warre; being ſtuft with manleſſe crueltie:
And therefore in perſwading peace, and home-flight, we the leſſe
May blame our Generall; as one loath to wrap in more diſtreſſe
His loued ſouldiers: but becauſe they bravely are reſolu'd
To caſt liues after toyles, before, they part in ſhame involu'd;
Provide we for our honourd ſtay; obey blacke night, and fall
Now to our ſuppers; then appoint, our guards without the wall,
And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wiſh may ſtand
Of our braue youth. And (*Atreus* ſonne) ſince thou art in command
Before our other Kings; be firſt, in thy commands effect:
It well becomes thee; ſince tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;
And in the royall right of things is no impaire to thee;
Nor ſhall it ſtand with leſſe then right, that they inuited be

Neſtor approves Diomeds counſel, and goes further.

To

To ſupper by thee; all thy tents, are amply ſtor'd with wine,
Vinum Thracia Brought daily in Greeke ſhips from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
All neceſſaries thou haſt fit, and ſtore of men to wait;
And many meeting there; thou maiſt heare every mans conceit,
And take the beſt: it much concernes all Greeks to uſe adviſe
Of graveſt nature; ſince, ſo neare, our ſhips, our enemies
Have lighted ſuch a ſort of fires: with which, what man is joy'd?
Looke, how all beare themſelues this night, ſo live, or be deſtroy'd.
All heard, and follow'd his advice: there was appointed then
Seven Captaines of the watch, and their names. Seven Captaines of the watch, who forth, did march with all their men.
The firſt was famous *Thraſymed*, adviſefull *Neſtors* ſonne;
Aſcalaphus and *Ialmen*, and mightie *Merion*;
Alphareus and *Deipyrus*, and louely *Lycomed*;
Old *Creons* joy: Theſe ſeven bold Lords, an hundred ſouldiers led
In euery ſeuer'd company; and euery man his pike:
Some placed on the rampires top, and ſome amidſt the dike:
All fires made, and their ſuppers tooke: *Atrides* to his tent
Invited all the Peeres of Greece; and food ſufficient
Appoſde before them; and the Peeres appoſde their hands to it.
Hunger and thirſt being quickly quencht, to counſell ſtill they ſit.
And firſt ſpake *Neſtor*, who they thought, of late, adviſde ſo well,
A father grave, and rightly wiſe, who thus his tale did tell.
Moſt high *Atrides*, ſince in thee, I have intent to end,
Neſtor to Agamemnon. From thee will I begin my ſpeech, to whom *Iove* doth commend
The Empire of ſo many men, and puts into thy hand
A Scepter, and eſtabliſht lawes, that thou mayſt well command
And counſell all men under thee. It therefore doth behove
Thy ſelfe to ſpeake moſt, ſince of all, thy ſpeeches moſt will moue;
And yet to heare as well as ſpeake: and then performe as well
A free juſt counſell; in thee ſtill, muſt ſticke, what others tell.
For me; what in my judgement ſtands, the moſt convenient
I will adviſe; and am aſſur'd, advice more competent
Shall not be giuen: the generall proofe that hath before beene made
Of what I ſpeake, confirmes me ſtill; and now may well perſwade,
Becauſe I could not then, yet ought, when thou (moſt royall King)
Euen from the tent, *Achilles* loue, didſt violently bring,
Againſt my counſell, urging thee, by all meanes to relent:
But you (obeying your high minde) would venture the event,
Diſhonouring our ableſt Greeke, a man th'immortals grace:
Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:
Both which, kinde words and pleaſing gifts, muſt make his vertues yeeld.
Agamemnon to Neſtor. O father (anſwered the King) my wrongs thou tel'ſt me right;
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man muſt ſtand in fight
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him *Iove* loues from his heart:
He ſhewes it in thus honouring him; who liuing thus apart,
Proues us but number: for his want, makes all our weakneſſe ſeene:
Yet after my confeſt offence, ſoothing my humorous ſpleene,

Ile

Ile ſweeten his affects againe, with preſents infinite,
Which (to approve my firme intent) Ile openly recite,
Seven ſacred Tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,
Twenty bright caldrons, twelve yong horſe, well ſhap't, and well controld,
And victors too; for they haue wonne the prize at many a race:
That man ſhould not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treaſury; nor feele ſweet golds defect.
Seven Lesbian Ladies he ſhall haue, that were the moſt ſelect,
And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne
Of famous Lesbos) I did chuſe, who wonne the chiefe renowne,
For beauty from their whole faire ſexe, amongſt whom Ile reſigne
Faire *Bryſis*, and I deepely ſweare (for any fact of mine
That may diſcourage her receit) ſhe is untoucht, and reſts
As he reſign'd her. To theſe gifts (if *Iove* to our requeſts
Vouchſafe performance, and affoord, the worke for which we waite,
Of winning Troy) with braſſe and gold, he ſhall his nauie fraight;
And (entring when we be at ſpoyle) that princely hand of his
Shall chuſe him twenty Troian Dames, excepting *Tyndaris*,
The faireſt Pergamus infolds: and if we make retreat
To *Argos* (cald of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe ſeat)
He ſhall become my ſonne in law, and I will honour him.
Euen as *Oreſtes*, my ſole ſonne, that doth in honours ſwim.
Three daughters in my wel-built court, unmarried are, and faire;
Laodice, *Chryſothemis*, that hath the golden haire,
And *Iphianaſſa*: of all three, the worthieſt let him take
All joyntureleſſe, to *Peleus* Court: I will her joynture make,
And that ſo great, as neuer yet, did any maide preferre;
Seuen cities right magnificent, I will beſtow on her:
Enope, and Cardamile; Hyra for herbes renownd;
The faire Æpæa, Pedaſus, that doth with grapes abound:
Antæa, girded with greene meades: Phera, firnam'd Diuine,
All whoſe bright turrets, on the ſeas, in ſandy Pylos ſhine:
Th'inhabitants in flockes and heards, are wondrous confluent;
Who like a god will honour him, and him with gifts preſent,
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate,
All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghoſts,
To be unrul'd, implacable, and ſeeke the bloud of hoaſts;
Whom therefore men doe much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me,
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeeres then he.

Gifts offered to Achilles.

Brave King (ſaid *Neſtor*) theſe rich gifts, muſt make him needs relent:
Chuſe then fit legates inſtantly, to greete him at his Tent;
But ſtay, admit my choiſe of them, and let them ſtrait be gone:
Iove-loued *Phœnix* ſhall be chiefe, then *Aiax Telamon*,
And Prince *Vlyſſes*, and on them, let theſe two heralds wait,
Grave *Odius* and *Euribates*. Come Lords, take water ſtrait,
Make pure your hands, and with ſweet words, appeaſe *Achilles* mind,
Which we will pray, the king of gods, may gently make inclin'd.

Neſtor makes choice of Ambaſſadors to Achilles.

All

All lik't his ſpeech, and on their hands, the Heralds water ſhed:
The youths, crownd cups of ſacred wine, to all diſtributed:
But, hauing ſacrific'd and drunke, to euery mans content,
(With many notes by *Neſtor* giuen) the Legats forward went:
With courtſhip in fit geſtures vs'd, he did prepare them well,
But moſt *Vlyſſes*, for his grace, did not ſo much excell:
Such rites beſeeme Ambaſſadors: and *Neſtor* urged theſe,
That their moſt honours might reflect, enrag'd *Æacides*.
They went along the ſhore, and praid, the God that earth doth binde
In brackiſh chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mighty mind.
The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him ſet
Achilles at his Harpe. Delighted with his ſolemne harpe, which curiouſly was fret
With workes conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't
His lofty necke, was ſiluer twiſt: this (when his hand laid waſte
Achilles loue of Muſicke. Himſelfe ſings the deeds of Heroes. *Aetions* citie) he did chuſe, as his eſpeciall priſe,
And (louing ſacred muſicke well) made it his exerciſe:
To it he ſung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead,
And his true minde, that practiſe faild, ſweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and oppoſite, all ſilent ſat his friend,
Attentiue, and beholding him, who now his ſong did end.
Th'Ambaſſadors did forwards preaſſe, renown'd *Vlyſſes* led,
And ſtood in view: their ſodaine ſight, his admiration bred;
Who with his Harpe and all aroſe: ſo did *Menetius* ſonne
When he beheld them: their receipt, *Achilles* thus begun.
Achilles gentle receit of Vlyſſes, Aiax, &c. Health to my Lords, right welcome men, aſſure your ſelues you be,
Though ſome neceſſitie I know, doth make you viſite me,
Inceſt with juſt cauſe gainſt the Greeks. This ſaid, a ſeuerall ſeate
With purple cuſhions he ſet forth, and did their eaſe intreate:
And ſaid, Now friend, our greateſt bolle, with wine unmixt, and neate,
Appoſe theſe Lords; and of the depth, let euery man make proofe:
Theſe are my beſt-eſteemed friends, and underneath my roofe.
Patroclus did his deare friends will, and he that did deſire
Principes pri ſeruilia munera obeunt, ut alibi. To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) ſet on a blaſing fire,
A great braſſe pot, and into it, a chine of mutton put,
And fat Goates fleſh: *Automedon*, held, while he pieces cut
To roaſt and boyle, right cunningly: then of a well fed ſwine,
A huge fat ſhoulder he cuts out, and ſpits it wondrous fine;
His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once paſt,
He laid the ſpit low, neare the coales, to make it browne at laſt:
Then ſprinkled it with ſacred ſalt, and tooke it from the rackes:
This roaſted and on dreſſer ſet, his friend *Patroclus* takes
Bread in faire baskets; which ſet on, *Achilles* brought the meat;
And to diuineſt *Ithacus*, tooke his oppoſed ſeate
Sacrifice before meat. Vpon the bench: then did he will his friend to ſacrifice;
Who caſt ſweet incenſe in the fire, to all the Deities.
Thus fell they to their ready food: hunger and thirſt allaid,
Aiax to *Phenix* made a ſigne, as if too long they ſtaid,
Before they told their Legacie. *Vlyſſes* ſaw him winke,

And

And (filling the great bowle with wine) did to *Achilles* drinke.
Health to *Achilles*, but our plights ſtand not in need of meate, *Vlyſſes oration.*
Who late ſupt at *Atrides* tent, though for thy love we eate
Of many things, whereof a part would make a compleat feaſt:
Nor can we joy in theſe kinde rites, that have our hearts oppreſt
(O Prince) with feare of utter ſpoile: tis made a queſtion now
If we can ſave our fleet or not, unleſſe thy ſelfe endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude: now Troy and her conſorts,
Bold of thy want, have pitcht their tents cloſe to our fleet and ſorts;
And made a firmament of fires, and now no more they ſay
Will they be priſon'd in their wals, but force their violent way
Euen to our ſhips; and *Iove* himſelfe, hath with his lightnings ſhowd
Their bold aduentures happy ſignes; and *Hector* growes ſo proud
Of his huge ſtrength, borne out by *Iove*, that fearefully he raues;
Preſuming neither men nor gods, can interrupt his braues.
Wilde rage inuades him, and he prayes, that ſoone the ſacred morne
Would light his furie; boaſting then, our ſtreamers ſhall be torne,
And all our nauall ornaments, fall by his conquering ſtroke;
Our ſhips ſhall burne, and we our ſelues, lye ſtiff'd in the ſmoke.
And I am ſeriouſly afraid, heauen will performe his threats,
And that tis fatall to us all, farre from our native ſeats
To periſh in victorious Troy: but riſe, though it be late,
Deliuer the afflicted Greekes from Troyes tumultuous hate.
It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no ſtrength can ſuffiſe
To remedy th'affected threats of our calamities;
Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maiſt uſe thy powre,
And haue the grace to turne from Greece, fates unrecouered houre.
O friend? thou knoweſt, thy royall Sire, forewarnd what ſhould be done,
That day he ſent thee from his Court, to honour *Atreus* ſonne:
My ſonne (ſaid he) the victory, let *Iove* and *Pallas* uſe
At their high pleaſures; but doe thou, no honour'd meanes refuſe
That may aduance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mighty mind,
Nor let the knowledge of thy ſtrength, be factiouſly inclind,
Contriuing miſchiefes, be to ſame, and generall good profeſt;
The more will all ſorts honour thee; Benignitie is beſt.
Thus charg'd thy ſire, which thou forgetſt: yet now thoſe thoughts appeaſe
That torture thy great ſpirit with wrath: which if thou wilt ſurceaſe,
The King will merit it with gifts; and if thou wilt giue eare)
Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou ſitſt angry here.
Seuen Tripods that no fire muſt touch, twiſe ten pans fit for flame:
Ten talents of fine gold, twelue horſe, that euer ouercame,
And brought huge priſes from the field, with ſwiftneſſe of their feet:
That man ſhould beare no poore account, nor wants gold quickning ſweet,
That had but what he won with them: ſeuen worthieſt Lesbian Dames,
Renown'd for skill in houſwifrie, and beare the ſoueraigne fames,
For beauty, from their generall ſexe; which at thy ouerthrow
Of wel-built Lesbos he did chuſe, and theſe he will beſtow;
And with theſe, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his ſtate ſince then)

He ſweares he toucht not, as faire Dames uſe to be toucht by them.
All theſe are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,
By helpes of gods, this wealthy towne, thy ſhips ſhall burthen make
Of gold and braſſe at thy deſires, when we the ſpoyle divide:
And twenty beautious Troian Dames, thou ſhalt ſelect beſide,
(Next *Hellen*) the moſt beautifull; and (when return'd we be
To Argos) be his ſonne in law: for he will honour thee
Like his *Oreſtes*, his ſole ſonne, maintaind in height of bliſſe:
Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire *Chryſothemis*,
Laodice, and *Iphianeſſe*; of all the faireſt take
To *Peleus* thy grave fathers Court, and never joynture make:
He will the joynture make himſelfe, ſo great, as never Sire
Gave to his daughters nuptials: ſeuen cities left entire;
Cardamile, and *Enope*, and *Hyla* full of flowers,
Anthæa, for ſweet meadowes prais'd, add *Phera*, deckt with towers,
The bright *Epea*, *Pedaſſus*, that doth god *Bacchus* pleaſe,
All on the ſandy *Pylos* ſoyle, are ſeated neere the ſeas:
Th'inhabitants, in droves and flockes, exceeding wealthy be,
Who like a god with worthy gifts, will gladly honour thee;
And tribute of eſpeciall rate, to thy high ſcepter pay:
All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay.
But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifts may repreſſe,
Yet pitty all the other Greeks, in ſuch extreme diſtreſſe;
Who with religion honour thee: and to their deſperate ill,
Thou ſhalt triumphant glory bring, and *Hector* thou maiſt kill,
When pride makes him encounter thee: fild with a banefull ſprite,
Who vaunts, our whole-fleet brought not one, equall to him in fight.

Achilles anſwers Vliſſes Oration.

Swift-foot *Æaciades* replide: Divine *Laertes* ſonne,
'Tis requiſite I ſhould be ſhort, and ſhew what place hath wonne
Thy ſerious ſpeech: affirming nought but what you ſhall approve
Eſtabliſht in my ſetled heart; that in the reſt I move
No murmure nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,
Who holds not in his words and thonghts, one indiſtinguiſht troth.
What fits the freeneſſe of my mind, my ſpeech ſhall make diſplaid;
Nor *Atreus* ſonne, nor all the Greekes ſhall winne me to their aid:
Their ſuit is wretchedly enforc't to free their owne deſpaires;
And my life never ſhall be hir'd, with thankleſſe deſperate praires:
For never had I benefit, that ever foild the foe;
Even ſhare hath he that keepes his tent, and he to field doth go
With equall honour cowards die, and men moſt valiant:
The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vaunt.
No overplus I ever found, when with my minds moſt ſtrife.
To doe them good, to dangerous fight I have expos'd my life.
But even as to unfeatherd birds, the careſull dam brings meate,
Which when ſhe hath beſtow'd, her ſelfe hath nothing left to eat:
So when my broken ſleepes have drawne, the nights t'extremeſt length,
And ended many bloudy daies, with ſtill-employed ſtrength,
To guard their weakeneſſe: and preſerve, their wives contents infract;

And

I have beene robd before their eyes; twelue cities I haue ſackt,
Aſſaild by ſea; eleven by land, while this ſiege held at Troy:
And of all theſe, that was moſt deare, and moſt might crowne the joy
Of *Agamemnon*, he enjoyd; who here behinde remain'd:
Which when he tooke, a few he gave, and many things retaind:
Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gave, who hold them faſt;
Yet mine he forceth; onely I, fit with my loſſe diſgrac't.
But ſo he gaine a lovely Dame, to be his beds delight,
It is enough; for what cauſe elſe, do Greeks and Trojans fight?
Why brought he hither ſuch an hoſt? was it not for a Dame?
For faire-hair'd *Hellen?* and doth love, alone the hearts inflame
Of the *Atrides* to their wiues, of all the men that moue?
Every diſcreet and honeſt minde cares for his private love,
As much as they: as I my ſelfe, lou'd *Briſis* as my life,
Although my captiue; and had will, to take her for my wife.
Whom, ſince he forc't, preuenting me; in vaine he ſhall prolong
Hopes to appeaſe me, that know well the deepneſſe of my wrong.
But good *Vlyſſes*, with thy ſelfe, and all you other Kings,
Let him take ſtomacke to repell Troyes fierie threatnings:
Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
Cut a dike by it, pitcht with paies, broad, and of deepe import:
And cannot all theſe helps repreſſe, this kil-man *Hectors* fright?
When I was arm'd among the Greeks, he would not offer fight
Without the ſhadow of his wals; but to the Scæan ports,
Or to the holy Beech of *Ioue*, come backt with his conſorts;
Where once he ſtood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
And to make new proofe of our powers, the doubt is not ſo great.
To morrow then with ſacrifice, perform'd t'imperiall *Ioue*
And all the Gods, Ile lance my fleet, and all my men remove;
Which (if thou wilt uſe ſo thy ſight, or think'ſt it worth reſpect)
In forehead of the morne thine eyes ſhall ſee with ſailes erect
Amidſt the fiſhie Helleſpont, helpt with laborious oares:
And if the ſea-god ſend free ſaile, the fruitfull Pthian ſhores
Within three dayes we ſhall attaine; where I have ſtore of priſe,
Left, when with prejudice I came to theſe indignities;
There have I gold as well as here, and ſtore of ruddie braſſe,
Dames ſlender, elegantly girt, and ſteele as bright as glaſſe;
Theſe will I take as I retire, as ſhares I firmly ſave;
Though *Agamemnon* be ſo baſe to take the gifts he gave.
Tell him all this, and openly; I on your honors charge,
That others may take ſhame to heare his luſts command ſo large:
And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceive,
(Being di'd in endleſſe impudence) that man may learne to leave
His truſt and Empire: but alas, though like a Wolfe he be,
Shameleſſe and rude; he durſt not take my priſe, and looke on me.
I never will partake his works, nor counſels, as before;
He once deceiv'd and injur'd me, and he ſhall never more
Tye my affections with his words; enough is the increaſe

Of one ſucceſſe in his deceits; which let him ioy in peace,
And beare it to a wretched end; wiſe *Ioue* hath reft his braine,
To bring him plagues; and theſe his gifts, I (as my foes) diſdaine:
Even in the numneſſe of calme death, I will revengefull be,
Though ten or twentie times ſo much, he would beſtow on me:
All he hath here, or any where; or *Orchomen* containes,
To which men bring their wealth for ſtrength; or all the ſtore remaines
In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treaſure lies,
Whoſe wals containe an hundred ports, of ſo admir'd a ſize,
Two hundred ſouldiers may afront, with horſe and chariots paſſe.
Nor, would he amplifie all this, like ſand, or duſt, or graſſe;
Should he reclaime me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines,
The free and
moſt ingenious
Spirit of Achilles
That with his contumely burnd, like poyſon in my veines.
Nor ſhall his daughter be my wife, although ſhe might contend
With golden *Venus* for her forme; or if ſhe did tranſcend
Blew-eyd *Minerva* for her works: let him a Greeke ſelect
Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
My ſafetie to my fathers court, he ſhall chuſe me a wife.
Many faire Achive Princeſſes of unimpeached life,
In Helle and in Pthia live, whoſe Sires do cities hold,
Of whom I can have, whom I will. And more, an hundred fold.
My true minde in my countrey likes, to take a lawfull wife,
Then in another nation; and there delight my life
With thoſe goods that my father got, much rather then die here.
Not all the wealth of wel-built Troy, poſſeſt when peace was there:
All that *Apollos* marble Fane, in ſtony Pythos holds,
I value equall with the life, that my free breaſt infolds:
Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, creſt-deckt horſe, though loſt, may come againe:
But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
Our humane ſoule, away it flies; and once againe, never more
To her fraile manſion any man, can her loſt powres reſtore.
And therefore ſince my mother-queene (fam'd for her ſilver feet)
Told me two fates about my death, in my direction meet:
The one, that if I here remaine, t'aſſiſt our victorie,
My ſafe returne ſhall never liue, my fame ſhall neuer die:
If my returne obtaine ſucceſſe, much of my fame decayes,
But death ſhall linger his approach, and I liue many dayes.
This being reveal'd, twere fooliſh pride, t'abridge my life for praiſe.
Then with my ſelfe I will aduiſe, others to hoiſe their ſaile;
For, gainſt the height of Ilion, you neuer ſhall preuaile:
Ioue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the ſouldiers bold.
This tell the King in euery part: for ſo graue Legats ſhould;
That they may better counſels uſe, to ſaue their fleet and friends
By their owne valours; ſince this courſe, drown'd in my eager ends.
Phœnix may in my tent repoſe; and in the morne, ſtere courſe
For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile uſe no force.
All wondred at his ſterne reply; and *Phœnix* full of feares,
His words would be more weake then juſt, ſupplide their wants with teares.

If

If thy returne incline thee thus, (*Peleus* renowned joy)
And thou wilt let our ſhips be burnd, with harmefull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angry, O my ſonne; how ſhall I after be
Alone in theſe extremes of death, relinquiſhed by thee?
I, whom thy royall father ſent, as orderer of thy force,
When to *Atrides* from his Court, he left thee, for this courſe;
Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didſt not ſo abound;
Nor hadſt the habite of diſcourſe, that makes men ſo renownd:
In all which, I was ſet by him, t'inſtruct thee as my ſonne,
That thou mightſt ſpeake when ſpeech was fit, and do, when deeds were done;
Not ſit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to move:
I would not then be left by thee; deare ſonne, begot in love,
No not if God would promiſe me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my boſome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at firſt, I left ſweet *Helles* ſhore
Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore;
Who was the faire *Amyntor* cald, ſurnam'd *Ormenides*:
And for a faire-haird harlots ſake, that his affects could pleaſe,
Contemnd my mother his true wife; who ceaſleſſe urged me
To uſe his harlot *Clytia*, and ſtill would claſpe my knee
To doe her will; that ſo my Sire might turne his love to hate
Of that lewd Dame; converting it, to comfort her eſtate.
At laſt, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers love; who ſtraight ſuſpitious ſtood,
Purſuing me with many a curſe, and to the Furies praide
No Dame might love, nor bring me ſeed: the Deities obayd
That governe hell: infernall *Iove*, and ſterne *Proſerpine*.
Then durſt I in no longer date, with my ſterne father be:
Yet did my friends, and neare allies: incloſe me with deſires
Not to depart. kild ſheepe, bores, beeves; roſt them at ſolemne fires:
And from my fathers tuns we drunke exceeding ſtore of wine.
Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaſleſſe ſhine,
One in the porch of his ſtrong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night ſhone,
I brake my chambers thick-fram'd dores, and through the hals guard paſt,
Vnſeene of any man or maid. Through Greece, then rich, and vaſt,
I fled to Pthia, nurſe of ſheepe: and came to *Peleus* Court,
Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious ſort
As any Sire his onely ſonne; borne when his ſtrength is ſpent,
And bleſt with great poſſeſſions, to leave to his deſcent.
He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command commend:
I dwelt in th'utmoſt region, rich *Pthia* doth extend,
And governd the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the gods art fram'd: ſince (deareſt to my heart)
I us'de thee ſo, thou lov'dſt none elſe; nor any where wouldſt eate,
Till I had crownd my knee with thee, and caru'd thee tendreſt meate,
Aud given thee wine ſo much, for love, that in thy infancie,
(Which ſtill diſcretion muſt protect, and a continuall eye)

Phœnix Oration to Achilles.

Morem ſenum obſervat, qui de præteritis libenter ſilent meminiſſe.

My boſome lovingly ſuſtain'd; the wine thine could not beare:
Then, now my ſtrength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
Much have I ſuffred for thy love, much labour'd, wiſhed much;
Thinking ſince I muſt have no heire, (the gods decrees are ſuch)
I would adopt my ſelfe my heire: to thee my heart did give
What any Sire could give his ſonne; in thee I hop't to live:
O mitigate thy mighty ſpirits: it fits not one that moves
The hearts of all, to live unmov'd, and ſuccour hates, for loves:
The gods themſelves are flexible, whoſe vertues, honors, powers,
Are more then thine: yet they will bend their breaſts as we beud ours.
Perfumes, benigne devotions, ſavors of offrings burnd,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turnd,
By men that pray to them; whoſe faith, their ſinnes have falſified:
Prayers, how neceſſary, and helpfull: ſhund or neglected, how wreakefull. Ioves daughters, and cald Lite.
For, prayers are daughters of great *Iove*; lame, wrinkled, ruddie eyd,
And ever following injury, who (ſtrong and ſound of feet)
Flyes through the world, afflicting men: beleeving prayers, yet
(To all that love that ſeed of *Iove*) the certaine bleſſing get
To have *Iove* heare, and helpe them too: but if he ſhall refuſe,
And ſtand inflexible to them, they flye to *Iove*, and uſe
Their powers againſt him; that the wrongs he doth to them, may fall
On his owne head, and pay thoſe paines, whoſe cure he failes to call.
Then great *Achilles* honour thou, this ſacred ſeed of *Iove*,
And yeeld to them; ſince other men of greateſt minds they move:
If *Agamemnon* would not give the ſelfe ſame gifts he vowes,
But offer other afterwards; and in his ſtil-bent browes
Entombe his honour and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeaſde) thy aide to Greece, though plagu'd in heavieſt ſort:
But, much he preſently will give, and after, yeeld the reſt:
T'aſſure which, he hath ſent to thee, the men thou loveſt beſt,
And moſt renownd of all the hoaſt, that they might ſoften thee:
Then let not both their paines and prayers, loſt and deſpiſed be.
Before which, none could reprehend, the tumult of thy heart:
But now to reſt inexpiate, were much too rude a part.
Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more diſpleaſde,
(To their high fames) with gifts and prayers, they have beene ſtill appeaſde:
For inſtance, I remember well, a fact perform'd of old,
Another narration, de bello Ætolico.
Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets warres did hold
With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall lives had end
About the citie *Calidon*; th'Ætolians did defend
Their flouriſhing country, which to ſpoyle, the Curets did contend.
Diana with the golden throne (with *Oeneus* much incenc't,
Since with his plenteous lands firſt fruits, ſhe was not reverenc't;
Yet other gods, with Hecatombes, had feaſts, and ſhe alone,
(Great *Ioves* bright daughter) left unſeru'd, or by oblivion,
Or undue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart ſhe ſwore:
And ſhe enrag'd, excited much: ſhe ſent a ſylvan Bore
Aper Calidonius
From their greene groves, with wounding tuskes, who uſually did ſpoile
King *Oeneus* fields: his lofty woods, laid proſtrate on the ſoile;

Rent

Rent by the roots, trees freſh, adornd, with fragrant apple flowr's:
Which *Meleager* (*Oeneus* ſonne) ſlue with aſſembled pow'rs
Of hunters, and of fierceſt hounds; from many Cities brought:
For, ſuch he was, that with few lives, his death could not be bought.
Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funerall piles applide:
Yet (ſlaine at laſt) the Goddeſſe ſtird, about his head, and hide
A wondrous tumult; and a warre, betwixt the Curets wrought
And brave Ætolians. All the while, fierce *Meleager* fought,
Ill far'd the *Curets:* neare the wals, none durſt advance his creſt
Though they were many: but when wrath inflamde his hautie breſt,
(Which oft the firme minde of the wiſe, with paſſion doth infeſt)
Since twixt his mother Queene and him, aroſe a deadly ſtrife;
He left the Court, and privately, liv'd with his lawfull wife:
Faire *Cleopatra*, ſemall birth, of bright *Marpiſſas* paine,
And of *Ideus*; who, of all, terreſtriall men, did raigne
(At that time) king of fortitude; and, for *Marpiſſas* ſake,
Gainſt wanton *Phœbus*, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
Since he had raviſht her, his joy; whom her friends, after, gave
The ſurname of *Alcyone*; becauſe they could not ſave
Their daughter from *Alcyones* Fate: in *Cleopatras* armes
Lay *Meleager*, feeding on, his anger for the harmes
His mother praid might fall on him; who, for her brother ſlaine
By *Meleager*, griev'd, and praid, the Gods to wreake her paine,
With all the horrour could be pour'd, upon her furious birth:
Still knockt ſhe with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,
To urge ſterne *Pluto* and his Queene, t'incline their vengefull eares;
Fell on her knees, and all her breaſt, dew'd with her fierie teares
To make them maſſacre her ſonne; whoſe wrath enrag'd her thus.
Erynnis (wandring through the ayre) heard, out of *Erebus*,
Pray'rs, fit for her unpleaſed minde; yet *Meleager* lay,
Obſcurd in furie; then the bruit of the tumultuous fray,
Rung through the turrets as they ſcald; then came the Ætolian Peeres,
To *Meleager* with low ſuits, to riſe and free their feares:
Then ſent they the chiefe Prieſts of Gods, with offered gifts t'attone
His differing furie; bad him chuſe, in ſweet-ſolid *Calidon*,
Of the moſt fat and yeeldie ſoyle, what with an hundred ſteares,
Might in an hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,
And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire.
Then to his loftie chamber-doore, aſcends his royall Sire
With ruthfull plaints: ſhooke the ſtrong barres; then came his ſiſters cries,
His mother then, and all intreat: yet ſtill more ſtiffe he lyes:
His friends, moſt reverend, moſt eſteem'd; yet none impreſſion tooke,
Till the high turrets where he lay, and his ſtrong chamber ſhooke
With the invading enemie: who now forc't dreadfull way
Along the citie: then his wife (in pittifull diſmay)
Beſought him weeping: telling him, the miſeries ſuſtaind
By all the citizens, whoſe towne, the enemie had gaind;
Men ſlaughterd, children bondſlaves made; ſweet Ladies forc't with luſt:

Fires climing towres, and turning them to heaps of fruitleſſe duſt.
Theſe dangers ſoftned his ſteele heart: up the ſtout Prince aroſe,
Indude his bodie with rich armes, and freed th'Ætolians woes:
His ſmother'd anger giving ayre, which gifts did not aſſwage,
But his owne perill. And becauſe, he did not diſ-ingage
Their lives for gifts, their gifts he loſt. But for my ſake (deare friend)
Be not thou bent to ſee our plights, to theſe extremes deſcend,
Ere thou aſſiſt us; be not ſo, by thy ill angel, turn'd
From thine owne honour: it were ſhame, to ſee our navie burn'd,
And then come with thy timeleſſe aide. For offer'd preſents come,
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celeſtiall roome.
But if without theſe gifts thou fight, forc't by thy private woe,
Thou wilt be nothing ſo renown'd, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles to Phœnix.

Achilles anſwer'd the laſt part, of his oration, thus:
Phœnix, renown'd and reverend; the honors urgde on us
We need not; *Iove* doth honour me, and to my ſaftie ſees,
And will whiles I retaine a ſpirit, or can command my knees.
Then do not thou, with teares and woes, impaſſion my affects,
Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fits it the reſpects
Of thy vow'd love, to honour him, that hath diſhonour'd me;
Leſt ſuch looſe kindneſſe loſe his heart, that yet is firme to thee.
It were thy praiſe to hurt, with me, the hurter of my ſtate;
Since halfe my honour and my Realme, thou maiſt participate.
Let theſe Lords then returne th'event; and do thou here repoſe;
And when darke ſleepe breakes with the day; our counſels ſhall diſcloſe
The courſe of our returne or ſtay. This ſaid, he with his eye
Made to his friend, a covert ſigne, to haſten inſtantly
A good ſoft bed, that the old Prince, ſoone as the Peere were gone,
Might take his reſt; when ſouldier-like, brave *Aiax Telamon*
Spake to *Vlyſſes*, as with thought; *Achilles* was not worth
The high direction of his ſpeech; that ſtood ſo ſternly forth,
Vnmov'd with th'other Orators: and ſpake, not to appeaſe
Pelides wrath, but to depart: his arguments were theſe:

Aiax ſouldier-like ſpeech and faſhion.

High-iſſued *Laertiades?* let us inſiſt no more
On his perſwaſion; I perceive the world would end before
Our ſpeeches end, in this affaire: we muſt with utmoſt haſte
Returne his anſwer, though but bad: the Peeres are elſewhere plac't,
And will not riſe till we returne; great *Thetis* ſonne hath ſtor'd
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;
Rude that he is; nor his friends love, reſpects, do what they can:
Wherein paſt all, we honour'd him. O unremorſefull man!
Another for his brother ſlaine, another for his ſonne,
Accepts of ſatisfaction: and he the deed hath done
Lives in belov'd ſocietie, long after his amends;
To which his foes high heart for gifts, with patience condeſcends:
But thee a wilde and cruell ſpirit, the Gods for plague have given,
And for one girle; of whoſe faire ſexe, we come to offer ſeven,
The moſt exempt for excellence, and many a better priſe:

Then

Then put a ſweet minde in thy breaſt, reſpect thy owne allies,
Though others make thee not remiſſe: a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our ſupremeſt care
Is to be moſt familiar, and hold moſt loue with thee,
Of all the Greeks, how great an hoſt, ſoeuer here there be.
He anſwer'd; Noble *Telamon*, Prince of our ſouldiers here: *Achilles to Aiax*
Out of thy heart I know thou ſpeakſt, and as thou holdſt me deare:
But ſtill as often as I thinke, how rudely I was uſde,
And like a ſtranger for all rites, fit for our good, refuſde:
My heart doth ſwell againſt the man, that durſt be ſo profane
To violate his ſacred place: not for my private bane.
But ſince wrackt vertues generall lawes, he ſhameleſſe did infringe:
For whoſe ſake I will looſe the reines, and give mine anger ſwinge,
Without my wiſedomes leaſt impeach. He is a foole, and baſe,
That pitties vice plagu'd minds, when paine, not love of right giues place.
And therefore tell your King, my Lords, my juſt wrath will not care
For all his cares: before my tents, and navie charged are
By warlike *Hector*; making way, through flocks of Grecian liues,
Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arriues
About my tent, and ſable barke, I doubt not but to ſhield
Them and my ſelfe: and make him flie, the there-ſtrong bounded field.
This ſaid, each one but kiſt the cup, and to the ſhips retir'd,
Vlyſſes firſt. *Patroclus* then, the men and maids requir'd
To make grave *Phœnix* bed with ſpeed, and ſee he nothing lacks:
They ſtrait obeyd, and thereon laid, the ſubtile fruit of flax,
And warme ſheep-fels for covering: and there the old man ſlept,
Attending till the golden Morne, her uſuall ſtation kept.
Achilles lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought;
And that faire Ladie by his ſide, that he from Lesbos brought,
Bright *Diomeda*, *Phorbas* ſeed: *Patroclus* did embrace
The beautious *Iphis*, given to him, when his bold friend did raze
The loftie Syrus, that was kept, in *Enyeus* hold.
Now at the tent of *Atreus* ſonne, each man with cups of gold *Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.*
Receiv'd th'Ambaſſadors return'd; all cluſterd neare to know
What newes they brought: which firſt the King, would have *Vlyſſes* ſhow.
Say moſt praiſe-worthy *Ithacus*; the Grecians great renowne,
Will he defend us? or not yet, will his proud ſtomacke downe?
Vlyſſes made replie; Not yet, will he appeaſed be, *Vlyſſes to Agamemnon.*
But growes more wrathfull, prizing light, thy offerd gifts and thee;
And wils thee to conſult with us, and take ſome other courſe
To ſave our armie and our fleet: and ſayes, with all his force,
The morne ſhall light him on his way, to *Pthias* wiſhed ſoile:
For never ſhall high-ſeated Troy, be ſackt with all our toile:
Iove holds his hand twixt us and it: the ſouldiers gather heart.
Thus he replies: which *Aiax* here, can equally impart,
And both theſe Heralds: *Phœnix* ſtayes, for ſo was his deſire
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
All wondred he ſhould be ſo ſterne: at laſt bold *Diomed* ſpake:

Would

Diomed to Agamemnon.

Would God, *Atrides*, thy requeſt, were yet to undertake;
And all thy gifts unofferd him, he's proud enough beſide:
But this ambaſſage thou haſt ſent, will make him burſt with pride.
But let us ſuffer him to ſtay, or go at his deſire:
Fight when his ſtomacke ſerves him beſt; or when *Ioue* ſhall inſpire:
Meane while our watch being ſtrongly held, let us a little reſt
After our food: ſtrength lives by both; and vertue is their gueſt.
Then, when the roſie-finger'd Morne, holds out her ſilver light,
Bring forth thy hoſt, encourage all; and be thou firſt in fight.
The Kings admir'd the fortitude, that ſo divinely mov'd
The skilfull horſeman *Diomed*; and his advice approv'd:
Then with their nightly ſacrifice, each tooke his ſeuerall tent;
Where all receiv'd the ſoveraigne gifts, ſoft *Somnus* did preſent.

The end of the ninth Booke.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

H'Atrides watching, wake the other Peeres:
And (in the Fort, conſulting of their feares)
Two Kings they ſend, moſt ſtout, and honor'd moſt,
For royall skowts, into the Troian hoſt:
Who meeting Dolon (Hectors *bribed Spie*)
Take him; and learne how all the Quarters lye.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich King Rheſus, *and his royall Tent;*
Striving for ſafety; but they end his ſtrife,
And rid poore Dolon *of a dangerous life.*
Then with digreſſive wyles, they uſe their force
On Rheſus *life, and take his ſnowie horſe.*

Another Argument.

Kappa *the Night exploits applies;*
Rheſus *and* Dolons *tragedies.*

THe other Princes at their ſhips, ſoft fingerd ſleepe did binde,
But not the Generall; *Somnus* ſilkes, bound not his laboring minde,
That turnd, and returnd, many thoughts. And as quicke lightnings flie
From well-deckt *Iunos* ſoveraigne, out of the thickned skie,
Preparing ſome exceeding raine, or haile, the fruit of cold:
Or downe-like Snow, that ſodainly makes all the fields looke old;
Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his enſulphur'd hand
In dazling flaſhes, pour'd from clouds, on any puniſht land:
So from *Atrides* troubled heart, through his darke ſorrowes, flew
Redoubled ſighes: his intrailes ſhooke, as often as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian ſhade,
And heard the ſounds of fifes, and ſhawmes, and tumults ſouldiers made.
But when he ſaw his fleet and hoſt, kneele to his care and love,
He rent his haire up by the roots, as ſacrifice to *Iove:*
Burnt in his firie ſighes, ſtill breath'd out of his royall heart,
And firſt thought good, to *Neſtors* care, his ſorrowes to impart:
Tr trye if royall diligence, with his approv'd adviſe,
Might faſhion counſels, to prevent their threatned miſeries.
So up he roſe, attir'd himſelfe, and to his ſtrong feet ti'de
Rich ſhooes, and caſt upon his backe, a ruddy Lyons hide,
So ample, it his ankles reacht: then tooke his royall ſpeare.
Like him was *Menelaus* pierc't, with an induſtrious feare,

Agamemnons care. Theſe are the lightnings before ſnow, &c. that Scaligers Criticus ſo unworthily taxeth; citing the place falſly, as in the 3. booke annotations, &c.

Agamemnons habite riſing in the night. He wearing a Lions hide.

Nor

Nor ſat ſweet ſlumber on his eyes; leſt bitter Fates ſhould quite
Menelaus a Leopards The Greekes high fauours, that for him, reſolu'd ſuch endleſſe fight:
And firſt a freckled Panters hide, hid his broad backe athwart:
His head, his braſen helme did arme, his able hand his dart;
Then made he all his haſte to raiſe, his brothers head as rare,
That he who moſt exceld in rule, might helpe t'effect his care.
He found him at his ſhips crookt-ſterne, adorning him with armes,
Who joyd to ſee his brothers ſpirits awak't without alarmes:
Well weighing th'importance of the time. And firſt the yonger ſpake:
Menelaus to Agamemnon. Why brother, are ye arming thus? is it to undertake
The ſending of ſome ventrous Greeke: t'explore the focs intent?
Alas I greatly feare, not one will giue that worke conſent,
Expoſd alone to all the feares that flow in gloomy night:
He that doth this, muſt know death well, in which ends euery fright.
Brother (ſaid he) in theſe affaires, we both muſt uſe aduice;
Agamemnon to Menelaus. *Iove* is againſt us, and accepts great *Hectors* ſacrifice,
For I haue neuer ſeene, nor heard, in one day, and by one,
So many high attempts well urg'd, as *Hectors* power hath done
Againſt the hapleſſe ſons of Greece: being chiefly deare to *Iove*;
And without cauſe, being neither fruit of any Goddeſſe loue,
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare the deepeneſſe of his hand,
Ere it be rac't out of our thoughts, will many yeeres withſtand.
But brother, hie thee to thy ſhips, and Idomen diſeaſe
With warlike *Aiax*: I will haſte to graue *Neleides*;
Exhorting him to riſe, and giue the ſacred watch command,
For they will ſpecially embrace incitement at his hand;
And now his ſonne, their captaine is, and *Idomens* good friend
Bold *Merion*, to whoſe diſcharge, we did that charge commend.
Commandſt thou then (his brothers askt) that I ſhall tarry here
Attending thy reſolu'd approach, or elſe the meſſage beare,
Directions for command in wars extremity. And quickly make returne to thee? He anſwerd: Rather ſtay,
Leſt otherwiſe we faile to meet: for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian hoſt; ſpeake euer as you goe,
Command ſtrong watch, from Sire to ſonne, urge all t'obſerue the foe,
Familiarly, and with their praiſe, exciting euery eye,
Not with unſeaſon'd violence, of proud authority:
We muſt our patience exerciſe, and worke, our ſelues with them,
Iove in our births combind ſuch care, to eithers Diadem.
Thus he diſmiſt him, knowing well, his charge before he went,
Neſtors armes, and readineſſe to uſe them. Himſelfe to *Neſtor*, whom he found in bed within his tent:
By him, his damaske curets hung, his ſhield, a paire of darts;
His ſhining caske, his arming waſte: in theſe he led the hearts
Of his apt ſouldiers to ſharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares.
He quickly ſtarted from his bed, when to his watchfull eares
Vntimely feet told ſome approach: he tooke his lance in hand,
And ſpake to him; Ho, what art thou? that walk'ſt at midnight? ſtand;
Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'ſt thou any Peere?
Speake, come not ſilent towards me: ſay what intendſt thou heere?

Hee

He anſwerd, O *Neleides*, graue honour of our hoſt :
Tis *Agamemnon* thou maiſt know, whom *Ioue* afflicteth moſt
Of all the wretched men that liue; and will, whilſt any breath
Giues motion to my toyled limbs, and beares me up from death.
I walke the round thus, ſince ſweet ſleepe cannot incloſe mine eyes,
Nor ſhut thoſe Organs care breakes ope, for our calamities.
My feare is vehement for the *Greekes:* my heart (the fount of heate)
With his extreme affects, made cold; without my breaſt doth beate.
And therefore are my ſinewes ſtrooke with trembling: euery part
Of what my friends may feele, hath act, in my diſperſed heart.
But if thou thinkſt of any courſe may to our good redound,
(Since neither thou thy ſelfe canſt ſleepe) come, walke with me the round.
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euery guard:
Leſt watching long, and wearineſſe, with labouring ſo hard,
Drowne their oppreſſed memories, of what they haue in charge.
The libertie we giue the foe, (alas) is ouer large,
Their campe is almoſt mixt with ours, and we haue forth no ſpies,
To learne their drifts; who may perchance, this night intend ſurpriſe.

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

Graue *Neſtor* anſwerd: Worthy King, let good hearts beare our ill:
Ioue is not bound to perfect all, this buſie *Hectors* will;
But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much diſmaid
With feare, leſt our diſtreſſe incite *Achilles* to our aid:
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and ſtirre up more beſide:
Tydides, famous for his lance; *Vlyſſes*, *Telamon*,
And bold *Phyleus* valiant heire: or elſe if any one
Would haſte to call King *Idomen*, and *Aiax*, ſince their ſaile
Lye ſo remou'd; with much good ſpeed, it might our haſte auaile.
But (though he be our honord friend,) thy brother I will blame,
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter ſhame
He ſhould commit all paines to thee, that ſhould himſelfe imploy,
Paſt all our Princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
And be ſo farre from needing ſpurres, to theſe his due reſpects,
He ſhould apply our ſpirits himſelfe, with pray'rs, and urg'd affects.
Neceſſitie (a law to lawes, and not to be endur'd)
Makes proofe of all his faculties; not ſound, if not inur'd.

Neſtor to Agamemnon.

Good father (ſaid the King) ſometimes, you know I haue deſir'd
You would improue his negligence, too oft to eaſe retir'd:
Nor is it for defect of ſpirit, or compaſſe of his braine;
But with obſeruing my eſtate, he thinks, he ſhould abſtaine
Till I commanded, knowing my place: unwilling to aſſume,
For being my brother, any thing might proue he did preſume.
But now he roſe before me farre, and came, t'auoid delaies:
And I haue ſent him for the man, your ſelfe deſir'd to raiſe:
Come, we ſhall finde them at the guards, we plac't before the fort:
For thither my direction was, they ſhould with ſpeed reſort.

Agamemnons excuſe of his brother.

Why now (ſaid *Neſtor*) none will grudge, nor his juſt rule withſtand;
Examples make excitements ſtrong, and ſweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming truſſe, faire ſhooes upon his feet,
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large, and full of folds, curld with a warmefull nap,
A garment that gainſt cold in nights, did ſouldiers uſe to wrap:
Then tooke he his ſtrong lance in hand made ſharpe with proved ſteele,
And went along the Grecian fleet. Firſt at *Vlyſſes* keele,
He cald; to breake the ſilken fumes, that did his ſenſes bind:
The voyce through th'Organs of his eares, ſtraight rung about his mind.
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon and Neſtor. Forth came *Vlyſſes*, asking him; Why ſtirre ye thus ſo late?
Suſtaine we ſuch enforcive cauſe? He anſwerd, our eſtate
Neſtor to Vlyſſes. Doth force this perturbation; vouchſafe it worthy friend,
And come, let us excite one more, to counſell of ſome end
To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his ſhield,
The manner of Diomeds lodging And both tooke courſe to *Diomed*, they found him laid in field,
Farre from his tent: his armour by, about him was diſpread
A ring of ſouldiers; every man his ſhield beneath his head:
His ſpeare fixt by him as he ſlept, the great end in the ground:
The point, that briſled the darke earth, caſt a reflection round,
Like paliid lightnings throwne from *Ioue*; thus this Heroe lay,
And under him a big Oxe hide: his royall head had ſtay
On Arras hangings, rolled up: whereon he ſlept ſo faſt,
Neſtor chideth Diomed. That *Neſtor* ſtird him with his foot, and chid to ſee him caſt
In ſuch deepe ſleepe, in ſuch deepe woes. and askt him why he ſpent
All night in ſleepe, or did not heare the Trojans neere his tent?
Their Campe drawne cloſe upon their dike, ſmall ſpace twixt foes and foes?
Diomed to Neſtor. He, ſtarting up, ſaid, Strange old man, that never tak'ſt repoſe;
Thou art too patient of our toyle, have we not men more yong,
To be imployd from King to King? thine age hath too much wrong.
Neſtor to him. Note the life of theſe repreſentations. Said like a King, replied the Sire: for I have ſonnes renownd,
As there are many other men, might goe this toileſome round:
But you muſt ſee, imperious *Need*, hath all at her command:
ἐπ ξυρὸς ἵστα τὰ ἀκμὴς. Now on the eager razors edge, for life or death we ſtand.
This went into a Proverb, uſed by Theocritus, in Dioscurus out of Homer. Then goe (thou art the yonger man,) and if thou love my eaſe,
Call ſwift-foot *Aiax* up thy ſelfe, and young *Phyleides*.
This ſaid, he on his ſhoulders caſt a yellow Lyons hide,
Big, and reacht earth, then tooke his ſpeare, and *Neſtors* will applide:
Raiſd the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the round they went,
And found not any Captaine there aſleepe or negligent:
But waking, and in armes, give eare to every loweſt ſound.
Simile. And as keene dogs keepe ſheepe in Cotes, or folds of hurdles bound:
And grin at every breach of ayre, envious of all that moves:
Still liſtning when the ravenous beaſt ſtalks through the hilly groves:
Then men and dogs ſtand on their guards, and mighty tumults make,
Sleepe wanting weight to cloſe one winke: ſo did the Captaines wake,
That kept the watch the whole ſad night: all with intentive care
Converted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare
If they were ſtirring to ſurpriſe: which *Neſtor* joyd to ſee.
Why ſo (deare ſons) maintaine your watch, ſleepe not a winke (ſaid he)

Rather

Rather then make your fames the ſcorne of Trojan perjurie.
This ſaid, he formoſt paſt the dike, the others ſeconded;
Even all the Kings that had beene cald, to counſell, from the bed:
And with them went *Meriones*, and *Neſtors* famous ſonne:
For both were cald by all the Kings, to conſultation.
Beyond the dike they chuſde a place, neare as they could from bloud;
Where yet appear'd the fals of ſome, and whence (the crimſon floud
Of Grecian lives being powr'd on earth, by *Hectors* furious chaſe)
He made retreat, when night repour'd grim darkneſſe in his face.
There ſat they downe, and *Neſtor* ſpake: O friends remaines not one,
That will relie on his bold minde, and view the campe alone,
Of the proud Trojans? to approve, if any ſtragling mate
He can ſurpriſe neare th'utmoſt tents; or learne the brieſe eſtate
Of their intentions for the time, and mixe like one of them
With their outguards, expiſcating, if the renown'd extreme,
They force on us, will ſerve their turnes; with glory to retire,
Or ſtill encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,
And make a brave retreat untoucht; and this would winne him fame
Of all men canipied with heaven; and every man of name
In all this hoſt ſhall honour him, with an enriching meed;
A blacke Ewe and her ſucking Lambe (rewards that now exceed
All other beſt poſſeſſions, in all mens choice requeſts)
And ſtill be bidden by our Kings, to kinde and royall feaſts.
All reverenc't one anothers worth; and none would ſilence breake,
Leſt worſt ſhould take beſt place of ſpeech: at laſt did *Diomed* ſpeake:
Neſtor, thou ask'ſt if no man here, have heart ſo well inclin'd
To worke this ſtratageme on Troy: yes, I have ſuch a minde:
Yet if ſome other Prince would joyne; more probable will be
The ſtrengthened hope of our exploit: two may together ſee
(One going before another ſtill) ſlie danger every way;
One ſpirit upon another works; and takes with firmer ſtay
The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his courſe,
Yet might he well diſtruſt himſelfe; which th'other might enforce.
This offer everie man aſſum'd, all would with *Diomed* go:
The two *Aiaces*, *Merion*, and *Menelaus* too:
But *Neſtors* ſonne enforc't it much, and hardie *Ithacus*,
Who had to every ventrous deed, a minde as venturous.
Amongſt all theſe thus ſpake the King; *Tydides*, moſt belov'd;
Chuſe thy aſſociate worthily; a man the moſt approv'd
For uſe and ſtrength in theſe extremes. Many thou ſeeſt ſtand forth:
But chooſe not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;
Leſt with thy nice reſpect of right, to any mans degree,
Thou wrongſt thy venture, chuſing one leaſt fit to joyne with thee,
Although perhaps a greater King: this ſpake he with ſuſpect,
That *Diomed* (for honours ſake) his brother would ſelect.
Then ſaid *Tydides*; Since thou giu'ſt, my judgement leave to chuſe,
How can it ſo much truth forget, *Vlyſſes* to refuſe?
That beares a minde ſo moſt exempt, and vigorous in th'effect

Neſtor to the Guards.

Neſtor to the Grecian Princes

Diomed to Neſtor.

The graue counſell of Agamemnon to Diomed.

Diomeds choice of Vlyſſes.

Of all high labours, and a man, *Pallas* doth moſt reſpect?
We ſhall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine:
He ſets ſtrength in ſo true a courſe, with counſels ſo divine.

Vlyſſes modeſtie in accepting.

Vlyſſes loth to be eſteem'd a lover of his praiſe,
With ſuch exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raiſe:
And ſaid; *Tydides*, praiſe me not, more then free truth will beare,
Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks, that give judiciall eare.
But come, the morning haſts; the ſtarres are forward in their courſe,
Two parts of night are paſt; the third is left t'employ our force.

The exploratours armed.

Now borrowed they for haſte ſome armes: bold *Thraſymedes* lent
Adventrous *Diomed* his ſword (his owne was at his tent)
His ſhield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or creſt,
And cald a murrion; archers heads it uſed to inveſt.
Meriones lent *Ithacus*, his quiver and his bow;
His helmet faſhiond of a hide: the workeman did beſtow
Much labour in it, quilting it, with bow-ſtrings; and without,
With ſnowie tuskes of white-mouth'd Bores, t'was armed round about
Right cunningly: and in the midſt, an arming cap was plac't,
That with the fixt ends of the tusks, his head might not be rac't.
This (long ſince) by *Autolycus*, was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waſte *Amyntors* houſe, that was *Ormenus* ſonne.
In Scandia, to *Cytherius*, ſurnam'd *Amphydamas*,
Autolycus did give this helme: he, when he feaſted was
By honour'd *Molus*, gave it him, as preſent of a gueſt:
Molus to his ſonne *Merion*, did make it his bequeſt.

Augurium ex cantu Ardeæ.

With this *Vlyſſes* arm'd his head; and thus they (both addreſt)
Tooke leave of all the other Kings: to them a glad oſtent,
(As they were entring on their way) *Minerva* did preſent:
A Hernſhaw conſecrate to her; which they could ill diſcerne
Through ſable night: but by her clange, they knew it was a Herne.

Vlyſſes invokes *Pallas.*

Vlyſſes joy'd, and thus invok't: Heare me great ſeed of *Iove*,
That ever doſt my labours grace, with preſence of thy love:
And all my motions doſt attend; ſtill love me (ſacred Dame)
Eſpecially in this exploit, and ſo protect our fame,
We both may ſafely make retreat, and thriftily imploy
Our boldneſſe in ſome great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.

Diomed to Pallas.

Then praid illuſtrate *Diomed:* Vouchſafe me likewiſe eare,
O thou unconquer'd Queene of armes: be with thy favours neare,
As to my royall fathers ſteps, thou wentſt a bountious guide,
When th'Achives, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would have pacifide,
Sent as the Greeks Ambaſſador, and left them at the flood
Of great Æſopus; whoſe retreat, thou mad'ſt to ſwim in blood
Of his enambuſht enemies: and if thou ſo protect
My bold endevours; to thy name, an Heifer, moſt ſelect,
That never yet was tam'd with yoke, broad fronted, one yeare old,
Ile burne in zealous ſacrifice, and ſet the hornes in gold.
The Goddeſſe heard, and both the Kings, their dreadleſſe paſſage bore,
Through ſlaughter, ſlaughtered carkaſſes; armes; and diſcolor'd gore.

Nor

Nor *Hector* let his Princes ſleepe, but all to counſell cald:
And askt, What one is here will vow, and keepe it unappald,
To have a gift fit for his deed, a chariot and two horſe,
That paſſe for ſpeed the reſt of Greece? what one dares take this courſe,
For his renowne (beſides his gifts) to mixe amongſt the foe,
And learne if ſtill they hold their guards? or with this overthrow
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold us longer warre?
All ſilent ſtood, at laſt ſtood forth one *Dolon*, that did dare
This dangerous worke; *Eumedes* heire, a Herald much renownd:
This *Dolon* did in gold and braſſe, exceedingly abound;
But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet paſſing ſwift to run:
Amongſt five ſiſters he was left, *Eumedes* onely ſon:
And he told *Hector*, his free heart would undertake t'explore
The Greeks intentions; but (ſaid he) thou ſhalt be ſworne before,
By this thy ſcepter, that the horſe of great *Æacides*
And his ſtrong chariot, bound with braſſe, thou wilt (before all theſe)
Reſigne me as my valours priſe: and ſo I reſt unmov'd
To be thy ſpie, and not returne before I have approv'd
(By venturing to *Atrides* ſhip, where their conſults are held)
If they reſolve ſtill to reſiſt, or flie as quite expeld.
He put his ſcepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God
(*Saturnias* husband) to his oath, thoſe horſe ſhould not be rod
By any other man then he; but he for ever joy
(To his renowne) their ſervices, for his good done to Troy.
Thus ſwore he, and forſwore himſelfe; yet made baſe *Dolon* bold:
Who on his ſhoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold
A white wolves hide, and with a helme of Weaſels skins did arme
His weaſels head; then tooke his dart, and never turnd to harme
The Greeks with their related drifts: but being paſt the troopes
Of horſe and foot, he promptly runs; and as he runs he ſtoopes
To undermine *Achilles* horſe; *Vlyſſes* ſtraight did ſee,
And ſaid to *Diomed*, this man makes footing towards thee,
Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be uſde as ſpie,
Bent to our fleet; or come to rob the ſlaughterd enemie.
But let us ſuffer him to come a little further on,
And then purſue him. If it chance, that we be overgone
By his more ſwiftneſſe; urge him ſtill to run upon our fleet,
And (leſt he ſcape vs to the towne) ſtill let thy Iaveline meet
With all his offers of retreat. Thus ſtept they from the plaine
Amongſt the ſlaughterd carkaſſes; *Dolon* came on amaine,
Suſpecting nothing; but once paſt, as farre as Mules outdraw
Oxen at plough, being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plow a deepe foild furrow forth, ſo farre was *Dolon* paſt,
Then they purſude, which he perceiv'd, and ſtaid his ſpeedleſſe haſt;
Subtly ſuppoſing *Hector* ſent to countermand his ſpie:
But in a Iavelings throw or leſſe, he knew them enemie.
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they purſude like wind.
As when a brace of Greyhounds are laid in with Hare or Hind;

Hector to the Troians.

Dolon offers to be explorator.

Hector ſweares to Dolon.

Dolon armes.

Vlyſſes to Diomed.

Simile.

Cloſe-mouth'd; and skild to make the beſt of their induſtrious courſe,
Serve eithers turne, and ſet on hard, loſe neither ground nor force.
So conſtantly did *Tydeus* ſonne, and his towne-razing Peere,
Purſue this ſpie; ſtill turning him, as he was winding neare
His covert: till he almoſt mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

Diomed to Dolon.

Then *Pallas* prompted *Diomed*, leſt his due worths reward
Should be empaird, if any man did vant he firſt did ſheath
His ſword in him, and he be cald, but ſecond in his death:
Then ſpake he (threatning with his lance) or ſtay, or this comes on,
And long thou canſt not run, before thou be by death out-gone.
This ſaid he threw his Iaveline forth: which miſt, (as *Diomed* would)
Above his right arme making way, the pile ſtucke in the mould:

Dolons ſurpriſe and offer.

He ſtaid and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.
They came in blowing, ſeiſd him faſt; he, weeping offered
A wealthy ranſome for his life, and told them he had braſſe,
Much gold, and iron, that fit for uſe, in many labours was,
From whoſe rich heapes his father would a wondrous portion give,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his ſonne did live.

Vlyſſes to Dolon.

Vlyſſes bad him cheare his heart. Thinke not of death, ſaid he,
But tell us true, why runſt thou forth when others ſleeping be?
Is it to ſpoyle the carkaſſes? or art thou choicely ſent
T'explore our drifts? or of thy ſelfe, ſeek'ſt thou ſome wiſht event?

Dolons anſwer.

He trembling anſwerd: Much reward did *Hectors* oth propoſe,
And urg'd me much againſt my will, t'indevour to diſcloſe,
If you determin'd ſtill to ſtay, or bent your courſe for flight,
As all diſmaid with your late foile, and wearied with the fight:
For which exploit, *Pelides* horſe, and chariot he did ſweare
I onely ever ſhould enjoy. *Vlyſſes* ſmil'd to heare

Vlyſſes to Dolon

So baſe a ſwaine have any hope, ſo high a priſe t'aſpire,
And ſaid, his labors did affect, a great and precious hire:
And that the horſe *Pelides* rein'd, no mortall hand could uſe
But he himſelfe, whoſe matchleſſe life, a Goddeſſe did produce!
But tell us, and report but truth, where leftſt thou *Hector* now?
Where are his armes? his famous horſe? on whom doth he beſtow
The watches charge? where ſleepe the Kings? intend they ſtill to lye
Thus neare encampt? or turne ſuffiſd with their late victory?

Dolons relation.

All this, ſaid he, Ile tell moſt true. At Ilus monement
Hector with all our Princes ſits, t'adviſe of this event;
Who chuſe that place remov'd, to ſhun the rude confuſed ſounds
The common ſouldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,
Whereof (brave Lord) thou mak'ſt demand; none orderly we keepe:
The Trojans that have roofes to ſave, onely abandon ſleepe,
And privately without command, each other they exhort
To make prevention of the worſt; and in this ſlender ſort
Is watch and guard maintaind with us. Th'auxiliarie bands
Sleepe ſoundly, and commit their cares into the Trojans hands;
For they have neither wives with them, nor children to protect;
The leſſe thy need to care, the more, they ſuccour dull neglect.

But

But tell me (ſaid wiſe *Ithacus*) are all theſe forreine powers
Appointed quarters by themſelues, or elſe commixt with yours?
And this (ſaid *Dolon*) too (my Lords) Ile ſeriouſly unfold:
The *Pæons* with the crooked bowes, and *Cares*, quarters hold
Next to the ſea; the Leieges, and Caucons joyn'd with them,
And brave Pelaſgians; Thimbers meade, remov'd more from the ſtreame,
Is quarter to the Licians; the loftie Miſian force;
The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight with armed horſe.
But what need theſe particulars? if ye intend ſurpriſe
Of any in our Trojan campe; the Thracian quarter lies
Vtmoſt of all, and uncommixt with Trojan regiments,
That keepe the voluntary watch: new pitcht are all their tents:
King *Rheſus*, *Eioneus* ſonne, commands them; who hath ſteeds
More white then ſnow, huge, and well ſhapt; their firie pace exceeds
The winds in ſwiftneſſe: theſe I ſaw: his Chariot is with gold
And pallid ſilver richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.
His great and golden armour is not fit a man ſhould weare;
But for immortall ſhoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly beare
Your happie priſoner to your fleet: or leaue him here faſt bound
Till your well urg'd and rich returne, prove my relation ſound.
Tydides dreadfully replide: Thinke not of paſſage thus,
Though of right acceptable newes, thou haſt advertiſde us;
Our hands are holds more ſtrict then ſo: and ſhould we ſet thee free
For offerd ranſome; for this ſcape, thou ſtill wouldſt ſcouting be
About our ſhips; or do us ſcathe, in plaine oppoſed armes;
But if I take thy life, no way, can we repent thy harmes.
With this, as *Dolon* reacht his hand to uſe a ſuppliants part,
And ſtroke the beard of *Diomed*; he ſtrooke his necke athwart,
With his forc't ſword; and both the nerues he did in ſunder wound;
And ſuddenly his head, deceiv'd, fell ſpeaking on the ground:
His weſels helme they tooke, his bow, his wolves skinne, and his lance;
Which to *Minerva*, *Ithacus*, did zealouſly advance
With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he ſpake;
Goddeſſe, triumph in thine owne ſpoyles: to thee we firſt will make
Our invocations, of all powers, thron'd on th'Olympian hill;
Now to the Thracians, and their horſe, and beds, conduct us ſtill.
With this, he hung them up aloft, upon a Tamricke bow,
As eyefull Trophies: and the ſprigs that did about it grow,
He proined from the leavie armes, to make it eaſier viewd,
When they ſhould haſtily retire, and be perhaps purſude.
Forth went they, through blacke bloud and armes; and preſently aſpir'd
The guardleſſe Thracian regiment, faſt bound with ſleepe, and tir'd:
Their armes lay by, and triple ranks, they as they ſlept did keepe,
As they ſhould watch and guard their King; who, in a fatall ſleepe,
Lay in the midſt; their chariot horſe, as they coach fellows were,
Fed by them; and the famous ſteeds that did their Generall beare,
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich chariot tyed.
Vlyſſes ſaw them firſt, and ſaid, *Tydides*, I have ſpyed

Ithacus.
Dolon.
Virgilianum.
Diomeds ſterne reply to Dolon:
Dolons ſlaughter by Diomed.
Vlyſſes offers Dolons armes to Pallas.
Vlyſſes to Diomed.

The horſe that *Dolon* (whom we ſlue) aſſur'd us we ſhould ſee:
Now uſe thy ſtrength; now idle armes are moſt unfit for thee:
Priſe thou the horſe; or kill the guard; and leave the horſe to me.
Minerva with the Azure eyes, breath'd ſtrength into her King,
Who fild the tent with mixed death: the ſoules, he ſet on wing,
Iſſued in grones, and made ayre ſwell, into her ſtormie floud:
Horror, and ſlaughter had one power; the earth did bluſh with bloud.
As when a hungry Lyon flies with purpoſe to devoure
On flocks unkept, and on their liues doth freely uſe his power:
So *Tydeus* ſonne aſſaild the foe; twelue ſoules before him flew;
Vlyſſes waited on his ſword; and euer as he ſlew,
He drew them by their ſtrengthleſſe heeles, out of the horſes ſight;
That when he was to leade them forth, they ſhould not with affright
Bogle, nor ſnore, in treading on the bloudy carkaſſes;
Diomed ſlaughters Rheſus king of Thrace. For being new come, they were unuſde to ſuch ſterne ſights as theſe.
Through foure ranks now did *Diomed* the King himſelfe attaine;
Who (ſnoring in his ſweeteſt ſleepe) was like his ſouldiers ſlaine.
An ill dreame by *Minerva* ſent, that night ſtood by his head,
Which was *Oenides* royall ſonne, unconquer'd *Diomed*.
Meane while *Vlyſſes* looſd his horſe; tooke all their reines in hand,
And led them forth: but *Tydeus* ſonne did in contention ſtand
With his great minde, to do ſome deed of more audacitie;
If he ſhould take the chariot, where his rich armes did lie,
And draw it by the beame away, or beare it on his backe;
Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he ſhould their boſomes ſacke.
Minerva to Diomed. In this contention with himſelfe, *Minerva* did ſuggeſt,
And bad him thinke of his retreat; leſt from their tempted reſt,
Some other God ſhould ſtirre the foe, and ſend him backe diſmaid.
He knew the voyce; tooke horſe, and fled; the Trojans heavenly aid
(*Apollo* with the ſilver bow) ſtood no blinde ſentinel
To their ſecure and drowſie hoſt; but did diſcover well
Minerva following *Diomed*; and angrie with his act,
The mightie hoſt of *Ilion*, he entred; and awak't
The couſen germane of the King, a counſellour of Thrace,
Hypocoon; who when he roſe; and ſaw the deſert place
Where *Rheſus* horſe did uſe to ſtand, and th'other diſmall harmes,
Alarmes amongſt the Troians. Men ſtrugling with the pangs of death; he ſhriekt out thicke alarmes;
Cald *Rheſus? Rheſus?* but in vaine: then ſtill, arme, arme, he cride:
The noiſe and tumult was extreme, on euery ſtartled ſide
Of Troyes huge hoſt; from whence in throngs all gather'd, and admir'd,
Who could performe ſuch harmfull facts, and yet be ſafe retir'd.
Now, coming where they ſlue the ſcout, *Vlyſſes* ſtaid the ſteeds
Tydides lighted, and the ſpoiles (hung on the Tamricke reeds)
He tooke and gaue to *Ithacus*; and up he got againe;
Then flew they joyfull to their fleet: *Neſtor* did firſt attaine
The ſounds the horſe hooſes ſtrooke through aire, and ſaid; My royall Peeres?
Neſtor to the Greeks. Do I but dote? or ſay I true? me thinks about mine eares
The ſounds of running horſes beat. O would to God they were

Our

Our friends thus ſoone returnd with ſpoyles: but I have heartie feare,
Leſt this high tumult of the foe doth their diſtreſſe intend.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when they were come: Both did from horſe deſcend,
All, with embraces and ſweet words, to heaven their worth did raiſe.
Then *Neſtor* ſpake; Great *Ithacus*, even heapt with Grecian praiſe;
How have you made theſe horſe your prize? pierc't you the dangerous hoſt,
Where ſuch gemmes ſtand? or did ſome God your high attempts accoſt.
And honour'd you with this reward? why, they be like the Rayes
The Sunne effuſeth. I have mixt with Troians all my dayes;
And now, I hope you will not ſay, I alwayes lye abord
Though an old ſouldier I confeſſe: yet did all Troy afford
Never the like to any ſence, that ever I poſſeſt;
But ſome good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours bleſt:
For he that ſhadows heaven with clouds, loves both, as his delights:
And ſhe that ſupples earth with bloud, can not forbeare your ſights.
Vlyſſes anſwerd, Honord Sire, the willing Gods can give *Vlyſſes to Neſtor.*
Horſe much more worth, then theſe men yeeld, ſince in more power they live:
Theſe horſe are of the Thracian breed; their King *Tydides* ſlue,
And twelve of his moſt truſted guard: and of that meaner crew
A skowt for thirteenth man we kild, whom *Hector* ſent to ſpie
The whole eſtate of our deſignes, if bent to fight or flie.
Thus (followed with whole troops of friends) they with applauſes paſt
The ſpacious dike, and in the tent, of *Diomed* they plac't
The horſe without contention, as his deſervings meed:
Which (with his other horſe ſet up) on yellow wheat did feed.
Poore *Dolons* ſpoiles *Vlyſſes* had; who ſhrin'd them on his ſterne,
As trophies vow'd to her that ſent the good-aboding Herne.
Then entred they the meere maine ſea, to cleanſe their honourd ſweat
From off their feet, their thighs and necks: and when their vehement heat
Was calm'd, and their ſwolne hearts refreſht; more curious baths they uſ'd;
Where odorous and diſſolving Oyles, they through their lims diffuſde:
Then, taking breakfaſt, a big boule, fild with the pureſt wine,
They offerd to the maiden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The end of the tenth Booke.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ATrides and his other Peeres of name,
Leade forth their men; whom Eris *doth inflame.*
Hector *(by* Iris *charge) takes deedleſſe breath,*
Whiles Agamemnon *plies the worke of death:*
Who with the firſt beares his imperiall head.
Himſelfe, Vlyſſes, *and King* Diomed,
Euripylus, *and* Æſculapius *ſonne,*
(Enforc't with wounds) the furious skirmiſh ſhunne.
With martiall fight, when great Achilles *viewe:,*
A little his deſire of fight renewes:
And forth he ſends his friend, to bring him word
From old Neleides, *what wounded Lord*
He in his chariot from the skirmiſh brought:
Which was Machaon. Neſtor *then beſought*
He would perſwade his friend to wreake their harmes,
Or come himſelfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

Lambda *preſents the Generall,*
In fight the worthieſt man of all.

AVrora, out of reſtfull bed, did from bright *Tython* riſe,
To bring each deathleſſe eſſence light, and uſe, to mortall eyes;
When *Iove* ſent *Eris* to the Greeks, ſuſtaining in her hand
Sterne ſignes of her deſignes for warre: ſhe tooke her horrid ſtand
Vpon *Vlyſſes* huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
Amidſt the fleet; from whence her ſounds, might ring on every ſide;
Both to the tents of *Telamon*, and th'authors of their ſmarts;
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navies utmoſt parts.

Eris (contention) ſings and excites the Grecians.

The red-eyd Goddeſſe ſeated there, thunderd th'Orthian ſong,
High, and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;
Her verſe with ſpirits invincible, did all their breaſts inſpire;
Blew out all darkneſſe from their lims, and ſet their hearts on fire;
And preſently was bitter warre, more ſweet athouſand times
Then any choice in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.

Agamemnon armis for the field.

Atrides ſummon'd all to armes; to armes himſelfe diſpoſde:
Firſt on his legs he put bright Greaues, with ſilver buttons cloſde;
Then with rich Curace arm'd his breaſt, which *Cynir as* beſtow'd
To gratifie his royall gueſt; for even to Cyprus flow'd

Thun-

Th'unbounded fame of thoſe deſignes, the Greekes propoſde for *Troy*,
And therefore gave he him thoſe armes, and wiſht his purpoſe joy.
Ten rowes of azure mixt with blacke: twelve golden like the Sunne:
Twiſe ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour runne.
Three Serpents to the gorget crept, that like three raine-bowes ſhin'd,
Such as by *Iove* are fixt in clouds, when wonders are divin'd.
About his ſhoulders hung his ſword, whereof the hollow hilt
Was faſhion'd all with ſhining barres, exceeding richly gilt:
The ſcaberd was of ſilver plate, with golden hangers grac't:
Then tooke he up his weighty ſhield, that round about him caſt
Defenſive ſhadowes: ten bright zones, of gold-affecting braſſe
Were driven about it; and of tin (as full of gloſſe as glaſſe)
Sweld twenty boſſes out of it: in center of them all,
One of blacke mettall had engraven (full of extreame appall)
An ugly Gorgon, compaſſed with terror and with feare:
At it, a ſilver Bawdricke hung, with which he uſde to beare
(Wound on his arme) his ample ſhield, and in it there was wouen
An azure Dragon, curl'd in folds, from whoſe one necke, was cloven
Three heads contorted in an orbe: then plac't he on his head
His foure-plum'd caske, and in his hands, two darts he managed,
Arm'd with bright ſteele, that blaz'd to heaven: then *Iuno* and the maid
That conquers Empires, trumpets ſerv'd, to ſummon out their aide,
In houor of the Generall: and on a ſable cloud
(To bring them furious to the field) ſate thundring out aloud.
Then all enjoynd their charioteers, to ranke their chariot horſe
Cloſe to the dike: forth marcht the foot; whoſe front they did r'enforce
With ſome horſe troupes: the battell then was all of Charioteers,
Lin'd with light horſe: but *Iupiter*, diſturb'd this forme with feares;
And from ayres upper region, did bloudy vapours raine;
For ſad oſtent, much noble life, ſhould ere their times be ſlaine.
The Troian hoaſt, at *Ilus* tombe, was in *Battalia* led
By *Hector* and *Polydamas*, and old *Anchiſes* ſeed,
Who God-like was eſteem'd in *Troy*; by grave *Antenors* race,
Divine *Agenor*, *Polybus*, unmarried *Acamas*,
Proportion'd like the ſtates of heaven: in front of all the field,
Troyes great *Piramides* did beare, his alwaies-equall ſhield,
Still plying th'ordering of his power, And as amids the skie
We ſometimes ſee an ominous ſtarre, blaze cleare and dreadfully, *Simile.*
Then run his golden head in clouds, and ſtraight appeare againe:
So *Hector* otherwhiles did grace the vant-guard, ſhining plaine,
Then in the rere-guard hid himſelfe, and labour'd every where,
To order and encourage all: his armour was ſo cleare,
And he applide each place ſo faſt, that like a lightning throwne
Out of the ſhield of *Iupiter*, in every eye he ſhone.
And as upon a rich mans crop, of barley or of wheate,
(Oppoſde for ſwiftneſſe at their worke,) a ſort of reapers ſweate, *Another compariſon.*
Beare downe the furrowes ſpeedily, and thicke their handfuls fall:
So at the joyning of the hoaſts, ran ſlaughter through them all;

None

None ſtoopt to any fainting thought, of foule inglorious flight,
But equall bore they up their heads, and far'd like wolves in fight:
Sterne *Eris*, with ſuch weeping ſights, rejoyc't to feed her eyes,
Who onely ſhew'd her ſelfe in field, of all the Deities.
The other in Olympus tops, ſate ſilent, and repin'd,
That *Iove* to doe the Trojans grace, ſhould beare ſo fixt a mind.
He car'd not, but (enthron'd apart) triumphant ſat in ſway
Loves proſpect. Of his free power; and from his ſeate, tooke pleaſure to diſplay
The citie ſo adorn'd with towres, the ſea with veſſels fild;
The ſplendor of refulgent armes, the killer and the kild.
As long as bright *Aurora* rul'd, and ſacred day increaſt,
So long their darts made mutuall wounds, and neither had the beſt:
Periphraſis of Noone. But when in hill-enuiron'd vales, the timber-feller takes
A ſharpe ſet ſtomacke to his meate, and dinner ready makes,
His ſinewes fainting, and his ſpirits, become ſurcharg'd and dull;
Time of accuſtom'd eaſe arriu'd, his hands with labour full:
Then by their valours *Greeks* brake through, the *Troian* ranks, and chear'd
Their generall Squadrons through the hoaſt: then firſt of all appear'd
The perſon of the King himſelfe, and then the Troians loſt
Aganemmons ſlaughters. *Byanor*, by his royall charge, a leader in the hoſt:
Who being ſlaine, his charioteere (*Oileus*) did alight,
And ſtood in skirmiſh with the King; the King did deadly ſmite
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne,
Enforcing paſſage to his braine, quite through the hardned pan;
His braine mixt with his clotterd bloud, his body ſtrewd the ground:
There left he them, and preſently he other objects found;
Iſus and *Antiphus*, two ſonnes King *Priam* did beget;
One lawfull, th'other wantonly; both in one chariot met
Their royall foe; the baſer borne, *Iſus* was charioteere,
Achilles. And famous *Antiphus* did fight: both which, King *Peleus* heire,
(Whilome in *Ida* keeping flockes) did deprehend and bind
With pliant Oſiers, and for prize, them to their Sire reſign'd.
Atrides with his well aim'd lance, ſmote *Iſus* on the breſt
Aboue the nipple; and his ſword, a mortall wound impreſt
Beneath the eare of *Antiphus:* downe from their horſe they fell.
The King had ſeene the youths before, and now did know them well,
Remembring them the priſoners, of ſwift *Æacides*,
Who brought them to the ſable fleet, from *Idas* foodie leas.
Simile. And as a Lyon having found the furrow of a Hind,
Where ſhe hath calv'd two little twins; at will and eaſe doth grind
Their joynts ſnatcht in his ſollide jawes, and cruſheth into miſt
Their tender lives, their dam (though neare) not able to reſiſt,
But ſhooke with vehement feare her ſelfe, flies through the Oaken chace
From that fell ſavage, drown'd in ſweat, and ſeekes ſome covert place:
So when with moſt unmatched ſtrength, the Grecian Generall bent
Gainſt theſe two Princes, none durſt ayd, their native Kings deſcent,
But fled themſelves before the Greeks, and where theſe two were ſlaine,
Pyſander and *Hypolochus*, (not able to reſtraine

Their

Their head-ſtrong horſe, the ſilken reines, being from their hands let fall)
Were brought by their unruly guides, before the Generall.
Antimachus begat them both; *Antimachus* that tooke
Rich gifts, and gold of *Hellens* love, and would by no meanes brooke
Iuſt reſtitution ſhould be made, of *Menelaus* wealth,
Bereft him, with his raviſht Queene, by * *Alexanders* ſtealth. * Paris.
Atrides, Lyon-like did charge his ſonnes; who on their knees
Fell from their chariot, and beſought, regard to their degrees;
Who, being *Antimachus* his ſonnes, their father would affoord
A worthy ranſome for their liues; who in his houſe did hoord
Much hidden treaſure; braſſe, and gold, and ſteele, wrought wondrous choice.
Thus wept they, uſing ſmoothing terms; and heard this rugged voice
Breath'd from the unrelenting King: If you be of the breed *Agamemnon to Piſander and Hippolochus.*
Of ſtout *Antimachus*, that ſtaid the honourable deed
The other Peeres of *Ilion*, in counſell bad decreed,
To render *Hellen* and her wealth; and would haue baſely ſlaine
My brother and wiſe *Ithacus*, Ambaſſadors t'attaine
The moſt due motion: now receiue wreake for his ſhamefull part.
This ſaid, in poore *Pyſanders* breaſt, he fixt his wreakfull dart;
Who upward ſpread th'oppreſſed earth: his brother croucht for dread,
And as he lay, the angry King cut off his armes and head,
And let him like a football lye, for euery man to ſpurne.
Then to th'extreameſt heate of fight, he did his valour turne,
And led a multitude of Greekes; where foot did foot ſubdue,
Horſe ſlaughterd horſe, *Need* feathered flight, the batterd center flew
In clouds of duſt about their eares, rais'd from the horſes hooves,
That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as *Ioves*.
The King (perſwading ſpeedy chace) gaue his perſwaſions way
With his owne valour, ſlaughtring ſtill: as in a ſtormy day,
In thicke-ſet woods a rauenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire,
The ſhaken trers, and by the rootes doth toſſe them into aire:
Even ſo beneath *Atrides* ſword, flew up Troyes flying heeles:
Their horſe drew emptie chariots, and ſought their thundring wheeles
Some freſh directions through the field, where leaſt the purſuit drives:
Thicke fell the Troians, much more ſweet to Vultures, then their wives.
Then *Ioue* drew *Hector* from the darts, from duſt, from death and blood,
And from the tumult: ſtill the King, firme to the purſuit ſtood;
Till at old *Ilus* monument, in midſt of all the field,
They reacht the wild Figtree, and long'd to make their towne their ſhield.
Yet there they reſted not, the king ſtill cride; Purſue, purſue,
And all his unreproued hands, did bloud and duſt embrue.
But when they came to *Scæas* ports, and to the Beech of *Ioue*,
There made they ſtand; there euery eye, fixt on each other, ſtrove
Who ſhould outlooke his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled. *Simile.*
And as a Lyon, when the night becomes moſt deafe and dead,
Inuades Oxe heards, affrighting all, that he of one may wreake
His dreadfull hunger; and his necke, he firſt of all doth breake;
Then laps his bloud and entrailes up: ſo *Agamemnon* plide

The manage of the Trojan chace, and ſtill the laſt man di'd,
The other fled, a number fell by his imperiall hand:
Some groveling downwards from their horſe: ſome upwards ſtrew'd the ſand.
High was the furie of his lance: but having beat them cloſe
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Sire did now againe repoſe
On fountaine-flowing *Idas* tops, being newly ſlid from heaven,
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence his charge was given
Iove to the Rainbow. To *Iris* with the golden wings: *Thaumantia*, flie (ſaid he)
And tell Troyes *Hector*, that as long, as he inrag'd ſhall ſee
The ſouldier-loving *Atreus* ſonne, amongſt the formoſt fight,
Depopulating troupes of men: ſo long he muſt excite
Some other to reſiſt the foe, and he no armes advance.
But when he wounded takes his horſe, attain'd with ſhaft or lance:
Then will I fill his arme with death, even till he reach the fleet,
And peacefull night treades buſie day, beneath her ſacred feet.
The wind-foot ſwift *Thaumantia*, obeyd and uſd her wings
To famous *Ilion*, from the mount, enchaſte with ſilver ſprings:
And fonnd in his bright chariot, the hardy Trojan Knight:
To whom ſhe ſpake the words of *Iove*, and vaniſht from his ſight,
He leapt upon the ſounding earth, and ſhooke his lengthfull dart,
And every where he breath'd exhorts, and ſtird up every heart:
A dreadfull fight he ſet on foot, his ſouldiers ſtraight turnd head:
The Greekes ſtood firme, in both the hoaſts, the field was perfected.
But *Agamemnon* formeſt ſtill, did all his ſide exceed,
And would not be the firſt in name, unleſſe the firſt in deed.
Now ſing faire Preſidents of verſe, that in the heavens embowre,
Who firſt encountred with the King, of all the adverſe powre:
Iphydamas, *Antenors* ſonne, ample and bigly ſet,
Brought up in paſture-ſpringing-Thrace, that doth ſoft ſheepe beget:
In grave *Ciſſæus* noble houſe, that was his mothers Sire;
(Faire *Theano*) and when his breaſt was heightned with the fire
Of gaiſome youth; his grand-Sire gave his daughter to his love:
Who ſtraight his bridall chamber left, *Fame*, with affection ſtrove,
And made him furniſh twelve faire ſhips, to lend faire Troy his hand.
His ſhips he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land:
And now he tryed the fame of Greece, encountring with the King,
Who threw his royall lance and miſt: *Iphydamas* did fling,
And ſtrooke him on the arming waſte, beneath his coate of braſſe,
Which forc't him ſtay upon his arme, ſo violent it was:
Yet pierc't it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
Tried hardneſſe with his ſilver waſte, it turnd againe like lead.
He follow'd, graſping the ground end: but with a Lyons wile,
That wreſts away a hunters ſtaffe; he caught it by the pile,
And pluckt it from the caſters hand, whom with his ſword he ſtrooke
Iphydamas ſlaine by Agamemnon. Beneath the eare, and with his wound, his timeleſſe death he tooke:
He fell and ſlept an iron ſleepe; wretched young man, he di'de
Farre from his newly-married wife, in aide of forraine pride,
And ſaw no pleaſure of his love; yet was her joynture great:

An

An hundred Oxen gave he her, and vow'd in his retreat
Two thousand head of sheepe and Goats, of which he store did leave:
Much gave he of his loves first-fruits, and nothing did receive.
When *Coon* (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,
And elder brother of the slaine) beheld this tragedie:
Deepe sorrow sate upon his eyes; and (standing laterally,
And to the Generall undiscernd) his Iavelin he let flie:
That twixt his elbow and his wrist, transfixt his armeleſſe arme:
The bright head shin'd on th'other side. The unexpected harme
Impresst some horror in the King: yet so he ceast not fight,
But rusht on *Coon* with his lance, who made what haste he might
(Seising his slaughter'd brothers foot) to draw him from the field,
And cald the ablest to his aide; when under his round shield
The Kings brasse Iavelin, as he drew, did strike him helpleſſe dead:
Who made *Iphydamas* the blocke, and cut off *Coons* head.
Thus under great *Atrides* arme, *Antenors* issue thriv'd,
And to suffice preciſest fate, to *Plutos* mansion div'd.
He with his lance, sword, mightie stones, pour'd his Heroicke wreake
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme bloud did breake
Through his cleft veines: but when the wound, was quite exhaust and crude;
The eager anguish did approve his Princely fortitude.
As when most sharpe and bitter pangs, distract a labouring Dame;
Which the divine *Ilithiæ*, that rule the painfull frame
Of humane child-birth poure on her: th'*Ilithiæ* that are
The daughters of *Saturnia*: with whose extreme repaire
The woman in her travell strives, to take the worst it gives:
With thought it must be, tis loves fruit, the end for which she lives;
The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redound:
So *Agamemnon* did sustaine, the torment of his wound.
Then tooke he chariot, and to Fleet, bad haste his charioteere;
But first pour'd out his highest voice, to purchase every eare:
Princes and Leaders of the *Greeks*, brave friends, now from our fleet
Do you expell this boystrous sway: *Iove* will not let me meet
Illustrate *Hector*, nor give leave, that I shall end the day
In fight against the *Ilion* power: my wound is in my way.
Agamemnon to the Greeke Princes.
This said, his readie charioteere, did scourge his spritefull horse,
That freely to the sable fleet, perform'd their fierie course:
To beare their wounded Soveraigne, apart the Martiall thrust,
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with foame, and snowing on the dust.
When *Hector* heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends:
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
Thinke what it is to be renown'd: be souldiers all of name:
Our strongest enemie is gone; *Iove* vowes to do us fame:
Then in the *Grecian* faces drive, your one-hov'd violent steeds,
And farre above their best, be best, and glorifie your deeds.
Hector to the Tyoians.
Thus as a dog given Hunter sets, upon a brace of Bores,
His white-toothd hounds; pufs, showts, breaths terms, & on his empreſe pores
All his wilde art to make them pinch; so *Hector* urg'd his hoſt

To charge the Greeks, and he himſelfe, moſt bold, and d active moſt:
He brake into the heat of fight: as when a tempeſt raves,
Stoops from the clouds, and all on heaps, doth cuffe the purple waves:
Who then was firſt, and laſt, he kild, when *Iove* did grace his deed,
Aſſeus, and *Autonous*; *Opys*, and *Clytus* ſeed:
Whom Hector ſlue. Prince *Dolops*, and the honor'd Site, of ſweet *Euryalus*:
(*Opheltes*) *Agelaus* next; and ſtrong *Hipponous*:
Orus, *Eſſymnus*, all of name. The common ſouldiers fell,
As when the hollow flood of aire, in *Zephires* cheeks doth ſwell,
Simile. And ſparſeth all the gatherd clouds, white *Notus* power did draw;
Wraps waves in waves, hurls up the froath, beat with a vehement flaw:
So were the common ſouldiers wrackt, in troops, by *Hectors* hand.
Then ruine had inforc't ſuch works, as no Greeks could withſtand:
Then in their fleet they had beene houſ'd, had not *Laertes* ſonne
Stird up the ſpirit of *Diomed*, with this impreſſion.
Vlyſſes to Diomed. *Tydides*, what do we ſuſtaine, forgetting what we are?
Stand by me (deareſt in my love) twere horrible impaire
For our two valours to endure, a cuſtomarie flight,
To leave our navie ſtill ingag'd, and but by fits to fight.
Diomed anſwers Vlyſſes. He anſwerd; I am bent to ſtay, and any thing ſuſtaine:
But our delight to prove us men, will prove but ſhort and vaine;
For *Iove* makes Trojans inſtruments; and virtually then,
Wields armes himſelfe: our croſſe affaires, are not twixt men and men.
This ſaid, *Thimbræus* with his lance, he tumbled from his horſe;
Neare his left nipple wounding him: *Vlyſſes* did enforce
Faire *Molion*, minion to this King, that *Diomed* ſubdude:
Both ſent they thence, till they return'd: who now the King purſude
And furrowed through the thickned troops: As when two chaced Bores
Turne head gainſt kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores:
So (turnd from flight) the forward Kings, ſhew'd Trojans backward death:
Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils, to get great *Hector* breath.
Then tooke they horſe and chariot, from two bold citie foes,
Vlyſſes and Diomeds ſlaughters. *Merops Percoſius* mightie ſonnes: their father could diſcloſe,
Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not give conſent
To their egreſſion to theſe warres: yet wilfully they went;
For Fates, that order ſable death, enforc't their tragedies:
Tydides ſlue them with his lance, and made their armes his prize.
Hypporochus, and *Hyppodus*, *Vlyſſes* reft of light:
But *Iove*, that out of *Ida* lookt, then equalifde the fight;
A *Grecian* for a *Troian* then, paid tribute to the Fates;
Yet royall *Diomed* ſlue one, even in thoſe even debates,
That was of name more then the reſt; *Pæons* renowned ſonne,
The Prince *Agaſtrophus*, his lance, into his hip did runne;
His Squire detaind his horſe apart, that hindred him to flie;
Which he repented at his heart; yet did his feet applie,
His ſcape with all the ſpeed they had, alongſt the formoſt bands;
And there his loved life diſſolv'd. This, *Hector* underſtands,
And ruſht with clamor on the King; right ſoundly ſeconded

With

With troupes of Trojans: which perceiu'd, by famous *Diomed*;
The deepe conceit of *Ioues* high will, ſtiſned his royall haire,
Who ſpake to neare-fought *Ithacus*; the fate of this affaire
is bent to us: come let us ſtand, and bound his violence. *Diomed to Vlyſſes.*
Thus threw he his long Iauelin forth, which ſmote his heads defence
Full on the top, yet pierc't no skin; braſſe tooke repulſe with braſſe,
His helme (with three folds made, and ſharpe) the gift of *Phœbus* was.
The blow made *Hector* take the troupe; ſunke him upon his hand,
And ſtrooke him blinde: the King purſude before the formoſt band,
His darts recovery: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:
By which time, *Hector* was reviv'd, and taking horſe againe,
Was farre commixt within his ſtrength, and fled his darkſome grave.
He followed with his truſty lance, and this eluſive Brave:
Once more be thankfull to thy heeles, (proud dog) for thy eſcape: *Diomed inſults on Hector.*
Miſchiefe ſate neere thy boſome now; and now another rape
Hath thy *Apollo* made of thee, to whom thou well maiſt pray,
When through the ſinging of our darts, thou findſt ſuch guarded way:
But I ſhall meet with thee at length, and bring thy lateſt houre,
If with like favour any God, be fautor of my powre:
Meane while, ſome other ſhall repay what I ſuſpend in thee.
This ſaid, he ſet the wretched ſoule, of *Pæons* iſſue free;
Whom his late wound, not fully ſlue: but *Priams* amorous birth, *Paris at Diomed.*
Againſt *Tydides* bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth,
Part of the ruinated tombe, for honor'd *Ilus* built:
And as the Curace of the ſlaine (engraven and richly gilt)
Tydides from his breaſt had ſpoild, and from his ſhoulders raſt
His target and his ſolide helme, he ſhot, and his keene ſhaft
(That neuer flew from him in vaine) did naile upon the ground
The Kings right foot: the ſpleenefull knight laught ſweetly at the wound,
Crept from his couert, and triumpht: Now art thou maimd, ſaid he, *Paris inſults on Diomed.*
And would to God my happy hand had ſo much honor'd me,
To haue infixt it in thy breaſt, as deepe as in thy foot,
Euen to th'expulſure of thy ſoule: then bleſt had beene my ſhoote
Of all the Trojans: who had then breath'd from their long unreſts,
Who feare thee as the braying Goats abhorre the king of beaſts. *Diomeds reply.*
Vndanted *Diomed* replide: You Braver, with your bow,
You ſlick-hair'd louer: you that hunt and fleere at wenches ſo:
Durſt thou but ſtand in armes with me, thy ſilly archerie
Would giue thee little cauſe to vaunt, as little ſuffer I
In this ſame tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid:
As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,
Had toucht my foot: a cowards ſteele hath neuer any edge:
But mine (t'aſſure it ſharpe) ſtill layes dead carkaſſes in pledge;
Touch it, it renders liueleſſe ſtraight: it ſtrikes the fingers ends
Of hapleſſe widowes in their cheeks, and children blind of friends:
The ſubject of it makes earth red, and aire with ſighes inflames:
And leaues limbs more embrac't with birds, then with enamour'd Dames.
Lance-fam'd *Vlyſſes* now came in, and ſtept before the King,

Kneeld oppoſite, and drew the ſhaft: the eager paine did ſting
Through all his body: ſtraight he tooke his royall chariot there,
And with direction to the fleet, did charge his charioteere.
Now was *Vlyſſes* deſolate, feare made no friend remaine:
Vlyſſes to himſelfe. He thus ſpake to his mighty mind: What doth my ſtate ſuſtaine?
If I ſhould flye this ods in feare, that thus comes cluſtring on,
Twere high diſhonour: yet twere worſe to be ſurpriſd alone:
Tis *Iove* that drives the reſt to flight, but that's a faint excuſe,
Why doe I tempt my minde ſo much? pale cowards fight refuſe.
He that affects renowne in warre, muſt like a rocke be fixt,
Wound, or be wounded: valours truth puts no reſpect betwixt.
In this contention with himſelfe, in flew the ſhadie bands
Of targateeres, who ſieg'd him round, with miſchiefe-filled hands.
As when a crew of gallants watch the wild muſe of a Bore;
Their dogs put after in full cry, he ruſheth on before:
Whets, with his lather-making jawes, his crooked tuskes for bloud:
And (holding firme his uſuall haunts) breakes through the deepned wood:
They charging, though his hot approach be never ſo abhord:
So, to aſſaile the *Iove*-lov'd Greeke, the *Ilians* did accord,
And he made through them: firſt he hurt, upon his ſhoulder blade,
Deiops, a blameleſſe man at armes: then ſent to endleſſe ſhade
Thoon and *Eunomus*: and ſtrooke the ſtrong *Cherſidamas*,
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of braſſe:
Who fell, and crawld upon the earth, with his ſuſtaining palmes,
And left the fight: nor yet his lance, left dealing Martiall almes:
But *Socus* brother by both ſides, yong *Carops* did impreſſe:
Then Princely *Socus* to his aide, made brotherly acceſſe,
And (comming neere) ſpake in his charge; O great *Laertes* ſonne,
Inſatiate in ſlye ſtratagems, and labours never done:
This houre, or thou ſhalt boaſt to kill the two *Hypaſides*,
And prize their armes, or fall thy ſelfe, in my reſolv'd acceſſe.
Socus wounds Vlyſſes. This ſaid, he threw quite through his ſhield, his fell and well-driven lance:
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,
Plowing the fleſh alongſt his ſides: but *Pallas* did repell
All inward paſſage to his life. *Vlyſſes* knowing well
The wound undeadly; (ſeting backe, his foot to forme his ſtand)
Thus ſpake to *Socus*: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand:
That ſtay'ſt my victory on Troy: and where thy charge was made
In doubtfull terms (or this or that) this ſhall thy life invade.
This frighted *Socus* to retreate, and in his faint reverſe,
The lance betwixt his ſhoulders fell, and through his breſt did perce:
Downe fell he ſounding, and the King, thus playd with his miſeaſe:
Vlyſſes inſultation. O *Socus*, you that make by birth, the two *Hypaſides*:
Now may your houſe and you perceive, death can outflie the flyer:
Ah wretch, thou canſt not ſcape my vowes: old *Hypaſus* thy Sire,
Nor thy well honord mothers hands; in both which lyes thy worth,
Shall cloſe thy wretched eyes in death; but Vultures dig them forth,
And hide them with their darkſome wings: but when *Vlyſſes* dies,

Divineſt

Diuineſt *Greeks* ſhall tombe my corſe, with all their obſequies.
Now from his bodie and his ſhield, the violent lance he drew,
That Princely *Socus* had infixt: which drawne, a crimſon dew
Fell from his boſome on the earth: the wound did dare him ſore.
And when the furious *Troians* ſaw, *Vlyſſes* forced gore:
(Encouraging themſelves in groſſe) all his deſtruction vow'd;
Then he retir'd, and ſummon'd aide: thriſe ſhowted he allow'd,
(As did denote a man ingag'd) thriſe *Menelaus* eare
Obſerv'd his aid-ſuggeſting voice: and *Aiax* being neare,
He told him of *Vlyſſes* ſhowts, as if he were encloſde
From all aſſiſtance: and adviſde, their aids might be diſpoſde
Againſt the Ring that circled him: leſt, charg'd with troopes alone
(Though valiant) he might be oppreſt, whom *Greece* ſo built upon.
He led, and *Aiax* ſeconded: they found their *Iove*-lov'd King
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie Lucerns cling
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with an hunters bow,
Whoſe ſcape, his nimble feet inforce, whilſt his warme bloud doth flow,
And his light knees have power to move: but (maſtred of his wound,
Emboſt within a ſhadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
And teare his fleſh; when inſtantly, fortune ſends in the powres
Of ſome ſterne Lion, with whoſe ſight, they flie, and he devours:
So charg'd the Ilians *Ithacus*, many and mightie men:
But then made *Menelaus* in, and horrid *Aiax* then,
Bearing a target like a tower: cloſe was his violent ſtand,
And every way the foe diſperſt; when, by the royall hand,
Kinde *Menelaus* led away, the hurt *Laertes* ſonne,
Till his faire ſquire had brought his horſe: victorious *Telamon*
Still plied the foe, and put to ſword, a yong *Priamides*;
Doriclus, *Priams* baſtard ſonne: then did his lance impreſſe
Pandocus, and ſtrong *Pyraſus*; *Lyſander* and *Palertes*,
As when a torrent from the hils, ſwolne with *Saturnian* ſhowres,
Fals on the fields; beares blaſted Oaks, and witherd roſine flowres,
Looſe weeds, and all diſperſed filth, into the Oceans force:
So matchleſſe *Aiax* beat the field, and ſlaughterd men and horſe.
Yet had not *Hector* heard of this, who fought on the left wing
Of all the hoſt, neare thoſe ſweet herbes, *Scamanders* flood doth ſpring:
Where many foreheads trode the ground, and where the skirmiſh burnd
Neare *Neſtor*, and King *Idomen*; where *Hector* ouer-turnd
The Grecian ſquadrons; authoring, high ſervice with his lance,
And skilfull manadge of his horſe: nor yet the diſcrepance
He made in death betwixt the hoſts, had made the Greeks retire,
If faire-haird *Hellens* ſecond ſpoũſe; had not repreſt the fire
Of bold *Machaons* fortitude, who with a three-forkt head
In his right ſhoulder wounded him: then had the Grecians dread,
Leſt in his ſtrength declin'd, the foe, ſhould ſlaughter their hurt friend:
Then *Cretes* King urg'd *Neleides*, his chariot to aſcend,
And getting neare him, take him in, and beare him to their tents;
A Surgeon is to be preferd, with phyſicke ornaments.

Aiax and Menelaus to the reſcue o Vlyſſes.

Before a multitude: his life, gives hurt lives native bounds,
With ſweet inſperſion of fit balmes, and perfect ſearch of wounds.
Thus ſpake the royall *Idomen: Neleides* obeyd,
And to his chariot preſently, the wounded Greeke convaid
The ſonne of *Eſculapius*, the great Phyſition:
To fleet they flew. *Cebriones* perceiv'd the ſlaughter done
By *Aiax* on the other troops, and ſpake to *Hector* thus:
Whiles we encounter Grecians here, ſterne *Telamonius*
Is yonder raging, turning up in heapes our horſe and men:
I know him by his ſpacious ſhield: let us turne chariot then
Where both of horſe and foot the fight, moſt hotly is propoſde,
In mutuall ſlaughters: harke, their throats, from cries are never cloſde.
This ſaid, with his ſhrill ſcourge he ſtrooke the horſe that faſt enſude,
Stung with his laſhes, toſſing ſhields, and carkaſſes imbrude:
The chariot tree was drownd in bloud, and th'arches by the ſeat,
Diſperpled from the horſes hoves, and from the wheele bands beat.
Great *Hector* long'd to breake the ranks, and ſtartle their cloſe fight:
Who horribly amaz'd the Greeks, and plyed their ſudden fright
With buſie weapons, ever wingd. his lance, ſword, weightie ſtones:
Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreadfull *Telamons*,
With whom he wiſely ſhund foule blowes: but *Iove* (that weighs above
All humane pow'rs) to *Aiax* breaſt, divine repreſſions drove,
And made him ſhun, who ſhund himſelfe: he ceaſt from fight amaz'd:
Caſt on his backe his ſeven-fold ſhield, and round about him gaz'd,
Like one turnd wilde; lookt on himſelfe in his diſtract retreat:
Knee before knee did ſcarcely move: as when from heards of Neate
Whole threaves of Bores and mungrils chaſe, a Lion skulking neare,
Loth he ſhould taint the wel-priſd fat, of any ſtall-fed ſteere,
Conſuming all the night in watch; he (greedie of his prey)
Of thruſting on, is oft thruſt off: ſo thicke the Iavelins play
On his bold charges, and ſo hot, the burning fire-brands ſhine,
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
And early his great heart retires: ſo *Aiax* from the foe,
For feare their fleet ſhould be inflamd: gainſt his ſwolne heart did go.

Another ſimile expreſſing the manner of Aiax retreat.

As when a dull mill aſſe comes neare a goodly field of corne
Kept from the birds by childrens cries; the boyes are overborne
By his inſenſible approach, and ſimply he will eate:
About whom many wands are broke, and ſtill the children beat;
And ſtill the ſelfe-providing Aſſe, doth with their weakneſſe beare,
Not ſtirring till his panch be full; and ſcarcely then will ſteere.
So the huge ſonne of *Telamon*, amongſt the Troians fard;
Bore ſhowers of darts upon his ſhield, yet ſcornd to flie, as ſcard;
And ſo kept ſoftly on his way; nor would he mend his pace
For all their violent purſuits, that ſtill did arme the chaſe
With ſinging lances: but at laſt, when their Cur-like preſumes,
More urgd, the more forborne; his ſpirits did ratifie their fumes,
And he revokt his active ſtrength; turnd head, and did repell
The horſe troopes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell;

An

And by degrees he ſtole retreat, yet with ſuch puiſſant ſtay
That none could paſſe him to the fleet: in both the armies ſway
He ſtood, and from ſtrong hands receiv'd, ſharpe Iavelins on his ſhield;
Where many ſtucke, throwne on before; many fell ſhort in field,
Ere the white bodie they could reach; and ſtucke, as telling how
They purpoſ'd to have pierc't his fleſh: his perill pierced now
The eyes of Prince *Eurypilus*, *Evemons* famous ſonne;
Who came cloſe on, and with his dart ſtrooke Duke *Apiſaon*,
Whoſe ſurname was *Phauſiades*; even to the concrete bloud
That makes the liver: on the earth, out guſht his vitall bloud.
Eurypilus made in, and eaſd his ſhoulders of his armes:
Which *Paris* ſeeing, he drew his bow, and wreakt in part the harmes
Of his good friend *Phauſiades:* his arrow he let flie,
That ſmote *Eurypilus*, and brake, in his attainted thigh:
Then tooke he troope, to ſhun blacke death, and to the fliers cride; *Eurypilus to the Greeks.*
Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks, ſtand, and repulſe the tide
Of this our honour-wracking chaſe; *Aiax* is drownd in darts,
I feare paſt ſcape: turne honour'd friends, help out his ventrous parts.
Thus ſpake the wounded *Greeke*; the ſound caſt on their backs their ſhields,
And raiſde their darts: to whoſe reliefe, *Aiax* his perſon wields:
Then ſtood he firmely with his friends, retiring their retire:
And thus both hoſts indifferent joyn'd, the fight grew hot as fire.
Now had *Neleides* ſweating ſteeds, brought him, and his hurt friend
Amongſt their fleet; *Æacides*, that wiſhly did intend
(Standing afterne his tall neckt ſhip) how deepe the skirmiſh drew
Amongſt the *Greeks*; and with what ruth, the inſecution grew:
Saw *Neſtor* bring *Machaon* hurt, and from within did call
His friend *Patroclus*; who like *Mars*, in forme celeſtiall
Came forth with firſt ſound of his voyce (firſt ſpring of his decay) *Achilles to Patroclus.*
And askt his Princely friends deſire; Deare friend, ſaid he, this day
I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to ſwarme about my knees;
I ſee unſufferd Need imployd, in their extremities.
Go ſweet *Patroclus* and enquire, of old *Neleides*,
Whom he brought wounded from the fight; by his backe parts, I gueſſe
It is *Machaon:* but his face, I could not well deſcrie,
They paſt me in ſuch earneſt ſpeed. *Patroclus* preſently
Obeyd his friend, and ran to know. They now deſcended were,
And *Neſtors* ſquire, *Eurimidon*, the horſes did ungeare:
Themſelves ſtood neare th'extremeſt ſhore, to let the gentle aire
Dry up their ſweat, then to the tent; where *Hecamed* the faire
Set chaires, and for the wounded Prince, a potion did prepare.
This *Hecamed*, by wars hard fate, fell to old *Neſtors* ſhare,
When *Thetis* ſonne ſackt *Tenedos*. She was the Princely ſeed
Of worthy King *Arſynous*, and by the *Greeks* decreed
The prize of *Neſtor:* ſince all men, in counſell he ſurpaſt.
Firſt, a faire table ſhe appoſd, of which, the feet were grac't
With blewiſh mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the ſame ſhe put
A braſſe fruit diſh, in which ſhe ſerv'd, a wholſome Onion cut,

For

For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought;
And bread, the fruit of ſacred meale: then to the boord ſhe brought
A right faire cup, with gold ſtuds driven; which *Neſtor* did transfer
From *Pylos*; on whoſe ſwelling ſides, foure handles fixed were;
And upon every handle ſate, a paire of doves of gold;
Some billing, and ſome pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold
The antique body: and withall, ſo weightie was the cup,
That being propoſd brim full of wine, one ſcarſe could lift it up:
Yet *Neſtor* drunke in it with eaſe, ſpite of his yeares reſpect.
In this the Goddeſſe-like faire Dame, a potion did confect
With good old wine of *Pramnius*; and ſcrapt into the wine
Cheeſe made of Goats milke; and on it, ſperſt flow'r exceeding fine:
In this ſort for the wounded Lord, the potion ſhe prepar'd,
And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old *Neſtor* ſhar'd.
Thus phyſically quencht they thirſt, and then their ſpirits reviv'd
With pleaſant conference. And now, *Patroclus* being arriv'd,
Made ſtay at th'entrie of the tent: old *Neſtor* ſeeing it,
Roſe, and receiv'd him by the hand, and faine would have him ſit.
He ſet that curteſie aſide; excuſing it with haſt;
Since his much to be reverenc't friend, ſent him to know who paſt
(Wounded with him in chariot) ſo ſwiftly through the ſhore;
Whom now, ſaid he, I ſee and know, and now can ſtay no more:
You know good father, our great friend, is apt to take offence:
Whoſe fierie temper will inflame, ſometimes with innocence.

Neſtor to Patroclus.

He anſwerd, When will *Peleus* ſonne, ſome royall pittie ſhow
On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is he yet to know
How much affliction tyres our hoſt? how our eſpeciall aide
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miſerably laid?
Vlyſſes, *Diomed*, our King, *Eurypilus*, *Machaon*:
All hurt, and all our worthieſt friends; yet no compaſſion
Can ſupple thy friends friendleſſe breaſt. Doth he reſerve his eye
Till our fleet burne, and we our ſelves, one after other dye?
Alas, my forces are not now, as in my yonger life.
Oh would to God I had that ſtrength, I uſed in the ſtrife
Betwixt us and the *Elians*, for Oxen to be driven;
When *Itumonius* loſtie ſoule, was by my valour given
As ſacrifice to deſtinie; *Hypporocus* ſtrong ſonne,
That dwelt in *Elis*, and fought firſt, in our contention.
We forrag'd (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boot;
And he, in reſcue of his Herds, fell breathleſſe at my foot.
All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great,
Twiſe five and twentie flocks of ſheepe; as many herds of neat;
As many goats, and naſtie ſwine; an hundred fiftie mares
All ſorrell, moſt with ſucking foals; and theſe ſoone-monied wares,
We drave into *Neileus* towne, faire *Pylos*; all by night.
My fathers heart was glad to ſee, ſo much good fortune quite
The forward minde of his young ſonne, that uſde my youth in deeds.
And would not ſmother it in moods. Now drew the Suns bright ſteeds

Light

Light from the hils; our heralds now, accited all that were
Endamag'd by the *Elians*, our Princes did appeare;
Our boote was parted; many men, th' *Epeians* much did owe,
That (being our neighbors) they did ſpoyle; afflictions did ſo flow
On us poore *Pyleans* though but few. In brake great *Hercules*
To our ſad confines of late yeeres, and wholly did ſuppreſſe
Our hapleſſe Princes: twice ſixe ſonnes, renownd *Neleius* bred,
Onely my ſelfe am left of all: the reſt ſubdude and dead.
And this was it that made ſo proud, the baſe *Epeian* bands:
On their neere neighbours, being oppreſt, to lay injurious hands:
A heard of Oxen for himſelfe, a mighty flocke of ſheepe,
My Sire ſelected, and made choice of ſhepheards for their keep:
And from the generall ſpoyle, he culd three hundred of the beſt:
The *Elians* ought him infinite, moſt plagu'd of all the reſt.
Foure wager-winning horſe he loſt, and chariots intervented
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was preſented,
Was a religious threefoot urne: *Augeas* was the King
That did detaine them, and diſmiſt their keeper ſorrowing
For his lov'd charge, loſt with foule words. Then both for words and deeds
My Sire being worthily incenſt, thus juſtly his proceeds
To ſatisfaction, in firſt choice of all our wealthy prize:
And as he ſhar'd much, much he left, his ſubjects to ſuffice;
That none might be oppreſt with power, or want his portion due:
Thus for the publike good we ſhar'd. Then we to temples drue
Our complete citie: and to heaven, we thankfull rights did burne
For our rich conqueſt. The third day, enſuing our returne,
The *Elians* flew on us in heapes: their generall Leaders were
The two *Moliones*, two boyes, untrained in the feare
Of horrid warre, or uſe of ſtrength. A certaine Citie ſhines
Vpon a lofty Prominent; and in th'extreme confines
Of ſandy *Pylos*, ſeated where *Alpheus* floud doth run,
And cald *Thryeſſa*: this they ſieg'd, and gladly would have won:
But (having paſt through all our fields, *Minerva* as our ſpie,
Fell from *Olympus* in the night, and arm'd us inſtantly:
Nor muſtred ſhe unwilling men, nor unprepar'd for force.
My Sire yet would not let me arme, but hid away my horſe,
Eſteeming me no ſouldier yet: yet ſhin'd I nothing leſſe
Amongſt our Gallants, though on foot, *Minervas* mightineſſe
Led me to fight, and made me beare a ſouldiers worthy name.
There is a floud fals into ſea, and his crookt courſe doth frame
Cloſe to *Arena*, and is cald bright *Mymeus* ſtreame:
There made we halt: and there the Sun caſt many a glorious beame
On our bright armours; horſe and foot, inſea'd together there:
Then marcht we on: By fierie noone, we ſaw the ſacred cleare
Of great *Alphæus*; where to *Iove*, we did faire ſacrifice:
And to the azure God that rules the under-liquid skies:
We offerd up a ſolemne Bull, a bull t' *Alphæus* name,
And to the blew eyd maid we burnd, a heifer never tame.

Now

Homer

Now was it night, we ſupt, and ſlept, about the floud in armes,
The foe laid hard ſiege to our towne, and ſhooke it with alarmes:
But for preuention of their ſpleenes, a mighty worke of warre
Appeard behind them. For as ſoone as *Phœbus* fierie Carre
Caſt nights foule darknes from his wheeles (inuoking reuerend *Iove*,
And the unconquerd maide his birth) we did theuent approve,
And gaue them battell: firſt of all, I ſlue (the armie ſaw)
The mighty ſouldier *Mulius*, *Augeus* ſonne in law;
And ſpoyld him of his one-hou'd horſe: his elder daughter was
Bright *Agamede*, that for skill, in ſimples did ſurpaſſe:
And knew as many kinde of drugs, as earths broad center bred:
Him charg'd I with my braſſe arm'd lance, the duſt receiu'd him dead.
I (leaping to his chariot) amongſt the formoſt preſt:
And the great hearted *Elyans*, fled frighted, ſeeing their beſt
And lofti'ſt ſouldier taken downe, the Generall of their horſe.
I follow'd like a blacke whirlwind, and did for prize enforce
Full fiftie chariots, euery one furniſht with two arm'd men;
Who eate the earth, ſlaine with my lance; and I had ſlaughterd then
The two young boyes, *Moliones*, if their world circling Sire,
(Great *Neptune*) had not ſaft their lives; and couered their retire
Wirh unpierc't clouds: then *Iove* beſtow'd a haughtie victorie
Vpon us *Pyleans*. For ſo long we did the chaſe apply,
Slaughtring and making ſpoyle of armes, till ſweet *Buprafius* ſoile,
Aleſius, aud *Olenia*, were fam'd with our recoile.
For there *Minerva* turnd our powers and there the laſt I ſlew;
As when our battell joyn'd, the firſt: the *Pyleans* then withdrew
To *Pylos* from *Buphraſius*. Of all the Immortals then,
They moſt thankt *Iove* for victorie; *Neſtor*, the moſt of men.
Such was I euer, if I were, employd with other Peeres,
And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my yeeres.
But Great *Achilles* onely joyes, habilitie of act
In his braue Prime, and doth not daine t'impart it where tis lackt.
No doubt he will extremely mourne, long after that blacke houre,
Wherein our ruine ſhall be wrought, and rue his ruthleſſe powre.
O friend, my memorie revives, the charge *Menetius* gaue
Thy towardneſſe, when thou ſetſt forth, to keepe out of the grave
Our wounded honour; I my ſelfe, and wiſe *Vlyſſes* were
Within the roome, where every word, then ſpoken we did heare:
For we were come to *Peleus* Court, as we did muſtering paſſe
Through rich *Achaia*, where thy Sire, renownd *Menetius* was,
Thy ſelfe and great *Æacides*, when *Peleus* the King
To thunder-loving *Iove* did burne an Oxe for offering,
In his Court-yard: a Cup of gold, crownd with red wine he held
On th'holy Incenſorie pour'd. You, when the Oxe was feld,
Were dreſſing his divided lims, we in the Portall ſtood.
Achilles ſeeing us come ſo neare, his honourable blood
Was ſtrooke with a reſpective ſhame, roſe, tooke us by the hands,
Brought us both in, and made us ſit, and uſde his kinde commands,

For

For ſeemely hoſpitable rights; which quickly were appoſd.
Then (after needfulneſſe of food) I firſt of all diſcloſ'd
The royall cauſe of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,
To conſort our renown'd deſignes: both ſtraight did condeſcend;
Your fathers knew it, gave conſent, and grave inſtruction
To both your valours. *Peleus* charg'd his moſt unequald ſonne,
To governe his victorious ſtrength, and ſhine paſt all the reſt
In honour, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings bleſt
With deare advices from thy Sire. My loved ſonne, ſaid he,
Achilles by his grace of birth, ſuperiour is to thee,
And for his force more excellent; yet thou more ripe in yeares:
Then with ſound counſels (ages fruits) imploy his honord yeares,
Command and over-rule his moodes; his nature will obay
In any charge diſcreetly given, that doth his good aſſay.
Thus charg'd thy Sire, which thou forgetſt; yet now at laſt approve
(With forced reference of theſe) th'attraction of his love.
Who knowes if ſacred influence may bleſſe thy good intent,
And enter with thy gracious words, even to his full conſent?
The admonition of a friend, is ſweet and vehement.
If any Oracle he ſhun, or if his mother Queene
Hath brought him ſome inſtinct from *Iove*, that fortifies his ſpleene;
Let him reſigne command to thee, of all his *Myrmidons*,
And yeeld by that meanes ſome repulſe to our confuſions;
Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his reſembled forme
May haply make thee thought himſelfe, and calme this hoſtile ſtorme:
That ſo a little we may eaſe our ouercharged hands;
Draw ſome breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly ſtands
Beneath his labours; and your charge being fierce, and freſhly given,
They eaſly from our tents and fleet, may to their wals be driven.
This mov'd the good *Patroclus* mind, who made his utmoſt haſte,
T'informe his friend, and at the fleet of *Ithacus* he paſt,
(At which their markets were diſpoſd, counſels and martiall courts,
And where to th'Altars of the gods, they made divine reſorts)
He met renownd *Eurypilus*, *Evemons* noble ſonne,
Halting; his thigh hurt with a ſhaft: the liquid ſweate did run
Downe from his ſhoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound
Forth flow'd his melancholy bloud, yet ſtill his minde was ſound:
His ſight, in kinde *Patroclus* breaſt, to ſacred pittie turnd,
And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;
Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes dejected Kings:
Was it your fates to nouriſh beaſts, and ſerve the outcaſt wings
Of ſavage Vultures here in Troy? Tell me, *Evemons* fame
Doe yet the Greekes withſtand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopeleſſe throwne to death, by his reſiſtleſſe lance?
Divine *Patroclus* (he replide) no more can Greece advance
Defenſive weapons; but to fleet, they headlong muſt retire:
For thoſe that to this houre have held our fleet from hoſtile fire,
And are the bulwarks of our hoſt, lye wounded at their tents;

And Troyes unvanquiſhable powre, ſtill as it toyles, augments.
But take me to thy blacke ſternd ſhip, ſave me, and from thy thigh
Cut out this arrow; and the bloud that is ingor'd and drye,
Waſh with warme water from the wound: then gentle ſalves apply,
Which thou knoweſt beſt; thy Princely friend hath taught thee ſurgerie;
Whom (of all Centaures the moſt juſt) *Chyron* did inſtitute:
Thus to thy honourable hands, my eaſe I proſecute,
Since our Phyſitians cannot helpe: *Machaon* at his tent
Needs a Phyſitian himſelfe, being Leach and patient:
And *Podalirius* in the field, the ſharpe conflict ſuſtaines.
Strong *Menetiades* replide; How ſhall I eaſe thy paines?
What ſhall we doe *Eurypilus?* I am to uſe all haſte,
To ſignifie to *Thetis* ſonne, occurrents that have paſt
At *Neſtors* honourable ſute, but be that worke atchiev'd,
When this is done, I will not leave thy torments unreliev'd.
This ſaid, athwart his backe he caſt, beneath his breaſt, his arme,
And nobly helpt him to his tent: his ſervants ſeeing his harme,
Diſpread Ox-hides upon the earth, wheron *Machaon* lay:
Patroclus cut out the ſharpe ſhaft, and clearely waſht away
With luke-warme water the blacke bloud: then twixt his hands he bruſde
A ſharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infuſde
Into the greene well-cleanſed wound, the paines he felt before
Were well, and inſtantly allaid, the wound did bleed no more.

The end of the eleventh Booke.

THE

THE TVVELFTH BOOK OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Trojans *at the trench, their powres engage,*
Though greeted by a bird, of bad preſage.
In five parts they divide, their powre, to ſkale,
And Prince Sarpedon *forceth downe the pale;*
Great Hector *from the Ports, teares out a ſtone,*
And with ſo dead a ſtrength, he ſets it gone
At thoſe broad gates the Grecians *made to guard*
Their tents and ſhips: that, broken, and unbard,
They yeeld way to his power; when all contend
To reach the ſhips: which all at laſt aſcend.

Another Argument.

My, *works the* Trojans *all the grace,*
And doth the Grecian *Fort deface.*

PAtroclus, thus emploid in cure, of hurt *Eurypilus*
Both hoſts are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;
One, alwayes labouring to expell; the other to invade: (made
Nor could the broad dike of the *Greeks*, nor that ſtrong wall they
To guard their fleet, be long untac't; becauſe it was not raiſ'd,
By grave direction of the Gods; nor were their Deities praiſ'd
(When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be ſure
(Their ſtrength being ſeaſon'd wel with heavēs) it ſhould have force t'endure;
And ſo, the ſafeguard of their fleet, and all their treaſure there
Infallibly had beene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarks were
Not onely without powre of checke, to their aſſaulting foe
(Even now, as ſoone as they were built) but apt to overthrow:
Such, as in very little time, ſhall burie all their fight,
And thought, that ever they were made: as long as the deſpight
Of great *Æacides* held up, and *Hector* went not downe:
And that by thoſe two meanes ſtood ſafe, King *Priams* ſacred towne:
So long their rampire had ſome uſe (though now it gave ſome way)
But when *Troyes* beſt men ſufferd Fate, and many *Greeks* did pay
Deare for their ſufferance; then the reſt, home to their countrey turn'd,
The tenth yeare of their warres at *Troy*, and *Troy* was ſackt and burn'd.
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres imploy
To ruine their worke, and left leſſe, of that then they, of *Troy*.
Neptune and *Phœbus* tumbl'd downe, from the *Idalian* hils,
An inundation of all floods, that thence the broad ſea fils

Neptune and Phœbus overturne the Grecian rampire.

On their huge rampire; in one glut, all theſe together rorde,
The names of the rivers about Troy. *Rheſus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander* (the adorde)
Careſus, Simois, Grenicus, Æſepus: of them all,
Apollo open'd the rough mouthes; and made their luſtie fall
Raviſh the duſtie champian, where, many a helme and ſhield,
And halfe-god race of men were ſtrew'd: and that all theſe might yeeld
Full tribute to the heavenly worke: *Neptune* and *Phœbus* wun
Iove to unburthen the blacke wombes, of clouds (fild by the Sunne)
And poure them into all their ſtreames, that quickly they might ſend
The huge wall ſwimming to the Sea. Nine dayes their lights did ſpend
To nights, in tempeſts; and when all, their utmoſt depth had made,
Iove, Phœbus, Neptune, all came downe, and all in ſtate did wade
To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,
Wrought with his trident, and the ſtones, trunkes, roots of trees he tore
Out of the rampire: toſt them all, into the Helleſpont;
Even all the proud toile of the *Greeks*, with which they durſt confront
The to-be-ſhunned Deities: and not a ſtone remain'd,
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plain'd.
Which done; againe the Gods turn'd backe, the ſilver-flowing floods,
By that vaſt channell, through whoſe vaults, they pour'd abroad their broods,
And cover'd all the ample ſhore, againe with duſtie ſand:
And this the end was of that wall, where now ſo many a hand
Was emptied of ſtones and darts, contending to invade;
Where *Clamor* ſpent ſo high a throat; and where the fell blows made
The new-built woodden turrets grone. And here the *Greeks* were pent,
Tam'd with the iron whip of *Iove:* that terrors vehement
Shooke over them by *Hectors* hand, who was (in every thought)
Hector like a whirlwinde, and Lyon. The terror-maſter of the field, and like a whirlwinde fought;
As freſh, as in his morns firſt charge. And as a ſavage Bore
Or Lion, hunted long; at laſt, with hounds and hunters ſtore,
Is compaſt round; they charge him cloſe: and ſtand (as in a towre
They had inchac't him) pouring on, of darts an iron ſhowre:
His glorious heart yet, nought appald, and forcing forth his way:
Here overthrows a troope, and there; a running ring doth ſtay
His utter paſſage: when againe, that ſtay he overthrows,
And then the whole field frees his rage: ſo *Hector* wearies blows,
Runnes out his charge upon the Fort: and all his force would force
To paſſe the dike. Which being ſo deepe, they could not get their horſe
To venter on: but trample, ſnore, and on the very brinke,
To neigh with ſpirit, yet ſtill ſtand off: nor would a humane think
The paſſage ſafe; or if it were, twas leſſe ſafe for retreat,
The dike being every where ſo deepe; and (where twas leaſt deep) ſet
With ſtakes exceeding thicke, ſharpe, ſtrong, that horſe could never paſſe;
Much leſſe their chariots, after them: yet for the foot there was
Some hopefull ſervice, which they wiſht. *Polydamas* then ſpake;
Polydamas ſound counſell to Hector. *Hector*, and all our friends of *Troy*, we indiſcreetly make
Offer of paſſage with our horſe: ye ſee the ſtakes, the wall,
Impoſſible for horſe to take: nor can men fight at all,

The

The place being ſtreight, and much more apt, to let us take our bane,
Then give the enemy: and yet, if *Iove* decree the wane
Of Grecian glory utterly: and ſo bereave their hearts,
That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts:
I would with all ſpeed, wiſh th'aſſault: that ugly ſhame might ſhed
(Thus farre from home) theſe Grecians blouds. But if they once turne hea
And ſally on us from their fleet, when in ſo deepe a dike
We ſhall lye ſtruggling; not a man of all the hoaſt is like
To live, and carry backe the newes: and therefore be it thus:
Here leave we horſe, kept by our men, and all on foot let us
Hold cloſe together, and attend the grace of *Hectors* guide,
And then they ſhall not beare our charge, our conqueſt ſhall be di'de
In their lives purples. This advice pleaſd *Hector*, for twas ſound:
Who firſt obeyd it, and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground:
And then all left their chariots, when he was ſeene to leade;
Ruſhing about him, and gave up, each chariot and ſteed
To their directors to be kept, in all procinct of warre:
There, and on that ſide of the dike. And thus the reſt prepare
Their onſet: In five regiments, they all their power divide:
Each regiment allow'd three Chiefes; of all which, even the pride,
Serv'd in great *Hectors* Regiment: for all were ſet on fire
(Their paſſage beaten through the wall) with hazardous deſire,
That they might once but fight at fleet. With *Hector*, Captaines were,
Polydamas, and *Cebriones*, who was his charioteere:
But *Hector* found that place a worſe. Chiefes of the ſecond band,
Were *Paris*, and *Alcathous*, *Agenor*. The command
The third ſtrong Phalanx had, was given, to th'Augure *Hellenus*;
Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie *Aſius*;
Even *Aſius Hertacides*, that from *Arisba* rode
The huge bay horſe, and had his houſe, where river *Selleës* flowde.
The fourth charge, good *Æneas* led, and with him were combinde
Archelochus, and *Acamas* (*Antenors* deareſt kinde)
And excellent at every fight. The fifth brave companie,
Sarpedon had to charge; who chuſde, for his commands ſupply,
Aſteropæus great in armes, and *Glaucus*, for both theſe
Were beſt of all men, but himſelfe: but he was fellowleſſe.
Thus fitted with their well wrought ſhields, downe the ſteep dike they go,
And (thirſtie of the wals aſſault) beleeve in overthrow:
Not doubting but with headlong fals, to tumble downe the Greekes
From their blacke navie: in which truſt, all on; and no man ſeekes
To croſſe *Polydamas* advice, with any other courſe,
But *Aſius Hyrtacides*, who (proud of his bay horſe)
Would not forſake them; nor his man, that was their manager,
(Foole that he was) but all to fleete: and little knew how neare
An ill death ſat him, and a ſure; and that he never more
Muſt looke on lofty *Ilion*. but lookes, and all, before,
Put on th'all-covering miſt of Fate, and then did hang upon
The lance of great * *Deucalides*: he fatally ruſht on

* Idom.

The left hand way; by which the Greekes, with horſe and chariot,
Came uſually from field to fleet: cloſe to the gates he got,
Which both unbard and ope he found; that ſo the eaſier might
An entry be for any friend, that was behind in flight;
Yet not much eaſier for a foe: becauſe there was a guard
Maintaind upon it, paſt his thought; who ſtill put for it hard,
Eagerly ſhowting: and with him, were five more friends of name,
That would not leave him, though none elſe would hunt that way for fame
(In their free choice) but he himſelfe, *Oreſtes*, *Iamenus*,
And *Acamas*, *Aſides*, *Thoon*, *Oenomaus*,
Were thoſe that followed *Aſius*: within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renownd
Of the right valiant *Lapithes*, deriv'd their high deſcent.
Such makéth Virgil Pandarus and Bitias. Fierce *Leontes* was the one, like *Mars* in detriment;
The other mighty *Polepæt*, the great *Pirithous* ſonne.
Theſe ſtood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did ſhun,
The charge of *Aſius* and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,
Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the ayrie ſtrokes
Of winde and weather, ſtanding firme, gainſt every ſeaſons ſpight:
Yet they poure on continued ſhowts, and beare their ſhields upright:
When in the meane ſpace *Polypæt*, and *Leonteus* cheard
Their ſouldiers to the fleets defence: but when the reſt had heard
The Trojans in attempt to skale, Clamor and flight did flow
Amongſt the Grecians: and then (the reſt diſmaid) theſe two
Met *Aſius* entring; thruſt him backe, and fought before their dores:
Nor far'd they then like Okes, that ſtood, but as a brace of Bores
Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare a ſort of hunters ſhowt,
And hounds in hot traile comming on; then from their dens breake out,
Traverſe their force, and ſuffer not, in wildneſſe of their way,
About them any plant to ſtand: but thickets, offering ſtay,
Breake through, and rend up by the roots; whet gnaſhes into aire,
Which *Tumult* fils, with ſhowts, hounds, horns, and all the hot affaire
Beates at their boſomes: ſo their armes, rung with aſſailing blowes;
And ſo they ſtird them in repulſe, right well aſſur'd that thoſe
Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew
They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fames; and therefore threw
Stones from the wals and towres, as thicke, as when a drift winde ſhakes
Blacke clouds in pieces, and plucks ſnow, in great and plumie flakes,
From their ſoft boſomes, till the ground be wholy cloth'd in white;
So earth was hid with ſtones and darts: darts from the Trojan fight,
Stones from the Greeks, that on the helmes and boſſie Trojan ſhields
Kept ſuch a rapping, it amaz'd great *Aſius*, who now yeelds
Sighes, beates his thighes: and in a rage, his fault to *Iove* applies.
Aſius neare his death blames Iove for it. O *Iove* (ſaid he) now cleare thou ſhew'ſt, thou art a friend to lyes;
Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good,
To all their ruines: which I thought, could never be withſtood,
Apta ad rem comparatio. Yet they, as yellow Waſpes, or Bees (that having made their neſt
The gaſping cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feaſt,

Hunters

Hunters come hot and hungrie in; and dig for honey-combs:
They flie upon them, ſtrike and ſting: and from their hollow homes
Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruit, and brood:
No more will theſe be from their port, but either loſe their blood
(Although but two, againſt all us) or be our priſoners made;
All this, to do his action grace, could not firme *Iove* perſwade,
Who for the generall counſell ſtood; and (gainſt his ſingular brave)
Beſtow'd on *Hector* that dayes fame. Yet he, and theſe behave
Themſelves thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,
And all alongſt the ſtony wall, ſole force, gainſt force and forts,
Rag'd in contention twixt both hoſts: it were no eaſie thing,
(Had I the boſome of a God) to tune to life, and ſing.
The Trojans fought not of themſelves, a fire from heaven was throwne
That ranne amongſt them, through the wall, meere added to their owne.
The Greeks held not their owne: weake griefe, went with her wither'd hand,
And dipt it deeply in their ſpirits; ſince they could not command
Their forces to abide the field, whom harſh *Neceſſitie*
(To ſave thoſe ſhips ſhould bring them home) and their good ſorts ſupply
Drave to th'expulſive fight they made; and this might ſtoope them more
Then *Need* it ſelfe could elevate: for even Gods did deplore
Their dire eſtates, and all the Gods, that were their aids in warre: (far,
Who (though they could not cleare their plights) yet were their friends thus
Still to uphold the better ſort: for then did *Polepæt* paſſe
A lance at *Damaſus*, whoſe helme, was made with cheeks of braſſe,
Yet had not prooſe enough; the pyle, drave through it, and his skull;
His braine in blood drown'd; and the man, ſo late ſo ſpiritfull,
Fell now quite ſpirit-leſſe to earth. So emptied he the veines
Of *Pylon*, and *Ormenus* lives: and then *Leonteus* gaines
The lifes end of *Hippomachus*, *Antimachus* his ſonne;
His lance fell at his girdle ſtead, and with his end, begun
Another end: *Leonteus*, left him, and through the preaſe
(His keene ſword drawne) ranne deſperately, upon *Antiphates*;
And liveleſſe tumbled him to earth. Nor could all theſe lives quench
His fierie ſpirit, that his flame, in *Menons* blood did drench,
And rag'd up, euen to *Iamens*, and young *Oreſtes* life;
All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of ſtrife.
Whoſe faire armes while the victors ſpoyld; the youth of *Ilion*
(Of which there ſerv'd the moſt and beſt) ſtill boldly built upon
The wiſedome of *Polydamas*, and *Hectors* matchleſſe ſtrength;
And follow'd, fild with wondrous ſpirit; with wiſh, and hope at length
(The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet. But (having paſt the dike,
And willing now, to paſſe the wall) this prodigie did ſtrike
Their hearts with ſome deliberate ſtay: A high-flowne-Eagle ſorde
On their troops left hand, and ſuſtaind, a Dragon all engorde,
In her ſtrong ſeres, of wondrous ſiſe, and yet had no ſuch checke
In life and ſpirit, but ſtill ſhe fought; and turning backe her necke
So ſtung the Eagles gorge, that downe, ſhe caſt her fervent prey,
Amongſt the multitude; and tooke, upon the winds, her way;

Crying with anguiſh. When they ſaw, a branded Serpent ſprawle
So full amongſt them; from above, and from *Ioves* fowle let fall:
They tooke it an oſtent from him; ſtood frighted; and their cauſe
Polydamas thought juſt, and ſpake; *Hector*, you know, applauſe
Of humour hath beene farre from me; nor fits it, or in warre,
Or in affaires of Court, a man, imploid in publick care,
To blanch things further than their truth, or flatter any powre:
And therefore for that ſimple courſe, your ſtrength hath oft beene ſowre
To me in counſels: yet againe, what ſhews in my thoughts beſt,
I muſt diſcover: let us ceaſſe, and make their flight our reſt
For this dayes honour; and not now, attempt the Grecian fleet;
For this (I feare) will be th'event; the prodigie doth meet
So full with our affaire in hand. As this high flying fowle,
Vpon the left wing of our hoſt (implying our controwle)
Hover'd above us; and did truſſe, within her golden ſeres
A Serpent ſo embrew'd, and bigge, which yet (in all her feares)
Kept life, and fervent ſpirit to fight, and wrought her owne releaſe;
Nor did the Eagles Ayrie, feed: So though we thus farre preaſe
Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps, may overturne their wall,
Our high minds ayming at their fleet; and that we much appall
Their truſſed ſpirits; yet are they, ſo Serpent-like diſpoſd
That they will fight, though in our ſeres; and will at length be loſd
With all our out-cries; and the life of many a Trojan breaſt,
Shall with the Eagle flie, before, we carry to our neſt
Them, or their navie: thus expounds, the Augure this oſtent;
Whoſe depth he knows; & theſe ſhould feare. *Hector*, with countenance bent
Thus anſwerd him; *Polydamas*, your depth in augurie
I like not; and know paſſing well, thou doſt not ſatisfie
Thy ſelfe in this opinion; or if thou think'ſt it true,
Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to adviſe, and urge that as our due,
That breakes our duties; and to *Iove*, whoſe vow and ſigne to me
Is paſt directly for our ſpeed; yet light-wing'd birds muſt be
(By thy aduice) our Oracles, whoſe feathers little ſtay
My ſerious actions: What care I, if this, or th'other way
Their wilde wings ſway them: if the right, on which the Sunne doth riſe,
Or, to the left hand, where he ſets? Tis *Iove* high counſell flies
With thoſe wings that ſhall beare up us; *Ioves*, that both earth and heauen,
Both men and Gods ſuſtaines and rules; One augurie is giuen
To order all men, beſt of all; fight for thy countries right.
But why fear'ſt thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
Strew all men hereabout the fleet, yet thou needſt neuer feare
To beare their Fates; thy warie heart, will neuer truſt thee, where
An enemies looke is; and yet fight; for, if thou dar'ſt abſtaine,
Or whiſper into any eare, an abſtinence ſo vaine
As thou adviſeſt; neuer feare, that any foe ſhall take
Thy life from thee, for tis this lance. This ſaid, all forwards make,
Himſelfe the firſt: yet before him, exulting *Clamor* flew;
And thunder-loving *Iupiter*, from loftie *Ida* blew

Polydamas to Hector.

Hector to Polydamas.

A ſtorme that uſherd their aſſault, and made them charge like him:
It drave directly on the fleet, a duſt ſo fierce and dim,
That it amaz'd the *Grecians:* but was a grace divine,
To *Hector* and his following troops, who wholly did encline
To him, being now in grace with *Iove:* and ſo put boldly on
To raze the rampire: in whoſe height, they fiercely ſet upon
The Parrapets, and pul'd them downe, rac't every formoſt fight;
And all the Buttereſſes of ſtone, that held their towres upright;
They tore away, with Crows of Iron; and hop't to ruine all.
The *Greeks* yet ſtood, and ſtill repair'd, the forefights of their wall
With hides of Oxen, and from thence, they pour'd downe ſtones in ſhowres
Vpon the underminers heads. Within the formoſt towres,
Both the *Aiaces* had command; who anſwer'd every part,
Th'aſſaulters, and their ſouldiers; repreſt, and put in heart:
Repairing valour as their wall: ſpake ſome faire, ſome reprov'd,
Who ever made not good his place: and thus they all ſorts mov'd;
O countrimen, now need in aid, would have exceſſe be ſpent:
The excellent muſt be admir'd; the meaneſt excellent;
The worſt, do well: in changing warre, all ſhould not be alike,
Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, leſt *Hector* ſtrike
Your minds with frights, as eares with threats; forward be all your hands,
Vrge one another: this doubt downe, that now betwixt us ſtands,
Iove will go with us to their wals. To this effect, alow'd
Spake both the Princes: and as high (with this) th'expulſion flow'd. *Simile.*
And as in Winter time, when *Iove*, his cold ſharpe javelins throws
Amongſt us mortals; and is mov'd, to white earth with his ſnows:
(The winds aſleepe) he freely poures, till higheſt Prominents,
Hill tops, low meddows, and the fields, that crowne with moſt contents
The toiles of men: ſea ports, and ſhores, are hid, and every place,
But floods (that ſnows faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace)
So both ſides cover'd earth with ſtones, ſo both for life contend,
To ſhew their ſharpneſſe: through the war, uprore ſtood up an end.
Nor had great *Hector* and his friends, the rampire over runne,
If heavens great Counſellor, high *Iove*, had not inflam'd his ſonne
Sarpedon (like the forreſts king, when he on Oxen flies)
Againſt the *Grecians:* his round targe, he to his arme applies
Braſſe-leav'd without: and all within, thicke Oxe-hides quilted hard:
The verge nail'd round with rods of gold, and with two darts prepar'd;
He leads his people: as ye ſee, a mountaine Lion fare,
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high minde makes him dare,
Aſſault upon the whole full fold: though guarded never ſo
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogges; away he will not go,
But venture on, and either ſnatch, a prey, or be a prey:
So far'd divine *Sarpedons* minde, reſolv'd to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall: yet ſince he did not ſee
Others as great as he, in name, as great in minde as he:
He ſpake to *Glaucus: Glaucus*, ſay, why are we honor'd more
Then other men of *Lycia*, in place? with greater ſtore

Sarpedons ſpeech to Glaucus, never equalled by any (in this kind) of all that have written.

Of

Of meats and cups? with goodlier roofes? delightſome gardens? walks?
More lands, and better? ſo much wealth, that Court and countrey talks
Of us, and our poſſeſſions; and every way we go,
Gaze on us as we were their Gods? this where we dwell, is ſo:
The ſhores of *Xanthus* ring of this; and ſhall not we exceed,
As much in merit, as in noiſe? Come be we great in deed
As well as looke; ſhine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;
That ſo our neat-arm'd-*Lycians*, may ſay; See, theſe are right
Our Kings, our Rulers; theſe deſerue, to eate, and drinke the beſt;
Theſe governe not inglorioufly: theſe, thus exceed the reſt,
Do more then they command to do. O friend, if keeping backe
Would keepe backe age from us, and death; and that we might not wracke
In this lifes humane ſea at all: but that deferring now
We ſhund death euer; nor would I, halfe this vaine valour ſhow,
Nor glorifie a folly ſo, to wiſh thee to advance:
But ſince we muſt go, though not here; and that, beſides the chance
Propoſd now, there are infinite fates, of other ſort in death,
Which (neither to be fled nor ſcapt) a man muſt ſinke beneath:
Come, trie we, if this ſort be ours: and either render thus,
Glorie to others, or make them, reſigne the like to us.

Sarpedon and Glaucus charge together.

This motion, *Glaucus* ſhifted not, but (without words) obeyd;
Fore-right went both, a mightie troope, of *Lycians* followed.
Which, by *Meneſtheus* obſerv'd; his haire ſtood up on end,
For at the towre where he had charge, he ſaw *Calamitie* bend
Her horrid browes in their approach. He threw his looks about
The whole fights neare, to ſee what Chiefe, might helpe the miſerie out
Of his poore ſouldiers: and beheld, where both th' *Aiaces* fought,
And *Teucer*, newly come from fleet: whom it would profit nought
To call, ſince tumult on their helmes, ſhields, and upon the ports
Laid ſuch lowd claps; for euery way, defences of all ſorts
Were addinh, as *Troy* tooke away; and *Clamor* flew ſo high
Her wings ſtrooke heauen, and drown'd all voice. The two Dukes yet ſo nigh
And at the offer of aſſault; he to th' *Aiaces* ſent

Thoos ſent to the Aiaces for aide by Meneſtheus.

Thoos the Herald, with this charge: Runne to the regiment
Of both th' *Aiaces*, and call both, for both were better here,
Since here will ſlaughter, inſtantly; be more enforc't then there.
The *Lycian* Captaines this way make, who in the fights of ſtand,
Have often ſhew'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand
Be there more needfull then I hope, at leaſt afford us ſome,
Let *Aiax Telamonius*, and th' Archer *Teucer* come.
The Herald haſted, and arriv'd; and both th' *Aiaces* told,
That *Peteus* noble ſonne deſir'd, their little labour would
Employ it ſelfe in ſuccouring him. Both their ſupplies were beſt;
Since death aſſail'd his quarter moſt: for on it fiercely preſt
The well-prov'd mightie *Lycian* Chiefs. Yet if the ſervice there
Allow'd not both, he praid that one, part of his charge would beare,
And that was *Aiax Telamon*, with whom he wiſht would come,
The Archer *Teucer*. *Telamon*, left inſtantly his roome

To

To ſtrong *Lycomedes*, and willd, *Aiax Oiliades*
With him to make up his ſupply, and fill with courages
The Grecian hearts till his returne, which ſhould be inſtantly
When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the companie
Of *Teucer* he tooke to his aide: *Teucer*, that did deſcend
(As *Aiax* did) from *Telamon:* with theſe two did attend
Pandion, that bore *Teucers* bow. When to *Meneſtheus* towre
They came, alongſt the wall; they found him, and his heartned powre
Toyling in making ſtrong their fort. The *Lycian* Princes ſet
Blacke whirlwind-like, with both their powers, upon the Parapet.
Aiax, and all, reſiſted them. *Clamor* amongſt them roſe:
The ſlaughter, *Aiax* led; who firſt, the laſt deare fight did cloſe
Of ſtrong *Epicles*, that war friend to *Ioves* great *Lycian* ſonne.
Amongſt the high munition heape, a mighty marble ſtone
Lay higheſt, neare the Pinnacle; a ſtone of ſuch a paiſe,
That one of this times ſtrongeſt men, with both hands, could not raiſe:
Yet this did *Aiax* rowſe, and throw; and all in ſherds did driue
Epicles foure-topt caske and skull; who (as ye ſee one diue
In ſome deepe river) left his height; life left his bones withall.
Teucer ſhot *Glaucus* (ruſhing up, yet higher on the wall) *Glaucus wounded by Teucer.*
Where naked he diſcernd his arme, and made him ſteale retreat
From that hot ſeruice; loſt ſome Greeke, with an inſulting threat,
(Beholding it) might fright the reſt. *Sarpedon* much was griev'd *Sarpedon reuengeth Glaucus.*
At *Glaucus* parting, yet fought on; and his great heart relieu'd
A little with *Alcmaons* bloud, ſurnam'd *Theſtorides*,
Whoſe life he hurld out with his lance; which following through the preaſe,
He drew from him. Downe from the towre, *Alcmaon* dead it ſtrooke;
His faire armes ringing out his death. Then fierce *Sarpedon* tooke
In his ſtrong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite:
The wall ſtript naked, and broad way for entry and full fight,
He made the many. Againſt him, *Aiax* and *Teucer* made;
Teucer, the rich belt on his breaſt, did with a ſhaft invade:
But *Iupiter* averted death; who would not ſee his ſonne
Die at the tails of th' Achive ſhips: *Aiax* did fetch his run,
And (with his lance) ſtrooke through the targe of that brave *Lycian* King;
Yet kept he it from further paſſe; nor did it any thing
Diſmay his minde, although his men ſtood off from that high way,
His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that ſtormy day
Should ever make his glory cleare. His mens fault thus he blam'd; *Sarpedon to his ſouldiers.*
O *Lycians*, why are your hot ſpirits ſo quickly diſinflam'd?
Suppoſe me ableſt of you all: tis hard for me alone,
To ruine ſuch a wall as this; and make Confuſion,
Way to their Navie; lend your hands. What many can diſpatch,
One cannot thinke: the noble worke of many, hath no match. Πλέονων δ' ἔτι ἔργον ἀμείνων.
The wiſe kings juſt rebuke did ſtrike a reverence to his will
Through all his ſouldiers; all ſtood in; and gainſt all th' Achives ſtill
Made ſtrong their Squadrons; inſomuch, that to the adverſe ſide,
The worke ſhewd mightie; and the wall, then 'twas within deſcride,

No

No eaſie ſervice, yet the Greekes could neither free the wall
Of theſe braue *Lycians*, that held firme the place they firſt did ſcale:
Nor could the *Lycians* from their fort, the ſturdy Grecians driue,
Nor reach their fleet. But as two men, about the limits ſtriue
Of land that toucheth in the fields their meaſures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiouſly, and either ſtiffely ſtands,
That ſo farre is his right in law, both hugely ſet on fire
About a paſſing little ground: ſo greedily aſpire
Both theſe foes, to their ſeuerall ends; and all exhauſt their moſt
About the very battlements (for yet no more was loſt.)
With ſword and fire they vext for them, their targets hugely round,
With Oxehides lin'd; and bucklers light, and many a ghaſtly wound
The ſterne ſteele gaue, for that one prize; whereof though ſome receiu'd
Their portions on their naked backes; yet others were bereau'd
Of braue liues, face-turnd, through their ſhields: towres, bulwarks euery where
Were freckled with the bloud of men; nor yet the Greekes did beare
Baſe back-turnd faces; nor their foes, would therefore be out-fac't.
But as a Spinſter poore and juſt, ye ſometimes ſee ſtrait lac't
About the weighing of her web, who (carefull) hauing charge,
For which ſhe would prouide ſome meanes, is loth to be too large
In giuing, or in taking weight; but euer with her hand,
Is doing with the weights and wooll, till both in juſt poiſe ſtand:
So euenly ſtood it with theſe foes, till *Ioue* to *Hector* gaue
The turning of the skales; who firſt, againſt the rampire draue,
And ſpake ſo loud that all might heare: O ſtand not at the pale
(Braue Troian friends) but mend your hands: up, and breake through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heapes
Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In meane ſpace, *Hector* leapes
Vpon the port, from whoſe out-part, he tore a maſſie ſtone
Thicke downwards, upward edg'd; it was ſo huge an one
That two vaſt *yeomen of moſt ſtrength (ſuch as theſe times beget)
Covld not from earth lift to a Cart: yet he did brandiſh it
Alone (*Saturnius* made it light:) and ſwinging it as nought,
He came before the plankie gates, that all for ſtrength were wrought,
And kept the Port: two fold they were, and with two rafters bard,
High, and ſtrong lockt: he raiſd the ſtone, bent to the hurle ſo hard,
And made it with ſo maine a ſtrength, that all the gates did cracke;
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake:
The hinges peece-meale flew, and through the feruent little rocke
Thundred a paſſage; with his weight, th'inwall his breaſt did knocke:
And in ruſht *Hector*, fierce and grimme as any ſtormy night;
His braſſe armes, round about his breaſt, reflected terrible light.
Each arme held up, held each a dart: his preſence cald up all
The dreadfull ſpirits his being held, that to the threatned wall
None but the gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;
And thus he look't backe, cald in all: all fir'd their courages,
And in they flow'd: the Grecians fled, their fleet now, and their freight
Askt all their reſcue: Greece went downe, *Tumult* was at his height:

The end of the twelfth Booke.

Admiranda & penè inimitabilis comparatio (ſaith Spond) and yet in the explicat on of it, he thinkes all ſuperfluous but three words, βλεχρὼ ἐπὶ χωρῷ, exiguo in loco: leauing out other words more expreſſive with his old rule, uno pede, &c.

A ſimile ſuperior to the other, in which, comparing mightieſt things with meaneſt, & the meaneſt illuſtrating the mightieſt: both meeting in one end of this Iles preſervation and credit our Homer is beyond compariſon and admiration.

Hector to the Troians.

*Οὐ ἀνερεδμεν duo viri plebei.

THE XIII BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

NEptune *(in pitty of the Greekes hard plight)*
Like Calchas, *both th'* Aiaces, *doth excite,*
And others; to repell the charging foe.
Idomeneus *bravely doth beſtow*
His kingly forces; and doth ſacrifice
Othryoneus *to the* Deſtinies;
With divers others. Faire Deiphobus,
And his prophetique brother Hellenus
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,
(Gathering his forces) hartens their addreſſe
Againſt the enemy; and then the field,
A mighty death on either ſide doth yeeld.

Another Argument.

The Greekes with Troyes bold power diſmaid,
Are chear'd by Neptunes *ſecret aide.*

Neptunes proſpect.

Iove helping *Hector*, and his hoſt; thus cloſe to th' *Achive* fleet,
He let them then their own ſtrengths try; & ſeaſon there their ſweet
With ceaſſeſſe toils, and grievances. For now he turnd his face,
Lookt downe, and viewd the far-off land, of welrode men in Thrace.
Of the renown'd, milk-nouriſh men, the *Hippemolgians*,
Long-liv'd, moſt juſt, and innocent. And cloſe-fought *Myſians*:
Nor turnd he any more to Troy, his ever-ſhining eyes:
Becauſe he thought, not any one of all the Deities,
(When his care left th'indifferent field) would aide on either ſide.
But this ſecuritie in *Iove*, the great *Sea-Rector* ſpide,
Who ſate aloft, on th'utmoſt top, of ſhadie *Samothrace*,
And viewd the fight. His choſen ſeate ſtood in ſo brave a place,
That *Priams* citie, th' *Achive* ſhips, all *Ida* did appeare,
To his full view; who from the ſea, was therefore ſeated there.
He tooke much ruth, to ſee the Greekes, by Troy, ſuſtaine ſuch ill,
And (mightily incenſt with *Iove*) ſtoopt ſtrait from that ſteepe hill,
That ſhooke as he flew off ſo hard, his parting preſt the height.
The woods, and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortall moving feet: three ſteps he onely tooke,
Before he far-off *Ægas* reacht; but with the fourth, it ſhooke
With his dread entrie. In the depth of thoſe ſeas, he did hold
His bright and glorious pallace built, of never-ruſting gold;
And there arriv'd, he put in Coach, his beazen-footed ſteeds,

The horſe of Neptune.

All golden man'd, and pac't with wings; and all in golden weeds
He cloth'd himſelfe. The golden ſcourge, (moſt elegantly done)
He tooke, and mounted to his ſeate: and then the god begun
To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlepits every way
The whales exulted under him, and knew their King: the Sea
For joy did open; and his horſe, ſo ſwift, and lightly flew:
The under-axeltree of braſſe, no drop of water drew.
And thus theſe deathleſſe Courſers brought their king to th' *Achive* ſhips.
Twixt th' *Imber* Cliffs, and *Tenedos*, a certaine Caverne creepes
Corographia. Into the deepe ſeas gulphie breaſt, and there th' earth-ſhaker ſtaid
His forward ſteeds, tooke them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid
In reach before them. Their braſſe hooſes he girt with gives of gold
Not to be broken, nor diſſolv'd; to make them firmely hold
Neptune goes to the Greeks. A fit attendance on their King. Who went to th' *Achive* hoſt,
Which (like to tempeſts, or wild flames) the cluſtring Trojans toſt;
Inſatiably valorous, in *Hectors* like command;
High ſounding, and reſounding ſhouts: for *Hope* chear'd every hand,
To make the Greeke fleet now their prize, and all the Greekes deſtroy.
But *Neptune* circler of the earth) with freſh heart did employ
The Grecian hands. In ſtrength of voyce, and body, he did take
Calchas reſemblance, and (of all) th' *Aiaces* firſt beſpake;
Who of themſelves were free enough: *Aiaces?* you alone
Neptune to the Aiaces. Suſtaine the common good of Greece, in ever putting on
The memory of Fortitude: and flying ſhamefull Flight.
Elſewhere, the deſperate hands of Troy could give me no affright,
The brave Greekes have withſtood their worſt: but this our mighty wall
Being thus tranſcended by their powre; grave Feare doth much appall
My carefull ſpirits, leſt we feele ſome fatall miſchiefe here;
Where *Hector* raging like a flame, doth in his charge appeare,
And boaſts himſelfe the beſt gods ſonne. Be you conceited ſo,
And fire ſo, more then humane ſpirits; that God may ſeeme to doe
In your deeds: and with ſuch thoughts cheard others to ſuch exhort,
And ſuch reſiſtance: theſe great minds, will in as great a ſort,
Strengthen your bodies, and force checke, to all great *Hectors* charge,
Though here ſo ſpirit-like; and though *Iove* ſtill, (paſt himſelfe) enlarge
His ſacred actions. Thus he toucht, with his forkt ſcepters point,
The breſts of both; fild both their ſpirits, and made up every joynt
Simile. With powre reſponſive: when hawk-like, ſwift, and ſet ſharpe to flye,
That fiercely ſtooping from a rocke, inacceſſible and hie,
Cuts through a field, and ſets a fowle, (not being of her kinde)
Hard, and gets ground ſtill: *Neptune* ſo, left theſe two; eithers mind
Beyond themſelves rais'd. Of both which, *Oileus* firſt diſcern'd
Aiax Oileus to Aiax Telamonius The masking Deitie: and ſaid, *Aiax?* ſome god hath warn'd
Our powres to fight, and ſave our fleet. He put on him the hew
Of th' Augure *Calchas*: by his pace (in leaving us) I knew
(Without all queſtion) twas a god: the gods are eaſily knowne:
And in my tender breſt I feele a greater ſpirit blowne,
To execute affaires of fight: I finde my hands ſo free

To

To all high motion, and my feet, ſeeme featherd under me.
This, *Telamonius* thus receiv'd: So, to my thoughts, my hands
Burne with deſire to toſſe my lance; each foot beneath me ſtands
Bare on bright fire, to uſe his ſpeed: my heart is raiſd ſo hie,
That to encounter *Hectors* ſelfe, I long inſatiately:
While theſe thus talkt, as, over-joyd, with ſtudy for the fight,
(Which God had ſtird up in their ſpirits) the ſame God did excite
The *Greeks* that were behind at fleet, refreſhing their free hearts
And joynts; being even diſſolv'd with toile: and (ſeeing the deſprate parts
Playd by the *Troians*, paſt their wall) *Griefe* ſtrooke them; and their eyes
Sweat teares from under their ſad lids: their inſtant deſtinies
Never ſuppoſing they could ſcape. But *Neptune* ſtepping in,
With eaſe ſtird up the able troopes; and did at firſt begin
With *Teucer*, and *Peneleus*; th'Heroe *Leitus*;
Deipirus, *Meriones*, and yong *Antilochus*:
All expert in the deeds of armes: O youths of *Greece* (ſaid he)
What change is this? In your brave fight, I onely lookt to ſee
Our fleets whole ſafetie; and if you, neglect the harmfull field;
Now ſhines the day, when *Greece* to *Troy*, muſt all her honours yeeld.
O griefe! ſo great a miracle, and horrible to ſight,
As now I ſee; I never thought, could have prophan'd the light:
The *Troians* brave us at our ſhips, that have beene heretofore,
Like faint and fearfull Deere in woods; diſtracted evermore
With every ſound: and yet ſcape not, but prove the torne up fare
Of *Lynces*, *Wolves*, and *Leopards*; as never borne to warre:
Nor durſt theſe *Troians* at firſt ſiege, in any leaſt degree,
Expect your ſtrength; or ſtand one ſhocke, of *Grecian* Chivalrie.
Yet now, farre from their walls they dare, fight at our fleet maintaine;
All by our Generals cowardiſe, that doth infect his men;
Who (ſtill at ods with him) for that, will needs themſelves neglect;
And ſuffer *Slaughter* in their ſhips. Suppoſe there was defect
(Beyond all queſtion) in our King, to wrong *Æacides*;
And he, for his particular wreake, from all aſſiſtance ceaſe:
We muſt not ceaſſe t'aſſiſt our ſelves. Forgive our Generall then;
And quickly too: apt to forgive, are all good minded men.
Yet you (quite void of their good minds) give good, in you quite loſt,
For ill in others: though ye be, the worthieſt of your hoſt.
As old as I am, I would ſcorne, to fight with one that flies,
Or leaves the fight, as you do now. The Generall ſlothfull lies,
And you (though ſlothfull too) maintaine, with him, a fight of ſplene.
Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye rotten minded men.
In this, ye adde an ill thats worſe, then all your ſloths diſlikes.
But as I know, to all your hearts, my reprehenſion ſtrikes;
So thither let juſt ſhame ſtrike too; for while you ſtand ſtill here,
A mightie fight ſwarms at your fleet, great *Hector* rageth there,
Hath burſt the long barre and the gates. Thus *Neptune* rowſd theſe men;
[b] And round about th' *Aiaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,
Their ſtation firme; whom *Mars* himſelfe (had he amongſt them gone)

The two Aiaces to one another.

Neptune to the Greeks.

Good minded men apt to forgive.

Could not diſparage; nor *Ioves* Maide, that ſets men fiercer on:
For now the beſt were choſen out, and they receiv'd th'advance
Of *Hector* and his men ſo full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;
Shields, thickned with oppoſed ſhields; targets to targets nail'd:
Helmes ſtucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they ſo cloſe aſſail'd:
Plum'd casks, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all joynd ſo cloſe their ſtands;
Their lances ſtood, thruſt out ſo thicke, by ſuch all-daring hands.
All bent their firme breaſts to the point; and made ſad fight their joy
Of both: *Troy* all in heaps ſtrooke firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.
Simile. And as a round peece of a rocke, which with a Winters flood
Is from his top torne; when a ſhowre, powr'd from a burſten cloud,
Hath broke the naturall bond it held, within the rough ſteepe rocke;
And jumping, it flies downe the woods, reſounding every ſhocke;
And on, uncheckt, it headlong leaps, till in a plaine it ſtay:
And then (though never ſo impeld) it ſtirs not any way.
So *Hector*, hereto throated threats, to go to ſea in blood,
And reach the *Grecian* ſhips and tents; without being once withſtood:
But when he fell into the ſtrengths, the *Grecians* did maintaine,
And that they fought upon the ſquare, he ſtood as fetterd then.
And ſo, the adverſe ſonnes of *Greece*, laid on with ſwords and darts,
(Whoſe both ends hurt) that they repeld, his worſt; and he converts
His threats, by all meanes, to retreats; yet, made as he retir'd
Onely t'encourage thoſe behinde; and thus thoſe men inſpir'd:
Troians? Dardanians? Lycians? all war-like friends, ſtand cloſe;
Hector to his friends. The *Greeks* can never beare me long, though towre-like they oppoſe;
This lance (be ſure) will be their ſpoile: if, even the beſt of Gods,
(High-thundring *Iunos* husband) ſtirs, my ſpirit with true abodes.
With this, all ſtrengths and minds he mov'd; but yong *Deiphobus*,
Deiphobus his valour. (Old *Priams* ſonne) amongſt them all, was chiefly vertuous.
He bore before him his round ſhield; tript lightly through the preaſe,
At all parts cover'd with his ſhield: And him *Meriones*
Charg'd with a glittring dart, that tooke, his bul-hide orbie ſhield,
Yet pierc't it not, but in the top, it ſelfe did peece-meale yeeld.
Deiphobus thruſt forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends
Of ſtrong *Meriones* his lance, who now turnd to his friends;
The great Heroe, ſcorning much, by ſuch a chance to part
With lance and conqueſt: forth he went, to fetch another dart
Left at his tent. The reſt fought on, the *Clamor* heightned there
Teucers valour. Was moſt unmeaſur'd; *Teucer* firſt, did fleſh the *Maſſacre*,
And ſlue a goodly man at armes, the ſouldier *Imbrius*,
The ſonne of *Mentor*, rich in horſe; he dwelt at *Pedaſus*
Before the ſonnes of *Greece* ſieg'd *Troy*; from whence he married
Medeſicaſté, one that ſprung, of *Priams* baſtard bed.
But when the *Greeke* ſhips (double oar'd) arriv'd at *Ilion*,
To *Ilion* he returnd, and prov'd, beyond compariſon
Amongſt the *Troians*; he was lodg'd, with *Priam*, who held deare
His naturall ſonnes no more then him; yet him, beneath the eare
The ſonne of *Telamon* attain'd, and drew his lance: He fell

As

As when an Aſh on ſome hils top, (it ſelfe topt wondrous well) *Simile.*
The ſteele hewes downe, and he preſents his yong leaues to the ſpoyle:
So fell he, and his faire armes gron'd, which *Teucer* long'd to ſpoyle,
And in he ran, and *Hector* in, who ſent a ſhining Lance
At *Teucer*, who (beholding it) ſlipt by, and gaue it chance
On *Actors* ſonne, *Amphimachus*, whoſe breaſt it ſtrooke; and in
Flew *Hector*, at his ſounding fall, with full intent to win
The tempting helmet from his head; but *Aiax* with a dart,
Reacht *Hector* at his ruſhing in, yet toucht not any part
About his body; it was hid quite through with horrid braſſe,
The boſſe yet of his targe it tooke, whoſe firme ſtuffe ſtaid the paſſe,
And he turnd ſafe from both the trunkes: both which the Grecians bore
From off the field; *Amphimachus*, *Meneſtheus* did reſtore,
And *Stichius*, to th' *Achaian* ſtrength: th' *Aiaces* (that were pleaſd
Still moſt, with moſt hot ſervices) on Troian *Imbrius* ſeaſd:
And, as from ſharpely-bitten hounds, a brace of Lyons force *Simile.*
A new ſlaine Goate, and through the woods, beare in their jawes the corſe
Aloft, lift up into the aire, ſo, up into the skies
Bore both th' *Aiaces*, *Imbrius*, and made his atmes their prize.
Yet (not content) *Oileades*, inrag'd to ſee there dead
His much belov'd *Amphimachus*, he hewd off *Imbrius* head,
Which (ſwinging round) bowle-like he toſt, amongſt the Troian preaſe,
And full at *Hectors* feet it fell. *Amphimachus* deceaſe
(Being nephew to the god of waues) much vext the Deities mind,
And to the ſhips and tents he marcht: yet more, to make inclinde
The Grecians, to the Trojan bane. In haſting to which end,
Idomeneus met with him, returning from a friend,
Whoſe hamme late hurt, his men broughtoff, and having given command
To his Phyſitians for his cure, (much fir'd to put his hand
To Troyes repulſe) he left his tent. Him (like *Andremons* ſonne,
Prince *Thoas*, that in *Pleuron* rulde, and lofty *Calidon*,
Th' *Ætolian* powres, and like a god, was of his ſubjects lou'd)
Neptune encountred: and but this, his forward ſpirit mov'd.
Idomeneus, Prince of Crete? O whither now are fled
Thoſe threats in thee, with which the reſt, the Troians menaced? *Neptune to Idomen.*
O *Thoas* (he replide) no one of all our hoſt ſtands now
In any queſtion of reproofe (as I am let to know)
And why is my intelligence falſe? We all know how to fight,
And (Feare diſanimating none) all doe our knowledge right.
Nor can our harmes accuſe our ſloth, not one from worke we miſſe:
The great god onely workes our ill, whoſe pleaſure now it is,
That farre from home, in hoſtile fields, and with inglorious fate,
Some Greekes ſhould periſh. Burdoe thou, O *Thoas* (that of late
Haſt prov'd a ſouldier, and was wont, where thou haſt Sloth beheld,
To chide it, and exhort to paines) now hate to be repeld,
And ſet on all men. He replied, I would to heaven, that he
Who ever this day doth abſtaine from battell willingly,
May never turne his face from Troy, but here become the prey,

And ſcorne of dogs. Come then, take armes, and let our kinde aſſay
Ioyne both our forces; though but two, yet being both combinde,
The worke of many ſingle hands, we may performe; we finde
That Vertue coaugmented thrives, in men of little minde:
But we have ſingly matcht the great. This ſaid, the god again
(With all his conflicts) viſited, the ventrous fight of men.
The King turnd to his tent; rich armes put on his breaſt, and tooke
Two darts in hand, and forth he flew; his haſte on made him looke
Much like a fierie Meteor, with which, *Ioves* ſulphrie hand
Opes heaven, and hurles about the aire, bright flaſhes, ſhowing aland
Abodes; that ever run before, tempeſt, and plagues to men:
So, in his ſwift pace, ſhew'd his armes: he was encountred then
By his good friend *Meriones*, yet neare his tent; to whom
Thus ſpake the powre of *Idomen:* What reaſon makes thee come,
(Thou ſonne of *Molus*, my moſt lov'd) thus leaving fight alone?
Is't for ſome wound? the Iavelins head, (ſtill ſticking in the bone)
Deſir'ſt thou eaſe of? Bring'ſt thou newes? or what is it that brings
Thy preſence hither? Be aſſur'd, my ſpirit needs no ſtings
To this hot conflict. Of my ſelfe thou ſeeſt I come; and loth
For any tents love, to deſerve the hatefull taint of *Sloth*.

He anſwerd, Onely for a dart, he that retreat did make,
(Were any left him at his tent:) for, that he had, he brake
On proud *Deiphobus* his ſhield. Is one dart all? (ſaid he)
Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in my tent they be;
They ſtand there ſhining by the wals: I tooke them as my prize
From thoſe falſe Trojans I have ſlaine. And this is not the guiſe
Of one that loves his tent, or fights, a farre off with his foe:
But ſince I love fight, therefore doth my martiall ſtarre beſtow
(Beſides thoſe darts) helmes, targets boſt, and corſlets bright as day.

So I (ſaid *Merion*) at my tent, and ſable barke, may ſay,
I many Trojan ſpoiles retaine: but now, not neare they be,
To ſerve me for my preſent uſe; and therefore aske I thee.
Not that I lacke a fortitude to ſtore me with my owne:
For ever in the formoſt fights, that render men renowne,
I fight, when any fight doth ſtirre. and this perhaps, may well
Be hid to others, but thou know'ſt, and I to thee appeale.

I know (replide the King) how much, thou weigh'ſt in every worth,
What needſt thou therefore utter this? If we ſhould now chuſe forth
The worthieſt men for ambuſhes in all our fleet and hoſt:
(For ambuſhes are ſervices that trye mens vertues moſt,
Since there, the fearefull and the firme, will, as they are, appeare:
The fearefull altering ſtill his hue, and reſts not any where;
Nor is his ſpirit capable, of th'ambuſh conſtancie,
But riſeth, changeth ſtill his place, and croucheth curiouſly
On his bent hanches; halfe his height. ſcarce ſeene above the ground.
For feare to be ſeene, yet muſt ſee: his heart with many a bound,
Offring to leape out of his breaſt, (and ever fearing death)
The coldneſſe of it makes him gnaſh, and halfe ſhakes out his teeth.

Where

Where men of valour, neither feare, nor ever change their lookes,
From lodging th'ambuſh till it riſe: but ſince there muſt be ſtrokes,
Wiſh to be quickly in their midſt) thy ſtrength and hand in theſe,
Who ſhould reprove? For if, farre off, or fighting in the preaſe,
Thou ſhouldſt be wounded, I am ſure, the dart that gave the wound
Should not be drawne out of thy backe, or make thy necke the ground;
But meet thy belly, or thy breaſt; in thruſting further yet
When thou art furtheſt, till the firſt, and before him thou get.
But on; like children, let not us, ſtand bragging thus, but do;
Leſt ſome heare, and paſt meaſure chide, that we ſtand ſtill and wooe.
Go, chuſe a better dart, and make, *Mars* yeeld a better chance.
This ſaid, *Mars*-ſwift *Meriones*, with haſte, a brazen lance
Tooke from his tent; and overtooke (moſt carefull of the wars)
Idomeneus. And ſuch two, in field, as harmfull *Mars*,
And *Terror*, his beloved ſonne, that without terror fights;
And is of ſuch ſtrength, that in warre, the frighter he affrights;
When, out of *Thrace*, they both take armes, againſt th'*Ephyran* bands;
Or gainſt the great ſoul'd *Phlegians:* nor favour their owne hands,
But give the grace to others ſtill. In ſuch ſort to the fight,
Marcht theſe two managers of men; in armours full of light.
And firſt ſpake *Merion*: On which part (ſonne of *Deucalion*)
Serves thy minde to invade the fight? is't beſt to ſet upon
The *Troians* in our battels aide, the right or left-hand wing,
For all parts I ſuppoſe employd. To this the *Cretan* King,
Thus anſwerd: In our navies midſt, are others that aſſiſt,
The two *Aiaces*, *Teucer* too; with ſhafts, the experteſt
Of all the *Grecians*, and though ſmall, is great in fights of ſtand.
And theſe (though huge he be of ſtrength) will ſerue to fill the hand
Of *Hectors* life, that *Priamiſt*, that ſtudier for blows:
It ſhall be cald a deed of height, for him (even ſuffring throws
For knocks ſtill) to out labour them: and (bettring their tough hands)
Enflame our fleet: if *Iove* himſelfe, caſt not his fier-brands
Amongſt our navie; that affaire, no man can bring to field:
Great *Aiax Telamonius*, to none alive will yeeld,
That yeelds to death; and whoſe life takes, *Ceres* nutritions
That can be cut with any iron, or paſht with mightie ſtones.
Not to *Æacides* himſelfe, he yeelds for combats ſet,
Though cleare he muſt give place for pace, and free ſwinge of his feet.
Since then, the battell (being our place, of moſt care) is made good
By his high valour; let our aid, ſee all powres be withſtood,
That charge the left wing: and to that, let us direct our courſe,
Where quickly feele we this hot foe, or make him feele our force.
This orderd; ſwift *Meriones*, went, and forewent his King;
Till both arriv'd, where one enjoynd: when in the *Greeks* left wing,
The *Troians* ſaw the *Cretan* King, like fire in fortitude;
And his attendant in bright armes, ſo glorioufly indude,
Both chearing the ſiniſter troops: all at the King addreſt,
And ſo the skirmiſh at their ſternes, on both parts were increaſt:

Simile.

That, as from hollow buſtling winds, engendred ſtormes ariſe,
When duſt doth chiefly clog the wayes, which up into the skies
The wanton tempeſt raviſheth; begetting *Night* of *Day*;
So came together both the foes: both luſted to aſſay,
And worke with quicke ſteele, eithers death. Mans fierce *Corruptreſſe Fight*
Set up her briſtles in the field, with lances long and light,
Which thicke, fell foule on eithers face: the ſplendor of the ſteele,
In new skowr'd curets, radiant casks, and burniſht ſhields, did ſeele
Th'aſſailers eyes up. He ſuſtain'd, a huge ſpirit that was glad
To ſee that labour, or in ſoule, that ſtood not ſtriken ſad.
Thus theſe two diſagreeing Gods, old *Saturns* mightie ſonnes,
Afflicted theſe heroique men, with huge oppreſſions.
Iove honouring *Æacides* (to let the *Greeks* ſtill trie
Their want without him) would beſtow (yet ſtill) the victorie
On *Hector*, and the *Troian* powre; yet for *Æacides*,
And honour of his mother Queene, great Goddeſſe of the ſeas,
He would not let proud *Ilion* ſee, the *Grecians* quite deſtroyd:
And therefore from the hoarie deepe, he ſuffer'd ſo imployd
Great *Neptune* in the *Grecian* aide; who griev'd for them, and ſtorm'd
Extremely at his brother *Iove*. Yet both, one Goddeſſe form'd,
And one ſoile bred: but *Iupiter*, precedence tooke in birth,
And had more* knowledge: for which cauſe, the other came not forth
Of his wet kingdome, but with care, of not being ſeene t'exeite
The *Grecian* hoſt, and like a man, appear'd, and made the fight.
So theſe Gods made mens valours great; but equald them with warre
As harmfull, as their hearts were good; and ſtretcht thoſe chains as farre
On both ſides as their limbs could beare: in which they were involv'd
Paſt breach, or looſing; that their knees, might therefore be diſſolv'd.
Then, though a halfe-gray man he were, *Cretes* ſoveraigne did excite
The *Greeks* to blows; and flew upon, the *Troians*, even to flight:
For he, in ſight of all the hoſt, *Othryoneus* ſlew,
That from *Cabeſus*, with the fame, of thoſe warres, thither drew
His new-come forces, and requir'd, without reſpect of dowre,
Caſſandra, fair'ſt of *Priams* race; aſſuring with his powre,
A mightie labour: to expell, in their deſpite from *Troy*,
The ſonnes of *Greece*. The King did vow (that done) he ſhould enjoy
His goodlieſt daughter. He (in truſt, of that faire purchaſe) fought,
And at him threw the *Cretan* King, a lance, that ſingl'd out
This great aſſumer; whom it ſtrooke, juſt in his navels ſtead;
His brazen curets helping nought, reſignd him to the dead.
Then did the conquerour exclaime, and thus inſulted then:
Othryoneus, I will praiſe, beyond all mortall men,
Thy living vertues; if thou wilt, now perfect the brave vow
Thou mad'ſt to *Priam*, for the wife, he promiſ'd to beſtow.
And where he ſhould have kept his word, there we aſſure thee here,
To give thee for thy Princely wife, the faireſt, and moſt deare,
Of our great Generals female race, which from his *Argive* hall,
We all will wait upon to *Troy*; if with our aids, and all,

Thou

* *The Empire of Iove exceeded Neptunes (ſaith Plut. upon this place) becauſe he was more antient, and excellent in knowledg and wiſedome. And upon this verſe, viz. ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρεσβύτερος ὤε ſets down this his moſt worthy to be noted opinion: viz. I think alſo that the bleſſednesſe of eternall life, which God enioyes is this: that by any paſtime he forgets not notions preſently apprehended; for otherwiſe the knowledge and underſtanding of things taken away immortality ſhould not be life, but Time, &c. Plut. de Iſide & Oſiride.*

Idomens inſultation on Othryoneus.

Thou wilt but raze this well-built towne. Come therefore, follow me,
That in our ſhips we may conclude, this royall match with thee:
Ile be no jot worſe then my word. With that he tooke his feet,
And dragg'd him through the fervent fight; In which, did *Aſius* meet
The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on foot before
His horſe, that on his ſhoulders breath'd; ſo cloſely evermore
His coachman led them to his Lord: who held a huge deſire
To ſtrike the King, but he ſtrooke firſt; and underneath his chin,
At his throats height, through th'other ſide, his eager lance drave in;
And downe he buſſ'd, like an Oake, a Poplar, or a Pine,
Hewne downe for ſhipwood, and ſo lay: his fall did ſo decline
The ſpirit of his charioteere; that leſt he ſhould incenſe
The victor to empaire his ſpoile, he durſt not drive from thence
His horſe and chariot: and ſo pleaſd, with that reſpective parte
Antilochus, that for his feare, he reacht him with a dart,
About his bellies midſt; and downe, his ſad corſe fell beneath
The richly-builded chariot, there labouring out his breath.
The horſe *Antilochus* tooke off; when (griev'd for this event)
Deiphobus drew paſſing neare, and at the victor ſent
A ſhining Iavelin; which he ſaw, and ſhund; with gathring round
His body, in his all-round ſhield; at whoſe top, with a ſound,
It overflew; yet ſeiſing there, it did not idlely flie
From him that wing'd it; his ſtrong hand, ſtill drave it mortally
On Prince *Hypſenor*; it did pierce, his liver, underneath
The veines it paſſeth: his ſhrunke knees, ſubmitted him to death.
And then did lov'd-*Deiphobus*, miraculouſly vant:
Now *Aſius* lies not unreveng'd, nor doth his ſpirit want
The joy I wiſh it; though it be, now entring the ſtrong gate
Of mightie *Pluto*: ſince this hand, hath ſent him downe a mate.

Aſius ſlaine.

Antilochus ſlaughters the charioteere of *Aſius*.

Deiphobus at *Antilochus*, and kils *Hypſenor*.

Deiphobus his Brave.

This glorie in him griev'd the *Greeks*, and chiefly the great minde
Of martiall *Antilochus*; whom (though to griefe inclind)
He left not yet his friend, but ranne, and hid him with his ſhield;
And to him came two lovely friends, that freed him from the field:
Mecifteus, ſonne of *Echius*; and the right nobly borne
Alaſtar, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourne.

Idomeneus ſunke not yet, but held his nerues entire;
His minde much leſſe deficient, being fed with firme deſire
To hide more *Troians* in dim night, or ſinke himſelfe, in guard
Of his lov'd countrimen. And then, *Alcathous* prepar'd
Worke for his valour; offring fate, his owne deſtruction.
A great Heroe, and had grace, to be the loved ſonne
Of *Æſietes*, ſonne in law, to Prince *Aeneas* Sire;
Hippodamia marrying: who moſt enflam'd the fire
Of her deare parents loue; and tooke, precedence in her birth,
Of all their daughters; and as much, exceeded in her worth
(For beauty anſwerd with her minde; and both, with huſwifrie)
All the faire beautie of yong Dames, that uſde her companie;
And therefore (being the worthieſt Dame) the worthieſt man did wed

Of

Of ample *Troy*. Him *Neptune* ſtoopt, beneath the royall force
Of *Idomen*; his ſparkling eyes, deluding; and the courſe
Of his illuſtrious lineaments, ſo, out of nature bound,
That backe, nor forward, he could ſtirre, but (as he grew to ground)
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mov'd, nor fear'd:
When ſtrait the royall *Cretans* dart, in his mid breaſt appear'd;
It brake the curets that were proofe, to every other dart,
Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance, ſtucke ſhaking in his heart:
His heart with panting made it ſhake. But *Mars* did now remit
The greatneſſe of it, and the King, now quitting the bragge fit
Of glory in *Deiphobus*, thus terribly exclaim'd:

Idomeneus to Deiphobus.

Deiphobus, now may we thinke, that we are evenly fam'd,
That three for one have ſent to *Dis*. But come, change blows with me,
Thy vaunts for him thou ſlew'ſt were vaine: Come wretch, that thou maiſt ſee
What iſſue *Iove* hath; *Iove* begot, *Minos*, the ſtrength of *Crete*:
Minos begot *Deucalion*; *Deucalion* did beget
Me *Idomen* now *Cretas* King, that here my ſhips have brought,
To bring thy ſelfe, thy father, friends, all *Ilions* pompe to nought.
Deiphobus at two wayes ſtood, in doubt to call ſome one
(With ſome retreat) to be his aide, or trie the chance alone.
At laſt, the firſt ſeem'd beſt to him; and backe he went to call,
Anchiſes ſonne to friend; who ſtood, in troope the laſt of all,

Æneas angrie, being over diſgraced by Prid.

Where ſtill he ſerv'd: which made him ſtill, incenſe againſt the King,
That, being amongſt his beſt, their Peere, he grac't not any thing
His wrong'd deſerts. *Deiphobus*, ſpake to him, ſtanding neare:

To him Dipho tus.

Æneas? Prince of *Troians?* if any touch appeare
Of glory in thee: thou muſt now, aſſiſt thy ſiſters Lord,
And one, that to thy tendreſt youth, did carefull guard afford,
Alcathous, whom *Cretas* King, hath chiefly ſlaine to thee;
His right moſt challenging thy hand: come therefore follow me.
Thus much excited his good minde, and ſet his heart on fire,
Againſt the *Cretan*: who child-like, diſſolv'd not in his ire,

Simile.

But ſtood him firme: As when, in hils, a ſtrength-relying Bore,
Alone, and hearing hunters come (whom *Tumult* flies before)
Vp thruſts his briſtles, whets his tusks, ſets fire on his red eyes,
And in his brave prepar'd repulſe, doth dogs and men deſpiſe.
So ſtood the famous for his lance; nor ſhund the coming charge
That reſolute *Æneas* brought; yet (ſince the ods was large)

Idomeneus calls his friends to aid

He cald, with good right, to his aide, war-skild *Aſcalaphus*,
Aphareus, *Meriones*, the ſtrong *Deipyrus*,
And *Neſtors* honorable ſonne: Come neare, my friends (ſaid he)
And adde your aids to me alone: *Feare* taints me worthily,
Though firme I ſtand, and ſhew it not: *Æneas* great in fight,

Æneas yet a youth, as Virgil makes him.

And one, that beares youth in his flowre (that beares the greateſt might)
Comes on, with ayme, direct at me: had I his youthfull lim
To beare my minde, he ſhould yeeld *Fame*, or I would yeeld it him.
This ſaid, all held, in many ſoules, one readie helpfull minde,
Clapt ſhields and ſhoulders, and ſtood cloſe. *Æneas* (not inclind

With

With more preſumption then the King) cald aid as well as he:
Divine *Agenor*, *Hellens* love; who followd inſtantly,
And all their forces following them: as after Bell-weathers
The whole flocks follow to their drinke; which fight the ſhepheard cheares.
Nor was *Æneas* joy leſſe mov'd, to ſee ſuch troupes attend
His honord perſon; and all theſe fought cloſe about his friend.
But two of them, paſt all the reſt, had ſtrong deſire to ſhed
The bloud of either; *Idomeneus* and *Cythereas* ſeed.
Æneas firſt beſtowd his lance, which th'other ſeeing, ſhund;
And that (throwne from an idle hand) ſtucke trembling in the ground.
But *Idomens* (diſcharg'd at him) had no ſuch vaine ſucceſſe,
Which *Oenomaus* entrailes found, in which it did impreſſe
His ſharpe pile to his fall: his palms tore his returning earth.
Idomeneus ſtrait ſtept in, and pluckt his Iavelin forth,
But could not ſpoyle his goodly armes, they preſt him ſo with darts.
And now the long toyle of the fight, had ſpent his vigorous parts,
And made them leſſe apt to avoid the foe that ſhould advance;
Or (when himſelfe advanc't againe) to run and fetch his Lance.
And therefore in ſtiffe fights of ſtand, he ſpent the cruell day:
When comming ſoftly from the ſlaine) *Deiphobus* gave way
To his bright Iavelin at the King, whom he could never brooke,
But then he loſt his envy too: his lance yet, deadly tooke
Aſcalaphus, the ſonne of *Mars*, quite through his ſhoulder flew
The violent head, and downe he fell. Nor yet by all meanes knew
Wide throated *Mars*, his ſonne was ſalne: but in *Olympus* top,
Sad canapied with golden clouds. *Ioves* counſell had ſhut up
Both him and all the other gods, from that times equall taske,
Which now about *Aſcalaphus*, *Strife* ſet: his ſhining caske
Deiphobus had forc't from him: but inſtantly leapt in
Mars-ſwift *Meriones*, and ſtrooke, with his long Iavelin,
The right arme of *Deiphobus*, which made his hand let fall
The ſharp top helmet: the preſt earth, reſounding therewithall.
When, Vulture-like, *Meriones* ruſht in againe, and drew
(From out the low parts of his arme) his Iavelin, and then flew
Backe to his friends. *Deiphobus* (faint with the blouds exceſſe
Falne from his wound) was carefully convaid out of the preſſe,
By his kinde brother, by both ſides, (*Polites*) till they gat
His horſe and chariot, that were ſtill ſet fit for his retreat:
And bore him now to *Ilion*. The reſt fought fiercely on,
And ſet a mighty fight on foot. When next, *Anchiſes* ſonne,
Apharens Caletorides (that ran upon him) ſtrooke
Iuſt in the throat with his keene Lance, and ſtrait his head forſooke
His upright cariage: and his ſhield, his helme, and all with him
Fell to the earth: where ruinous death made prize of every lim.
Antilochus (diſcovering well, that *Thoons* heart tooke checke)
Let flye, and cut the hollow veine, that runs up to his necke,
Along his backe part, quite in twaine: downe in the duſt he fell,
Vpwards, and with extended hands, bad all the world farewell.

Æneas and Idomeneus in conflict.

Aſcalaphus the ſonne of Mars ſlaine by Æne.

Deiphobus wounded by Meriones.

Anti-

Antilochus ruſht nimbly in, and (looking round) made prize
Of his faire armes; in which affaire, his round ſet enemies
Let flie their lances; thundring on his advanced targe,
But could not get his fleſh: the god that ſhakes the earth, tooke charge
Of *Neſtors* ſonne, and kept him ſafe: who neuer was away,
But ſtill amongſt the thickeſt foes, his buſie lance did play;
Obſerving ever when he might, far-off, or neare, offend;
And watching *Aſius* ſonne, in preaſe, he ſpide him, and did ſend
(Cloſe comming on) a dart at him, that ſmote in midſt his ſhield;
In which, the ſharpe head of the lance, the blew-hair'd god made yeeld,
Not pleaſd to yeeld his pupils life, in whoſe ſhield, halfe the dart
Stucke like a truncheon, burnd with fire; on earth lay th'other part.
He ſeeing no better end of all, retir'd; in feare of worſe,
But him, *Meriones* purſude, and his lance found full courſe
To th'others life: it wounded him betwixt the privie parts
And navill; where (to wretched men, that wars moſt violont ſmarts
Muſt undergoe) wounds chiefly vexe. His dart, *Meriones*
Purſude, and *Adamas* ſo ſtriv'd with it, and his miſeaſe,
Simile. As doth a Bullocke puffe and ſtorme; whom in diſdained bands,
The upland heardſmen ſtrive to caſt: ſo (falne beneath the hands
Of his ſterne foe) *Aſiades* did ſtruggle, pant, and rave,
But no long time; for when the Lance was pluckt out, up he gaue
His tortur'd ſoule. Then Troyes turne came; when with a Thracian ſword
The temples of *Deipyrus*, did *Hellenus* afford
So huge a blow; it ſtrooke all light out of his cloudy eyes,
And cleft his helmet; which a Greeke, (there fighting) made his prize,
(It fell ſo full beneath his feet.) *Atrides* grieu'd to ſee
That fight; and (threatning) ſhooke a lance at *Hellenus*, and he
A bow, halfe drew at him; at once, out flew both ſhaft and lance:
The ſhaft, *Atrides* curets ſtrooke, and farre away did glance:
Hellenus wounded. *Atrides* dart, of *Hellenus*, the thruſt out bow-hand ſtrooke,
And through the hand, ſtucke in the bow; *Agenors* hand did plucke
From forth the nailed priſoner, the Iavelin quickly out;
And fairely with a little wooll, enwrapping round about
The wounded hand; within a ſcarfe, he bore it, which his Squire
Had ready for him: yet the wound would needes he ſhould retire.
Pyſander to reuenge his hurt, right on the King ran he,
A bloody fate ſuggeſted him, to let him run on thee
* *sceptice.* O * *Menelaus*, that he might, by thee, in dangerous warre,
Be done to death. Both comming on, *Atrides* Lance did erre:
Piſander ſtrooke *Atrides* ſhield, that brake at point, the dart
Not running through, yet he rejoyc't, as playing a victors part.
Atrides (drawing his faire ſword) upon *Piſander* flew:
Piſander, from beneath his ſhield, his goodly weapon drew;
Two-edg'd, with right ſharpe ſteele, and long, the handle Olive tree,
Well poliſht; and to blowes they goe; upon the top ſtrooke he
Atrides horſe-hair'd-featherd helme; *Atrides* on his brow
(Aboue th'extreme part of the noſe) laid ſuch a heauie blow,

That

That all the bones craſht under it, and out his eyes did drop
Before his feet, in bloudy duſt; he after, and ſhrunke up
His dying body: which the foot of his triumphing foe
Opened; and ſtood upon his breaſt, and off his armes did goe:
This inſultation uſde the while: c At length forſake our fleet,
(Thus ye falſe Trojans) to whom warre, never enough is ſweet:
Nor want ye more impieties; with which ye have abuſde
Me, (ye bold dogs) that your chiefe friends, ſo honourably uſde:
Nor feare you hoſpitable *Iove*, that lets ſuch thunders goe:
But build upon't, he will unbuild your towres, that clamber ſo;
For raviſhing my goods, and wife, in flowre of all her yeares,
And without cauſe; nay when that faire and liberall hand of hers
Had uſde you ſo moſt lovingly; and now againe ye would
Caſt fire into our fleet, and kill our Princes if ye could.
Go too, one day you will be curb'd (though never ſo ye thirſt
Rude warre) by warre. O Father *Iove*, they ſay thou art the firſt
In wiſedome, of all gods and men; yet all this comes from thee,
And ſtill thou gratifieſt theſe men, how lewd ſo ere they be,
Though never they be cloid with ſinnes: nor can be ſatiate
(As good men ſhould) with this vile warre. Satietie of ſtate,
Satietie of ſleepe and love, Satietie of eaſe,
Of muſicke, dancing, can finde place; yet harſh warre ſtill muſt pleaſe
Paſt all theſe pleaſures, even paſt theſe. They will be cloyd with theſe
Before their warre joyes: never warre, gives Troy ſatieties.
This ſaid, the bloudy armes were off, and to his ſouldiers throwne,
He mixing in firſt fight againe: and then *Harpalion*,
(Kinde King *Pylemens* ſonne) gave charge; who, to thoſe warres of Troy,
His loved father followed; nor ever did enjoy
His countries ſight againe, he ſtrooke the targe of *Atreus* ſonne,
Full in the midſt, his Javelins ſteele, yet had no power to runne
The target through: nor had himſelfe, the heart to fetch his lance,
But tooke him to his ſtrength, and caſt on every ſide a glance,
Leſt any his deare ſides ſhould dart: but *Merion* as he fled,
Sent after him a brazen Lance, that ranne his eager head,
Through his right hippe, and all along the bladders region,
Beneath the bone; it ſettl'd him, and ſet his ſpirit gone,
Amongſt the hands of his beſt friends; and like a worme he lay,
Stretcht on the earth, with his blacke bloud, embrewd and flow'd away,
His corſe the *Paphlagonians* did ſadly waite upon,
(Repoſd in his rich chariot) to ſacred *Ilion*.
The King his father following, diſſolv'd in kindely teares,
And no wreake ſought for his ſlaine ſonne But, at his ſlaughterers
Incenſed *Paris* ſpent a Lance (ſince he had beene a gueſt
To many *Paphlagonians*) and through the preaſſe it preſt.
There was a certaine Augures ſonne, that did for wealth excell,
And yet was honeſt; he was borne, and did at Corinth dwell:
Who (though he knew his harmefull fate) would needs his ſhip aſcend,
His father (*Polyidus*) oft, would tell him that his end

Menelaus moſt ridicul us inſultatio.

Merions ſlayes Harpalion.

Would either ſeiſe him at his houſe, upon a ſharpe diſeaſe,
Or elſe amongſt the Grecian ſhips, by Trojans ſlaine. Both theſe
Together he deſir'd to ſhun; but the diſeaſe (at laſt,
And lingring death in it) he left, and warres quicke ſtroke embrac't:
The Lance betwixt his eare and cheeke, ran in; and drave the minde
Of both thoſe bitter fortunes out: *Night* ſtrooke his whole powres blinde.
Thus fought they like the ſpirit of fire, nor *Iove*-lov'd *Hector* knew
How in the fleets left wing, the Greekes his downe-put ſouldiers ſlew
Almoſt to victorie: the God that ſhakes the earth, ſo well
Helpt with his owne ſtrength, and the Greekes ſo fiercely did impell.
Yet *Hector* made the firſt place good, where both the ports and wall,
(The thicke ranke of the Greeke ſhields broke) he entred, and did skall,
Where on the gray ſeas ſhore, were drawne (the wall being there but ſleight)
Proteſilaus ſhips, and thoſe of *Aiax*, where the fight
Of men and horſe were ſharpeſt ſet. There the Bœotian band,
By Iaons (for Ionion) he intends the Athenians. Long-rob'd *Iaones*, *Locrians*, and (brave men of their hands)
The *Phthian*, and *Epeian* troupes, did ſpritefully aſſaile
The god-like *Hector* ruſhing in, and yet could not prevaile
To his repulſe, though choiſeſt men of Athens there made head:
The names of le Capitaine at the fight at the wall, and their ſouldiers. Amongſt whom, was *Meneſtheus* chiefe, whom *Phidias* followed:
Stichius and *Bias*, huge in ſtrength. Th'*Epeian* troupes were led
By *Meges*, and *Philides* cares, *Amphion*, *Dracius*.
Before the *Phthians*, *Medon* marcht, and *Meneptolemus*;
And theſe (with the Bœotian powres) bore up the fleets defence.
Oileus, by his brothers ſide, ſtood cloſe, and would not thence
Simile, wherein the two Aiaces are compared to two draught Oxen. For any moment of that time: but as through fallow fields,
Blacke Oxen draw a well-joyn'd plough, and either, evenly yeelds
His thriftie labour; all heads coucht ſo cloſe to earth, they plow
The fallow with their hornes, till out the ſweate begins to flow;
The ſtretcht yokes cracke, and yet at laſt, the furrow forth is driven:
So toughly ſtood theſe to their taske, and made their worke as even.
But *Aiax Telamonius*, had many helpfull men,
That when ſweat ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then
Helpe beare his mighty ſeven-fold ſhield: when ſwift *Oileades*
The Locrians which Oileus Aiax led, were all Archers. The *Locrians* left, and would not make thoſe murthrous fights of preaſe,
Becauſe they wore no bright ſteele caskes, nor briſtl'd plumes for ſhow,
Round ſhields, nor darts of ſolid Aſh; but with the truſty bow,
And jackes; well quilted with ſoft wooll, they came to Troy, and were
(In their fit place) as confident as thoſe that fought ſo neare;
And reacht their foes ſo thicke with ſhafts, that theſe were they that brake
The Troian orders firſt; and then, the brave arm'd men did make
Good worke with their cloſe fights before. Behind whom, having ſhot,
The *Locrians* hid ſtill; and their foes, all thought of fight forgot,
With ſhewes of thoſe farre ſtriking ſhafts, their eyes were troubled ſo:
And then, aſſur'dly, from the ſhips, and tents, th'inſulting foe,
Had miſerably fled to Troy, had not *Polydamas*
Polydamus to Hector. Thus ſpake to *Hector*. *Hector* ſtill, impoſſible tis to paſſe
Good counſell upon you: but ſay, ſome god prefers thy deeds:

In

In counſels wouldſt thou paſſe us too? In all things none exceeds.
To ſome, God gives the power of warre; to ſome the ſleight to dance;
To ſome, the art of inſtruments; ſome doth for voice advance:
And that far-ſeeing God grants ſome, the wiſedome of the minde,
Which no man can keepe to himſelfe: that (though but few can finde)
Doth profit many, that preſerves, the publique weale and ſtate:
And that, who hath, he beſt can prize: but, for me, Ile relate
Onely my cenſure what's our beſt. The very crowne of warre
Doth burne about thee; yet our men, when they have reacht thus farre,
Suppoſe their valours crown'd, and ceaſſe. A few ſtill ſtirre their feet,
And ſo a few with many fight; ſperſt thinly through the fleet.
Retire then, leave ſpeech to the rout, and all thy Princes call;
That, here, in counſels of moſt weight, we may reſolve of all.
If having likelihood to beleeve, that God will conqueſt give,
We ſhall charge through; or with this grace, make our retreat, and live:
For (I muſt needs affirme) I feare, the debt of yeſterday
(Since warre is ſuch a God of change) the *Grecians* now will pay.
And ſince th'inſatiate man of warre, remaines at fleet, if there
We tempt his ſafetie: no houre more, his hot ſoule can forbeare.
This ſound ſtuffe *Hector* lik't, approv'd, jumpt from his chariot,
And ſaid, *Polydamas?* make good, this place, and ſuffer not
One Prince to paſſe it; I my ſelfe, will there go, where you ſee
Thoſe friends in skirmiſh; and returne (when they have heard from me,
Command, that your advice obeys) with utmoſt ſpeed: this ſaid,
With day-bright armes, white plume, white skarffe, his goodly limbs arraid,
He parted from them, like a hill, remouing, all of ſnow:
And to the *Troian* Peeres and Chiefs, he flew; to let them know
The counſell of *Polydamas*. All turnd, and did rejoyce;
To haſte to *Panthus* gentle ſonne, being cald by *Hectors* voyce.
Who (through the forefights making way) lookt for *Deiphebus*;
King *Hellenus*, *Aſiades*, *Hyrtaſian*, *Aſius*:
Of whom, ſome were not to be found, unhurt, or undeceaſt;
Some onely hurt, and gone from field. As further he addreſt,
He found within the fights left wing, the faire-hair'd *Hellens* loue,
By all meanes mouing men to blows; which could by no meanes moue
Hectors forbearance; his friends miſſe, ſo put his powres in ſtorme:
But thus in wonted terms he chid: You, with the fineſt forme,
Impoſtor, womans man: Where are (in your care markt) all theſe?
Deiphobus, King *Hellenus*, *Aſius Hyrtacides?*
Othryoneus, *Acamas?* now haughtie *Ilion*
Shakes to his loweſt groundworke: now, juſt ruine fals upon
Thy head, paſt reſcue. He replyed; *Hector*, why chid'ſt thou now
When I am guiltleſſe? other times, there are for eaſe I know,
Then theſe; for ſhe that brought thee forth, not utterly left me
Without ſome portion of thy ſpirit, to make me brother thee.
But ſince thou firſt brought'ſt in thy force, to this our navall fight:
I, and my friends, have ceaſleſſe fought, to do thy ſervice right.
But all thoſe friends thou ſeek'ſt are ſlaine, excepting *Hellenus*,

Polydamas advice to Hector.

Hector for his goodly forme compared to a hill of ſnow.

Hector chid the Pars.

(Who parted wounded in his hand) and ſo *Deiphobus*;
Iove yet averted death from them. And now leade thou as farre
As thy great heart affects; all we, will ſecond any warre
That thou endureſt: And I hope, my owne ſtrength is not loſt,
Though leaſt, Ile fight it to his beſt; nor further fights the moſt.
This calm'd hot *Hectors* ſpleene; and both, turnd where they ſaw the face
Of warre moſt fierce: and that was, where, their friends made good the place
About renown'd *Polydamas*, and god-like *Polyphet*,
Palmus, *Aſcanius*; *Morus*, that, *Hippotion* did beget;
And from *Aſcanias* wealthie fields, but even the day before
Arriv'd at *Troy*; that with their aide, they kindly might reſtore
Some kindneſſe they receiv'd from thence: and in fierce fight with theſe,
Phalces and tall, *Orthæus* ſtood, and bold *Cebriones*.
And then the doubt that in advice, *Polydamas* diſcloſd,
To fight or flie, *Iove* tooke away, and all to fight diſpoſd.
Smile. And as the floods of troubled aire, to pitchie ſtormes increaſe
That after thunder ſweeps the fields, and raviſh up the ſeas,
Encountring with abhorred roares, when the engroſſed waves
Boile into foame; and endleſly, one after other raves;
The Troians hoſt, and Hector gloried. So rank't and guarded, th'*Ilians* marcht; ſome now, more now, and then
More upon more, in ſhining ſteele; now Captaines, then their men.
And *Hector*, like man-killing *Mars*, advanc't before them all,
His huge round target before him, through thickn'd, like a wall,
With hides well coucht, with ſtore of braſſe; and on his temples ſhin'd
His bright helme, on which danc't his plume: and in this horrid kind,
(All hid within his world-like ſhield) he euery troope aſſaid
For entrie; that in his deſpite, ſtood firme, and undiſmaid.
Which when he ſaw, and kept more off; *Aiax* came ſtalking then,
Aiax his ſpeech to Hector, captiue. And thus provokt him: O good man, why fright'ſt thou thus our men?
Come nearer; not *Arts* want in warre, makes us thus navie-bound,
But *Ioves* direct ſcourge; his arm'd hand, makes our hands give you ground:
Yet thou hop'ſt (of thy ſelfe) our ſpoyle: but we have likewiſe hands
To hold our owne, as you to ſpoyle: and ere thy countermands
Stand good againſt our ranſackt fleet; your hugely-peopl'd towne
Our hands ſhall take in; and her towres, from all their heights pull downe.
And I muſt tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou ſhalt crie
To *Iove*, and all the Gods, to make, thy faire-man'd horſes flie
More ſwift then Falkons; that their hooſes, may rouſe the duſt, and beare
Thy body, hid, to *Ilion*. This ſaid, his bold words were
Confirm'd, as ſoone as ſpoke; *Ioves* bird, the high flowne Eagle tooke
The right hand of their hoſt, whoſe wings, high acclamations ſtrooke,
From forth the glad breaſts of the *Grecks*. Then *Hector* made replie:
Hector to Aiax: Vaine-ſpoken man, and glorious; what haſt thou ſaid? would I
As ſurely were the ſonne of *Iove*, and of great *Iuno* borne;
Adorn'd like *Pallas*, and the God, that lifts to earth the Morne;
As this day ſhall bring harmfull light, to all your hoſt; and thou,
(If thou dar'ſt ſtand this lance) the earth, before the ſhips ſhalt ſtrow,
Thy boſome torne up; and the dogs, with all the fowle of *Troy*.

Be

Be ſatiate with thy fat and fleſh. This ſaid, with ſhowting joy
His firſt troupes follow'd; and the laſt, their ſhowts with ſhowts repeld:
Greece anſwerd all, nor could her ſpirits, from all ſhew reſt conceald.
And to ſo infinite a height, all acclamations ſtrove,
They reacht the ſplendors, ſtucke about, the unreacht throne of *Iove*.

COMMENTARIVS.

a Αγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν, *&c.* illuſtrium Hippemolgorum: Γλακτοφαγῶν, Lacte Viſcentium, &c. Laurentius Valla, *and* Eobanus Heſſius, *(who I thinke tranſlated* Homer *into Hexameters out of* Vallas *proſe) take* ἀγαυῶν, *the Epithete to* Ἱππημολγῶν, *for a nation ſo called, and* Ἱππημολγῶν Γλακτοφαγῶν, ἀβίωντε, *tranſlates,* ut que ſine ullis divitijs, equino victitat lacte; *intending* gens Agavorum: *which he takes for thoſe iuſt men of life likewiſe, which* Homer *commends: utterly miſtaking* ἀγαυός *ſignifying* preclarus, *or* illuſtris, *whoſe genitive caſe plurall is uſed here: and the word, Epithete to* Ἱππημολγῶν; *together ſignifying* Illuſtrium Hippemolgorum, *and they being bred, and continually fed with milke (which the next word* γλακτοφαγῶν *ſignifies)* Homer *cals moſt iuſt, long-liv'd, and innocent, in the words* ἀβίωντε δικαιότατοι των ἀνθρώπων. ἄβιος *ſignifying* longæuus; ab α epitatico, & βίος vita. *But of ſome* inops, *being a compound* ex α privat, & βίος victus: *and from thence had* Valla *his interpretation:* ut que ſine ullis divitijs, *but where is* equino lacte? *But not to ſhew their errors, or that I underſtand how others take this place different from my tranſlation, I uſe this note, ſo much as to intimate what* Homer *would have noted, and doth teach, that men brought up with that gentle, and ſoft-ſpirit-begetting-milke, are long lived, and in nature moſt iuſt and innocent. Which kinde of food, the moſt ingenious and grave* Plutarch, *in his oration,* De eſu carnium, *ſeemes to prefer before the food of fleſh: where he ſaith, By this meanes alſo, Tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides: for, (as amongſt the* Athenians) *firſt, they put to death the moſt notorious and vileſt Sycophant* Epitedeius; *ſo the ſecond & third: then being accuſtomed to bloud, they ſlew good, like bad: as* Niceratus, *the Emperour* Theramenes, Polemarchus *the Philoſopher, &c. So at the firſt, men killed ſome harmefull beaſt or other, then ſome kinde of fowle, ſome fiſh; till taught by theſe, and ſtirred up with the luſt of their pallats, they proceeded to ſlaughter of the laborious Oxe, the man clothing, or adorning ſheepe, the houſe guarding cocke, &c. and by little and little cloyed with theſe. warre, and the food of men, men fell to, &c.*

b Αμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας, *&c.* Circum autem Aiaces, &c. *To iudgement of this place,* Spondanus *calleth all ſound iudgements to condemnation of one* Panædes *a Iudge of games on* Olympus: *whoſe brother* Amphidamas *being dead,* Gamn ictor *his ſonne celebrated his funerals, calling all the moſt excellent to contention, not onely for ſtrength and ſwiftneſſe, but in learning likewiſe, and force of wiſedome. To this generall contention came* Homer, *and* Heſiodus: *who caſting downe verſes on both parts, and of all meaſures,* (Homer *by all conſents queſtionleſſe obtaining the garland.)* Panædes *bade both recite briefly their beſt: for which* Heſiodus *cited theſe verſes: which as well as I could, in haſte, I have tranſlated out of the beginning of his ſecond Booke of workes and dayes.*

When *Atlas* birth, (the *Pleiades*) ariſe,
Harveſt begin; plow, when they leave the skies.

Twiſe twenty nights and daies, theſe hide their heads:
The yeare then turning, leave againe their beds,
And ſhew when firſt to whet the harveſt ſteele.
This likewiſe is the fields law, where men dwell
Neare *Neptunes* Empire: and where farre away,
The winding vallies, flye the flowing ſea,
And men inhabite the fat region.
There, naked plow, ſow naked, nak'd cut downe;
If *Ceres* labours, thou wilt timely uſe,
That timely fruits, and timely revenewes,
Serve thee at all parts, leſt at any, *Need*
Send thee to others grudging dores to feed, &c.

Theſe verſes (howſoever Spondanus *ſtands for* Homers) *in reſpect of the peace and thrift they repreſent; are like enough to carry it for* Heſiodus, *even in theſe times iudgements.* Homers *verſes are theſe.*

——Thus *Neptune* rowſd theſe men;
And round about th' *Aiaces* did their Phalanxes maintaine,
Their ſtation firme, whom *Mars* himſelfe, (had he amongſt them gone)
Could not diſparage; nor *Ioves* Maid, that ſets men fiercer on.
For now the beſt were choſen out, and they receiv'd th'advance
Of *Hector* and his men ſo full, that Lance was lin'd with lance;
Shields thickned with oppoſed ſhields; targets to targets nail'd:
Helmes ſtucke to helmes; and man to man grew; they ſo cloſe aſſail'd:
Plum'd caskes were hang'd in eithers plumes: all ioynd ſo cloſe their ſtands;
Their lances ſtood, thruſt home ſo thicke, by ſuch all-daring hands.
All bent their firme breaſts to the point, and made ſad fight their ioy
Of both: Troy all in heapes ſtrooke firſt, and *Hector* firſt of Troy.
And as a round piece of a rocke, &c.

Which martiall verſes, though they are as high as may be for their place, and end of our Homer: *are yet infinitely ſhort of his beſt in a thouſand other places. Nor thinke I the contention of any part true;* Homer *being affirmed by good Authors, to be a hundred yeeres before* Heſiodus: *and by all others much the older,* Heſiodus *being neare in bloud to him. And this, for ſome varietie in your delight, I thought not amiſſe to inſert here.*

c Σφενδόνη, *the Commentors tranſlate in this place,* funda, *moſt untruly: there being no ſlings ſpoken of in all theſe Iliads; nor any ſuch ſervice uſed in all theſe wars, which in my laſt annotation in this booke, will appeare more apparent. But here, and in this place, to tranſlate the word* funda (*though moſt commonly it ſignifieth ſo much*) *is moſt ridiculous.* Σφενδόνη, *likewiſe ſignifying,* ornamentum quoddam muliebre: *which therefore I tranſlate a skarffe: a fitter thing to hang his arme in then a ſling; and likely that his Squire carried about him, either as a favour of his owne Miſtreſſe, or his Maſters, or for eithers ornament: skarfes being no unuſuall weare for ſouldiers.*

d Λείπετε δὴ αὖτε, *&c.* Relinquetis demum ſic, &c. *At length forſake our fleet, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with cleare notes) of* Menelaus *ridiculous character. This very beginning of his inſultation, (in the manner of it) preparing it, and the ſimply uttered upbraids of the Trojans following, confirming it moſt ingeniouſly, Firſt, that the Troians raviſhed his wife in the flowre of her yeares,*

yeares, calling her κουρίδιον ἄλοχον, *which* Spondanus *tranſlateth* virginem uxorem, *being here to be tranſlated* iuvenilem uxorem: κουρίδιος *ſignifying* iuvenilis: *but they will have it* virginem; *becauſe* Homer *muſt be taxed, with ignorance of what the next age after* Troys *ſiege revealed of the age before; in which* Theſeus *is remembred firſt to have raviſht* Hellen; *and that by* Theſeus, Iphigenia *was begotten of her: which being granted, maketh much againſt* Homer (*if you marke it*) *for making* Menelaus *thinke yet, he married her a virgin (if* Spondanus *tranſlation ſhould paſſe.) Firſt, no man being ſo ſimple to thinke, that the Poet thinketh alwayes as he maketh others ſpeake: and next, it being no verie ſtrange, or rare credulitie, in men, to beleeve they marry maids when they do not. Much more ſuch a man made for the purpoſe as* Menelaus, *whoſe good husbandly imagination of his wives maidenhead at their marriage, I hope anſwereth at full the moſt fooliſh taxation of* Homers *ignorance: in which a man may wonder at theſe learned* Criticks *over-learnedneſſe: and what ropes of ſand they make with their kinde of intelligencing knowledge. I meane, in ſuch as abuſe the name of* Criticks, *as many verſers do, of Poets: the reſt, for their induſtries, I reverence. But all this time, I loſe my collection of* Menelaus *ſillie and ridiculous upbraids here given to the* Trojans. *Firſt (as above ſaid) for raviſhing his wife in the flowre of her yeares: when ſhould a man play ſuch a part but then? though in deed poore* Menelaus *had the more wrong or loſſe in it, and yet* Paris *the more reaſon. He addeth then, and without cauſe or injurie, a moſt ſharpe one in* Homer, *and in* Menelaus *as much ridiculous: as though lovers looked for more cauſe in their love-ſuits, then the beauties of their beloved: or that men were made cuckolds onely for ſpite, or revenge of ſome wrong precedent. But indeed,* Menelaus *true ſimplicitie in this, to thinke harms ſhould not be done without harmes foregoing (no not in theſe unſmarting harmes) making him well deſerve his Epithite* ἀγαθός. *Yet further ſee how his pure imbecillitie prevaileth: and how by a thred* Homer *cutteth him out here,* ἐπεὶ Φιλέε δὲ παρ' αὐτῇ, poſtquam amicè tractati fuiſtis apud ipſam, *after ye had beene kindly entertaind at her hands. I hope you will thinke nothing could encourage them more then that. See how he ſpeaketh againſt her in taking her part: and how ingeniouſly* Homer *giveth him ſtill ſome colour of reaſon for his ſenſleſneſſe, which colour yet, is enough to deceiue our Commentors: they find not yet the tame figure of our horned. But, they and all Tranſlators, ſtill force his ſpeeches to the beſt part. Yet further then make we our diſſection. And now (ſaith our* Simplician) *you would againe ſhew your iniquities, even to the caſting of pernicious fire into our fleet, and killing our Princes if you could. Would any man thinke this in an Enemie? and ſuch an Enemie as the* Trojans? *Chide Enemies in armes, for offering to hurt their Enemies? Would you have yet plainer this good Kings ſimplicitie? But his ſlaughters ſometimes, and wiſe words, are thoſe miſts our* Homer *caſteth before the eyes of his Readers, that hindreth their proſpects, to his more conſtant and predominant ſoftneſſe and ſimplicitie. Which he doth, imagining his underſtanding Readers eyes more ſharpe, then not to ſee pervially through them. And yet, would not have theſe great ones themſelves need ſo ſubtle flatteries: but that every ſhadow of their worth might remove all the ſubſtance of their worthleſneſſe. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcocke, and yet, leſt it prove ſtill too thicke for our ſanguine and gentle complexions to ſhine through, in the next words of his lame reproofe, he cryeth out againſt* Iupiter, *ſaying,* ἦτοι μὲν φασὶ πρὶν Φρένας ἐξέμεν ἄλλων. Profectò, te aiũt

ſapientia (vel circa mentem) ſuperare cæteros homines atque Deos: *wherein he affirmeth, that men ſay ſo, building (poore man) even that unknowne ſecret to himſelfe, upon others, and now, I hope, ſheweth himſelfe emptie enough. But, leſt you ſhould ſay I ſtrive to illuſtrate the Sun, and make cleare a thing plaine, heare how darke, and perplext a riddle it ſheweth yet to our good* Spondanus, *being an excellent ſcholler, and* Homers *Commentor. Whoſe words upon this ſpeech, are theſe:* Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea prædicavit Homerus *(intending in* Antenors *ſpeech,* lib. 3. *unto which I pray you turne)* cuius hîc luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem eſt eius hoc loco oratio, ut qui iniuriarum ſibi à *Troianis* in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua præſentẽ eorundem in *Græcos* impetũ exacerbavit. Primùm itaque in *Troianos* invehitur, & eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibitum iri comminatur. Deindè, per Apoſtrophem, ad *Iovem* conqueritur, de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus *Troiani* vehementer inflammantur. *Would any man beleeve this ſerious blindneſſe in ſo great a ſcholler? Nor is he alone ſo taken in his eyes, but all the reſt, of our moſt prophaned and holy* Homers *Traducers.*

c Καὶ δ' ἑτροφὸν ὄϊδος ἀώτου, *&c.* Et benè torta ovis lana (*or rather,* benè torto ovis flore.) Definitio fundæ (*ſaith Spondanus*) vel potius periphraſtica deſcriptio. *The definition, or rather paraphraſticall deſcription of a ſling: a moſt unſufferable expoſition; not a ſling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the ſervices expreſt in theſe* Iliads. *It is therefore the true periphraſis of a light kind of armour called a Iacke, that all our archers uſed to ſerve in of old; and were ever quilted with wooll; and (becauſe* ἑτρεφὲς *ſignifieth as well* qui facili motu verſatur & circumagitur, *as well as* benè vel pulchre tortus) *for their lightneſſe and aptneſſe to be worne, partaketh with the word in that ſignification. Beſides, note the words that follow, which are;* ταρφέα βάλλοντες, & *ὀϊστεύειν βάλλοντες, &c.* frequenter iacientes, *and* à tergo iacientes, *ſhooting, ſtriking, or wounding ſo thicke, and at the backs of the armed men; not hurling: here being no talke of any ſtones, but ouely* ζωωεχλόνεον ὀϊστοῖσι, conturbabant enim ſagittæ. *And when ſaw any man ſlings lined with wooll? to keepe their ſtones warme? or to dull their deliverie? and I am ſure they hurled not ſhafts out of them. The agreement of the* Greekes *with our* Engliſh, *as well in all other their greateſt vertues, as this skill with their bows, other places of theſe Annotations ſhall clearly demonſtrate; and give (in my conceit) no little honour to our Countrey.*

* Metri cauſa uſurpatur ὀϊστεύειν.

The end of the thirteenth Booke.

THE

THE XIIII BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ATrides, *to behold the skirmiſh, brings*
Old Neſtor, *and the other wounded kings.*
Iuno (*receiving of the* Cyprian *Dame*
Her Ceſton, whence her ſweet enticements came)
Deſcends to Somnus, *and gets him to binde*
The powres of Iove *with ſleepe, to free her minde.*
Neptune *aſſiſts the* Greeks, *and of the foe,*
Slaughter *inflicts a mightie overthrow.*
Aiax, *ſo ſore, ſtrikes* Hector *with a ſtone,*
It makes him ſpit bloud, and his ſenſe ſets gone.

Another Argument.

In Iove *with ſleepe, and bed, heavens Queene,*
Even Iove *himſelfe, makes overſeene.*

NOt wine, nor feaſts, could lay their ſoft chains on old *Neſtors* eare
To this high *Clamor*; who requir'd, *Machaons* thoughts to beare
His care in part, about the cauſe; for me thinke ſtill (ſaid he)
The crie increaſes. I muſt needs, the watch towre mount to ſee
Which way the flood of warre doth drive. Still drinke thou wine, and eate
Till faire-hair'd *Hecamed* hath given, a little water heat,
To cleanſe the quittu re from thy wound. This ſaid, the goodly ſhield
Of war-like *Thraſimed*, his ſonne (who had his owne in field)
He tooke; ſnatcht up a mightie lance; and ſo ſtept forth to view
Cauſe of that Clamor. Inſtantly, th'unworthy cauſe he knew,
The *Grecians* wholly put in rout; the *Troians* rowting ſtill,
Cloſe at the *Greeks* backs, their wall rac't: the old man mournd this ill;
And as, when with unwieldie waves, the great Sea forefeeles winds,
That both wayes murmure, and no way, her certaine current finds,
But pants and ſwels confuſedly; here goes, and there will ſtay,
Till on it, aire caſts one firme winde, and then it rols away:
So ſtood old *Neſtor* in debate, two thoughts at once on wing
In his diſcourſe; if firſt to take, direct courſe to the King,
Or to the multitude in fight. At laſt, he did conclude
To viſit *Agamemnon* firſt: meane time both hoſts imbrew'd
Their ſteele in one anothers blood, nought wroughts their healths but harms:
Swords, huge ſtones, double-headed darts, ſtill thumping on their armes.
And now the *Iove*-kept Kings, whoſe wounds, were yet in cure, did meet
Old *Neſtor*, *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and *Atreus* ſonne, from fleet,

This firſt verſe (after the firſt foure ſyllables) is to be read as one of our Ten.

Smile.

Bent

Bent for the fight, which was farre off, the ſhips being drawne to ſhore
Agamemnon, Vliſſes, and Diomed wounded, grow vnable to be field. On heaps at firſt, till all their ſterns, a wall was raiſd before;
Which (though not great) it yet ſuffic'd, to hide them, though their men
Were ſomething ſtreighted; for whoſe ſcope, in forme of battell then,
They drew them through the ſpacious ſhore, one by another ſtill;
Till all the boſome of the Strand, their ſable bulks did fill:
Even till they tooke up all the ſpace, twixt both the Promontories.
Theſe Kings (like *Neſtor*) in deſire, to know for what thoſe cries
Became ſo violent; came along (all leaning on their darts)
To ſee, though not of power to fight; ſad, and ſuſpicious hearts
Agamemnon to Neſtor. Diſtempring them, and (meeting now, *Neſtor*) the King in feare
Cryed out, O *Neſtor* our renowne? why ſhews thy preſence here?
The harmfull fight abandoned? now *Hector* will make good,
The threatning vow he made (I feare) that till he had our blood,
And fir'd our fleet, he never more, would turne to *Ilion*.
Nor is it long, I ſee, before, his whole will, will be done.
O Gods, I now ſee all the *Greeks*, put on *Achilles* ire,
Againſt my honour; no meane left, to keepe our fleet from fire.
Neſtor to Agamemnon. He anſwerd; Tis an evident truth, not *Iove* himſelfe can now,
(With all the thunder in his hands) prevent our overthrow.
The wall we thought invincible, and truſted more then *Iove*;
Is ſcal'd, rac't, enterd, and our powres (driven up) paſt breathing, prove
A moſt inevitable fight: both ſlaughters ſo commixt,
That for your life, you cannot put, your diligent'ſt thought betwixt
The *Greeks* and *Troians*; and as cloſe, their throats cleave to the skie.
Conſult we then (if that will ſerve) for fight, adviſe not I;
It fits not wounded men to fight. *Atrides* anſwerd him,
If ſuch a wall, as coſt the *Greeks*, ſo many a tyred lim,
Agamemnons replie to Neſtor, urging flight. And ſuch a dike be paſt, and rac't, that (as your ſelfe ſaid well)
We all eſteemd invincible, and would, paſt doubt repell
The world, from both our fleet and us: it doth directly ſhow,
That here *Iove* vows our ſhames, and deaths. I evermore did know
His hand from ours, when he helpt us: and now I ſee as cleare
That (like the bleſſed Gods) he holds, our hated enemies deare;
Supports their armes, and pinnions ours. Conclude then, tis in vaine
To ſtrive with him. Our ſhips drawne up, now let us lanch againe,
And keepe at anchor, till calme *Night*; that then (perhaps) our foes
May calme their ſtormes, and in that time, our ſcape we may diſpoſe:
" It is not any ſhame to flie, from ill, although by night:
" Knowne ill, he better does that flies, then he it takes in fight.
Vlyſſes bitter answer to Agamemnon. *Vlyſſes* frown'd on him, and ſaid; Accurſt, why talk'ſt thou thus?
Would thou hadſt led ſome barbarous hoſt, and not commanded us
Whom *Iove* made ſouldiers from our youth, that age might ſcorne to flie
From any charge it undertakes; and every dazeled eye
The honord hand of warre might cloſe. Thus wouldſt thou leave this towne
For which our many miſeries felt, entitle it our owne?
Peace, leſt ſome other *Greeke* give eare, and heare a ſentence ſuch
As no mans pallate ſhould prophane; at leaſt, that knew how much

His owne right weigh'd, and being a Prince, and ſuch a Prince as beares
Rule of ſo many Greekes as thou. This counſell lothes mine eares,
Let others toyle in fight and cries, and we ſo light of heeles
Vpon their very noiſe, and grones, to hoiſe away our keeles:
Thus we ſhould fit the wiſh of Troy, that being ſomething neare
The victory, we give it cleare: and we were ſure to beare
A ſlaughter to the utmoſt man: for no man will ſuſtaine
A ſtroke, the fleete gone; but at that, looke ſtill, and wiſh him ſlaine:
And therefore (Prince of [a] men) be ſure, thy cenſure is unfit.
O *Ithacus* (replied the King) thy bitter termes have ſmit *Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.*
My heart in ſunder. At no hand, gainſt any Princes will
Doe I command this; would to God that any man of skill,
To give a better counſell would; or bold, or yonger man:
My voyce ſhould gladly goe with his. Then *Diomed* began.
The man not farre is, nor ſhall aske much labour to bring in, *Diomed to Agamemnon and the reſt.*
That willingly would ſpeake his thoughts, if ſpoken they might win
Fit eare; and ſuffer no empaire, that I diſcover them,
Being yongeſt of you: ſince, my Sire, that heir'd a Diadem,
May make my ſpeech to Diadems, decent enough, though he *Diomeds pedigree.*
Lyes in his ſepulcher at Thebes. I boaſt this pedigree, [b]
Portheus, three famous ſonnes begot, that in high Calidon,
And *Pleuron* kept, with ſtate of Kings, their habitation.
Agrius, *Melus*, and the third, the horſeman *Oeneus*,
My fathers father, that exceld in actions generous,
The other two: but theſe kept home, my father being driven
With wandring, and adventrous ſpirits; for ſo the King of heaven,
And th'other gods ſet downe their wils: and he to Argos came,
Where he begun the world, and dwelt; there marrying a dame,
One of *Adraſtus* female race: He kept a royall houſe,
For he had great demeanes, good land, and (being induſtrious)
He planted many orchard grounds about his houſe, and bred
Great ſtore of ſheepe. Beſides all this, he was well qualited,
And paſt all Argives for his ſpeare: and theſe digreſſive things
Are ſuch as you may well indure; ſince (being deriv'd from Kings,
And Kings not poore, nor vertuleſſe) you cannot hold me baſe,
Nor ſcorne my words: which oft (though true) in meane men, meet diſgrace.
How ever, they are theſe in ſhort. Let us be ſeene at fight,
And yeeld to ſtrong *Neceſſitie*, though wounded; that our ſight
May ſet thoſe men on, that of late, have to *Achilles* ſpleene
Beene too indulgent, and left blowes: but be we onely ſeene
Not come within the reach of darts; leſt wound on wound we lay:
(Which reverend *Neſtors* ſpeech implide) and ſo farre him obay.
This counſell gladly all obſerv'd; went on, *Atrides* led;
Nor *Neptune* this advantage loſt, but cloſely followed; *Neptune appeares like an aged man to Agamemnon.*
And like an aged man appear'd, t'*Atrides*, whoſe right hand
He ſeiſd, and ſaid; *Atrides*, this doth paſſing fitly ſtand
With ſterne *Achilles* wreakfull ſpirit, that he can ſtand aſterne
His ſhip; and both in fight and death, the Grecian bane diſcerne:

Since

Since, not in his breaſt glowes one ſparke of any humane minde,
Neptune to Agamemnon. But, be that his owne bane; let God by that loſſe make him finde
How vile a thing he is: for know, the bleſt gods have not given
Thee ever over, but perhaps, the Troians may from heaven
Receive that iuſtice. Nay tis ſure, and thou ſhalt ſee their fals:
Your fleet ſoone freed, and for fights here, they glad to take their wals.
This ſaid, he made knowne who he was and parted with a crie,
As if ten thouſand men had joynd in battaile then, ſo hie
His throat flew through the hoſt: and ſo, this great earth-ſhaking god
Chear'd up the Greeke hearts. that they wiſh their paines no period.
Saturnia from *Olympus* top, ſaw her great brother there,
And her great husbands brother too, exciting every where
The glorious ſpirits of the Greekes, which, as ſhe joy'd to ſee:
So (on the fountfull *Idas* top) *Ioves* ſight did diſagree
With her contentment, ſince ſhe fear'd that his hand would deſcend,
And checke the ſea-gods practiſes. And this ſhe did contend
Iuno prepares herſelf to deceive Ioue. How to prevent, which thus ſeem'd beſt: to decke her curiouſly,
And viſite the Idalian hill, that ſo the Lightners eye
She might enamour with her lookes, and his high temples ſteepe,
(Even to his wiſedome) in the kinde, and golden iuyce of ſleepe.
So tooke ſhe chamber with her ſonne, the god of ferrary,
With firme doores made, being ioyned cloſe, and with a privy key,
That no god could command but *Ioue*, where (entred) ſhe made faſt
The ſhining gates, and then upon her lovely body caſt
Ambroſia, that firſt made it cleare, and after, laid on it
Pethymenon ungaentum. An odorous, rich, and ſacred oyle, that was ſo wondrous ſweet,
That, ever, when it was but toucht, it ſweetned heaven and earth.
Her body being cleanſd with this, her Treſſes ſhe let forth,
And comb'd, (her combe dipt in the oyle) then wrapt them up in curles:
And thus (her deathleſſe head adornd) a heavenly veyle ſhe hurles
On her white ſhoulders; wrought by her that rules in houſewiſeries,
Who wove it full of antique workes, of moſt divine device.
And this, with goodly claſps of gold, ſhe faſtn'd to her breaſt:
Then with a girdle (whoſe rich ſphere, a hundred ſtuds impreſt)
She girt her ſmall waſt. In her eares (tenderly pierc't) ſhe wore
Pearles, great and orient: on her head, a wreath not worne before
Caſt beames out like the ſunne. At laſt, ſhe to her feet did tie
Faire ſhooes, and thus entire attir'd, ſhe ſhin'd in open skie:
Cald the faire *Paphian* Queene apart, from th'other gods, and ſaid,
Iuno to Venus. Lov'd daughter? ſhould I aske a grace, ſhould I, or be obeyd?
Or wouldſt thou croſſe me? being incenſt, ſince I croſſe thee, and take
Venus to Juno. The Greekes part, thy hand helping Troy? She anſwerd, that ſhall make
No difference in a different cauſe: aske (ancient Deitie)
What moſt contents thee; my minde ſtands inclin'd as liberally
To grant it, as thine owne to aske, provided that it be
A favour fit, and in my powre. She (given deceitfully)
Thus ſaid; then give me thoſe two powres, with which both men and gods
Thou vanquiſheſt, *Love*, and *Deſire*. For now, the periods

Of

Of all the many-feeding earth, and the originall
Of all the gods, *Oceanus*, and *Thetis*, whom we call
Our mother, I am going to greet: they muſt be in their court,
And brought me up; receiving me in moſt reſpectfull ſort
From *Phœa*, when *Iove* under earth, and the unfruitfull ſeas
Caſt *Saturne*. Theſe I goe to ſee, intending to appeaſe
Iarres growne betwixt them, having long abſtaind from ſpeech and bed,
Which jarres, could I ſo reconcile, that in their angers ſtead
I could place love, and ſo renew their firſt ſocietie;
I ſhould their beſt lov'd be eſteem'd, and honord endleſly.
She anſwerd, Tis not fit nor iuſt thy will ſhould be denied, *Venus to Iuno.*
Whom *Iove* in his imbraces holds. This ſpoken, ſhe untied,
And from her odorous boſome tooke her Ceſtonn, in whoſe ſphere
Were all enticements to delight, all *Loves*; all *Longings* were,
Kinde conference, *Faire ſpeech*, whoſe powre, the wiſeſt doth inflame:
This, ſhe reſigning to her hands, thus urg'd her by her name.
Receive this bridle, thus faire wrought, and put it twixt thy breſts:
Where all things to be done, are done; and whatſoever reſts
In thy deſire, returne with it. The great-eyd *Iuno* ſmild,
And put it twixt her breaſts. Loves Queene, thus cunningly beguild,
To *Ioves* court flew. *Saturnia* (ſtraight ſtooping from heaven height)
Pieria, and *Emathia*, (thoſe countries of delight)
Soone reacht, and to the ſnowy mounts, where Thracian ſouldiers dwell,
(Approaching) paſt their tops untoucht. From *Athos* then ſhe fell,
Paſt all the broad ſea; and arriv'd in Lemnos, at the towres
Of god-like *Thoas*; where ſhe met the Prince of all mens powres,
Deaths brother, *Sleepe*, whoſe hand ſhe tooke, and ſaid; thou king of men, *Iuno to Somnus*
Prince of the gods too: if before, thou heardſt my ſuits: againe
Give helpefull eare, and through all times, Ile offer thankes to thee.
Lay ſlumber on *Ioves* fiery eyes: that I may comfort me
With his embraces. For which grace, Ile grace thee with a throne
Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done
By *Mulciber*: to which, he forg'd a footſtoole for the eaſe
Of thy ſoft feete; when wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Sweet *Sleepe* replyed; *Saturnia*, there lives not any god *Somnus to Iuno.*
(Beſides *Iove*) but I would becalme: I, if it were the flood
That fathers all the Deities, the great *Oceanus*.
But *Iove* we dare not come more neare, then he commandeth us.
Now you command me, as you did, when *Ioves* great minded ſonne,
Alcides (having ſackt the towne of ſtubborne *Ilion*)
Tooke ſaile from thence; when by your charge, I pour'd about *Ioves* mind
A pleaſing ſlumber; calming him till thou draw'ſt up the wind,
In all his cruelties, to ſea; that ſet his ſonne aſhore,
In *Cous*, farre from all his friends; which (waking) vext ſo ſore
The ſupreme godhead, that he caſt the gods about the skie,
And me (above them all) he ſought: whom he had utterly
Hurld from the ſparkling firmament; if all-gods taming *Night*,
(Whom, flying, I beſought for aid) had ſufferd his deſpight,

And not preſerv'd me. but his wrath, with my offence diſpenc't,
For feare t'offend her; and ſo ceaſt, though neuer ſo incenſt:
And now another ſuch eſcape, you wiſh I ſhould prepare.
Iuno to Somnus. She anſwerd, what hath thy deepe reſt to doe with his deepe care?
As though *Ioves* loue to *Ilion*, in all degrees were ſuch,
As 'twas to *Hercules* his ſonne? and ſo would ſtorme as much
For their diſpleaſure, as for his? away, I will remoue
Thy feare, with giuing thee the dame, that thou didſt euer loue;
One of the faire young Graces borne, diuine *Paſithae*.
This ſtarted *Somnus* into ioy, who anſwerd, Sweare to me,
By thoſe inviolable ſprings, that feed the Stygian lake:
With one hand touch the nouriſhing earth; and in the other take
The marble ſea; that all the gods, of the infernall ſtate,
Which circle *Saturne*, may to us, be witneſſes; and rate
What thou haſt vow'd: that with all truth, thou wilt beſtow on me,
The dame (I grant) I ever lov'd, diuine *Paſithae*.
The oath of Iuno to Somnus. She ſwore, as he enioynd in all, and ſtrengthned all his ioyes,
By naming all th'infernall gods, ſurnam'd the *Titanoes*.
The oath thus taken, both tooke way, and made their quicke repaire
To *Ida* from the towne, and Ile, all hid in liquid aire.
At *Lectos* firſt, they left the ſea; and there, the land they trod:
The fountfull nurſe of ſauages, with all her woods did nod,
Beneath their feet: there *Somnus* ſtaid, leſt *Ioves* bright eye ſhould ſee,
Somnus climes a firre tree. And yet (that he might ſee to *Iove*) he climb'd the goodlieſt tree,
That all th'*Idalian* mountaine bred, and crownd her progenie:
A firre it was, that ſhot paſt aire, and kiſt the burning skie.
There ſate he hid in his darke armes, and in the ſhape, withall,
Of that continuall prating bird, whom all the Deities call
Chalcis; but men *Cymmindis* name. *Saturnia* tript apace,
Vp to the top of *Gargarus*, and ſhewd her heavenly face
To *Iupiter*; who ſaw, and lov'd, and with as hot a fire,
(Being curious in her tempting view) as when with firſt deſire,
(The pleaſure of it being ſtolne) they mixt, in loue and bed.
And (gazing on her ſtill) he ſaid: *Saturnia*, what hath bred
Iupiter to Iuno. This haſte in thee, from our high court? and whether tends thy gate?
That void of horſe and chariot fit, for thy ſoueraigne ſtate,
Iunos anſwer. Thou lackieſt here? Her ſtudied fraud, replyed; My iourney now
Leaues ſtate and labours to doe good. And where, in right I owe
All kindneſſe to the Sire of gods; and our good mother Queene,
That nurſt and kept me curiouſly, in court, (ſince both have beene
Long time at diſcord) my deſire is to attone their hearts;
And therefore goe I now to ſee thoſe earths extreameſt parts,
For whoſe farre ſeate, I ſpar'd my horſe, the skaling of this hill,
And left them at the foot of it: for they muſt taſte their fill
Of travaile with me; that muſt draw my coach through earth and ſeas;
Whoſe farre intended reach, reſpect, and care not to diſpleaſe
Thy graces: made me not attempt, without thy gracious leaue.
The cloud. compelling god, her guile, in this ſort did receive;

Iuno, thou ſhalt haue after leaue, but ere ſo farre thou ſtray,
Convert we our kinde thoughts to love; that now, doth every way
Circle, with victorie, my powres: nor yet with any dame,
(Woman, or goddeſſe) did his fires, my boſome ſo enflame
As now, with thee: not when it lou'd, the parts ſo generous
Ixions wife had, that brought forth, the wiſe *Pyrithous*;
Nor when the louely dame, *Acriſius* daughter ſtird
My amorous powres, that *Perſeus* bore, to all men elſe preferd;
Nor when the dame that *Phenix* got, ſurpriſ'd me with her ſight;
Who, the divine-ſoul'd *Rhadamanth*, and *Minos* brought to light;
Nor *Semele*, that bore to me, the joy of mortall men,
The ſprightly *Bacchus*; Nor the dame, that *Thebes* renowned then,
Alcmena, that bore *Hercules*; *Latona*, ſo renownd;
Queene *Ceres*, with the golden haire, nor thy faire eyes did wound,
My entrails to ſuch depth as now, with thirſt of amarous eaſe.

Love inflamed with his love to Iuno.

The cunning dame ſeem'd much incenſt, and ſaid, what words are theſe,
Vnſufferable *Saturns* ſonne? What? here? in *Idas* height?
Deſir'ſt thou this? how fits it us? or what if in the ſight
Of any god, thy will were pleaſd? that he, the reſt might bring
To witneſſe thy incontinence; t'were a diſhonour'd thing.
I would not ſhew my face in heauen, and riſe from ſuch a bed.
But if loue be ſo deare to thee, thou haſt a chamber ſted,
Which *Vulcan* purpoſely contriv'd, with all fit ſecrecie:
There ſleepe at pleaſure. He replyed; I feare not if the eye
Of either god, or man obſerue; ſo thicke a cloud of gold
Ile caſt about us, that the Sunne (whoſe furtheſt can behold)
Shall never finde us. This reſolu'd, into his kinde embrace,
He tooke his wife: beneath them both, faire *Tellus* ſtrew'd the place
With freſh-ſprung herbes, ſo ſoft, and thicke, that up aloft it bore
Their heavenly bodies: with his leaves, did deawy *Latus* ſtore
Th'*Elyſian* mountaine; Saffron flowres, and *Hyacinths* helpt make
The ſacred bed; and there they ſlept: when ſuddenly there brake,
A golden vapour out of ayre, whence ſhining dewes did fall;
In which they wrapt them cloſe, and ſlept, till *Iove* was tam'd withall.

Iunes modeſty to Iove inflatus, vsing his love.

Iupiter to Iuno.

The bed of Iupiter and Iuno.

Meane ſpace flew *Somnus* to the ſhips, found *Neptune* out, and ſaid,
Now, chearfully aſſiſt the *Greeks*, and give them glorious head;
At leaſt, a little, while *Iove* ſleeps; of whom through euery limme,
I pour'd darke ſleepe; *Saturnias* loue, hath ſo illuded him.
This newes made *Neptune* more ſecure, in giving *Grecians* heart;
And through the firſt fights, thus he ſtird, the men of moſt deſert.
Yet, *Grecians*: ſhall we put our ſhips, and conqueſt in the hands,
Of *Priams Hector*, by our ſloth? he thinks ſo, and commands,
With pride according; all becauſe, *Achilles* keepes away.
Alas, as we were nought but him? we little need to ſtay,
On his aſſiſtance, if we would, our owne ſtrengths call to field,
And mutually maintaine repulſe. Come on then, all men yeeld
To what I order; we that beare, beſt armes in all our hoſt;
Whoſe heads ſuſtaine the brighteſt helms; whoſe hands are briſtl'd moſt

Somnus to Neptune.

Neptune to the Greeks.

With longeſt lances, let us on: But ſtay, Ile leade you all;
Nor thinke I, but great *Hectors* ſpirits, will ſuffer ſome apall,
Though they be never ſo inſpir'd: the ableſt of us then,
That on our ſhoulders worſt ſhields beare, exchange with worſer men
That fight with better. This propoſ'd, all heard it, and obeyd:
The kings (euen thoſe that ſufferd wounds, *Vlyſſes*, *Diomed*,
And *Agamemnon*) helpt t'inſtruct, the complete army thus;
To good, gave good armes; worſe, to worſe; yet none were mutinous.
Neptune leads the Greeks. Thus (arm'd with order) forth they flew, the great Earth-ſhaker led;
A long ſword in his ſinowy hand, which when he brandiſhed,
It lighten'd ſtill: there was no law, for him, and it; poore men
Muſt quake before them. Theſe thus man'd, illuſtrious *Hector* then
His hoſt brought up. The blew-hair'd god, and he, ſtretcht through the preaſe
A grievous fight: when to the ſhips, and tents of *Greece*, the ſeas
Brake looſe, and rag'd. But when they joynd, the dreadfull *Clamor* roſe
To ſuch a height; as not the ſea, when up, the North-ſpirit blows
Her raging billows; bellows ſo, againſt the beaten ſhore:
Nor ſuch a ruſtling keeps a fire, driven with violent blore,
Through woods that grow againſt a hill: nor ſo the feruent ſtrokes
He'lo at Aiax. Of almoſt-burſting winds reſounds, againſt a groue of Okes;
As did the clamor of theſe hoſts, when both the battels cloſd.
Of all which, noble *Hector* firſt, at *Aiax* breaſt diſpoſd
His javelin, ſince ſo right on him, the great-ſoul'd ſouldier bore;
Nor miſt it, but the bawdricks both, that his brode boſome wore,
To hang his ſhield and ſword, it ſtrooke; both which, his fleſh preſeru'd:
Hector (diſdaining that his lance, had thus, as good as ſweru'd)
Aiax at Hector. Trode to his ſtrength; but going off, great *Aiax* with a ſtone,
(One, of the many props for ſhips, that there lay trampl'd on)
Strooke his broad breaſt, above his ſhield, juſt underneath his throat;
And ſhooke him peecemeale. When the ſtone, ſprung backe againe, and ſmote
The Earth, like a whirlwinde gathering duſt, with whirring fiercely round,
For feruour of his unſpent ſtrength, in ſetling on the ground:
Simile. And, as when *Ioves* bolt, by the roots, rends from the earth an Oke;
His ſulphure caſting with the blow, a ſtrong, unſavoury ſmoke;
And on the ſalne plant none dare looke, but with amazed eyes,
Hector ouer-throwne. (*Ioves* thunder being no laughing game) ſo bowd ſtrong *Hectors* thyes;
And ſo, with toſt-up heels he fell: away, his lance he flung,
His round ſhield followd; then his helme, and out his armour rung.
The *Greeks* then ſhowted, and ranne in, and hop't to hale him off;
And therefore powr'd on darts, in ſtormes, to keepe his aide aloofe;
But none could hurt the peoples guide; nor ſtirre him from his ground:
Hector reſcued: *Sarpedon*, Prince of *Lycia*, and *Glaucus*, ſo renownd,
Diuine *Agenor*, *Venus* ſonne, and wiſe *Polydamas*,
Ruſht to his reſcue, and the reſt: no one, neglective was
Of *Hectors* ſafetie; all their ſhields, they coucht about him cloſe;
Raiſd him from earth, and (giving him, in their kinde armes repoſe)
From off the labour, carried him, to his rich chariot,
And bore him mourning towards *Troy*: but when the flood they got

Of

Of gulphy *Xanthus*, that was got by deathleſſe *Iupiter*,
There tooke they him from chariot, and all beſprinkled there
His temples with the ſtreame; he breath'd, lookt up, aſſaid to riſe,
And on his knees ſtaid, ſpitting bloud: againe then, cloſd eyes,
And backe againe his body fell; the maine blow had not done
Yet with his ſpirit. When the Greekes ſaw worthy *Hector* gone,
Then thought they of their work; then charg'd with much more chere the foe
And then (farre firſt) *Oileades*, began the overthrow,
He darted *Satnius Enops* ſonne, whom famous *Nais* bore,
(As ſhe was keeping *Enops* flockes) on *Satnius* rivers ſhore:
And ſtrooke him in his bellies rimme, who upwards fell, and raiſd
A mighty skirmiſh with his fall: and then *Panthades* ſeiſd
Prothenor Areilicides, with his reveng'dfull ſpeare,
On his right ſhoulder, ſtrooke it through, and laid him breathleſſe there.
For which he inſolently bragd, and cryed out; Not a dart
From great ſoul'd *Panthus* ſonne, I thinke, ſhall ever vainlier part, *Polydamas his inſultation.*
But ſome Greekes boſome it ſhall take, and make him give his ghoſt.
This bragge the Grecians ſtomackt much, but *Telamonius* moſt,
Who ſtood moſt neare *Prothenors* fall: and out he ſent a Lance,
Which *Panthus* ſonne (declining) ſcap't, yet tooke it to ſad chance,
Archelochus, *Antenors* ſonne, whom heaven did deſtinate
To that ſterne end, twixt necke and head, the iavelin wrought his fate,
And ran in at the upper ioynt, of all the blacke long bone,
Cut both the nerves, and ſuch a lode of ſtrength laid *Aiax* on,
As, that ſmall part he feiſd, ovtwaid all th'under lims, and ſtrooke
His heeles up ſo, that head, and face, the earths poſſeſſions tooke,
When all the low parts ſprung in aire, and thus did *Aiax* quit
Panthades Brave; Now, *Panthus* ſonne, let thy prophetique wit, *Aiax inſults in requitall of Polydamds.*
Conſider, and diſcloſe a truth, if this man doe not weigh
Even with *Prothænor?* I conceive, no one of you will ſay,
That either he was baſe himſelfe, or ſprung of any baſe,
Antenors brother, or his ſonne, he ſhould be by his face;
One of his race, paſt queſtion, his likeneſſe ſhewes he is.
This ſpake he, knowing it well enough. The Troians ſtorm'd at this,
And then ſlue *Acamas* (to ſave his brother yet ingag'd)
Bœotius, dragging him to ſpoyle, and thus the Greekes inrag'd.
O Greekes? even borne to beare our darts, yet ever breathing threats,
Not alwayes under teares, and toyles, ye ſee our fortune ſweats,
But ſometimes you drop under death: ſee now your quicke among
Our dead, intranc't with my weake Lance, to prove I haue ere long
Reveng'd my brother: tis the wiſh of every honeſt man,
His brother ſlaine in *Mars* his field, may reſt wreakt in his Phane.
This ſtird freſh envy in the Greeks, but urg'd *Peneleus* moſt,
Who hurld his Lance at *Acamas*, he ſcap't: nor yet it loſt
The force he gave it, for it found the flocke-rich *Phorbas* ſonne,
Ilioneus, whoſe deare Sire, (paſt all in *Ilion*)
Was lov'd of *Hermes*, and enricht, and to him onely bore
His mother, this now ſlaughterd man. The dart did undergore

His eye-lid, by his eyes deare rootes; and out the apple fell,
The eye pierc't through: nor could the nerve that ſtaies the necke, repell
His ſtrong wing'd lance; but necke and all, gave way, and downe he dropt.
Peneleus then unſheath'd his ſword, and from the ſhoulders chopt
His luckleſſe head; which downe he threw, the helme ſtill ſticking on:
And ſtill the Lance, fixt in his eye; which, not to ſee, alone,
Contented him; but up againe, he ſnatcht, and ſhewd it all,
With this ſterne Brave; *Ilians*, relate, brave *Ilioneus* fall,
To his kinde parents, that their roofes, their teares may over-runne,
For ſo the houſe of *Promachus*, and *Alegenors* ſonne,
Muſt with his wives eyes, overflow: ſhe never ſeeing more
Her deare Lord, though we tell his death; when to our native ſhore,
We bring from ruind Troy our fleete, and men ſo long forgone.
This ſaid, and ſeene, pale Feare poſſeſt all thoſe of Ilion:
And ev'ry man caſt round his eye, to ſee, where death was not,
That he might flie him. Let not then, his grac't hand be forgot,
(O Muſes you that dwell in heaven) that firſt embrude the field
With Troian ſpoyle, when *Neptune* thus had made their irons yeeld:
First *Aiax Telamonius*, the Myſian Captaine ſlew
Great *Hyrtius Gyrtiades*. *Antilochus* o'rethrew
Phalces and *Mermer*, to their ſpoyle. *Meriones* gave end
To *Morys* and *Hippotion*. *Teucer*, to Fate did ſend,
Prothoon and *Periphetes*. *Atrides* Iavelin chac't
Duke *Hyperenor*, wounding him, [d] in that part that is plac't
Betwixt the ſhort ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut
Have pertinence. The Iavelins head, did out his entrailes cut,
His forc't ſoule breaking through the wound: nights black hand cloſde his eies.
Aiax Oileus vertue for ſwiftneſſe. Then *Aiax*, great *Oileus* ſonne, had divers victories:
For when *Saturnius* ſufferd flight, of all the Grecian race,
Not one with ſwiftneſſe of his feet, could ſo enrich a chace.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Ὀρχαμε λαῶν. Princeps populorum *(the end of* Vlyſſes *ſpeech in the beginning of this booke) which aſcription our* Spond. *takes to be given in ſcorne: and that all* Vlyſſes *ſpeech is* σκωπτικὴ, *or ſcoffing; which is ſpoken altogether ſeriouſly and bitterly to this title at the end, which was ſpoken* ἤπιως, molliter, *or* benigne, *of purpoſe to make* Agamemnon *beare the better the iuſtice of his other auſteritie.*

[b] Καὶ ἐγὼ γλίσθ' εὔχομαι εἶναι, & ego quoad genus glorior eſſe. *The long digreſſion that followes this, in the ſpeech of* Diomed *(being next to* Agamemnons *reply to* Vlyſſes*) bewrayes an affectation he had by all any-thing-fit-meanes, to talke of his pedigree: and by reaſon of that humor, hath ſhewne his deſire elſewhere, to learne the pedigrees of others: as in the ſixt booke, in his enquirie of* Glaucus *pedigreee. And herein is expreſt part of his character.*

[c] Σχόμενον δ' ὡς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, &c *overpaſſing, for ſpeed, many things in this booke that cry out for the praiſe of our* Homer, *and note of that, which in moſt readers I know will be loſt: I muſt onely inſiſt ſtill on thoſe parts that (in my poore*

poore understanding) *could never yet finde apprehension in any of our Commentors or translators: as in this simile againe of the whirlwinde; to which the stone that* Aiax *hurled at* Hector, *is resembled.* Valla *and* Eobanus, Salel *in French, so understanding,* Hector *turned about with the blow, like a whirlwinde.* Vallas *words are these* (*translating* τρομεον δ' ως ε ὁστευς βαλων, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑ δρηνε πιτνει, *which* ad verbum *say thus much in every common translation*; Trochum autem sicut concussit feriens, rotatusque est undique.) Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c. Eobanus *converting it thus:*

——Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which though it harpe upon the other, makes yet much worse musicke, saying, Hector *stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwinde. He stood, yet was turned about violently. How grosse both are, I thinke, the blindest see: and must needs acknowledge a monstrous unworthinesse in these men to touch our* Homer, *esteeming it an extreme losse to the world, to have this and the like undiscovered. For* (*as I apprehend it*) *being exprest no better then in my silly conversion* (*and the stone, not* Hector *likened to the whirlwinde*) *it is above the wit of a man to imitate our* Homers *wit, for the most fierie illustration both of* Aiax *strength, and* Hectors: *of* Aiax *for giving such a force to it, as could not spend it selfe upon* Hector, *but turne after upon the earth, in that whirlwinde like violence: of* Hector, *for standing it so solidly; for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoild so fiercely. And here have we a ruled case against our plaine and smug writers; that because their owne unweildinesse will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them: their feathers not passing the pitch of every womans capacity. And* (*indeed*) *where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writers wit and the writees* (*that I may speake with authority*) *according to my old lesson in Philosophy:* Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit. *But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirme these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expresions and illustrations are too bold, and bumbasted; and out of that word is spunne that which they call our Fustian: their plaine writing, being stuffe nothing so substantial, but such grosse sowtege, or hairepatch, as every goose may eate oates through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar readers understanding, you see the great master of all elocution hath written so darkly, that almost three thousand sunnes have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places then here; and yet all perviall enough* (*you may well say*) *when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chiefe end why I extend this annotation, is onely to intreat your note here of,* Homers *manner of writing, which* (*to utter his after-store of matter and variety*) *is so presse, and puts on with so strong a current, that it farre over-runnes the most laborious pursuer, if he have not a Poeticall foot, and Poesies quicke eye to guide it. The verse in question, I refer you to before, which saith,* χερμαδιον, *signifying a stone of an handfull, or that with one hand may be raised and cast, spoken of before; and* (*here being understood*) *shooke* Hector *at all parts, in striking him, and like a whirlwinde wheeled or whirred about. Wherein he speaks not of bounding to the earth againe, and raising a dust with his violent turnings: in which the conceit and life of his simile lyes, but leaves it to his Reader, and he leaves it to him: notwithstanding he utters enough to make a stone understand it; how stupidly soever all his interpreters would have* Hector (*being strooke into a trembling, and almost dead*) *turne about*

like a whirlwinde. I conclude then with this queſtion: What fault is it in me, to furniſh and adorne my verſe (being his Tranſlator) with tranſlating and adding the truth and fulneſſe of his conceit; it being as like to paſſe my Reader, as his, and therefore neceſſarie? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I iuſtly bee ſaid to better Homer? *or not to have all my invention, matter and forme from him, though a little I enlarge his forme?* Virgil, *in all places where he is compared and preferred to* Homer, *doth nothing more. And therefore my aſſertion in the ſecond Booke is true, that* Virgil *hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to* Homer *by* Scaliger, *&c. both his invention, matter and forme from him.*

d Οδτα χτι λαπάρω, &c. vulneravit ad Ilia; *it is tranſlated: and is in the laſt verſes of this Booke, where* Menelaus *is ſaid to wound* Hyperenor. *But* λαπάρη, dicitur ea pars corporis quæ poſita eſt inter coſtas nothas, & oſſa quæ ad Ilia pertinent, quòd inanis ſit, & deſiderat. Hip. in lib. περὶ ἁρμῶν; *and therefore I accordingly tranſlate it. And note this beſide, both out of this place, and many others, how excellent an Anatomiſt our* Homer *was, whoſe skill in thoſe times, me thinks, ſhould be a ſecret:*

The end of the fourteenth Booke of *Homer's* Iliads.

THE

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOve *waking, and beloved* Troy *in flight,*
Chides Iuno, *and ſends* Iris *to the fight,*
To charge the ſea-god, to forſake the field;
And Phœbus *to invade it, with his ſhield,*
Recovering Hectors *brooſde, and craſed powres:*
To field he goes, and makes new conquerours;
The Trojans *giving now, the* Grecians *chaſe,*
Even to their fleet. Then Aiax *turnes his face,*
And feeds, with many Trojan *lives, his ire;*
Who then brought brands to ſet the fleet on fire.

Another Argument.

Iove *ſees in, O, his overſight,*
Chides Iuno, Neptune *cals from fight.*

THE *Troians* (beat paſt pale and dike, and numbers proſtrate laid)
All got to chariot, feare-driven all; and fear'd as men diſmaid:
Then *Iove*, on *Idas* top awakt; roſe from *Saturnias* ſide,
Stood up, and lookt upon the warre; and all inverted, ſpide,
Since he had ſeene it, th'*Ilians* now, in rowt; the *Greeks* in fight:
King *Neptune*, with his long ſword, Chiefe; great *Hector* put downe quite,
Laid flat in field, and with a crowne, of Princes compaſſed;
So ſtopt up, that he ſcarce could breathe; his minds ſound habit fled,
And he ſtill ſpitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not ſet on
By one that was the weakeſt *Greeke*. But him *Iove* lookt upon
With eyes of pittie: on his wife, with horrible aſpect;
To whom he ſaid: O thou in ill, moſt cunning Architect
All Arts, and comments that exceedſt! not onely to enforce
Hector from fight; but with his men, to ſhew the *Greeks* a courſe.
I feare (as formerly) ſo now, theſe ils have with thy hands,
Their firſt fruits ſowne, and therefore could, lode all thy lims with bands.
Forgetſt thou, when I hangd thee up; how to thy feet I tyed
Two Anvils; golden manacles, on thy falſe wriſts implyed,
And let thee mercileſly hang, from our refined heauen
Euen to earths vapors; all the gods, in great *Olympus*, giuen
To mutinies about thee; yet (though all ſtood ſtaring on)
None durſt diſſolue thee; for theſe hands (had they but ſeiſd upon
Thy friend) had headlong throwne him off, from our ſtar-bearing round,
Till he had tumbl'd out his breath; and peece-meale daſht the ground.

Iupiters wrath againſt Iuno.

Nor

Nor was my angry ſpirit calm'd, ſo ſoone, for thoſe foule ſeas,
On which (inducing Northerne flaws) thou ſhipwrack'dſt *Hercules*,
And toſt him to the *Coon* ſhore; that thou ſhouldſt tempt againe
My wraths importance, when thou ſeeſt (beſides) how groſly vaine,
My powres can make thy policies: for from their vtmoſt force,
I freed my ſonne, and ſet him ſafe, in *Argos*, nurſe of horſe.
Theſe I remember to thy thoughts, that thou maiſt ſhun theſe ſleights,
And know how badly bed-ſports thrive, procur'd by baſe deceits.
This frighted the offending Queene, who, with this ſtate, excuſde
Iunoes oath in clearing her ſelfe to Iupiter. Her kinde vnkindneſſe: Witneſſe earth, and heaven, ſo farre diffuſde:
Thou Flood, whoſe ſilent-gliding waves, the vnder ground doth beare,
(Which is the great'ſt, and graveſt oath, that any god can ſweare)
Thy ſacred head; whoſe ſecret joyes, that our yong bed gave forth,
(By which I never raſhly ſwore) that he who ſhakes the earth,
Not by my counſell did this wrong, to *Hector* and his hoſt;
But pittying th'oppreſſed Greeks, their fleet being nearly loſt)
Reliev'd their hard condition; yet vtterly impeld
By his free minde: which ſince I ſee, is ſo offenſive held,
To thy high pleaſure, I will now, adviſe him not to tread,
But where thy tempeſt-raiſing feet (O *Iupiter*) ſhall leade.
Iupiters change to Iuno, and reconciliation. *Iove* laught to heare her ſo ſubmiſſe; and ſaid, My faire-eyd love,
If ſtill thus thou and I were one (in counſels held above)
Neptune would ſtill, in word and fact, be ours, if not in heart;
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heaven depart,
To call the excellent in bows; the Rain-bow, and the Sunne,
That both may viſit both the hoſts; the Grecian armie, one;
And that is *Iris*, let her haſte, and make the ſea-god ceaſe;
T'aſſiſt the Greeks; and to his court, retire from warre, in peace.
Let *Phœbus* (on the *Troian* part) inſpire with wonted powre
Great *Hectors* ſpirits: make his thoughts, forget the late ſterne houre,
And all his anguiſh; ſetting on, his whole recover'd man
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold inconſtant wane
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in flight before the fleet
Of vext *Achilles*; which extreme, will proue the meane to greet
Thee with thy wiſh: for then the eyes, of great *Æacides*,
(Made witneſſe of the generall ill, that doth ſo neare him preaſe)
Will make his owne particular, looke out; and by degrees
Abate his wrath, that through himſelfe, for no extremities
Will ſeeme reflected; yet his friend, may get of him the grace,
To helpe his countrey, in his Armes; and he ſhall make fit place,
For his full preſence with his death; which ſhall be well fore-runne:
For I will firſt renowne his life, with ſlaughter of my ſonne,
(Divine *Sarpedon*) and his death, great *Hectors* powre ſhall wreake,
Ending his ends. Then at once, out ſhall the furie breake
Of fierce *Achilles*: and with that, the flight now felt, ſhall turne;
And then laſt, till in wrathfull flames, the long-ſieg'd Ilion burne.
Minervaes counſell ſhall become, graue meane, to this my will;
Which no god ſhall neglect, before, *Achilles* take his fill

Of ſlaughter, for his ſlaughterd friend: even *Hectors* ſlaughter, throwne
Vnder his anger; that theſe facts may then make fully knowne
My vowes performance, made of late: and with my bowed head,
Confirm'd to *Thetis*, when her armes embrac't my knees, and praid
That to her citie-racing ſonne, I would all honour ſhew.
This heard, his charge ſhe ſeem'd t'intend, and to *Olympus* flew. *Simile.*
But, as the minde of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way; or then would let alone
His purpoſde iourney, is diſtract; and in his * vexed minde
Reſolves now not to goe; now goes, ſtill many waies inclin'd:
So reverend *Iuno* headlong flew, and 'gainſt her ſtomacke ſtriv'd.
For (being amongſt th'immortall gods, in high heaven, ſoone arriv'd,
All riſing, welcomming with cups, her little abſence then)
She al their courtſhips overpaſt, with ſolemne negligence,
Save that which faire-cheekt *Themis* ſhewd, and her kind cup ſhe tooke: *Themis to Iuno.*
For firſt, ſhe ranne and met with her, and askt; What troubled looke
She brought to heaven? She thought (for truth) that *Iove* had terrified
Her ſpirits ſtrangely, ſince ſhe went. The faire arm'd Queene replide: *Iunoes reply.*
That truth may eaſily be ſuppoſd, you (goddeſſe *Themis*) know
His old ſeveritie and pride; but you bear't out with ſhow,
And like the banquets arbiter, amongſt th'Immortals fare,
Though well you heare amongſt them all, how bad his actions are,
Nor are all here, nor any where, mortals, nor gods (I feare)
Entirely pleaſd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here.
Thus tooke ſhe place, diſpleaſedly; the feaſt in generall,
Bewraying privie ſpleenes at *Iove*, and then (to colour all)
She laught, but meerely from her lips: for, over her blacke browes
Her ſtill-bent forehead was not cleer'd, yet this her paſſions throwes,
Brought forth in ſpight, being lately ſchool'd; alas, what fooles are we
That envie *Iove*? or that by act, word, thought, can fantaſie,
Any reſiſtance to his will? he ſits farre off, nor cares,
Nor moves, but ſayes he knowes his ſtrength, to all degrees compares
His greatneſſe, paſt all other gods. and that in fortitude,
And every other godlike powre; he reignes, paſt all indu'de.
For which great eminence, all you gods, what ever ill he does
Suſtaine with patience: here is *Mars*, I thinke, not free from woes,
And yet he beares them like himſelfe. The great god had a ſonne, *Iunoes ſpeech of purpoſe to incenſe Mars Sceptice.*
Whom he himſelfe yet iuſtifies, one that from all men wonne
Iuſt ſurname of their beſt belov'd, *Aſcalaphus*; yet he
(By *Ioves* high grace to Troy) is ſlaine, *Mars* ſtarted horribly
(As *Iuno* knew he would) at this; beate, with his hurld out hands,
His brawnie thighes; cryed out, and ſaid: O you that have commands
In theſe high temples, beare with me, if I revenge the death
Of ſuch a ſonne: Ile to the fleet, and though I ſinke beneath
The fate of being ſhot to hell, by *Ioves* fell thunder ſtone:
And lie all grim'd amongſt the dead, with duſt and bloud; my ſonne,
Revenge ſhall honour. Then he charg'd, Feare and Diſmay to joyne
His horſe and chariot: he got armes, that over heaven did ſhine:

And

And then a wrath, more great and grave, in *Iove* had beene prepar'd
Againſt the gods, then *Iuno* cauſde; if *Pallas* had not car'd
More for the peace of heaven than *Mars*; who leapt out of her throne,
Rapt up her helmet, lance, and ſhield, and made her Phanes porch grone
With her egreſſion to his ſtay, and thus his rage defers:

Pallas to Mars. Furious, and fooliſh? th'art undone; haſt thou, for nought, thine eares?
Heard'ſt thou not *Iuno*, being arriv'd from heavens great King but now?
Or would'ſt thou be himſelfe ſhould riſe (forc't with thy rage) to ſhow
The dreadfull powre ſhe urg'd in him, ſo iuſtly being ſtird?
Know (thou moſt impudent and mad) thy wrath had not inferd
Miſchiefe to thee, but to us all? his ſpirit had inſtantly
Left both the hoſts, and turn'd his hands to uprores in the skie.
Guilty and guiltleſſe, both to wracke in his high rage had gone;
And therefore (as thou loveſt thy ſelfe) ceaſe furie for thy ſonne.
Another, farre exceeding him, in heart and ſtrength of hand,
Or is, or will be ſhortly ſlaine. It were a [b] worke would ſtand
Iove in much trouble, to free all from death that would not die.
This threat even naild him to his throne, when heavens chiefe Maieſtie
Cal'd bright *Apollo* from his Phane; and *Iris* that had place
Of Internuncieſſe from the gods, to whom ſhe did the grace

Iuno to Apollo and Iris. Of *Iupiter*, to this effect: It is *Saturnius* will,
That both, with utmoſt ſpeed, ſhould ſtoope to the Idalian hill,
To know his further pleaſure there. And this let me adviſe,
When you arrive, and are in reach of his refulgent eyes:
His pleaſure heard, performe it all, of whatſoever kinde.
Thus mov'd ſhe backe, and uſde her throne. Thoſe two outſtript the wind,
And Ida (all enchac't with ſprings) they ſoone attaind, and found
Where farre-diſcerning *Iupiter*, in his repoſe, had crown'd
The browes of *Gargarus*, and wrapt an odoriferous cloud
About his boſome. Comming neare, they ſtood; nor now he ſhowd
His angry countenance, ſince ſo ſoone, he ſaw they made th'acceſſe
That his lov'd wife enjoyn'd. But firſt, the faire Ambaſſadreſſe,

Iove to Iris. He thus commanded; *Iris*, Go, to *Neptune*, and relate
Our pleaſure truly, and at large; command him from the Fate
Of humane warre; and either greete the gods ſocietie,
Or the divine ſea, make his ſeate. If proudly he deny,
Let better counſels be his guides, then ſuch as bid me warre,
And tempt my charge, though he be ſtrong; for I am ſtronger farre,
And elder borne: nor let him dare to boaſt even ſtate with me,
Whom all gods elſe preferre in feare. This ſaid, downe haſted ſhe
From Idas top to Ilion; and like a mighty ſnow,
Or gelide haile, that from the clouds, the Northerne ſpirit doth blow;
So fell the windie footed Dame; and found with quicke repaire

Iris to Neptune. The watry god, to whom ſhe ſaid: God with the ſable haire,
I came from *Ægis*-bearing *Iove*, to bid thee ceaſe from fight.
And viſite heaven, or th'ample ſeas: which, if in his deſpight,
Or diſobedience, thou denieſt; he threatens thee to come
(In oppoſite fight) to field himſelfe: and therefore warnes thee home,

His

His hands eſchewing, ſince his powre is farre ſuperiour;
His birth before thee, and affirmes thy lou'd heart ſhould abhorre
To vaunt equalitie with him, whom every deity feares.
He anſwerd, O unworthy thing! though he be great, he beares
His tongue too proudly; that our ſelfe, borne to an equall ſhare
Of ſtate and freedome, he would force. Three brothers borne, we are,
To *Saturne*; *Rhea* brought us forth: this *Iupiter* and I,
And *Pluto*, god of under-grounds. The world indifferently
Diſpoſde betwixt us; every one his kingdome; I, the ſeas,
Pluto the blacke lot; *Iupiter* the principalities
Of broad heaven, all the skie and clouds, was ſorted out: the earth
And high *Olympus*, common are, and due to eithers birth.
Why then ſhould I be aw'd by him? Content he his great heart,
With his third portion, and not thinke to amplifie his part
With terrors of his ſtronger hands, on me, as if I were
The moſt ignoble of us all: let him containe in feare,
His daughters and his ſonnes, begot by his owne perſon: this
Holds more convenience: they muſt heare theſe violent threats of his.
Shall I (ſaid *Iris*) beare from thee, an anſwer ſo auſtere?
Or wilt thou change it? Changing mindes, all noble natures beare:
And well thou know'ſt, theſe greateſt borne, the Furies follow ſtill.
He anſwerd: *Iris*, thy reply keepes time, and ſhewes thy skill:
O tis a moſt praiſe-worthy thing, when meſſengers can tell
(Beſides their meſſages) ſuch things as fit th'occaſion well.
But this much grieves my heart and ſoule, that being in powre and ſtate,
Alwaies his equall, and ſo fixt by one decree in fate,
He ſhould to me, as under him, ill language give, and chide;
Yet now, (though ſtill incenſt) I yeeld, affirming this beſide:
And I enforce it with a threat, that if without conſent
Of me, *Minerva*, *Mercurie*; the Queene of regiment,
And *Vulcan*, he will either ſpare high *Ilion*, or not race
Her turrets to the loweſt ſtone, and (with both theſe) not grace
The Greekes, as victors abſolute: informe him this from me;
His pride and my contempt ſhall live, at endleſſe enmitie.
This ſaid, he left the Greekes, and ruſht into his watry throne,
Much miſt of all th'heroicke hoſt. When *Iove* diſcern'd him gone,
Apolloes ſervice he employd, and ſaid: Lov'd *Phœbus* go
To *Hector*: now th'earth-ſhaking god, hath taken ſea, and ſo
Shrunke from the horrors I denounc't, which ſtanding, he, and all
The under-ſeated deities, that circle *Saturnes* fall,
Had heard of me in ſuch a fight, as had gone hard for them.
But both for them and me, tis beſt, that thus they flye th'extreme,
That had not paſt us without ſweate. Now then, in thy hands take
My Adder-fring'd affrighting ſhield, which with ſuch terror ſhake,
That Feare may ſhake the Greekes to flight: beſides this, adde thy care
(O *Phœbus* farre-off-ſhooting god) that this ſo ſickly fare,
Of famous *Hector* be recur'd; and quickly ſo excite
His ampleſt powres, that all the Greekes may grace him with their flight,

Neptune to Iris, being incenſt with Iupiter.

The rule proper to Iupiter Neptune and Pluto being three brothers.

Iris to Neptune.

Neptune againe to Iris.

Iupiter to Apollo

Even to their ſhips, and *Helleſpont*; and then will I deviſe
All words and facts againe for Greece, that largely may ſuffice,
To breathe them from their inſtant toiles. Thus from th'Idean height,
(Like ayres ſwift-pigeon-killer, ſtoupt, the far-ſhot god of light,
Apollo viſits Hector. And found great *Hector*, ſitting up, not ſtretcht upon his bed,
Nor wheaſing with a ſtopt-up ſpirit, not in cold ſweates, but fed
With freſh and comfortable veines: but his minde, all his owne,
But round about him, all his friends, as well as ever knowne.
And this was with the minde of *Iove*, that flew to him before
Apollo came; who (as he ſaw no ſigne of any ſore)
Askt (like a chearefull viſitant) why in this ſickly kinde,
(Great *Hector*) ſits thou ſo apart? can any griefe of minde
Hector to Apollo Invade thy fortitude? He ſpake, but with a feeble voyce,
O thou, the beſt of deities! why (ſince I thus reioyce
By thy ſo ſerious benefit) demandſt thou (as in mirth,
And to my face) if I were ill? for (more then what thy worth
Muſt needs take note of) doth not Fame, from all mouthes fill their eares,
That (as my hand at th'Achive fleet, was making maſſacres
Of men, whom valiant *Aiax* led) his ſtrength, ſtrooke with a ſtone,
All powre of more hurt from my breſt? my very ſoule was gone:
And once to day I thought to ſee the houſe of *Dis* and *Death*.
Apollo to Hector Be ſtrong (ſaid he) for ſuch a ſpirit, now ſends the god of breath,
From ayrie *Ida*, as ſhall runne through all Greeke ſpirits in thee;
Apollo with the golden ſword, the cleare farre-ſeer, ſee
Him, who betwixt death and thy life; twixt ruine and thoſe towres,
Ere this day, oft hath held his ſhield. Come then, be all thy powres,
In wonted vigour: let thy knights, with all their horſe aſſay
The Grecian fleet, my ſelfe will leade, and ſcoure ſo cleare the way,
That flight ſhall leave no Greeke a Rub. Thus inſtantly inſpir'd
Were all his nerves with matchleſſe ſtrength; and then his friends he fir'd
Againſt their foes; when (to his eyes) his eares confirm'd the god.
Simile. Then, as a goodly headed Hart, or Goat, bred in the wood,
A rout of country huntſmen chaſe, with all their hounds in cry;
The beaſt yet, or the ſhadie woods, or rockes exceſſive hie,
Keepe ſafe; or our unweildy fates (that even in hunters ſway)
Barre them, the poore beaſts pulling downe, when ſtraight the clamorous fray,
Cals out a Lyon, hugely man'd, and his abhorred view
Turnes headlong in unturning flight (though ventrous) all the crew:
So hitherto the chaſing Greekes, their ſlaughter dealt by troupes,
But after *Hector* was beheld, range here and there, then ſtoupes
The boldeſt courage; then their heeles tooke in their dropping hearts,
And then ſpake *Andremonides*, a man of farre-beſt parts
Of all th'Ætolians, skild in darts; ſtrenuous in fights of ſtand,
And one of whom, few of the Greekes could get the better hand,
(For Rhetorique) when they fought with words, with all which, being wiſe,
Andremonides to the Greekes. Thus ſpake he to his Grecian friends: O miſchiefe! now mine eyes
Diſcerne no little miracle; *Hector* eſcapt from death,
And all recoverd; when all thought his ſoule had ſunke beneath

The

The hands of *Aiax:* but ſome god hath ſav'd and freed againe,
Him that but now diſſolv'd the knees of many a Grecian.
And now I feare will weaken more, for not without the hand
Of him that thunders, can his powres, thus ſtill the forefights ſtand;
Thus ſtill triumphant: heare me then, our troupes in quicke retreate,
Let's draw up to our fleet, and we, that boaſt our ſelves, the Great
Stand firme, and trie, if theſe that raiſe, ſo high their charging darts,
May be reſiſted: I beleeve, even this great heart of hearts,
Will feare himſelfe to be too bold in charging thorow us.
They eaſily heard him, and obeyd, when all the generous
They cald t'encounter *Hectors* charge, and turn'd the common men
Backe to the fleet: and theſe were they, that bravely furniſht then
The fierce forefight; th' *Aiaces* both; the worthy Cretan King,
The *Mars*-like *Meges*; *Merion*, and *Teucer*. Vp then, bring
The Troian chiefes, their men in heapes; before whom (amply pac't)
Marcht *Hector*; and in front of him, *Apollo*, who had caſt
About his bright aſpect, a cloud; and did before him beare
Ioves huge and each-where ſhaggie ſhield; which (to containe in feare
Offending men) the god ſmith gave to *Ioue*, with this he led
The Trojan forces. The Greekes ſtood, a fervent clamor ſpred
The aire on both ſides as they ioynd; out flew the ſhafts and darts,
Some falling ſhort, but otherſome, found buts in breaſts and hearts.
As long as *Phœbus* held but out, his horrid ſhield, ſo long
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both wayes ſtrong.
But when the Greekes had ſeene his face, and who it was that ſhooke
The briſtled targe, knew by his voyce; then all their ſtrengths forſooke
Their nerves and mindes; and then looke how a goodly herd of Neat,
Or wealthy flocke of ſheepe, being cloſe, and dreadleſſe at their meate,
In ſome blacke midnight, ſodainly (and not a keeper neere)
A brace of horrid Beares ruſh in, and then flye here and there
The poore affrighted flockes or herds; ſo every way diſperſt
The heartleſſe Grecians: ſo the ſunne, their headſtrong chace reverſt
To headlong flight, and that day raiſde, with all grace, *Hectors* head.
Arceſilaus then he ſlue, and *Stichius*; *Stichius* led
Bœotias brazen-coted men: the other was the friend
Of mightie-ſoul'd *Meneſthens*. *Æneas* brought to end,
Medon, and *Iaſius*; *Medon* was the brother (though but baſe)
Of ſwift *Oileades*, and dwelt farre from his breeding place,
In *Phylaca*, the other led th' Athenian bands: his Sire
Was *Spelus*, *Bucolus* his ſonne. *Meciſtheus* did expire
Beneath *Polydamas* his hand. *Polites*, *Echius* ſlew
Iuſt at the ioyning of the hoſts. *Agenor* overthrew
Clonius. Bold *Deiochus* felt *Alexanders* Lance,
It ſtrooke his ſhoulders upper part, and did his head advance,
Quite through his breaſt, as from the fight, he turn'd him for retreat.
While theſe ſtood ſpoyling of the ſlaine, the Grecks found time to get
Beyond the dike, and th'undik't pales: all ſcapes they gladly gain'd,
Till all had paſt the utmoſt wall; Neceſſitie ſo raign'd.

Apollos ſight diſcomfits the Grecians.

Simile.

Hector to his builders.

Then *Hector* cryed out: Take no ſpoyle, but ruſh on to the fleet,
From whoſe aſſault (for ſpoyle or flight) if any man I meete,
He meetes his death: nor in the fire, of holy funerall,
His brothers or his ſiſters hands, ſhall caſt (within our wall)
His lothed body; but without, the throtes of dogges ſhall grave
His manleſſe limbs. This ſaid, the ſcourge his forward horſes drave
Through every order; and with him, all whipt their chariots on,
All threatningly, out thundring ſhowts, as earth were overthrowne.

Apollo leades the Troians.

Before them marcht *Apollo* ſtill, and as he marcht, digd downe,
(Without all labour) with his feet, the dike; till, with his owne,
He fild it to the top; and made way both for man and horſe,
As broad and long as with a Lance (caſt out to try ones force)
A man could meaſure. Into this they pour'd whole troupes as faſt,
As numerous: *Phœbus* ſtill, before, for all their haſte,
Still ſhaking *Ioves* unvalued ſhield, and held it up to all.
And then, as he had chok't their dike, he tumbl'd downe their wall.
And looke how eaſily any boy, upon the ſea-ebd ſhore,
Makes with a little ſand a toy, and cares for it no more;
But as he raiſd it childliſhly, ſo in his wanton vaine,
Both with his hands and feet, he puls, and ſpurnes it downe againe:
So ſleight, O *Phœbus*, thy hands made, of that huge Grecian toyle,
And their late ſtand, ſo well reſolv'd, as eaſely mad'ſt recoyle.

A ſimile from how low things it may be taken, to expreſſe the high'ſt.

Thus ſtood they driven up at their fleet, where each heard others thought,
Exhorted, paſſing humbly pray'd: all, all the gods beſought,
(With hands held up to heaven) for helpe, 'mongſt all, the good old man,
Grave *Neſtor* (for his counſels cald the Argives guardian)
Fell on his aged knees, and pray'd, and to the ſtarry hoſt,
Stretcht out his hands for ayd to theirs; of all, thus moving moſt:

Neſtors prayer to Iupiter.

O father *Ioue*, if ever man, of all our hoſt did burne
Fat thighes of Oxen or of Sheepe (for grace of ſafe returne)
In ſruitfull Argos; and obtaind the bowing of thy head,
For promiſe of his humble prayers: O now remember him,
(Thou meerely heavenly) and cleare up the foule browes of this dim
And cruell day; doe not deſtroy our zeale for Trojan pride.
He pray'd, and heavens great Counſellor, with ſtore of thunder tride
His former grace good; and ſo heard the old mans hearty prayers.
The Trojans tooke *Ioves* ſigne for them, and pour'd out their affaires
In much more violence on the Greekes; and thought on nought but fight.

A ſimile.

And as a huge wave of a ſea, ſwolne to his rudeſt height,
Breakes over both ſides of a ſhip, being all urg'd by the wind;

Intending they were puſh up by Apollo.

For that's it makes the wave ſo proud: in ſuch a borne-up kind,
The Trojans overgat the wall; and getting in their horſe,
Fought cloſe at fleet; which now the Greekes aſcended for their force:
Then from their chariots, they with darts, the Greeks with bead-hooks fought
(Kept ſtill aboord for navall fights) their heads with iron wrought,
In hookes and pikes, *Achilles* friend, ſtill while he ſaw the wall
That ſtood without their fleet, affoord employment for them all,
Was never abſent from the tent of that man-loving Greeke,

Late-hurt

Late-hurt *Eurypilus*; but fate, and every way did ſeeke
To ſpend the ſharpe time of his wound, with all the eaſe he could,
In medicines, and in kinde diſcourſe: but when he might behold
The Troians paſt the wall; the Greekes flight driven, and all in cries;
Then cride he out, Caſt downe his hands, and beate with griefe his thighes:
Then, O *Eurypilus*, (he cride) now all thy need of me,
Muſt beare my abſence: now a worke of more neceſſitie,
Cals hence; and I muſt haſte to call *Achilles* to the field:
Who knowes, but (God aſſiſting me) my words may make him yeeld?
The motion of a friend is ſtrong. His feete thus tooke him thence.
The reſt yet ſtood their enemies firme, but all their violence
(Though Troy fought there with fewer men) lackt vigor to repell
Thoſe fewer from their Navies charge; and ſo, that charge as well
Lackt force to ſpoyle their fleet or tents. And as a ſhipwrights line
(Diſpoſde by ſuch a hand, as learn'd, from th' Artizan divine,
The perfect practiſe of his art) directs or guards ſo well
The navall timber then in frame; that all the layd-on ſteele,
Can hew no further then may ſerve to give the timber th'end,
Fore-purpoſde by the skilfull wright: ſo both hoſts did contend
With ſuch a line, or law applide, to what their ſteele would gaine.
At other ſhips fought other men, but *Hector* did maintaine
His quarrell firme at *Aiax* ſhip; and ſo did both employ,
About one veſſell, all their toyle: nor could the one deſtroy
The ſhip with fire; nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone
The other from ſo neare his ſhip, for God hath brought him on.
But now did *Aiax* with a dart wound deadly in the breſt,
Caletor, ſonne of *Clytius*, as he with fire addreſt
To burne the veſſell; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.
When *Hector* ſaw his ſiſters ſonne lye ſlaughterd in the ſand,
He cald to all his friends, and prayd, they would not in that ſtreight,
Forſake his nephew, but maintaine about his corſe the fight,
And ſave it from the ſpoyle of Greece. Then ſent he out a Lance
At *Aiax*, in his nephewes wreake; which miſt, but made the chance
On *Lycophron Maſtorides*, that was the houſhold friend
Of *Aiax*, borne in Cythera, whom *Aiax* did defend,
(Being fled to his protection) for killing of a man
Amongſt the god-like Cytherans: the vengefull Iavelin ran
Quite through his head, above his eare, as he was ſtanding by
His Fautor, then aſterne his ſhip, from whence his ſoule did flye,
And to the earth his body fell: the haire ſtood up an end
On *Aiax*, who to *Teucer* cald, (his brother) ſaying: Friend,
Our loved conſort, whom we brought from Cythera, and grac't,
So like our father; *Hectors* hand hath made him breathe his laſt.
Where then are all thy death-borne ſhafts? and that unvalued bow,
Apollo gave thee? *Teucer* ſtrait, his brothers thoughts did know,
Stood neare him, and diſpatcht a ſhaft amongſt the Troian fight:
It ſtrooke *Pyſenors* goodly ſonne, yong *Clytus*, the delight
Of the renown'd *Polydamas*; the bridle in his hand,

Patroclus to Eurypilus.

A divine ſimile.

Aiax ſlaughters Caletor.

Hector at Aiax.

Hector miſſing Aiax, ſlayes his friend.

As he was labouring his horſe, to pleaſe the high command
Of *Hector* and his Trojan friends; and bring him where the fight
Made greateſt tumult. But his ſtriſe, for honour in their ſight,
Wrought not what ſight or wiſhes helpt; for turning backe his looke,
The hollow of his necke, the ſhaft came ſinging on, and ſtrooke,
And downe he fell, his horſes backe, and hurried through the field
The emptie chariot. *Panthus* ſonne, made all haſte, and withheld
Their looſe carier; diſpoſing them to *Protiaons* ſonne,
Aſtinous; with ſpeciall charge, to keepe them ever on,
And in his ſight: ſo he againe, amongſt the foremoſt went.

Teucer at Hector.

At *Hector* then another ſhaft, incenſed *Teucer* ſent;
Which, had it hit him, ſure had hurt; and had it hurt him, ſlaine;
And had it ſlaine him, it had driven all thoſe to Troy againe.
But *Ioves* minde was not ſleeping now, it wak't to *Hectors* fame,
And *Teucers* infamie; himſelfe (in *Teucers* deadly ayme)

Iove breakes Teucers bow.

His well-wrought ſtring diſſevering, that ſerv'd his braveſt bow;
His ſhaft flew quite another way, his bow the earth did ſtrow.
At all which, *Teucer* ſtood amaz'd, and to his brother cride,

Teucer to Aiax.

O prodigie! without all doubt, our Angell doth deride
The counſels of our fight; he brake a ſtring, my hands put on
This morning, and was newly made; and well might have ſet gone
A hundred arrowes; and beſide, he ſtrooke out of my hand,

Aiax to Teucer.

The bow *Apollo* gave. He ſaid, Then (good friend) doe not ſtand
More on thy archerie, ſince God (preventer of all grace,
Deſir'd by Grecians) ſleights it ſo. Take therefore in the place,
A good large Lance; and on thy necke, a target caſt, as bright;
With which, come fight thy ſelfe with ſome, and otherſome excite,
That without labour at the leaſt (though we prove worſer men)
Troy may not brag it tooke our ſhips: come minde our buſineſſe then.
This ſaid, he haſted to his tent: left there his ſhafts and bow,

Teucer changeth his armes.

And then his double, double ſhield, did on his ſhoulders throw,
Vpon his honord head he plac't his helmet, thickly plum'd,
And then his ſtrong and well pilde lance, in his faire hand aſſum'd,
Return'd, and boldly tooke his place, by his great brothers ſide.
When *Hector* ſaw his arrowes broke, out to his friends he cride,

Hectors admiration of Ioves breaking Teucers bow.

O friends! be yet more comforted, I ſaw the hands of *Iove*,
Breake the great Grecian archers ſhafts: tis eaſie to approve,
That *Ioves* powre is direct with men, as well in thoſe ſet hie
Vpon the ſodaine, as in thoſe depreſt as ſodainly:
And thoſe not put in ſtate at all: as now he takes away
Strength from the Greekes, and gives it us; then uſe it, and aſſay
With joyn'd hands this approched fleet. If any bravely buy
His fame or fate, with wounds or death; in *Ioves* name let him die.
Who for his country ſuffers death, ſuſtaine no ſhamefull thing:
His wife in honour ſhall ſurvive, his progenie ſhall ſpring
In endleſſe ſummers; and their rooſes with patrimonie ſwell;
And all this, though with all their freight, the Greeke ſhips we repell.
His friends thus cheer'd, on th'other part, ſtrong *Aiax* ſtird his friends:

O

O Greeks (ſaid he) what ſhame is this, that no man more defends
His fame and ſafety; then to live, and thus be forc't to ſhrinke:
Now either ſave your fleet, or dye; unleſſe ye vainly thinke
That you can live, and they deſtroy'd? perceives not every eare,
How *Hector* hartens up his men? and hath his firebrands here,
Now ready to enflame our fleet? he doth not bid them dance,
That you may take your eaſe, and ſee; but to the fight advance.
No counſell can ſerve us but this: to mixe both hands and hearts,
And beare up cloſe; tis better much, t'expoſe our utmoſt parts
To one daies certaine life or death; then languiſh in a warre
So baſe as this; beate to our ſhips, by our inferiours farre.
Thus rowſd he up their ſpirits and ſtrengths: to work then both ſides went,
When *Hector*, the *Phocenſian* Duke, to fields of darkneſſe ſent
Fierce *Schedius*, *Perimedes* ſonne; which *Aiax* did requite,
With ſlaughter of *Laodamas*, that led the foot to fight,
And was *Antenors* famous ſonne. *Polydamas* did end
Otus, ſurnam'd *Cyllenius*; whom *Phydas* made his friend,
Being chiefe of the *Epeians* Bands: whoſe fall, when *Meges* view'd,
He let flie at his fellers life; who (ſhrinking-in) eſchew'd
The well-aym'd Lance: *Apolloes* will, denyed that *Panthus* ſonne
Should fall amongſt the foremoſt fights; the dart, the mid-breſt wonne
Of *Craſmus*; *Meges* wonne his armes. At *Meges*, *Dolops* then
Beſtow'd his lance; he was the ſonne of *Lampus*, beſt of men:
And *Lampus*, of Laomedon, well skild in ſtrength of minde,
He ſtrooke *Phylides* ſhield quite through, whoſe curets, better lin'd
And hollow'd fitly, ſav'd his life: *Phyleus* left him them,
Who from Epirus brought them home, on that part where the ſtreame
Of famous *Seléés* doth runne; *Euphetes* did beſtow
(Being gueſt with him) thoſe wel-prov'd armes, to weare againſt the foe,
And now they ſav'd his ſonne from death. At *Dolops*, *Meges* threw
A ſpeare well pilde; that ſtrooke his caske full in the height; off flew
His purple feather, newly made, and in the duſt it fell.
While theſe thus ſtriv'd for victory, and eithers hope ſerv'd well,
Atrides came to *Meges* aide, and (hidden with his ſide)
Let looſe a javelin at his foe, that through his backe implied
His luſtie head, even paſt his breaſt; the ground receiv'd his weight.
While theſe made into ſpoyle his armes, great *Hector* did excite
All his allies to quicke revenge; and firſt he wrought upon
Strong *Menalippus* (that was ſonne to great *Hycetaon*)
With ſome reproofe. Before theſe warres, he in Percote fed
Cloven-footed Oxen; but did ſince, returne where he was bred,
Exceld amongſt the Ilians, was much of *Priam* lou'd,
And in his court kept, as his ſonne, him *Hector* thus reprov'd.
Thus *Menalippus*, ſhall our bloud accuſe us of neglect?
Nor moves it thy lov'd heart (thus urg'd) thy kinſman to protect?
Seeſt thou not, how they ſeeke his ſpoyle? Come, follow, now no more
Our fight muſt ſtand at length, but cloſe: nor leave the cloſe, before
We cloſe the lateſt eye of them; or they, the loweſt ſtone

Aiax to the Grecians.

Hector to Menalippus.

Teare

Teare up, and ſacke the citizens of lofty Ilion.
He led he followed like a god: and then muſt *Aiax* needs
(As well as *Hector*) cheare his men, and thus their ſpirits he feeds:
Aiax to his ſouldiers, in imitation of Agamemnon, obſerved by him before, uſing the ſame words.
Good friends bring but your ſelves to feele, the noble ſtings of ſhame,
For what ye ſuffer, and be men: reſpect each others fame;
For which, who ſtrives, in ſhames fit feare; and puts on neare ſo farre
Comes oftner off, then ſticke engag'd: theſe fugitives of warre,
Save tie ther life, nor get renowne, nor beare more mindes then ſheepe,
This ſhort ſpeech fir'd them in his aide, his ſpirit toucht them deepe,
And turn'd them all before the fleet, into a wall of braſſe:
To whoſe aſſault, *Iove* ſtird their foes. and yong *Atrides* was
Joves inſtrument; who thus ſet on the yong *Antilochus*:
Antilochus, in all our hoſt, there is not one of us
Menelaus to Antilochus.
More yong then you, more ſwift of foot, nor (with both thoſe) ſo ſtrong.
O would thou wouldſt then, (for thou canſt) one of this luſtie throng,
That thus comes skipping out before, (who ever, any where)
May ſticke (for my ſake) twixt both hoſts, and leave his bold bloud there.
He ſaid no ſooner, and retir'd, but forth he ruſht, before
The foremoſt fighters, yet his eye did every way explore
For doubt of ods, out flew his Lance: the Troians did abſtaine
While he was darting; yet his dart he caſt not off in vaine:
Antilochus ſlaughters Menalippus.
For *Menalippus* (that rare ſonne) of great *Hyteeaon*;
(As bravely he put forth to fight) it fiercely flew upon;
And, at the nipple of his breaſt, his breaſt and life did part.
Simile.
And then, much like an eager hound, caſt off at ſome young Hart,
Hurt by the hunters that had left his covert then, but new,
The great in-warre-*Antilochus*, (O *Menalippus*) flew
On thy torne boſome, for thy ſpoyle. But thy death could not lie
Hid to great *Hector*; who all haſte made to thee, and made flye
Antilochus; although in warre, he were at all parts skild:
But as ſome wilde beaſt, having done, ſome ſhrewd turne, (either kild
The heardſman, or the heardmans dogge) and skulks away before
A ſimile ſuiting the other before to the life.
The gatherd multitude makes in: ſo *Neſtors* ſonne forbore,
But after him, with horrid cryes, both *Hector* and the reſt,
Showres of teare-thirſty Lances powr'd, who having arm'd his breſt
With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ſhips, all Troy,
Like raw-fleſh-nouriſht Lyons ruſht, and knew they did employ
Their powres to perfect *loves* high will; who ſtill their ſpirits enflam'd,
And quencht the Grecians; one renown'd, the other often ſham'd;
For *Hectors* glory ſtill he ſtood, and ever went about
To make him caſt the fleet ſuch fire, as never ſhould goe out;
Heard *Thetis* foule petition, and wiſht in any wiſe,
The ſplendor of the burning ſhips might ſatiate his eyes.
From him yet the repulſe was then, to be on Troy conferd,
The honour of it given the Greekes; which (thinking on) he ſtird
(With ſuch addition of his ſpirit) the ſpirit *Hector* bore,
To burne the fleet; that of it ſelfe was hot enough before.
But now he far'd like *Mars* himſelfe, ſo brandiſhing his Lance,

As

As through the deepe ſhades of a hill, a raging fire ſhould glance; *Hectors horrible apparance.*
Held up to all eyes by a hill, about his lips, a ſome
Stood, as when th'Ocean is inrag'd; his eyes were overcome
With fervor, and reſembl'd flames; ſet off by his darke browes:
And from his temples, his bright helme, abhorred lightnings throwes.
For *Iove*, from forth the ſphere of ſtarres, to his ſtate put his owne,
And all the blaze of both the hoſts, confin'd in him alone.
And all this was, ſince after this, he had not long to live;
This lightning flew before his death: which *Pallas* was to give,
(A ſmall time thence, and now prepar'd) beneath the violence
Of great *Pelides*. In meane time, his preſent eminence,
Though all things under it: and he, ſtill where he ſaw the ſtands
Of greateſt ſtrength, and braveſt arm'd, there he would prove his hands:
Or no where; offering to breake through. But that paſt all his powre,
Although his will, * were paſt all theirs, they ſtood him like a towre
Conjoynd ſo firme: that as a rocke, exceeding high and great,
And ſtanding neare the hoarie ſea, beares many a boyſterous threat
Of high-voyc't windes, and billowes huge, belcht on it by the ſtormes;
So ſtood the Greeks great *Hectors* charge, nor ſtird their battellous formes.
He (girt in fire, borne for the fleet) ſtill ruſht at every troupe, *Simile.*
And fell upon it like a wave, high raiſd, that then doth ſtoupe
Out from the clouds; growes as it ſtoupes, with ſtormes, then down doth come
And cuffe a ſhip, when all her ſides are hid in brackiſh ſome,
Strong gales ſtill raging in her ſailes; her ſailers mindes diſmaid,
Death being but little from their lives: ſo *Iove*-like *Hector* fraid,
And plyde the Greeks, who knew not what would chance, for all their guards.
And as the banefull king of beaſts, leapt in to Oxen herds, *Simile.*
Fed in the meadowes of a fenne, exceeding great, the beaſts
In number infinite; 'mongſt whom, (their herdſmen wanting breaſts
To fight with Lyons for the price of a blacke Oxes life,)
He here and there jumpes; firſt and laſt, in his bloud-thirſty ſtrife,
Chac't and aſſaulted; and at length, downe in the midſt goes one,
And all the reſt ſperſt through the fenne: ſo now, all Greece was gone.
So *Hector* (in a flight from heaven, upon the Grecians caſt)
Turnd all their backes; yet onely one, his deadly lance laid faſt:
Brave *Mycenæus Periphes*, *Cypræus* deareſt ſonne;
Who, of the heavens-Queene-lov'd-king, (great *Euryſthæus*) wonne
The grace to greet in Ambaſſie, the ſtrength of *Hercules*
Was farre ſuperiour to his ſire; in feete, fight, nobleneſſe
Of all the vertues, and all thoſe did ſuch a wiſedome guide,
As all Mycena could not match: and this man dignified,
(Still making greater his renowne) the ſtate of *Priams* ſonne.
For his unhappy haſtie foote, as he addreſt to runne,
Stucke in th'extreme ring of his ſhield, that to his ankles reacht;
And downe he upwards fell, his fall up from the center fetcht
A huge ſound with his head and helme; which *Hector* quickly ſpide,
Ranne in, and in his worthy breaſt, his Lances head did hide,
And ſlue about him all his friends, who could not give him aide:

They

They griev'd; and of his god-like foe, fled ſo extreme afraid.
And now amongſt the neareſt ſhips, that firſt were drawne to ſhore,
The Greekes were driven; beneath whoſe ſides, behind them, and before;
And into them they powr'd themſelves, and thence were driven againe
Vp to their tents, and there they ſtood: not daring to maintaine
Their guards more outward; but betwixt, the bounds of *Feare* and *Shame*,
Chear'd ſtill each other; when th'old man, that of the Grecian name,
Was cald the pillar; every man, thus by his parents praid:

Neſtor to the Greekes.

O friends, be men, and in your mindes, let others ſhames be weigh'd,
Know you have friends beſides your ſelves; poſſeſſions, parents, wives,
As well thoſe that are dead to you, as thoſe ye love with lives;
All ſharing ſtill their good, or bad, with yours: by theſe I pray,
That are not preſent (and the more, ſhould therefore make ye weigh
Their miſſe of you, as yours of them) that you will bravely ſtand
And this forc't flight, you have ſuſtain'd, at length yet countetmand.

Minerva cleares the darknes Iove powr'd in the Grecian armie.

Supplies of good words, thus ſupplide, the deeds and ſpirits of all;
And ſo at laſt, *Minerva* clear'd the cloud that *Iove* let fall
Before their eyes: a mighty light flew beaming every way,
As well about their ſhips, as where their darts did hotteſt play:
Then ſaw they *Hector* great in armes, and his aſſociates,
As well all thoſe, that then abſtaind, as thoſe that helpt the fates;
And all their owne fight at the fleete. Nor did it now content
Aiax, to keepe downe like the reſt; he, up the hatches, went,
Stalkt here and there, and in his hand, a huge great beadhooke held.
Twelve cubits long, and full of Iron, and as a man well skild

A ſimile of Aiax managing the fight at the fleet.

In horſe, made to the martiall race; when (of a number more)
He chuſeth foure, and brings them forth to runne them all before,
Swarmes of admiring citizens, amids their townes high way,
And (in their full carier) he leapes, from one to one; no ſtay
Enforc't on any, nor failes he, in either ſeate or leape:
So *Aiax* with his beadhooke leapt nimbly from ſhip to ſhip,
As actively, commanding all, them in their men, as well
As men in them: moſt terribly, exhorting to repell,
To ſave their navie and their tents: But *Hector* nothing needs
To ſtand on exhortations now, at home, he ſtrives for deeds.

ſimile of Hector.

And looke how *Ioves* great Queene of birds, (ſharpe ſet) lookes out for prey,
Knowes flouds that nouriſh wild-wing'd fowles, and (from her ayrie way)
Beholds where Cranes, Swans, Cormorants, have made their foody fall,
Darkens the river with her wings, and ſtoupes amongſt them all:
So *Hector* flew amongſt the Greekes, directing his command
(In chiefe) gainſt one oppoſite ſhip; *Iove* with a mighty hand
Still backing him, and all his men: and then againe there grew
A bitter conflict at the fleet; you would have ſaid, none drew
A wearie breath, nor ever would, they laid ſo freſhly on:
And this was it that fir'd them both, the Greekes did build upon
No hope, but what the field would yeeld: flight, an impoſſible courſe:
The Troians all hope entertaind, that ſword and fire ſhould force
Both ſhips, and lives of all the Greekes, and thus, unlike affects

Bred

Bred like ſtrenuitie in both. Great *Hector* ſtill directs
His powres againſt the firſt neare ſhip. Twas that faire barke that brought
Proteſilaus to thoſe warres; and now, her ſelfe to nought,
With many Greeke and Troian lives all ſpoyld about her ſpoyle:
One ſlue another deſperately, and cloſe the deadly toyle
Was pitcht on both parts: not a ſhaft, nor far-of ſtriking dart,
Was uſde through all: one fight fell out, of one deſpitefull hart;
Sharpe axes, twibils, two-hand ſwords, and ſpeares with two heads borne,
Were then the weapons; faire ſhort ſwords, with ſanguine hilts ſtill worne,
Had uſe in like ſort; of which laſt, ye might have numbers view'd
Drop with diſſolv'd armes from their hands, as many down-right hew'd
From off their ſhoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twaine:
And thus the blacke bloud flow'd on earth, from ſouldiers hurt and ſlaine.
When *Hector* once had ſeiſd the ſhip, he clapt his faire broad hand
Faſt on the ſterne, and held it there, and there gave this command: *Hector ſeiſing Proteſilaus ſhip, to the Troians.*
Bring fire, and altogether ſhowt; now *Iove* hath drawne the veile
From ſuch a day, as makes amends for all his ſtormes of haile:
By whoſe bleſt light, we take thoſe ſhips, that in deſpite of heaven
Tooke ſea, and brought us worlds of woe: all, ſince our Peeres were given
To ſuch a lazineſſe and feare; they would not let me end
Our lingring banes, and chatge thus home, but keepe home, and defend.
And ſo they rul'd the men I led; but though *Iove* then withheld
My naturall ſpirit. now by *Iove*, tis freed, and thus impeld. *Aiax forced to withdraw himſelfe from the fight.*
This more inflam'd them; in ſo much, that *Aiax* now, no more,
Kept up, he was ſo drownd in darts, a little he forbore
The hatches to a ſeat beneath, of ſeven foot long, but thought
It was impoſſible to ſcape; he ſate yet, where he fought,
And hurld out Lances thicke as haile, at all men that aſſaid
To fire the ſhip; with whom he found his hands ſo overlaid,
That on his ſouldiers thus he cryed: O friends, fight alone?
Exſpect ye more wals at your backes? townes rampir'd, here are none;
No citizens to take ye in, no helpe in any kind,
We are, I tell you, in Troyes fields; have nought but ſeas behinde,
And foes before; farre, farre from Greece, for ſhame obey commands,
There is no mercy in the warres, your healths lye in your hands.
Thus rag'd he, and pour'd out his darts, who ever he eſpied
Come neare the veſſell, arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died;
All that pleaſd *Hector*, made him mad: all that his thanks would erne,
Of which twelve men, his moſt reſolv'd, lay dead before his ſterne.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] *I muſt here be inforced (for your eaſier examination) of a ſimile before, to cite the originall words of it; which of all* Homers *tranſlators and commentors, have beene moſt groſly miſtaken; his whole intent and ſence in it, utterly falſified. The ſimile illuſtrates the manner of* Iunos *parting from* Iove, *being commanded by him to a buſineſſe ſo abhorring from her will, is thus:*

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἀν' αἰξ ενόφ ἄνερφ ὀς ἐπὶ πολλὼ
Γαῖαν ἐλαυνὼς, φρεσὶ πᾶσι καλὰ ἰδυῖα νοήσῃ
Ενθ' εἰλὴ ἐνδὰ μενοινήσῃ τε πολλὰ.
Ως ῥαίπως μιμαυῖα πέπαλο πύντια ἤρη. *Which*

Which is thus converted ad verbum *by* Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando diſcurrit mens viri, qui per multam
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus conſiderarit,
*H*uc iueram vel illuc, cogitaritque multa;
Sic citò properans pervolavit veneranda Iuno.

Which Lauren. Valla *in proſe thus tranſlates.*

Subvolavit *Iuno* in cœlum, eadem feſtinatione, ac celeritate, qua mens prudentis hominis, & qui multum terrarum peragravit, recurſat, cum multa ſibi agenda inſtant, huc ſe conferat an illuc.

Eobanus *Heſſus in verſe thus:*

Tam ſubitò, quàm ſana viri mens plura ſcientis,
Quiq́ue peragrarit vaſtæ loca plurima terræ
Multa movens animo, nunc huc, nunc avolat illuc.

To this purpoſe likewiſe the Italian *and* French *copies have it. All underſtanding* Homers *intent was (as by the ſpeedineſſe of a mans thought or minde) to illuſtrate* Iunos *ſwiftneſſe in haſting about the commandement of* Iupiter, *which was utterly otherwiſe:* viz. *to ſhew the diſtraction of* Iunos *minde, in going againſt her will, and in her deſpite about* loves *commandment: which all the hiſtory before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to doe any thing for the good of the Troians, confirmeth without queſtion. Beſides, her moroſitie, and ſolemne apparance amongſt the gods and goddeſſes, (which* Themis *notes in her lookes) ſhewe, if ſhe went willingly, much leſſe ſwiftly about that buſineſſe. Nor can the illuſtration of ſwiftneſſe be* Homers *end in this ſimile, becauſe he makes the mans minde, to which he reſembles her going, ſtagger; inclining him to goe this way, and that; not reſolved which way to goe: which very poorely expreſſeth ſwiftneſſe, and as properly agrees with the proprietie of a wiſe man; when he hath undertaken, and gone far in a iourney, not to know whether he ſhould goe forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the originall words.*

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' αἰξηνὸς ἀνὴρ ὃς ἐπὶ πολλὰ
Γαῖαν ἐλήλεδεν, *&c.* Sicut verò quando diſcurrit vel prorumpit; vel cum impetu exurgit mens viri, ἀναίσσω *ſignifying* ruo, prorumpo, vel cum impetu exurgo: *as having travelled farre on an irkeſome iourney (as* Iuno *had done for the Greekes; faining to* love *and* Venus, *ſhee was going to viſite* πολυφόρβης πειράτα γαίης, multa nutrientis fines terræ,) *and then knowes not whether he ſhould goe backward or forward, ſuſtaines a vehement diſcourſe with himſelfe, on what courſe to reſolve: and next in minde, (which the words* φρεσὶ πεπαλίμενσι, *expreſſe: being to be underſtood* mentibus amaris, vexatis, *or* diſtractis: *with a ſpitefull, ſorrowfull, vext, or diſtracted minde: not* mentibus prudentibus, *as all moſt unwiſely in this place convert it: though in other places it intimates ſo much. But here the other holds congruence with the reſt of the ſimile; from which in the wiſe ſence it abhorres:* πεπάλιμος *ſignifying* amarus *more properly then* prudens; *being tranſlated* prudens *meerely metaphorically, according to the ſecond deduction: where here it is uſed more properly according to the firſt deduction: which is taken from* πεύκη *the Larcher tree, whoſe gumme is exceeding bitter; and becauſe things irkeſome and bitter, (as afflictions, croſſes, &c.) are means to make men wiſe, and take heed by others harmes: therefore according to the ſecond deduction,* πεπάλιμος *is taken for* cautus *or* prudens. *But now, that the* ἀπόδοσις *or application ſeemes to make with their ſence of ſwiftneſſe, the*

words

words ὡς τραπεσ μεμαυια, *being translated by them* sic citò properans; *it is thus to be turned in this place,* sic rapidè & impetu pulsa, *so snatchingly or headlongly driven, flew* Iuno. *As we often see with a clap of thunder, Doves or other fowles driven headlong from their seates, not in direct flight, but as they would breake their neckes with a kinde of reeling:* μαιμαω *being derived of* μαω *or* μαιμαω *signifying* impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri: *all which most aptly agreeth with* Iunos *enforced and wrathfull parting from* Iove, *and doing his charge distractedly. This for me, if another can give better, let him shew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine Poet thus prophaned, which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.*

ь Αργαλεον, *&c.* Difficile est, *it is a hard thing (saith* Minerva *to* Mars, *when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his sonne* Ascalaphus) *for* Iove *to deliver the generation and birth of all men from death; which Commentors thus understand; There were some men that never died; as* Tython *the husband of* Aurora, Chyron, Glaucus *made a sea god, &c. and in holy Writ (as* Spondanus *pleaseth to mixe them)* Enoc *and* Elias: *but because these few were freed from death,* Mars *must not looke that all others were. But this interpretation (I thinke) will appeare to all men at first sight, both ridiculous and prophane.* Homer *making* Minerva *onely iest at* Mars *here, (as she doth in other places) bidding him not storme that his sonne should be slaine more then better borne, stronger, and worthier men; for* Iove *should have enough to doe (or it were hard for* Iove) *to free all men from Death that are unwilling to die. This mine, with the rest: the other others; accept which you please.*

The end of the fifteenth Booke.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles, *at* Patroclus *ſuit doth yeeld*
His armes, and Myrmidons; *which brought to field,*
The Troians flie. Patroclus *hath the grace*
Of great Sarpedons *death, ſprong of the race*
Of Iupiter; *he having ſlaine the horſe*
Of Thetis *ſonne, (fierce* Pedaſus*) the force*
Of Hector *doth revenge the much-rū'd end*
Of moſt renown'd Sarpedon, *on the friend*
Of Thetides, *firſt, by* Euphorbus, *harm'd,*
And by Apollos *perſonall powre diſarm'd.*

Another Argument.

In ſum, Patroclus *beares the chance*
Of death, impoſd by Hectors *lance.*

THus fighting for this well-built ſhip, *Patroclus* all that ſpace
Stood by his friend, preparing words to win the Greeks his grace,
With powre of uncontained teares: and (like a fountaine pour'd
In black ſtreams from a lofty rock) the Greeks, ſo plagu'd, deplor'd.
Achilles (ruthfull for his teares) ſaid: Wherefore weepes my friend
Achilles chides Patroclus for his teares. So like a girle, who though ſhe ſees her mother cannot tend
Her childiſh humours, hangs on her, and would be taken up;
Still viewing her with teare-drownd eyes, when ſhe hath made her ſtoope.
To nothing liker I can ſhape thy ſo unſeemely teares,
What cauſeth them? hath any ill ſolicited thine eares,
Befalne my Myrmidons? or newes from loved *Phthia* brought,
Told onely thee? leſt I ſhould grieve, and therefore thus hath wrought
On thy kinde ſpirit? *Actors* ſonne, the good *Menœtius*,
(Thy father) lives, and *Peleus* (mine) great ſonne of *Æacus*,
Amongſt his Myrmidons, whoſe deaths, in dutie we ſhould mourne.
Or is it what the Greeks ſuſtaine, that doth thy ſtomacke turne?
On whom (for their iniuſtice ſake) plagues are ſo iuſtly laide?
Speake man, let both know eithers heart. *Patroclus* (ſighing ſaid)
O *Peleus* ſonne, (thou ſtrongeſt Greeke by all degrees that lives)
Patroclus answer to Achilles. Still be not angry, our ſad ſtate ſuch cauſe of pittie gives.
Our greateſt Greeks lye at their ſhips ſore wounded; *Ithacus*,
King *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and good *Eurypilus*:
But theſe, much-medcine-knowing men (Phyſitians) can recure;
Thou yet unmedcinable ſtill, though thy wound, all indure.
Heaven bleſſe my boſome from ſuch wrath, as thou ſooth'ſt as thy bliſſe,
(Vnprofitable

(Vnprofitably vertuous) How ſhall our progenies,
Borne in thine age, enioy thine aide? when theſe friends in thy flowre
Thou leav'ſt to ſuch unworthy death? O idle, cruell powre;
Great *Peleus* never did beget, nor *Thetis* bring forth thee;
Thou, from the blew ſea, and her rockes, deriv'ſt thy pedigree.
What ſo declines thee? if thy minde ſhuns any augurie,
Related by thy mother Queene, from heavens foreſeeing eye,
And therefore thou forſak'ſt thy friends, let me goe eaſe their mones
With thoſe brave reliques of our hoſt, thy mighty Myrmidons;
That I may bring to field more light, to conqueſt then hath beene;
To which end grace me with thine armes, ſince any ſhadow ſeene
Of thy reſemblance; all the powre of periurd Troy will flie,
And our ſo tired friends will breathe: our freſh-ſet-on ſupplie
Will eaſily drive their wearied off. Thus (fooliſh man) he ſu'd
For his ſure death; of all whoſe ſpeech, *Achilles* firſt renu'd
The laſt part, thus: O worthy friend, what have thy ſpeeches beene?
I ſhun the fight for Oracles? or what my mother Queene
Hath told from *Iove?* I take no care nor note of one ſuch thing,
But this fit anger ſtings me ſtill, that the inſulting king
Should from his equall take his right, ſince he exceeds in powre.
This, (ſtill his wrong) is ſtill my griefe; he tooke my Paramour
That all men gave: and whom I wonne by vertue of my ſpeare,
That (for her) overturn'd a Towne. This rape he made of her,
And uſde me like a fugitive, an Inmate in a towne,
That is no citie libertine, nor capable of their gowne.
But, beare we this, as out of date; tis paſt, nor muſt we ſtill
Feed anger in our nobleſt parts; yet thus, I have my will
As well as our great king of men, for I did ever vow,
Never to caſt off my diſdaine, till (as it fals out now)
Their miſſe of me, knockt at my fleet, and told me in their cries,
I was reveng'd, and had my wiſh of all my enemies.
And ſo of this repeate enough: take thou my fame-blaz'd armes;
And my fight-thirſtie Myrmidons, leade to theſe hot alarmes.
Whole clouds of Troians circle us with hatefull eminence:
The Greekes ſhut in a little ſhore, a ſort of citizens
Skipping upon them: all becauſe their proud eyes doe not ſee
The radiance of my helmet there, whoſe beames had inſtantly
Thruſt backe, and all theſe ditches fild with carrion of their fleſh,
If *Agamemnon* had beene kinde: where now they fight as freſh,
As thus farre they had put at eaſe, and at our tents contend.
And may, for the repulſive hand of *Diomed* doth not ſpend
His raging darts there, that their death could fright out of our fleet:
Nor from that head of enmitie, can my poore hearers meet
The voyce of great *Atrides* now: now *Hectors* onely voyce
Breakes all the ayre about both hoſts, and with the very noyſe
Bred by his lowd encouragements, his forces fill the field,
And fight the poore Achaians downe. But on, put thou my ſhield
Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet: ruſh bravely on, and turne

Achilles to Patroclus.

Warres tide as headlong on their throtes. No more let them aiourne
Our ſweet-home-turning: but obſerve the charge I lay on thee,
To each leaſt point, that thy rul'd hand may highly honour me,
And get ſuch glory from the Greeks, that they may ſend againe
My moſt ſweet wench, and gifts to boote; when thou haſt caſt a raine
On theſe ſo head-ſtrong citizens, and forc't them from our fleet.
Iupiter cald the god of ſounds, or the cheefe ſound his thunder.
With which grace, if the god of ſounds, thy kinde egreſſion greet;
Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride, to ſee thy hand
Raine ſlaughterd carkaſſes on earth) to runne forth thy command
As farre as Ilion; leſt the gods that favour Troy, come forth
To thy encounter; for the Sunne; much loves it; and my worth
(In what thou ſuffer'ſt) will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend
Aſſume an action of ſuch weight, without me, and tranſcend
His friends preſcription; doe not then affect a further fight,
Then I may ſtrengthen: let the reſt, (when thou haſt done this right)
Performe the reſt. * O would to *Iove*, thou *Pallas*, and thou Sunne,
That not a man houſd underneath thoſe towres of Ilion,
Nor any one of all the Greekes, (how infinite a ſumme
Soever, altogether make) might live unovercome:
But onely we two (ſcaping death) might have the thundring downe
Of every ſtone, ſtucke in the wals of this ſo ſacred towne.
Thus ſpake they onely twixt themſelves. And now the foe no more
Could *Aiax* ſtand, being ſo oppreſt with all the iron ſtore
The Troians pour'd on; with thoſe darts, and with *Ioves* will beſide,
His powres were cloyd, and his bright helme, did deafning blowes abide,
His plume, and all head * ornaments, could never hang in reſt:
His arme yet laboured up his ſhield, and having done their beſt,
They could not ſtirre him from his ſtand, although he wrought it out
With ſhort reſpirings, and with ſweate; that ceaſleſſe flow'd about
His reeking lims: no leaſt time given, to take in any breath;
Ill ſtrengthned ill; when one was up, another was beneath.
Now Muſes, you that dwell in heaven, the dreadfull meane inſpire,
That firſt enforc't the Grecian fleete, to take in Troian fire:
Firſt *Hector* with his huge broad ſword, cut off, at ſetting on,
The head of *Aiax* Aſhen lance; which *Aiax* ſeeing gone;
And that he ſhooke a headleſſe ſpeare (a little while unware)
His warie ſpirits told him ſtraight, the hand of heaven was there, *
And trembl'd under his conceit; which was, ᵇ that twas *Ioves* deed:
Who, as he puld off his darts heads; ſo, ſure he had decreed
That all the counſels of their warre, he would poll off like it,
And give the Troians victory: ſo truſted he his wit,
And left his darts. And then the ſhip was heapt with horrid brands
Of kindling fire; which inſtantly was ſeene through all the ſtrands,
In unextinguiſhible flames, that all the ſhip embrac't:
And then *Achilles* beate his thighes; cryed out, *Patroclus*, haſte,
Make way with horſe; I ſee at fleet, a fire of fearefull rage:
Arme, arme, leſt all our fleet it fire, and all our powre engage;
Arme quickly, Ile bring up the troupes. To theſe ſo dreadfull warres,

Patroclus

Patroclus, in *Achilles* armes, enlightned all with ſtarres,
And richly ameld) all haſte made: he wore his ſword, his ſhield,
His huge-plum'd helme, and two ſuch ſpeares, as he could nimbly wield.
But the moſt fam'd *Achilles* ſpeare, big, ſolid, full of weight,
He onely left, of all his armes; for that, farre paſt the might
Of any Greeke to ſhake, but his; *Achilles* onely ire
Shooke that huge weapon, that was given by *Chyron* to his Sire,
Cut from the top of Pelion, to be Heroes deaths.
His ſteeds, *Automedon* ſtraight ioyn'd; like whom no man that breaths
(Next *Peleus* ſonne) *Patroclus* lov'd; for like him, none ſo great
He found, in faith, at every fight, nor to out-looke a threat:
Automedon did therefore guide (for him) *Achilles* ſteeds,
(*Xanthius*, and *Balius* ſwift as winde) begotten by the ſeeds
Of *Zephyr*, and the *Harpie* borne, *Podarge*; in a meade
Cloſe to the wavie Ocean, where that fierce Harpye feade.
Automedon ioynd theſe before, and with the hindmoſt geres,
He faſtn'd famous *Pedaſus*, whom from the maſſacres
Made by *Achilles*, when he tooke *Eetions* wealthy towne,
He brought, and (though of mortall race) yet gave him the renowne
To follow his immortall horſe. And now, before his tents,
Himſelfe had ſeene his Myrmidons, in all habiliments
Of dreadfull warre: And when ye ſee (upon a mountaine bred)
A den of Wolfes, (about whoſe hearts unmeaſur'd ſtrength, are fed)
New come from currie of a Stagge; their iawes all bloud-beſmeard;
And when from ſome blacke water-fount, they altogether herd;
There having plentifully lapt, with thin, and thruſt out tongues,
The top and cleareſt of the ſpring, goe belching from their lungs
The clotterd gore; looke dreadfully, and entertaine no dread,
Their bellies gaunt, all taken up with being ſo rawly fed:
Then ſay, that ſuch, in ſtrength, and looke, were great *Achilles* men,
Now orderd for the dreadfull fight: and ſo with all them then
Their Princes, and their Chiefes did ſhow, about their Generals friend;
His friend, and all about himſelfe: who chiefly did intend
Th'embattelling of horſe and foot. To that ſiege, held ſo long,
Twiſe five and twenty ſaile he brought. twiſe five and twenty ſtrong
Of able men, was every ſaile: five Colonels he made
Of all thoſe forces, truſtie men, and all of powre to leade,
But he, of powre beyond them all. *Meneſthius* was one,
That ever wore diſcolour'd armes; he was a rivers ſonne
That fell from heaven, and good to drinke was his delightfull ſtreame:
His name, unwearied *Sperchius*, he lov'd the lovely dame,
Faire *Polydora*, *Peleus* ſeed; and deare in *Borus* ſight,
And ſhe, to that celeſtiall floud, gave this *Meneſthius* light:
A woman, mixing with a god. Yet *Borus* bore the name
Of father to *Meneſthius*: he marrying the dame,
And giving her a mightie dowre; he was the kinde deſcent
Of *Perieris*. The next man, renown'd with regiment,
Was ſtrong *Eudorus*, brought to life, by one ſuppoſd a maide;

Automedon, friend to Patroclus, and manager of Achilles horſes.

A ſimile moſt lively expreſſive.

The powers Achilles brought to Troy.

Bright *Polymela* (*Phylas* ſeed) but had the wanton plaid,
With *Argus*-killing *Mercurie*, who (fir'd with her faire eyes
As ſhe was ſinging in the quire, of her that makes the cries
In clamorous hunting, and doth beare the crooked bow of gold)
Stole to her bed, in thar chaſte roome, that *Phebe* chaſt did hold,
And gave her that ſwift-warlike ſonne, (*Eudorus*) brought to light,
Eudorus borne as Polymela his mother was dancing. As ſhe was dancing: but as ſhoone as ſhe that rules the plight
Of labouring women, ealde her throwes, and ſhew'd her ſonne the Sunne,
Strong *Echelcæus*, *Actors* heire; woo'd earneſtly, and wonne
Her ſecond favour, ſeeing her with gifts of infinite priſe,
And after brought her to his houſe, where, in his grandfires eyes,
(Old *Phylas*) *Polymelas* ſonne, obtaind exceeding grace,
And found as carefull bringing up, as of his naturall race
Memalides the third Colonell. He had deſcended. The third chiefe was faire *Memalides*
Pyſandrus; who in skill of darts, obtaind ſupremeſt praiſe
Of all the Myrmidons, except, their Lords companion:
Phœnix the fourth. Alcimed. in the fifth. The fourth charge aged *Phœnix* had. The fifth, *Alcimedon*,
Sonne of *Laercus*, and much fam'd. All theſe digeſted thus
In fit place, by the mightie ſonne of royall *Peleus*;
Achilles to his Myrmidons. This ſterne remembrance he gave all: You Myrmidons, (ſaid he)
Leſt any of you ſhould forget his threatnings uſde to me
In this place; and through all the time that my iuſt anger raign'd;
Attempting me with bitter words, for being ſo reſtrain'd
(For my hot humour) from the fight: remember them, as theſe:
Thou cruell ſonne of *Peleus*, whom ſhe that rules the ſeas,
Did onely nouriſh with her gall; thou doſt ungently hold
Our hands againſt our wils from fight; we will not be controld,
But take our ſhips, and ſaile for home; before we loyter here,
And feed thy furie. Theſe high words, exceeding often were
The threats, that in your mutinous troupes, ye uſde to me, for wrath
To be detaind ſo from the field: now then, your ſpleenes may bath
In ſweate of thoſe great workes ye wiſht; now he that can employ
A generous heart, goe fight, and fright theſe bragging ſonnes of Troy.
This ſet their mindes and ſtrengths on fire; the ſpeech enforcing well,
Being uſde in time, but being their kings, it much more did impell,
Simile. And cloſer ruſht in all the troupes. And, as for buildings hie,
The Maſon layes his ſtones more thicke, againſt th'extremitie
Of winde and weather; and even then, if any ſtorme ariſe,
He thickens them the more for that; the preſent act ſo plies
His honeſt minde to make ſure worke. So for the high eſtate
This worke was brought to, theſe mens minds (according to the rate)
Were raiſd, and all their bodies ioynd: but their well-ſpoken King,
With his ſo timely-thought-on ſpeech, more ſharpe made valours ſting;
And thickn'd ſo their targets boſt; ſo all their helmets then,
That ſhields propt ſhields, helmes, helmets knockt, and men encourag'd men.
Patroclus and Automedon armd together. *Patroclus*, and *Automedon*, did arme before them all
Two bodies with one minde inform'd; and then the Generall
Befooke him to his private Tent, where (from a coffer wrought

Moſt

Moſt rich and curiouſly; and given by *Thetis*, to be brought
In his owne ſhip, top-fild with veſts, warme robes to checke cold wind,
And tapiſtries, all golden fring'd, and curl'd with thrumbs behind:
He tooke a moſt unvalued bowle, in which none dranke but he,
Nor he, but to the deities, nor any deitie,
But *Iove* himſelfe was ſerv'd with that; and that he firſt did cleanſe
With ſulphure, then with fluences of ſweeteſt water renſe:
Then waſht his hands, and drew himſelfe a mighty bowle of wine,
Which (ſtanding midſt the place encloſde for ſervices divine,
And looking up to heaven and *Iove*, who ſaw him well) he pour'd
Vpon the place of ſacrifice, and humbly thus implor'd:
Great *Dodonæus*, Preſident of cold *Dodonaes* towres;
Divine *Pelaſgicus*, that dwell'ſt farre hence, about whoſe bowres
Th'auſtere prophetique *Selli* dwell, that ſtill ſleepe on the ground,
Goe bare, and never cleanſe their feet: as I before have found
Grace to my vowes, and hurt to Greece, ſo now my prayers intend,
I ſtill ſtay in the gatherd fleete, but have diſmiſt my friend,
Amongſt my many Myrmidons, to danger of the dart.
O grant his valour my renowne, arme with my minde his heart,
That *Hectors* ſelfe may know, my friend can worke in ſingle warre;
And not then onely ſhew his hands, ſo hot and ſingular,
When my kinde preſence ſeconds him: but, fight he nere ſo well,
No further let him truſt his fight: but, when he ſhall repell
Clamor and danger from our fleete, vouchſafe a ſafe retreate
To him and all his companies, with fames and armes compleate.
He prayd, and heavens great Counſellor gave ſatisfying eare,
To one part of his oriſons, but left the other there:
He let him free the fleete of foes, but ſafe retreate denide.
Achilles left that utter part, where he his zeale applide;
And turn'd into his inner tent, made faſt his cup, and then
Stood forth, and with his minde beheld the foes fight and his men,
That follow'd his great minded friend, embattail'd, till they brake
With gallant ſpirit upon the foe: and as fell waſpes, that make
Their dwellings in the broad high way, which fooliſh children uſe
(Their cottages being neare their neaſts) to anger and abuſe
With ever vexing them, and breed (to ſooth their childiſh warre)
A common ill to many men, ſince if a traveller
(That would his iourneys end apply, and paſſe them unaſſayd)
Come neare and vexe them, upon him the childrens faults are layd;
For on they flye, as he were ſuch, and ſtill defend their owne:
So far'd it with the fervent minde of every Myrmydon,
Who pour'd themſelves out of their fleete, upon their wanton foes,
That needs would ſtirre them, thruſt ſo neare, and cauſe the overthrowes
Of many others that had elſe beene never toucht by them,
Nor would have toucht. *Patroclus* then put his winde to the ſtreame,
And thus exhorted: Now my friends, remember you expreſſe
Your late urg'd vertue and renowne, our great *Æacides*;
That he being ſtrongeſt of all the Greekes, his eminence may dimme

Achilles ſacrifice for his friends ſafe returne.

Achilles invocation.

Simile.

Patroclus to the Myrmidons.

All

And others likewiſe in our ſtrengths, that farre off imitate him.
And *Agamemnon* now may ſee his fault as generall,
As his place high, diſhonouring him, that ſo much honours all.
Thus made he ſparkle their freſh fire, and on they ruſht; the fleete
Fild full her hollow ſides with ſounds, that terribly did greete
Th'amazed Troians: and their eyes did ſecond their amaze,
The terrour of Patroclus to the Troians. When great *Menætius* ſonne they ſaw, and his friends armour blaze;
All troupes ſtood troubl'd with conceit, that *Peleus* ſonne was there,
His anger caſt off at the ſhips, and each lookt every where
For ſome authoritie to leade, the then prepared flight.
Patroclus greeted with a lance, the region where the fight
Made ſtrongeſt tumult; neare the ſhip, *Proteſilaus* brought,
And ſtrooke *Pyrechmen*, who before the faire-helmd *Pæons* fought,
Led from *Amydon*, neare whoſe wals, the broad ſtream'd *Axius* flowes.
Pyrechmen ſlaine by Patroclus, and the ſhips reſcued. Through his right ſhoulder flew the dart, whoſe blow ſtrooke all the blowes
In his powre, from his powreleſſe arme, and downe he groning fell:
His men all flying (their Leader fled.) This one dart did repell
The whole guard plac't about the ſhip, whoſe fire extinct, halfe burn'd
The *Pæons* left her, and full cry to clamorous flight return'd.
Then ſpread the Greekes about their ſhips, triumphant tumult flow'd:
Simile. And as from top of ſome ſteepe hill, the lightner ſtrips a cloud,
And lets a great skie out from heaven, in whoſe delightſome light,
All prominent foreheads, forreſts, towres, and temples cleare the ſight:
So clear'd theſe Greekes, this Troian cloud, and at their ſhips and tents
Obtain'd a little time to breathe, but found no preſent vents
To their incluſions; nor did Troy (though theſe Pæonians fled)
Loſe any ground, but from this ſhip, they needfully turn'd head.
Then every man, a man ſubdude; *Patroclus* in the thigh
Strooke *Areilicus*; his dart, the bone did breake, and flye
Quite through, and ſunke him to the earth. Good *Menelaus* ſlew
Accompliſht *Thoas*, in whoſe breaſt (being nak'd) his lance he threw
Above his ſhield, and freed his ſoule. *Phylides* (taking note
That bold *Amphidus* bent at him) prevented him, and ſmote
His thighes extreme part, where (of man) his fatteſt muſcle lies,
The nerves torne with his lances pile, and darkneſſe cloſde his eyes.
Antilochus, *Atymnius* ſeizd, his ſteele lance did impreſſe
His firſt three guts, and looſd his life. At yong *Neſtorides*,
Mars, *Atymnius* brother flew, and at him, *Thraſimed*,
(The brother to *Antilochus*) his eager Iavelins head,
The muſcles of his arme cut out, and ſhiverd all the bone;
Night cloſde his eyes, his liveleſſe corſe, his brother fell upon.
And ſo by two kinde brothers hands, did two kinde brothers bleed:
Both being divine *Sarpedons* friends, and were the darting ſeed
Of *Amiſodarus*, that kept the bane of many men,
Abhord *Chimæra*, and ſuch bane, now caught his children.
Aiax Oileades did take *Cleobulus* alive,
Invading him, (ſtaid by the preaſe) and at him then let drive,
With his ſhort ſword, that cut his necke; whoſe bloud warm'd all the ſteele:

And

And cold Death, with a violent fate, his ſable eyes did ſeele.
Peneleus and *Lycon*, caſt together off their darts;
Both miſt, and both together then, went with their ſwords; in parts
The blade and hilt went, laying on upon the helmets height;
Peneleus ſword caught *Lycons* necke, and cut it thorough quite.
His head hung by the very skin. The ſwift *Meriones*
(Purſuing flying *Acamas*) iuſt as he got acceſſe
To horſe and chariot, overtooke, and tooke him ſuch a blow
On his right ſhoulder, that he left his chariot, and did ſtrow
The duſtie earth; life left his lims, and night his eyes poſſeſt.
Idomeneus his ſterne dart, at *Erymas* addreſt,
As (like to *Acamas*) he fled, he cut the ſundry bones
Beneath his braine, betwixt his necke and foreparts, and ſo runs
(Shaking his teeth out) through his mouth, his eyes all drown'd in bloud:
So through his noſtrils and his mouth (that now dart-open ſtood)
He breath'd his ſpirit. Thus had death from every Grecian Chiefe
A Chiefe of Troy. For, as to Kids or Lambs, their cruelſt thiefe *Simile.*
(The Wolfe) ſteales in, and when he ſees, that by the ſhepheards ſloth,
The dams are ſperſt about the hils; then ſerves his ravenous tooth
With eaſe, becauſe his prey is weake: So ſerv'd the Greekes their foes,
Diſcerning well how ſhrieking flight did all their ſpirits diſpoſe;
Their biding vertues quite forgot, and now the naturall ſpleene
That *Aiax* bore to *Hector*, ſtill, by all meanes would have beene
Within his boſome with a dart: but he that knew the warre,
(Well cover'd in a well-lin'd ſhield) did well perceive how farre
The arrowes and the javelins reacht, by being within their ſounds
And ominous ſingings; and obſerv'd the there-inclining bounds
Of Conqueſt, in her aide of him, and ſo obeyd her change;
Tooke ſafeſt courſe for him and his, and ſtood to her as ſtrange.
And as when *Iove* intends a ſtorme, he lets out of the ſtarres, *Simile.*
From ſteepe Olympus, a blacke cloud that all heavens ſplendor barres
From men on earth: ſo from the hearts of all the Troian hoſt,
All comfort lately found from *Iove*, in flight and cries was loſt.
Nor made they any faire retreat; *Hectors* unruly horſe
Would needs retire him; and he left engag'd his Troian force,
Forc't by the ſteepeneſſe of the dike, that in ill place they tooke,
And kept them that would faine have gone. Their horſes quite forſooke
A number of the Troian kings, and left them in the dike;
Their chariots in their foreteames broke. *Patroclus* then did ſtrike
While ſteele was hot, and chear'd his friends, nor meant his enemies good:
Who when they once began to flye, each way receiv'd a floud,
And chok't themſelves with drifts of duſt. And now were clouds begot
Beneath the clouds; with flight, and noiſe, the horſe neglected not
Their home intendments; and where rout was buſieſt, there pour'd on
Patroclus moſt exhorts and threats; and then lay overthrowne
Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who (lying in flights ſtreame)
Made th'after chariots iot and jumpe, in driving over them.
Th'immortall horſe *Patroclus* rode, did paſſe the dike with eaſe,

And

And wiſht the depth and danger more: and *Menetiades*
As great a ſpirit had to reach, retiring *Hectors* haſt;
But his fleete horſe had too much law, and fetcht him off too faſt.
Simile. And as in Autumne the blacke earth is loaden with the ſtormes,
That *Iove* in gluts of raine poures downe, being angry with the formes
Of iudgement in authoriſde men, that in their courts maintaine
(With violent office) wreſtred lawes, and (fearing gods, nor men)
Exile all iuſtice, for whoſe faults, whole fields are overflowne,
And many valleys cut away, with torrents headlong throwne,
From neighbour mountaines; till the ſea receive them, roring in;
And judg'd mens labours then are vaine, plagu'd for their Iudges ſin:
So now the foule defaults of ſome, all Troy were laid upon:
So like thoſe torrents roard they backe to windie Ilion;
And lo like tempeſts blew the horſe, with raviſhing backe againe
Thoſe hot aſſailants, all their workes at fleete now rendred vaine.
Patroclus (when he had diſperſt the formoſt Phalanxes)
Cald backe his forces to the fleet, and would not let them preaſe
(As they deſir'd too neare the towne, but twixt the ſhips and floud,
And their ſteepe rampire, his hand ſteept, Revenge in ſeas of bloud.
Then *Pronous* was firſt that fell beneath his fierie lance,
Which ſtrooke his bare breaſt, neare his ſhield. The ſecond, *Theſtors* chance,
(Old *Enops* ſonne) did make himſelfe, who ſhrinking, and ſet cloſe
In his faire ſeate (even with th'approch, *Patroclus* made) did loſe
All manly courage; inſomuch, that from his hands, his raines
Fell flowing downe, and his right jaw, *Patroclus* lance attaines;
Strooke through his teeth, and there it ſtucke, and by it, to him drew
Dead *Theſtor* to his chariot; it ſhewd, as when you view
Simile. An Angler from ſome prominent rocke, draw with his line and hooke,
A mightie fiſh out of the ſea: for ſo the Greeke did plucke
The Troian gaping from his ſeate; his jawes op't with the dart,
Which when *Patroclus* drew, he fell; his life and breaſt did part.
Then ruſht he on *Eryalus*, at whom he hurl'd a ſtone,
Which ſtrake his head ſo in the midſt, that two was made of one;
Two wayes it fell, cleft through his caske: and then *Tlepolemus*,
Epaltes, *Damaſtorides*, *Evippus*, *Echius*,
Ipheus, bold *Amphoterus*, and valiant *Erymas*,
And *Polymelus* (by his Sire, ſirnam'd *Argeadas*)
He heapt upon the much-fed earth. When *Ioves* moſt worthy ſonne
(Divine *Sarpedon*) ſaw theſe friends thus ſtayd, and others runne;
Sarpedon to the Lycians. O ſhame! why flye ye then he cride? now ſhew ye feete enow:
On, keepe your way, my ſelfe will meete the man that ſtartles you:
To make me underſtand his name, that plants in conqueſt thus,
And hath ſo many able knees, ſo ſoone diſſolv'd to us.
Downe iumpt he from his chariot, downe leapt his foe as light:
Simile. And as on ſome farre-looking rocke, a caſt of Vultures fight,
Flye on each other, ſtrike, and truſſe, part, meete, and then ſticke by,
Tug, both with crooked beakes, and ſeres; cry, fight; and fight and cry:
So fiercely fought theſe angry Kings, and ſhew'd as bitter gals.

Iove (turning eyes to this ſterne fight) his wife and ſiſter cals,
And much mov'd for the Lycian Prince) ſaid: O that to my ſonne,
Fate, by this day, and man ſhould cut a thread ſo nobly ſpunne.
Two mindes diſtract me; if I ſhould now raviſh him from fight,
And ſet him ſafe in Lycia, or give the Fates their right.
Auſtere *Saturnius*, (ſhe replide) what uniuſt words are theſe?
A mortall long ſince markt by Fate, wouldſt thou immortalize?
Doe, but by no god be approv'd, free him, and numbers more
(Sonnes of immortals) will live free, that death muſt taſte before
Theſe gates of Ilion, every god will have his ſonne a god,
Or ſtorme extremely. Give him then an honeſt period,
In brave fight, by *Patroclus* ſword, if he be deare to thee,
And grieves thee, for his danger'd life: of which, when he is free,
Let *Death* and *Somnus* beare him hence, till *Lycias* naturall wombe
Receive him from his brothers hands, and citizens; a Tombe
And columne raiſd to him; this is the honour of the dead.
She ſaid, and her ſpeech rul'd his powre: but in his ſafeties ſtead,
For ſad oſtent of his neare death, he ſteept his living name
In drops of bloud, heaven ſwet for him, which earth drunke to his fame.
And now, as this high combat grew, to this too humble end;
Sarpedons death had this ſtate more, twas uſherd by his friend,
And charioteere, brave *Thraſimed*, whom in his bellies rim,
Patroclus wounded with his lance, and endleſſe ended him.
And then another act of name, foreranne his princely fate;
His firſt lance miſſing, he let flie a ſecond that gave date
Of violent death to *Pedaſus*; who (as he joy'd to die
By his ſo honourable hand) did (even in dying) ney.
His ruine ſtartl'd th'other ſteeds, the geres crackt, and the raines
Strappl'd his fellowes; whoſe miſ-rule, *Automedon* reſtraines,
By cutting the intangling geres, and ſo diſſundering quite,
The brave-ſlaine Beaſt; when both the reſt obeyd, and went foreright:
And then the royall combatants fought for the finall ſtroke,
When *Lycias* Generall miſt againe, his high-raiſde iaveline tooke
Above his ſhoulder, emptie way. But no ſuch ſpeedleſſe flight
Patroclus let his ſpeare performe, that on the breaſt did light,
Of his brave foe, where lifes ſtrings cloſe about the ſolid heart,
Impreſſing a recureleſſe wound, his knees then left their part,
And let him fall; when like an Oke, a Poplar, or a Pine,
New feld by arts-men on the hils, he ſtretcht his forme divine
Before his horſe and chariot. And as a Lyon leapes
Vpon a goodly yellow Bull, drives all the herd in heapes,
And under his unconquerd jawes, the brave beaſt ſighing dies:
So ſigh'd *Sarpedon* underneath, this prince of enemies,
Cald *Glaucus* to him (his deare friend, and ſaid: Now friend, thy hands
Much dutie owe to fight, and armes; now for my love, it ſtands
Thy heart in much hand to approve, that warre is harmefull, now
How active all thy forces are, this one houres act muſt ſhow.
Firſt call our *Lycian* Captaines up, looke round, and bring up all,

Iove to Juno about the fate of Sarpedon.

Iuno to Iove.

Sarpedon kils Pedaſus, one of Achilles horſe.

The laſt encounter of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

Simile.

Sarpedon dying, to Glaucus his friend.

And

And all exhort, to ſtand like friends about *Sarpedons* fall;
And ſpend thy ſelfe thy ſteele for me: for be aſſur'd, no day
Of all thy life, to thy laſt houre, can cleare thy blacke diſmay
In woe and infamie for me; if I be taken hence,
Spoil'd of mine armes; and thy renowne deſpoild of my defence.
Stand firme then, and confirme thy men. This ſaid, the bonnds of death
Concluded all ſight to his eyes, and to his noſthrils breath.
Patroclus (though his guard was ſtrong) forc't way through every doubt:
Climb'd his high boſome with his foot, and pluckt his javelin out,
And with it drew the filme and ſtrings of his yet-panting heart;
And laſt, together with the pile, his princely ſoule did part.
His horſe (ſpoyld both of guide and King, thicke ſnoring, and amaz'd,
And apt to flight) the Myrmidons made nimbly to, and ſeaz'd.
Glaucus, to heare his friend aske aide, of him paſt all the reſt,
The ſorrow of Glaucus for Sarpedon, & prayer to Phœbus. (Though well he knew his wound uncur'd) confuſion fild his breſt,
Not to have good in any power; and yet ſo much good will.
And (laying his hand upon his wound, that pain'd him ſharpely ſtill;
And was by *Teucers* hand ſet on, from their aſſail'd ſteepe wall,
In keeping hurt from other men) he did on *Phœbus* call
(The god of Med'cines) for his cure: thou king of cures (ſaid he)
That art perhaps in Lycia, with her rich progenie,
Or here in Troy, but any where, ſince thou haſt powre to heare,
O give a hurt, and wofull man (as I am now) thine eare.
This arme ſuſtaines a cruell wound, whoſe paines ſhoot every way,
Afflict this ſhoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can ſtay,
A fluxe of bloud ſtill iſſuing; nor therefore can I ſtand
With any enemy in fight, nor hardly make my hand
Support my lance; and here lyes dead the worthieſt of men;
Sarpedon, worthy ſonne to *Iove*, (whoſe power could yet abſtaine
From all aid in this deadly need) give thou then aide to me,
(O King of all aide to men hurt) aſſwage th'extremitie
Of this armes anguiſh; give it ſtrength, that by my preſident,
I may excite my men to blowes; and this dead corſe prevent
Of further violence. He praid, and kinde *Apollo* heard,
Allayd his anguiſh, and his wound of all the blacke bloud cleard,
That vext it ſo, infuſde freſh powres into his weakened minde,
And all his ſpirits flow'd with joy, that *Phœbus* ſtood inclind
(In ſuch quicke bountie) to his prayers. Then, as *Sarpedon* wild,
He caſt about his greedy eye, and firſt of all inſtild
To all his Captaines, all the ſtings that could inflame their fight,
For good *Sarpedon*. And from them, he ſtretcht his ſpeedy pace,
T'*Agenor*, *Hector*, *Venus* ſonne, and wiſe *Polydamas*;
Glaucus being cured, to Hector. And (onely naming *Hector*) ſaid: *Hector*, you now forget
Your poore auxiliarie friends, that in your toyles have ſwet
Their friendleſſe ſoules out farre from home; *Sarpedon* that ſuſtain'd
With iuſtice, and his vertues all, broad Lycia hath not gain'd
The like guard for his perſon here, for yonder dead he lies
Beneath the great *Patroclus* lance: but come, let your ſupplies

(Good

(Good friends) ſtand neare him: O diſdaine to ſee his corſe defil'd
With Grecian furie; and his armes, by their oppreſſions ſpoild,
The Myrmidons are come enrag'd, that ſuch a mighty boote
Of Greekes, Troyes darts have made at fleete. This ſaid, from head to foot
Grieſe ſtrooke their powres, paſt patience, and not to be reſtrain'd,
To heare newes of *Sarpedons* death, who, though he appertain'd
To other cities; yet to theirs, he was the very Fort,
And led a mighty people there; of all whoſe better ſort,
Himſelfe was beſt. This made them runne in flames upon the foe,
The firſt man, *Hector* to whoſe heart, *Sarpedons* death did goe:
Patroclus ſtird the Grecian ſpirits; and firſt, th' *Aiaces* thus:
Now brothers, be it deare to you to fight and ſuccour us,
As ever heretofore ye did, with men firſt excellent.
The man lyes ſlaine, that firſt did ſcale and raze the battlement,
That crownd our wall, the Lycian Prince. But if we now ſhall adde
Force to his corſe, and ſpoyle his armes, a priſe may more be had
Of many great ones, that for him, will put on to the death.
To this worke, theſe were prompt enough, and each ſide ordereth
Thoſe Phalanxes that moſt had rate of reſolutions,
The Troians and the Lycian powres; the Greekes and Myrmidons.
Theſe ranne together for the corſe, and cloſde with horrid cryes,
Their armours thundring with the claps, laid on about the prize.
And *Iove* about th'impetuous broyle, pernicious night pour'd out,
As long as for his loved ſonne, pernicious Labour fought.
The firſt of Troy, the firſt Greekes foil'd, when not the laſt indeed,
Amongſt the Myrmidons was ſlaine: the great *Aiaclus* ſeed;
Divine *Epigeus*, that before had exerciſde command
In faire Budæus; but becauſe he laid a bloudy hand
On his owne ſiſters valiant ſonne; to *Peleus* and his Queene,
He came for pardon, and obtain'd; His ſlaughter being the meane
He came to Troy, and ſo to this. He ventur'd even to touch
The princely carkaſſe, when a ſtone did more to him, by much;
(Sent out of able *Hectors* hand) it cut his skull in twaine,
And ſtrooke him dead. *Patroclus* (griev'd to ſee his friend ſo ſlaine)
Before the foremoſt thruſt himſelfe: and as a Faulcon frayes
A flocke of Stares or Caddaſſes; ſuch feare brought his aſſayes
Amongſt the Troians and their friends; and (angry at the heart,
As well as griev'd) for him ſo ſlaine: another ſtony dart,
As good as *Hectors*, he let flie, that duſted in the necke
Of *Sthenelaus*, thruſt his head to earth firſt, and did breake
The nerves in ſunder, with his fall; off fell the Troians too,
Even *Hectors* ſelfe, and all as farre as any man can throw,
(Provokt for games, or in the warres, to ſhed an enemies ſoule)
A light, long dart. The firſt that turn'd, was he that did controule
The Targatiers of Lycia; Prince *Glaucus*, who to hell
Sent *Bathyclæus*, *Chalcons* ſonne; he did in *Hellas* dwell,
And ſhin'd for wealth and happineſſe, amongſt the Myrmidons;
His boſomes midſt the Iaveline ſtrooke, his fall gat earth with grones.

Patroclus to the Grecians, and particularly to both the Aiaces.

Simile.

The Greekes griev'd, and the Troians joy'd, for ſo renownd a man,
About whom ſtood the Grecians firme: and then the death began
On Troyes ſide by *Meriones*; he ſlue one great in warre,
Laogonus, *Onetors* ſonne, the Prieſt of *Iupiter*,
Created in th' Idean hill. Betwixt his jaw and eare
The dart ſtucke faſt, and looſde his ſoule, ſad miſts of Hate and Feare
Invading him. *Anchiſes* ſonne, diſpatcht a brazen lance
At bold *Meriones*; and hop't to make an equall chance
On him, with bold *Laogonus*; though under his broad ſhield
He lay ſo cloſe. But he diſcern'd, and made his body yeeld
So low, that over him it flew, and trembling tooke the ground;
With which, *Mars* made it quench his thirſt; and ſince the head could wound
No better body, and yet throwne from nere the worſe a hand,
It turnd from earth, and lookt awry. *Æneas* let it ſtand,
Much angry at the vaine event; and told *Meriones*,
Æneas ieſts at Meriones. He ſcap't but hardly, nor had cauſe to hope for ſuch ſucceſſe
Another time, though well he knew his dancing facultie,
By whoſe agilitie he ſcap't; for had his dart gone by
With any leaſt touch, inſtantly, he had beene ever ſlaine.
Meriones to Æneas. He anſwerd: though thy ſtrength be good, it cannot render vaine
The ſtrength of others with thy ieſts; nor art thou ſo divine,
But when my lance ſhall touch at thee, with equall ſpeed to thine,
Death will ſhare with it, thy lifes powres, thy confidence can ſhun
No more then mine, what his right claimes. *Menetius* noble ſonne
Rebuk't *Meriones*, and ſaid: What needſt thou uſe this ſpeech?
Not thy ſtrength is approv'd with words, (good friend) nor can we reach
The body, nor make th' enemy yeeld, with theſe our counterbraves;
We muſt enforce the binding earth, to hold them in her graves.
If you will warre, Fight, will you ſpeake? give counſell, counſell, blowes
Are th'ends of warres, and words; talke here, the time in vaine beſtowes.
He ſaid, and led, and nothing leſſe, for any thing he ſaid.
(His ſpeech being ſeaſon'd with ſuch right) the Worthy ſeconded.
Similes And then, as in a ſounding vale, (neare neighbour to a hill)
Wood-fellers make a farre-heard noiſe with chopping, chopping ſtill,
And laying on, on blockes and trees: ſo they, on men laid lode,
And beate like noyſes into ayre, both as they ſtrooke and trod.
But (paſt their noiſe) ſo full of bloud, of duſt, of darts, lay ſmit
Divine *Sarpedon*, that a man muſt have an excellent wit,
That could but know him, and might faile: ſo from his utmoſt head,
Even to the low plants of his feete, his forme was altered.
All thruſting neare it every way, as thicke as flyes in ſpring,
That in a ſheepe-cote (when new milke aſſembles them) make wing,
And buzze about the top-full pailes: nor ever was the eye
Of *Ioue* averted from the fight; he view'd, thought ceaſleſly,
And diverſly upon the death, of great *Achilles* friend:
If *Hector* there (to wreake his ſonne) ſhould with his javeline end
His life, and force away his armes, or ſtill augment the field;
He then concluded that the flight of much more ſoule, ſhould yeeld

Achilles good friend more renowne; and that, even to their gates
He ſhould drive *Hector* and his hoſt: and ſo diſanimates
The minde of *Hector*, that he mounts his chariot, and takes flight
Vp with him, tempting all to her; affirming his inſight
Knew evidently, that the beame of *Ioves* all-ordering ſcoles,
Was then in ſinking on their ſide, ſurcharg'd with flockes of ſoules.
Then, not the noble Lycian ſtaid, but left their ſlaughterd Lord
Amongſt the corſes common heape; for many more were pour'd
About, and on him; while *Ioves* hand held out the bitter broyle.
And now they ſpoyld *Sarpedons* armes, and to the ſhips the ſpoyle
Was ſent by *Menætiades*. Then *Iove*, thus charg'd the Sunne:
Haſte, honour'd *Phœbus*, let no more Greeke violence be done — *Ioue to Phœbus*
To my *Sarpedon*, but his corſe, of all the fable bloud
And javelins purg'd, then carry him farre hence to ſome cleare floud,
With whoſe waves waſh, and then embalme each thorough-cleanſed lim,
With our *Ambroſia*, which perform'd, divine weeds put on him:
And then to thoſe ſwift mates and twins, ſweet Sleepe and Death commit
His princely perſon, and with ſpeed, they both may carry it
To wealthy Lycia; where his friends and brothers will embrace,
And tombe it in ſome monument, as fits a Princes place.
Then flew *Apollo* to the fight, from the Idalian hill, — *Apollo ſends Sarpedons body by Sleep and Death to Lycia.*
At all parts putting into act, his great Commanders will:
Drew all the darts, waſht, balm'd the corſe; which (deckt with ornament,
By Sleepe and Death, thoſe featherd twins) he into Lycia ſent
Patroclus then, *Automedon* commands to give his ſteeds
Large raines, and all way to the chace: ſo madly he exceeds
The ſtrict commiſſion of his friend; which had he kept, had kept
A blacke death from him. But *Ioves* minde hath evermore outſtept
The minde of man; who both affrights and takes the victory
From any hardieſt hand with eaſe; which he can iuſtifie,
Though he himſelfe commands him fight: as now he put this chace
In *Menætiades* his minde. How much then weighs the grace
(*Patroclus*?) that *Iove* gives thee now, in ſcoles put with thy death?
Of all theſe great and famous men, the honourable breath.
Of which, *Adreſtus* firſt he ſlue, and next *Autonous*;
Epiſtora, and *Perimus*; *Pylartes*, *Elaſus*,
Swift *Menalippus*, *Molius*; all theſe were overthrowne
By him, and all elſe, put in rout, and then proud *Ilion* — *Patroclus ſcaling the wals of Troy, reſiſted by Phœbus.*
Had ſtoopt beneath his glorious hand. he rag'd ſo with his lance,
If *Phœbus* had not kept the towre, and helpt the Ilians,
Suſtaining ill thoughts gainſt the Prince. Thrice to the prominence
Of Troyes ſteepe wall he bravely leapt: thrice *Phœbus* thruſt him thence:
Obiecting all his dazling ſhield with his reſiſtleſſe hand.
But fourthly, when (like one of heaven) he would have ſtird his ſtand,
Apollo threatned him, and ſaid; Ceaſe, it exceeds thy fate — *Apollo threatens Patrocles.*
(Forward *Patroclus*) to expugne, with thy bold lance, this ſtate,
Nor under great *Achilles* powres, (to thine ſuperiour farre)
Lies Troyes grave ruine. When he ſpake, *Patroclus* left that warre:

Leapt farre backe; and his anger ſhund. *Hector* detaind his horſe
Within the Scæan ports, in doubt to put his perſonall force
Amongſt the rout, and turne their heads, or ſhun in Troy the ſtorme.
Apollo ſeeing his ſuſpence, aſſum'd the goodly forme
Apollo in ſhape of Aſius to Hector. Of *Hectors* uncle, *Aſius*, the Phrygian *Dymas* ſonne,
Who neere the deepe Sangarius, had habitation;
Being brother to the Troian Queene. His ſhape *Apollo* tooke;
And askt of *Hector*, why his ſpirit, ſo cleare the fight forſooke;
Affirming twas unfit for him: and wiſht his forces were
As much above his, as they mov'd in an inferiour ſphere:
He ſhould (with ſhame to him) be gone; and ſo bad, drive away
Againſt *Patroclus*, to approve, if he that gave them day,
Would give the glory of his death, to his preferred lance.
So left he him; and to the fight did his bright head advance,
Mixt with the multitude, and ſtird foule tumult for the foe.
Then *Hector* bad *Cebriones* put on; himſelfe let goe
All other Greekes within his reach, and onely gave command
To front *Patroclus*. He at him; jumpt downe, his ſtrong left hand
A lavelin held; his right, a ſtone, a marble ſharpe; and ſuch
As his large hand had powre to gripe, and gave it ſtrength ſo much
As he could lye to: nor ſtood long in feare of that huge man
That made againſt him; but full on, with his huge ſtone he ran
Diſcharg'd, and drave it twixt the browes of bold *Cebriones*:
Nor could the thicke bone there prepar'd, extenuate ſo th'acceſſe,
But out it drave his broken eyes, which in the duſt fell downe,
And he div'd after,; which conceit of diving, tooke the ſonne
Of old *Menetius*, who thus plaid upon the others bane.
Patroclus ieſts at the fall of Cebriones. O heavens! for truth, this Troian was a paſſing active man;
With what exceeding eaſe he dives? as if at worke he were
Within the fiſhie ſeas. This man, alone would furniſh cheare
For twenty men, though twere a ſtorme; to leape out of a ſaile,
And gather Oyſters for them all; he does it here all well,
And there are many ſuch in Troy. Thus jeſted he ſo neare
His owne grave death; and then made in to ſpoyle the Charioteere,
With ſuch a Lyons force, and fate, as (often ruining,
Stals of fat Oxen) gets at length, a mortall wound to ſting
His ſoule, out of that ravenous breaſt that was ſo inſolent;
And ſo his lifes bliſſe proves his bane: ſo deadly confident
Wert thou *Patroclus* in purſuit of good *Cebriones*,
A ſimilie expreſſing Patroclus encounter and Hectors To whoſe defence now *Hector* leapt. The oppoſite addreſſe,
Theſe maſters of the cry in warre, now made, was of the kinde
Of two fierce kings of beaſts, oppoſd, in ſtrife about a Hinde
Slaine on the forehead of a hill, both ſharpe and hungry ſet,
And to the Currie never came, but like two Deaths they met:
Nor theſe two entertain'd leſſe minde of mutuall preiudice,
About the body, cloſe to which, when each had preſt for prize,
Hector the head laid hand upon, which once gript, never could
Be forc't from him; *Patroclus* then, upon the feet got hold,

And

And he pincht with as ſure a naile: ſo both ſtood tugging there,
While all the reſt made eager fight, and grappl'd every where: *Simile.*
And as the Eaſt and South winde ſtrive to make a lofty wood
Bow to their greatneſſe; barkie Elmes, wilde Aſhes, Beeches bowd
Even with the earth; in whoſe thicke armes the mightie vapours lie,
And toſſe by turnes, all, either way; their leaves at randon flie,
Boughs murmure, and their bodies cracke, and with perpetuall din,
The Sylvans falter, and the ſtormes are never to begin:
So rag'd the fight, and all from flight, pluckt her forgotten wings;
While ſome ſtill ſtucke, ſtill new wingd ſhafts flew dancing from their ſtrings,
Huge ſtones ſent after, that did ſhake the ſhields about the corſe,
Who now (in duſts ſoft forehead ſtretcht) forgat his guiding horſe.
As long as *Phœbus* turn'd his wheeles about the midſt of heaven,
So long the touch of eithers darts, the fals of both made even:
But when his waine drew neere the Weſt, the Greekes paſt meaſure were
The abler ſouldiers, and ſo ſwept the Troian tumult cleare
From off the body; out of which, they drew the hurl'd-in darts,
And from his ſhoulders ſtript his armes, and then to more ſuch parts
Patroclus turn'd his ſtriving thoughts, to doe the Troians ill:
Thrice, like the god of warre, he charg'd; his voyce as horrible:
And thrice nine thoſe three charges ſlue, but in the fourth aſſay,
O then *Patroclus*, ſhew'd thy laſt, the dreadfull Sunne made way
Againſt that on-ſet, yet the Prince diſcer'nd no deitie,
He kept the preaſe ſo, and beſides, obſcur'd his glorious eye
With ſuch felt darkneſſe. At his backe, he made a ſodaine ſtand,
And twixt his necke and ſhoulders laid downe-right with either hand,
A blow ſo weightie, that his eyes a giddy darkeneſſe tooke,
And from his head, his three-plum'd helme, the bounding violence ſhooke,
That rung beneath his horſes hooſes, and like a water-ſpout,
Was cruſht together with the fall. The plumes that ſet it out,
All ſpatterd with blacke bloud and duſt, when ever heretofore
It was a capitall offence; to have, or duſt, or gore
Defile a triple-feather'd helme, but on the head divine,
And youthfull temples of their Prince, it uſde, untoucht, to ſhine.
Yet now *Iove* gave it *Hectors* hands, the others death was neare.
Beſides whoſe loſt and filed helme, his huge long weightie ſpeare,
Well bound with iron in his hand, was ſhiverd, and his ſhield
Fell from his ſhoulders to his feet; the bawdricke ſtrewing the field:
His Curets left him, like the reſt, and all this onely done
By great *Apollo*. Then his minde, tooke in confuſion,
The vigorous knittings of his joynts, diſſolv'd, and (thus diſmaid)
A Dardan (one of *Panthus* ſons) and one that overlaid
All Troians of his place, with darts, ſwift footing, skill, and force,
In noble horſemanſhip, and one that tumbl'd from their horſe,
One after other, twenty men: and when he did but learne
The art of warre; nay when he firſt did in the fild diſcerne
A horſe and chariot of his guide: this man, with all theſe parts
(His name *Euphorbus*) comes behind, and twixt the ſhoulders darts

Forlorne *Patroclus*, who yet liv'd, and th'other (getting forth
His javelin) tooke him to his ſtrength, nor durſt he ſtand the worth
Of thee *Patroclus*, though diſarmd; who yet (diſcomfited
By *Phœbus* and *Euphorbus* wound) the red heape of the dead
He now too late ſhund, and retir'd. When *Hector* ſaw him yeeld,
And knew he yeelded with a wound, he ſcour'd the armed field;
Came cloſe up to him, and both ſides ſtrooke quite through with his lance,
He fell, and his moſt weightie fall, gave fit tune to his chance.
Simile. For which, all Greece extremely mourn'd. And as a mightie ſtriſe
About a little fount, begins and riſeth to the life
Of ſome fell Bore, reſolv'd to drinke; when likewiſe to the ſpring
A Lyon comes, alike diſpoſde; the Bore thirſts, and his King,
Both proud, and both will firſt be ſerv'd; and then the Lyon takes
Advantage of his ſoveraigne ſtrength, and th'other (fainting) makes
Reſigne his thirſt up with his bloud: *Patroclus* (ſo enforc't
When he had forc't ſo much brave life) was, from his owne divorc't.
Hector's inſultation over Patroclus being wounded under him. And thus his great divorcer brav'd; *Patroclus*, thy conceit,
Gave thee th'everſion of our Troy; and to thy fleete a freight
Of Troian Ladies, their free lives, put all in bands by thee:
But (too much prizer of thy ſelfe) all theſe are propt by me.
For theſe, have my horſe ſtretcht their hooſes, to this ſo long a warre,
And I (farre beſt of Troy in armes) keepe off from Troy as farre;
Even to the laſt beame of my life, their neceſſary day.
And here (in place of us and ours) on thee ſhall Vultures prey,
Poore wretch; nor ſhall thy mighty friend affoord thee any aid,
That gave thy parting much deepe charge; and this perhaps he ſaid;
Martiall *Patroclus*, turne not face, nor ſee my fleete before
The cures from great *Hectors* breaſt, all guilded with his gore,
Thou hew'ſt in pieces: if thus vaine were his far-ſtretcht commands;
As vaine was thy heart to beleeve, his words lay in thy hands.
Patroclus languiſhing, to Hector. He languiſhing, replide: this proves thy glory worſe then vaine,
That when two gods have given thy hands, what their powres did obtaine,
(They conquering, and they ſpoyling me, both of my armes and minde,
It being a worke of eaſe for them) thy ſoule ſhould be ſo blinde,
To overſee their evident deeds, and take their powres to thee;
When, if the powres of twenty ſuch, had dar'd t'encounter me,
My lance had ſtrew'd earth with them all, Thou onely doſt obtaine
A third place in my death; whom firſt a harmefull fate hath ſlaine
Effected by *Latonas* ſonne; ſecond and firſt of men,
Euphorbus. And this one thing more, concernes thee; note it then:
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive thy ſelfe; nay, now Death cals for thee,
And violent fate; *Achilles* lance ſhall make this good for me.
Thus death joyn'd to his words, his end; his ſoule tooke inſtant wing,
And to the houſe that hath no lights, deſcended ſorrowing
For his ſad fate, to leave him young, and in his ableſt age.
He dead; yet *Hector* askt him why, in that prophetique rage,
He ſo forſpake him? when none knew, but great *Achilles* might
Prevent his death; and on his lance, receive his lateſt light.

Thus

Thus ſetting on his ſide his foote he drew out of his wound,
His brazen lance, and upwards caſt the body on the ground;
When quickly, while the dart was hot, he charg'd *Automedon*,
(Divine guide of *Achilles* ſteeds) in great contention,
To ſeize him to: but his ſo ſwift and deathleſſe horſe, that fetcht
Their gift to *Peleus* from the gods, ſoone rap't him from his reach.

Hector charges on Automedon for Achilles horſes.

COMMENTARIVS.

a Αἱ γὰρ Ζεύ τε πάτερ, &c. *Theſe laſt verſes in the originall, by many auſtere ancients have ſuffered expunction; as being unworthy the mouth of an Heroe, becauſe he ſeemes to make ſuch a wiſh in them: which is as poorely conceited of the expugners, as the reſt of the places in* Homer, *that have groned or laughed under their caſtigations*, Achilles *not out of his heart (which any true eye may ſee) wiſhing it; but out of a frolicke and delightſome humour, being merry with his friend, which the verſe following in part expreſſeth:*

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.

Sic hi quidem talia inter ſe loquebantur. Inter ſe, *intimating the meaning aforeſaid. But our divine maſters moſt ingenious imitating the life of things, (which is the ſoule of a Poeme) is never reſpected nor perceived by his Interpreters onely ſtanding pedantically on the Grammer and words, utterly ignorant of the ſence and grace of him.*

b Γνῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν, &c. Ἔργα θεῶν, *&c.* Agnovit autem *Aiax* in animo inculpato, opera deorum; ἔδεισέν τε· exhorruitque. *Another moſt ingenious and ſpritefull imitation of the life, and ridiculous humour of* Aiax, *I muſt needs note here, becauſe it flies all his Tranſlators and Interpreters; who take it meerely for ſerious, when it is apparantly ſcopticall and ridiculous, with which our author would delight his underſtanding Reader; and mixe mirth with matter. He ſaith, that* Hector *cut off the head of* Aiax *lance, which he ſeeing, would needs affect a kinde of prophetique wiſedome (with which he is never charged in* Homer) *and imagined ſtrongly, the cutting off his lances head, caſt a figure thus deepe; that as* Hector *cut off that,* Iove *would utterly cut off the heads of their counſels to that fight, and give the Troians victory: which to take ſeriouſly and gravely, is moſt dull (and as I may ſay) Aianticall: the voyce* κείρω *(which they expound* præcidebat, *and indeed is* tondebat; κείρει *ſignifying moſt properly* tondeo) *helping well to decipher the Ironie. But to underſtand gravely that the cutting off his lances head, argued* Ioves *intent to cut off their counſels, and to allow the wit of* Aiax *for his ſo farre-fetcht apprehenſion: I ſuppoſe no man can make leſſe then idle, and witleſſe. A plaine continuance therefore it is of* Aiax *humour, whom in divers other places he playes upon. as in likening him in the eleventh booke to a mille Aſſe, and elſewhere to be noted hereafter.*

c Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ δίδυμοισιν] *by Sleepe and Death (which he ingeniouſly calleth Twins) was the body of* Ioves *ſonne* Sarpedon, *taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place,* Euſtathius *doubts, whether truely and indeed it was traeſerd to Lycia: and he makes the cauſe of his doubt, this: that Death & Sleepe are* inania quædam, *things emptie and voide;* οὐ στερεμνία πρὸς σῶμα, *not ſolid or firme perſons,* ἀλλ' ἀνυπόστατα πάθη, *but* quæ nihil ferre poſſunt. *And therefore hee thought there was* κένωμά τι quoddam; *that is, ſome voyd or empty ſepulcher or monument prepared for that Heroe in Lycia, &c. or elſe makes another ſtrange*

tranſlation

tranſlation of it by wonder; which Spondanus *thinkes to have happened truely, But rather would interpret it meerely and nakedly a poeticall fiction. his reaſon I will forbeare to utter, becauſe it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and grave* Euſtathius, *would doubt whether Sleepe and Death carried* Sarpedons *perſon, perſonally to Lycia: or not rather make no queſtion of the contrary?* Homer *nor any Poets end in ſuch poeticall relations, being to affirme the truth of things perſonally done; but to pleaſe with the truth of their matchleſſe wits, and ſome worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would* Homer *have any one beleeve the perſonall tranſportance of* Sarpedon *by Sleepe & Death, but onely varieth and graceth his Poeme with theſe* Proſopopeiaes, *and delivers us this moſt ingenious and grave doctrine in it: that the Heroes body, for which both thoſe mightie Hoſts ſo mightily contended, Sleepe and Death (thoſe ſame* quædam inania*) tooke from all their perſonall and ſolid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that from all the bittereſt and deadlieſt conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleepe and Death, when their worſt is done, delivers and tranſfers men: a little mocking withall, the vehement and greedy proſecutions of tyrants and ſouldiers againſt, or for that, which two ſuch deedleſſe poore things takes from all their Emperie. And yet, againſt* Euſtathius *manner of ſleighting their powers, what is there of all things belonging to man, ſo powerfull over him as Death and Sleep? And why may not our* Homer (*whoſe words I hold with* Spondanus *ought to be an undiſputable deed and authority with us*) *as well perſonate Sleepe and Death, as all men beſides perſonate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c. Thus onely where the ſence and ſoule of my moſt worthily reverenced Author is abuſed, or not ſeene, I ſtill inſiſt; and gleane theſe few poore corne eares after all other mens haruеſts.*

The end of the ſixteenth Booke.

THE

THE XVII. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Dreadfull fight about Patroclus *corſe.*
Euphorbus *ſlaine by* Menelaus *force.*
Hector; *in th' armour of Æacides.*
Antilochus, *relating the deceaſe*
Of ſlaine Patroclus, *to faire* Thetis *ſonne.*
The body from the ſtriving Troians wonne.
Th' Aiaces, *making good the after field,*
Make all the ſubiect that this booke doth yeeld.

Another Argument.

In Rho, *the vertuous hoſts maintaine*
A ſlauterous conflict for the ſame.

NOr could his ſlaughter reſt conceald from *Menelaus* eare,
Who flew amongſt the formoſt fights, & with his targe & ſpeare
Circled the body: as much griev'd, and with as tender heed
To keepe it theirs, as any damme about her firſt borne feed;
Not proving what the paine of birth, would make the love before;
Nor to purſue his firſt attaint, *Euphorbus* ſpirit forbore,
But ſeeing *Menelaus* chiefe, in reſcue of the dead,
Aſſaid him thus: *Atrides*, ceaſe, and leave the ſlaughtered
With his embrew'd ſpoyle, to the man that firſt of all our ſtate
And famous ſuccours, in faire fight, made paſſage to his fate;
And therefore ſuffer me to weare the good name I have wonne
Amongſt the Troians, leſt thy life repay what his hath done.

Euphorbus to Menelaus. This Euphorbus was he, that in Ovid, Pythagoras ſaith he was in the warr of Troy

O *Iupiter* (ſaid he, incenſt) thou art no honeſt man
To boaſt, ſo paſt thy powre to doe. Not any Lyon can,
Nor ſpotted Leopard, nor Bore, (whoſe minde is mightieſt
In pouring furie from his ſtrength) aduance ſo proud a creſt
As *Panthus* fighting progenie. But *Hyperenors* pride,
That ioyd ſo little time his youth, when he ſo vilifide
My force in armes, and cald me worſt of all our chevalrie,
And ſtood my worſt; might teach ye all, to ſhun this ſurcuidrie:
I thinke he came not ſafely home, to tell his wife his acts:
Nor leſſe right of thy inſolence, my equall fate exacts,
And will obtaine me, if thou ſtay'ſt, retire then, take adviſe:
A foole ſees nought before tis done, and ſtill too late is wiſe.

Menelaus to Euphorbus.

This mov'd not him, but to the worſe; ſince it renew'd the ſting,

That

That his ſlaine brother ſhot in him; remembred by the King,
To whom he anſwerd: thou ſhalt pay for all the paines endur'd
By that ſlaine brother; all the wounds ſuſtaind for him, recur'd
With one, made in thy heart by me. Tis true, thou mad'ſt his wife
A heavie widow; when her joves of wedlocke ſcarce had life,
And hurt'ſt our parents with his griefe; all which thou glorieſt in:
Foreſpeaking ſo, thy death, that now their griefes end ſhall begin.
To *Panthus*, and the ſnowy hand of *Phrontes*, I will bring
Thoſe armes, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing
Shall aske no long time to performe: nor be my words alone,
But their performance; Strength, and Fight, and Terror thus ſets on.

Euphorbus ſlaine by Menelaus.

This ſaid, he ſtrooke his all-round ſhield; nor ſhrunke that, but his lance
That turn'd head in it: then the King aſſaild the ſecond chance,
Firſt praying to the king of gods, and his dart, entry got
(The force much driving backe his foe) in low part of his throte,
And ranne his necke through. Then fell pride and he, and all with gore
His locks, that like the Graces were, and which he ever wore
In gold and ſilver ribands wrapt, were piteouſly wet.

Similes

And when alone in ſome choice place, a husbandman hath ſet
The young plant of an Olive tree, whoſe roote being ever fed
With plenty of delicious ſprings; his branches bravely ſpred,
And all his freſh and lovely head, growne curld with ſnowy flowres,
That dance, and flouriſh with the winds, that are of gentleſt powres:
But when a whirlewind (got aloft) ſtoopes with a ſodaine gale;
Teares from his head his tender curles, and toſſeth therewithall
His fixt root from his hollow mines: it well preſents the force
Of Spartas King; and ſo the Plant, *Euphorbus* and his Corſe.
He ſlaine, the King ſtript off his armes, and with their worthy prize,
(All fearing him) had clearely paſt: if heavens faire eye, of eyes,
Had not (in envy of his acts) to his encounter ſtird
The *Mars* like *Hector*, to whoſe powres, the reſcue he preferd
Of thoſe faire armes: and tooke the ſhape of *Mentas* (Colonell
Of all the Cicones that neare the Thracian Hebrus dwell)
Like him, he thus puts forth his voyce. *Hector*, thou ſcowr'ſt the field
In headſtrong purſuit of thoſe horſe, that hardly are compeld
To take the draught of chariots by any mortals hand.

Achilles.

The great grandchild of *Æacus*, hath onely their command;
Whom an immortall mother bore: while thou attendſt on theſe,

Patroclus, ſo called of Menœtius his father.

The yong *Atrides* in defence of *Menœtiades*,
Hath ſlaine *Euphorbus*. Thus the god tooke troupe with men againe,
And *Hector* (heartily perplext) lookt round, and ſaw the ſlaine,
Still ſhedding rivers from his wound: and then tooke envious view
Of brave *Atrides* with his ſpoyle; in way to whom he flew,

Note the manly & wiſed ſcourſe of Menelaus with himſelfe, ſeeing Hector advancing towards him.

Like one of *Vulcans* quenchleſſe flames: *Atrides* heard the cry
That ever uſherd him, and ſigh'd, and ſaid: O me, if I
Should leave theſe goodly armes, and him, that here lies dead for me;
I feare I ſhould offend the Greekes. If I ſhould ſtay, and be
Alone with *Hector* and his men, I may be compaſt in;

Some

Some ſleight or other they may uſe. Many may quickly win
Their wils of one, and all Troy comes, ever where *Hector* leades.
But why (deare minde) doſt thou thus talke? when men dare ſet their heads
Againſt the gods, (as ſure they doe that fight with men they love)
Straight one or other plague enſues: it cannot therefore move
The grude of any Greeke that ſees, I yeeld to *Hector*, he
Still fighting with a ſpirit from heaven: And yet if I could ſee
Brave *Aiax*, he and I would ſtand, though gainſt a god; and ſure
Tis beſt I ſeeke him: and then ſee if we two can procure
This Corſes freedome through all theſe: a little then let reſt
The body of my minde be ſtill; of two bads chuſe the beſt.
In this diſcourſe, the troupes of Troy were in with him, and he
Made ſuch a Lyon-like retreate; as when the herdſmen ſee
The royall ſavage, and come on, with men, dogs, cryes, and ſpeares, *Simile.*
To cleare their horned ſtall; and then, the kingly heart he beares,
(With all his high diſdaine) fals off. ſo, from this ods of aide
The golden-haird *Atrides* fled: and in his ſtrength diſplaid
Vpon his left hand, him he wiſht; extremely buſied
About encouraging his men; to whom, an extreame dread
Apollo had infuſde: the King reacht *Aiax* inſtantly, *Menelaus to Aiax.*
And ſaid; Come friend, let us two haſte, and from the tyranny
Of *Hector*, free *Patroclus* corſe. He ſtrait and gladly went;
And then was *Hector* haling of the body, with intent
To ſpoyle the ſhoulders of the dead, and give the dogs the reſt;
(His armes he having priſde before.) When *Aiax* brought his breſt
To barre all further ſpoyle; with that, he had ſure, *Hector* thought
Twas beſt to ſatisfie his ſpleene; which temper *Aiax* wrought
With his meere ſight, and *Hector* fled: the armes he ſent to Troy,
To make his citizens admire, and pray *Iove* ſend him joy.
Then *Aiax* gatherd to the corſe, and hid it with his targe:
There ſetting downe as ſure a foote, (as in the tender charge
Of his lov'd whelps) a Lyon doth: two hundred hunters neare,
To give him onſet; their more force, make him the more auſtere; *Simile.*
Drownes all their clamors in his rores; darts, dogs, doth all deſpiſe,
Aud lets his rough browes downe ſo low, they cover all his eyes.
So *Aiax* lookt, and ſtood, and ſtayd for great *Priamides*.
When *Glaucus Hippolochides* ſaw *Aiax* thus depreſſe *Glaucus upbraids Heſtor.*
The ſpirit of *Hector*: thus he chid, O goodly man at armes,
In fight a *Paris*; why ſhould Fame make thee ſort gainſt our harmes,
Being ſuch a fugitive? now marke how well thy boaſts defend
Thy citie onely with her owne. Be ſure it ſhall deſcend,
To that proofe wholly. Not a man of any Lycian ranke,
Shall ſtrike one ſtroke more, for thy towne, for no man gets a thanke,
Should he eternally fight here: nor any guard of thee.
How wilt thou (worthleſſe that thou art) keepe off an enemy
From our poore ſouldiers, when their Prince, *Sarpedon*, gueſt and friend
To thee, (and moſt deſervedly) thou flew'ſt from in his end,
And left'ſt to all the luſt of Greece? O gods, a man that was

(In life) ſo huge a good to Troy; and to thee ſuch a grace,
(In death) not kept by thee from dogs? if my friends will doe well,
We'le take our ſhoulders from your wals, and let all ſinke to hell:
As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did ſuch a ſpirit breath
In all you Troians, as becomes all men that fight beneath
Their countries ſtanderd; you would ſee, that ſuch as prop your cauſe
With like expoſure of their lives, have all the honour'd lawes
Of ſuch a deare confederacie, kept to them to a thred:
As now ye might repriſe the armes *Sarpedon* forfeited,
By forfeit of your rights to him, would you but lend your hands,
And force *Patroclus* to your Troy? Ye know how deare he ſtands
In his love, that of all the Greeke, is (for himſelfe) farre beſt,
And leades the beſt, neare-fighting men: and therefore would (at leaſt)
Redeeme *Sarpedons* armes: nay him, whom you have likewiſe loſt.
This body drawne to Ilion, would after draw, and coſt
A greater ranſome if you pleas'd: but *Aiax* ſtartles you;
Tis his breaſt barres this right to us. His lookes are darts enow
To mixe great *Hector* with his men. And, not to blame ye are,
You chuſe foes underneath your ſtrengths; *Aiax* exceeds ye farre.
Hector to Glaucus. *Hector* lookt paſſing ſowre at this; and anſwerd, why dar'ſt thou,
(So under) talke above me ſo? O friend, I thought till now,
Thy wiſedome was ſuperiour to all th'inhabitants
Of gleby Lycia; but now, impute apparant wants
To that diſcretion thy words ſhew, to ſay I loſt my ground
For *Aiax* greatneſſe: nor feare I the field in combats drownd;
Nor force of chariots: but I feare a powre much better ſeene,
In right of all warre, then all we: that god that holds betweene,
Our victorie and us, his ſhield: lets conqueſt come and goe
At his free pleaſure; and with feare, converts her changes ſo
Vpon the ſtrongeſt: men muſt fight, when his iuſt ſpirit impels,
Not their vaine glories. But come on, make thy ſteps parallels
To theſe of mine; and then be judge how deepe the worke will draw:
If then I ſpend the day in ſhifts? or thou canſt give ſuch law
To thy detractive ſpeeches then? or if the Grecian hoſt
Holds any, that in pride of ſtrength, holds up his ſpirit moſt,
Whom (for the carriage of this Prince, that thou enforceſt ſo)
I make not ſtoope in his defence. You, friends? ye heare and know
How much it fits ye to make good this Grecian I have ſlaine,
For ranſome of *Ioves* ſonne, our friend; play then the worthy men,
Till I endue *Achilles* armes. This ſaid, he left the fight,
And cald backe thoſe that bore the armes; not yet without his ſight,
In convoy of them towards Troy. For them, he chang'd his owne;
Remov'd from where it rained teares, and ſent them backe to towne.
Then put he on th'eternall armes, that the celeſtiall ſtates
Gave *Peleus*; *Peleus* being old, their uſe appropriates
To his *Achilles*, that (like him) forſooke them not for age.
When he, whoſe Empire is in clouds, ſaw *Hector* bent to wage
Warre in divine *Achilles* armes; he ſhooke his head, and ſaid:

Poore

Poore wretch, thy thoughts are farre from death; though he ſo neere hath layd
His ambuſh for thee. Thou putſt on thoſe armes (as braving him)
Whom others feare, haſt ſlain his friend, and from his youthfull lim,
Torne rudely off his heavenly armes; himſelfe being gentle, kind,
And valiant. Equall meaſure then, thy life in youth muſt find.
Yet ſince the iuſtice is ſo ſtrict, that not *Andromache*
(In thy denied returne from fight) muſt ever take of thee
Thoſe armes, in glory of thy acts: thou ſhalt have that frayle blaze
Of excellence, that neighbours death: a ſtrength even to amaze.
To this his ſable browes did bow; and he made fit his lim
To thoſe great armes; to fill which up, the *Warre-god* entred him;
Auſtere and terrible: his ioynts and every part extends
With ſtrength and fortitude; and thus to his admiring friends,
High *Clamor* brought him. He ſo ſhin'd, that all could think no leſſe,
But he reſembl'd every way, great-ſoul'd *Æacides*.
Then every way he ſcowr'd the field, his Captaines calling on;
Aſteropæus, *Eunomus* (that foreſaw all things done)
Glaucus, and *Medon*, *Deſinor*, and ſtrong *Therſilocus*,
Phorcis, and *Meſtheles*, *Chromius*, and great *Hippothous*:
To all theſe, and their populous troops, theſe his excitements were:
Heare us, innumerable friends, neere-bordering nations heare;
We have not cald you from your townes, to fill our idle eye
With number of ſo many men, (no ſuch vaine empery
Did ever ioy us) but to fight, and of our Troian wives
With all their children, manfully to ſave the innocent lives;
In whoſe cares we draw all our townes, of ayding ſouldies dry,
With gifts, guards, victuall, all things fit; and hearten their ſupply
With all like rights; and therefore now let all ſides ſet down this,
Or live, or periſh: this of warre the ſpeciall ſecret is.
In which moſt reſolute deſigne, who ever bears to town
Patroclus (layd dead to his hand) by winning the renown
Of *Aiax* ſlaughter, the halfe-ſpoyle we wholly will impart
To his free uſe; and to our ſelfe the other halfe convert:
And ſo the glory ſhall be ſhar'd; our ſelfe will have no more
Then he ſhall ſhine in. This drew all, to bring abroad their ſtore
Before the body: euery man had hope it would be his,
And forc'd from *Aiax*: Silly fooles, *Aiax* prevented this,
By rayſing rampiers to his friend, with halfe their carkaſſes.
And yet his humour was to rore, and feare: and now no leſſe
To ſtartle *Spartas* king; to whom he cried out: O my friend!
O *Menelaus*! nere more hope, to get off; here's the end
Of all our labours: not ſo much I feare to loſe the corſe,
(For that's ſure gone, the fowles of *Troy* and dogs will quickly force
That peece-meale) as I feare my head, and thine ô *Atreus* ſonne;
Hector a cloud brings, will hide all; inſtant deſtruction,
Grievous, and heavy comes; ô call our Peeres to ayd us; fly.
He haſted, and uſde all his voyce; ſent farre and neere his cry;
O Princes, chiefe lights of the Greeks; and you that publickly

Ioves diſcourſe with himſelfe of Hector in the armes of Achilles.

Hector to his Captains and ſouldiers.

The ſecret of warre.

The promiſe of Hector if Patroclus body could bee forced off to their part.

Aiax to Menelaus:

Eat with our Generall and me: all men of charge; O know,
Ioue gives both grace and dignity, to any that will ſhow
Good minds, for only good it ſelfe; though preſently the eye
Of him that rules diſcern him not. Tis hard for me t'eſpy
(Through all this ſmoke of burning fight) each Captain in his place,
And call aſſiſtance to our need. Be then each others grace,
And freely follow each his next; diſdain to let the ioy
Of great *Æacides* be forc'd to feed the beaſts of *Troy*.
His voyce was firſt heard and obeyd by ſwift *Oileades*:
Idomeneus and his mate (renownd *Meriones*)
Were ſeconds to *Oileus* ſonne: but, of the reſt, whoſe minde
Can lay upon his voyce the names, that after theſe combinde,
In ſetting up this fight on end? the *Troians* firſt gave on:
Simile. And as into the ſeas vaſt mouth, when mighty rivers run,
Their billows, and the ſea, reſound; and all the utter ſhore
Rebellows (in her angry ſhocks) the ſeas repulſive rore.
With ſuch ſounds gave the *Troians* charge; ſo was their charge repreſt:
One mind fild all *Greeks*; good braſſe ſhields cloſe coucht to every breaſt:
And on their helmes *Ioue* pourd down a mighty deale of night
To hide *Patroclus*: Whom alive, and when he was the knight
Of that grandchild of *Æacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate;
Nor dead, would ſee him dealt to dogs, and ſo did inſtigate
His fellows to his worthy guard. At firſt the *Troians* draue
The blackey'd *Grecians* from the corſe; but not a blow they gaue
That came at death. A while they hung about the bodies heeles,
The *Greeks* quite gone. But all that while did *Ajax* whet the ſteeles
Of all his forces, that cut back, way to the corſe again:
Braue *Ajax* (that for forme, and fact, paſt all that did maintain
The Grecian fame, nex *Thetis* ſonne) now flew before the firſt:
Simile. And as a ſort of dogs, and youths, are by a Bore diſperſt
About a mountain: ſo fled theſe from mighty *Aiax*, all
That ſtood in conflict for the corſe. Who thought no chance could fall
Betwixt them and the prize at *Troy*. For bold *Hippothous*,
(*Lethus*, *Pelaſgus* famous ſonne) was ſo adventurous,
That he would ſtand to bore the corſe about the ankle bone,
Where all the nervy fivers meet, and ligaments in one,
That make the motion of thoſe parts: through which he did conuay
The thong or bawdrik of his ſhield, and ſo was drawing away
All thanks from *Hector*, and his friends: but in their ſtead he drew
An ill that no man could auert: For *Telamonius* threw
A lance that ſtrook quite through his helme; his braine came leaping out:
Down fell *Letheides*; and with him the bodies hoyſted foot.
Far from *Lariſſa's* ſoyle he fell; a little time allow'd
To his induſtrious ſpirits, to quit the benefits beſtow'd
By his kind parents. But his wreak *Priamides* aſſayd,
And threw at *Aiax*; but his dart (diſcouered) paſt, and ſtayd
At *Schedius*, ſonne of *Iphitus*: a man of ableſt hand
Of all the ſtrong Phocenſians, and liu'd with great command,

In

In *Fanopæus*. The fell dart fell through his channell bone,
Pierc't through his ſhoulders upper part; and ſet his ſpirit gone.
When (after his) another flew; the ſame hand giving wing
To martiall *Phorcis* ſtartled ſoule, that was the after ſpring
Of *Phænops* ſeed: the iavelin ſtrooke his curets through, and tore
The bowels from the bellies midſt. His fall made thoſe before
Give backe a little: *Hectors* ſelfe enforc't to turne his face.
And then the Greekes beſtow'd their ſhowts, tooke vantage of the chace,
Drew off, and ſpoild *Hippothous* and *Phorcis* of their armes,
And then aſcended *Ilion*, had ſhaken with alarmes,
(Diſcovering th'impotence of Troy) even paſt the will of *Iove*;
And by the proper force of Greece: had *Phœbus* faild to move
Æneas, in ſimilitude of *Periphas* (the ſonne
Of grave *Epytes*) king at armes, and had good ſervice done
To old *Anchiſes*; being wiſe, and even with him in yeares.
But (like this man) the farre-ſeene god to *Venus* ſonne appeares, *Apollo diſguiſed like Periphas to Æneas.*
And aſkt him how he would maintaine ſteepe *Ilion* in her height,
In ſpite of gods (as he preſum'd) when men approv'd ſo ſleight,
All his preſumptions? and all theirs, that puſt him with that pride,
Beleeving in their proper ſtrengths? and generally ſupplied
With ſuch unfrighted multitudes? But he well knew that *Iove*
(Beſides their ſelfe conceits ſuſtaind their forces with more love
Then theirs of Greece, and yet all that lackt power to hearten them:
Æneas knew the god, and ſaid; It was a ſhame extreme,
That thoſe of Greece ſhould beate them ſo; and by their cowardiſe,
Not want of mans ayde, nor the gods, and this (before his eyes) *Æneas to the Troians.*
A deitie ſtood, even now, and voucht, affirming *Iove* their aide.
And ſo bad *Hector* and the reſt, (to whom all this he ſaid)
Turne head; and not in that quicke eaſe, part with the Corſe to Greece.
This ſaid, before them all he flew, and all (as of a peece)
Againſt the Greekes flew. *Venus* ſonne, *Leocritus* did end,
Sonne of *Arisbas*, and had place of *Lycomedes* friend,
Whoſe fall he friendly pittied: and in revenge, beſtow'd
A lance, that *Apiſaon* ſtrooke ſo ſore, that ſtraite he ſtrow'd
The duſtie center; and did ſticke in that congealed bloud
That formes the liver. Second man he was of all that ſtood
In name for armes, amongſt the troupe, that from *Pæonia* came;
Aſteropæus being the firſt: who was, in ruth the ſame
That *Lycomedes* was; like whom, he put forth for the wreake
Of his ſlaine friend: but wrought it not, becauſe he could not breake
That bulwarke made of Grecian ſhields; and briſtl'd wood of ſpeares
Combind about the body ſlaine. Amongſt whom *Aiax* beares
The greateſt labour; every way exhorting to abide,
And no man flye the Corſe a foot, nor breake their rankes in pride
Of any foremoſt daring ſpirit; but each foot hold his ſtand, *Ajax his ſtaid orders commands.*
And uſe the cloſeſt fight they could. And this was the command
Of mighty *Aiax*: which obſerv'd, they ſteept the earth in bloud.
The Troians and their friends fell thicke. Nor all the Grecians ſtood

(Though farre the fewer ſuffred fate) for ever they had care
To ſhun confuſion, and the toyle that ſtill oppreſſeth there.
So ſet they all the field on fire; with which you would have thought
The Sunne and Moone had beene put out, in ſuch a ſmoke they fought
About the perſon of the Prince. But all the field beſide
Fought underneath a lightſome heaven: the ſunne was in his pride,
And ſuch expanſure of his beames, he thruſt out of his throne,
That not a vapour durſt appeare in all that region:
No, not upon the higheſt hill: there fought they ſtill and breathd,
Shund danger, caſt their darts aloofe, and not a ſword unſheathd.
The other plyde it; and the warre, and night plyde them as well:
The cruell ſteele afflicting all; the ſtrongeſt did not dwell
Vnhurt within their iron roofes. Two men of ſpeciall name,
Antilochus and *Thraſimed*, were yet unſerv'd by Fame
With notice of *Patroclus* death: they thought him ſtill alive,
In foremoſt tumult, and might well: for (ſeeing their fellowes thrive
In no more comfortable ſort, then Fight and Death would yeeld)
They fought apart; for ſo their Sire, old *Neſtor*, ſtrictly wild,
Enioyning fight, more from the fleet: warre here increaſt his heate
The whole day long, continually the labour and the ſweate,
The knees, calves, feet, hands, faces, ſmear'd, of men that *Mars* applide
About the good *Achilles* friend. And as a huge Oxe hide,
An inimitable Simile.
A Currier gives amongſt his men, to ſupple and extend
With oyle, till it be drunke withall, they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oyle and liquor liberally, and chafe the leather ſo
That out they make a vapour breathe, and in their oyle doth goe:
A number of them ſet on worke, and in an Orbe they pull,
That all wayes all parts of the hide they may extend at full:
So here and there, did both parts hale, the Corſe in little place,
And wrought it alwaies with their ſweate; the Troians hop't for grace
To make it reach for Ilion, the Grecians to their fleet:
A cruell tumult they ſtird up, and ſuch, as ſhould *Mars* feet,
(That horrid hurrier of men) or ſhe that betters him,
Minerva never ſo incenſt; they could not diſeſteeme.
So baneſull a contention did *Iove* that day extend
Of men and horſe about the ſlaine. Of whom, his god-like friend
Had no inſtruction. So farre off, and underneath the wall
Of Troy, that conflict was maintaind: which was not thought at all
By great *Achilles*, ſince he charg'd, that having ſet his foote
Vpon the Ports, he would retire; well knowing Troy no boote
For his aſſaults, without himſelfe; ſince not by him, as well,
He knew it was to be ſubdu'd. His mother oft would tell
The minde of mighty *Iove* therein; oft hearing it in heaven;
But of that great ill to his friend, was no inſtruction given
By careſull *Thetis*: by degrees muſt ill events be knowne.
The foes cleft one to other ſtill, about the overthrowne.
His death, with death infected both. Even private Greekes would ſay
Either to other; twere a ſhame for us to goe our way,

And

And let the Troians beare to Troy the praiſe of ſuch a prize:
Which let the blacke earth gaſpe and drinke our bloud for ſacrifice,
Before we ſuffer: tis an act much leſſe infortunate,
And then would thoſe of Troy reſolve, though certainely our fate
Will fell us altogether here: of all not turne a face.
The common ſouldiers reſolution
Thus either ſide, his fellowes ſtrength, excited paſt his place;
And thus through all th'unfruitfull ayre, an iron ſound aſcended
Vp to the golden firmament, when ſtrange effects contended
In theſe immortall heaven-bred horſe of great *Æacides*;
Whom (once remov'd from forth the fight) a ſodaine ſenſe did ſeiſe
Of good *Patroclus* death; whoſe hands they oft had undergone,
And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,
With any manage make them ſtirre; oft uſe the ſcourge to them,
Oft uſe his faireſt ſpeech, as oft, threats never ſo extreame,
They neither to the Helleſpont would beare him, nor the fight:
Simile.
But ſtill as any tombe-ſtone layes his never-ſtirred weight
On ſome good man or womans grave, for rites of funerall:
So unremoved ſtood theſe ſteeds, their heads to earth let fall,
And warme teares guſhing from their eyes, with paſſionate deſire,
Of their kinde manager; their manes that flouriſht with the fire
Of endleſſe youth allotted them: fell through the yokie ſphere,
Ruthfully ruſl'd and defilde. *Iove* ſaw their heavy cheare,
And (pittying them) ſpake to his minde; Poore wretched beaſts (ſaid he)
Why gave we you t'a mortall king? when immortalitie,
Joves diſcourſe with himſelfe of the wretched ſtate of humanitie.
Aud incapacitie of age ſo dignifies your ſtates?
Was it to haſte the miſeries, pour'd out on humanes fates?
Of all the miſerabl'ſt things that breathe and creepe on earth,
No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathleſſe birth,
Hector muſt faile to make you priſe: is't not enough he weares,
And glories vainly in thoſe armes? your chariots and rich geares
(Beſides you) are too much for him. Your knees and ſpirits againe
My care of you ſhall fill with ſtrength, that ſo ye may ſuſtaine
Automedon, and beare him off. To Troy I ſtill will give
The grace of ſlaughter, till at fleet, their bloudy feet arrive:
Till *Phœbus* drinke the Weſterne ſea, and ſacred darkneſſe throwes
Her ſable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the ſteeds he blowes
Exceſſive ſpirit; and through the Greekes and Ilians they rapt
The whirring chariot; ſhaking off the crumbl'd center, wrapt
Amongſt their treſſes: and with them, *Automedon* let flie
Amongſt the Troians; making way, through all as frightfully,
As through a iangling flocke of Geeſe, a lordly Vulture beats,
Simile.
Given way with ſhrikes, by every Gooſe that comes but neare his threats,
With ſuch ſtate fled he through the preaſſe, purſuing as he fled;
But made no ſlaughter, nor he could: alone being carried
Vpon the ſacred chariot. How could he both workes, doe,
Direct his javelin, and command his fiery horſes too?
At length he came where he beheld his friend *Alcimedon*,
That was the good *Laercius*, the ſonne of *Æmons* ſonne,

Homer

Alcimedon to Automedon. Who cloſe came to his chariot ſide, and askt, What god is he
That hath ſo robd thee of thy ſoule, to runne thus frantickly
Amongſt theſe forefights, being alone? thy fighter being ſlaine,
And *Hector* glorying in his armes? he gave theſe words againe:

Automedon to Alcimedon. *Alcimedon*, what man is he? of all the Argive race,
So able as thy ſelfe to keepe, in uſe of preaſſe, and pace
Theſe deathleſſe horſe? himſelfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art,
Of their high manage? therefore take to thy command his part,
And eaſe me of the double charge, which thou haſt blam'd with right.
He tooke the ſcourge and raines in hand, *Automedon* the fight:

Hector to Æneas Which *Hector* ſeeing, inſtantly (*Æneas* ſtanding neare)
He told him, he diſcern'd the horſe, that mere immortall were,
Addreſt to fight, with coward guides, and therefore hop'd to make
A rich prize of them; if his minde would helpe to undertake:
For theſe two could not ſtand their charge. He granted, and both caſt
Dry ſolid hides upon their neckes, exceeding ſoundly braſt;
And forth they went, aſſociate with two more god-like men,
Aretus, and bold *Chronius*, nor made they queſtion then
To priſe the goodly creſted horſe, and ſafely ſend to hell
The ſoules of both their guardians: O fooles that could not tell,
They could not worke out their returne from fierce *Automedon*
Without the liberall coſt of bloud, who firſt made Orizon
To father *Iove*, and then was fild with fortitude and ſtrength,
When (counſelling *Alcimedon* to keepe at no great length
The horſe from him; but let them breathe, upon his backe, becauſe
He ſaw th'advance that *Hector* made; whoſe furie had no lawes
Propoſd to it, but both their lives, and thoſe horſe, made his prize,
Or his life theirs) he cald to friend, theſe well-approv'd ſupplies;
Th' *Aiaces*, and the Spartan king: and ſaid, Come, Princes, leave

Automedon cals for aid to the Aiaces and Menelaus. A ſure guard with the corſe, and then, to your kinde care receive
Our threatned ſafeties; I diſcerne the two chiefe props of Troy
Prepar'd againſt us: But herein, what beſt men can enjoy,

In the Greek alwayes this phraſe is uſed, not in the hands, but ἐν γούνασι κεῖται *in the knees of the gods lies our helps, &c.* Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart ſhall leade ye all;
The ſequell to the care of *Iove*, I leave what ever fall.
All this ſpake good *Automedon* then, brandiſhing his lance,
He threw, and ſtrooke *Aretus* ſhield, that gave it enterance
Through all the ſteele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmoſt part
It pierc't, and all his trembling limbs, gave life up to his dart,
Then *Hector* at *Automedon*, a blazing lance let flye,
Whoſe flight he ſaw, and falling flat, the compaſſe was too high,
And made it ſticke beyond in earth, th'extreme part burſt, and there
Mars buried all his violence. The ſword then, for the ſpeare,
Had chang'd the conflict, had not haſte ſent both th'*Aiaces* in,
(Both ſerving cloſe their fellowes call) who, where they did begin,
There drew the end: *Priamides*, *Æneas*, *Chronius*,
(In doubt of what ſuch aide might worke) left broken hearted thus,

Automedon inſults. *Aretus* to *Automedon*, who ſpoyld his armes, and ſaid:
A little this revives my life, for him ſo lately dead,

(Though

(Though by this nothing countervail'd) and with his little vent
Of inward griefe, he tooke the ſpoyle, with which he made aſcent
Vp to his Chariot; hands and feete of bloudy ſtaines ſo full,
That Lyon-like he lookt, new turn'd from tearing up a Bull.
And now another bitter fight, about *Patroclus* grew,
Teare-thirſtie, and of toyle enough; which *Pallas* did renew,
Deſcending from the cope of ſtarres, diſmiſt by ſharpe-eyd *Iove*,
To animate the Greekes; for now, inconſtant change did move
His minde from what he held of late: and as the purple bow,
Iove bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the ſignall ſhow;
Or make it a preſage of cold, in ſuch tempeſtuous ſort,
That men are of their labours eaſde, but labouring cattell hurt:
So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, involv'd her ſelfe, and went
Amongſt the Grecians; ſtird up all, but firſt encouragement
She breath'd in *Atreus* yonger ſonne, and (for diſguiſe) made choiſe
Of aged *Phœnix* ſhape; and ſpake with his unwearied voyce.
O *Menelaus*, much defame, and equall heavineſſe
Will touch at thee; if this true friend of great *Æacides*,
Dogs teare beneath the Troian wals; and therefore beare thee well,
Toyle through the hoſt; and every man, with all thy ſpirit impell.
He anſwerd: O thou long-ſince borne? O *Phœnix?* that haſt wonne
The honor'd foſter-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like ſonne:
b I would *Minerva* would but give ſtrength to me; and but keepe
Theſe buſie darts off; I would then make in indeed, and ſteepe
My income in their blouds, in aide of good *Patroclus*; much
His death afflicts me, much: but yet, this *Hectors* grace is ſuch
With *Iove*, and ſuch a fierie ſtrength and ſpirit he has, that ſtill
His ſteele is killing, killing ſtill. The Kings ſo royall will,
Minerva joy'd to heare, ſince ſhe did all the gods outgoe
In his remembrance. For which grace ſhe kindely did beſtow
Strength on his ſhoulders, and did fill his knees as liberally
With ſwiftneſſe, breathing in his breaſt, the courage of a flye.
Which loves to bite ſo, and doth beare mans bloud ſo much good will,
That ſtill (though beaten from a man) ſhe flyes upon him ſtill:
With ſuch a courage *Pallas* fild the blacke parts neare his heart;
And then he haſted to the ſlaine, caſt off a ſhining dart;
And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire to old *Eetion*,
A rich man, and a ſtrenuous; and by the people done
Much honour; and by *Hector* too, being conſort, and his gueſt;
And him the yellow-headed King laid hold on at his waſte;
In offering flight, his iron pile ſtrooke through him, downe he fell,
And up *Atrides* drew his corſe. Then *Phœbus* did impell
The ſpirit of *Hector*, *Phœnops* like, ſurnam'd *Aſiades*,
Whom *Hector* uſde (of all his gueſts) with greateſt friendlineſſe;
And in Abydus ſtood his houſe; in whoſe forme thus he ſpake:
Hector? what man of all the Greekes will any terrour make,
Of meeting thy ſtrength any more, when thou art terrified
By *Menelaus?* who before he ſlue thy friend, was tried,

Similie.

Pallas like Phœnix to Menelaus.

Menelaus to Pallas ſuppoſed Phœnix.

Phœbus like Aſiades to Hector.

A passing easie souldier; where now (besides his end,
Impos'de by him) he drawes him off (and not a man to friend)
From all the Troians. This friend is, *Podes*, *Eetions* sonne.
This hid him in a cloud of griefe, and set him formost on,
And then *Iove* tooke his Snake-fring'd shield; and *Ida* cover'd all
With sulphuric clouds, from whence he let abhorred lightnings fall,
And thundred till the mountaine shooke: and with his dreadfull state,
He usherd victory to Troy, to Argos flight and fate.
Penelеus Bœotius, was he that formost fled,
Being wounded in his shoulders height; but there the lances head
Strooke lightly, glancing to his mouth, because it strooke him neare,
Throwne from *Polydamas*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare,
(Being hurt by *Hector* in his hand) because he doubted sore
His hand in wished fight with Troy, would hold his lance no more.
Idomeneus sent a dart at *Hector*, (rushing in,
Idomeneus at Hector. And following *Leitus*) that strooke his bosome neare his chin,
And brake at top, the Ilians for his escape did shout.
When *Hector* at *Deucalides*, another lance sent out,
As in his chariot he stood, it mist him narrowly;
For (as it fell) *Cæranus* drave his speedy chariot by,
And tooke the Troian lance himselfe; he was the Charioteere
Of sterne *Meriones*, and first, on foote did service there,
Which well he left to governe horse, for saving now his king,
With driving twixt him and his death, though thence his owne did spring,
Which kept a mighty victory from Troy, in keeping death
From his great Soveraigne: the fierce dart did enter him beneath
His eare, betwixt his iaw and it; drave downe, cut through his tongue,
And strooke his teeth out; from his hands, the horses raines he flung,
Which now *Meriones* receiv'd, as they bestrew'd the field,
And bad his soveraigne scourge away, he saw that day would yeeld
No hope of victory for them. He fear'd the same, and fled.
Nor from the mightie minded sonne of *Telamon*, lay hid
(For all his clouds) high *Iove* himselfe, nor from the Spartan King,
They saw him in the victory, he still was varying
For Troy, for which fight, *Aiax* said: O heavens, what foole is he,
That sees not *Ioves* hand in the grace, now done our enemy?
Not any dart they touch, but takes; from whomsoever throwne,
Aiax good counsels. Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Iove* addes; not any one
Wants his direction to strike sure; nor ours, to misse, as sure:
But come, let us be sure of this, to put the best in ure
That lies in us, which two-fold is, both to fetch off our friend,
And so to fetch him off, as we may likeliest contend
To fetch our selves off, that our friends surviving may have right
In ioy of our secure retreat, as he that fell in fight,
Being kept as sure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt,
And looke this way, grieve for us, not able to worke out
Or passe from this man-slaughterer, great *Hector* and his hands,
That are too hot for men to touch, but that these thirsty sands,

Before

Before our fleet will be enforc't, to drinke our headlong death.
Which to prevent by all fit meanes, I would the parted breath
Of good *Patroclus* to his friend, with ſpeed imparted were
By ſome he loves: for I beleeve, no heavie meſſenger
Hath yet inform'd him; but alas, I ſee no man to ſend;
Both men and horſe are hid in miſts, that every way deſcend.
O father *Iupiter*, doe thou the ſonnes of Greece releaſe
Of this felt darkneſſe; grace this day with fit tranſparences;
And give the eyes thou giv'ſt, their uſe, deſtroy us in the light,
And worke thy will with us, ſince needs thou wilt againſt us fight.
This ſpake he weeping; and his teares, *Saturnius* pittie ſhow'd,
Diſperſt the darkneſſe inſtantly, and drew away the clowd,
From whence it fell: the Sunne ſhin'd out, and all the hoſt appear'd;
And then ſpake *Aiax*, (whoſe heard prayre, his ſpirits highly chear'd. *Aiax to Menelaus.*
Brave *Menelaus*, looke about; and if thou canſt deſcrie
Neſtors Antilochus alive, incite him inſtantly,
To tell *Achilles*, that his friend, moſt deare to him, is dead.
He ſaid, nor *Menelaus* ſtucke at any thing he ſaid, *Simile.*
(As loth to doe it) but he went, as from the Graſiers ſtall,
A Lyon goes, when overlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all
Not eaſily loſing a fat Oxe, but ſtrong watch, all night held)
His teeth yet watering, oft he comes, and is as oft repeld;
The adverſe darts ſo thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes,
And burning firebrands; which for all his great hearts heate, he flies,
And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: ſo from *Patroclus* went
Atrides, much againſt his minde; his doubts being vehement,
Leſt (he gone from his guard) the reſt would leave for very feare) *Another direct ſcoffe at Menelaus.*
The perſon to the ſpoyle of Greece. And yet his guardians were
Th' *Aiaces*, and *Meriones*, whom much his care did preſſe,
And thus exhort; *Aiaces* both, and you *Meriones*, *Menelaus to the Aiaces, like himſelfe.*
Now let ſome true friend call to minde the gentle and ſweet nature
Of poore *Patroclus*; let him thinke, how kinde to every creature,
His heart was, living, though now dead. Thus urg'd the faire-hair'd King,
And parted, caſting round his eye. [d] As when upon her wing *Simile.*
An Eagle is, whom men affirme to have the ſharpeſt ſight
Of all aires region of fowles, and though of mightie height,
Sees yet within her leavie forme, of humble ſhrubs, cloſe laid
A light-foote Hare, which ſtraight ſhe ſtoupes, truſſes, and ſtrikes her dead:
So dead thou ſtrook'ſt thy charge (O king) through all warres thickets ſo
Thou look'dſt, and ſwiftly foun'dſt thy man; exhorting gainſt the foe,
And heartning his plied men to blowes, uſde in the warres left wing:
To whom thou ſaidſt; thou god-lov'd man, come here, and heare a thing,
Which I wiſh never were to heare; I thinke even thy eye ſees
What a deſtruction God hath laid upon the ſonnes of Greece,
And what a conqueſt he gives Troy; in which, the beſt of men
(*Patroclus*) lies exanimate, whoſe perſon, paſſing faine,
The Greekes would reſcue and beare home; and therefore give thy ſpeed
To his great friend, to prove if he will doe ſo good a deed,

To-

To fetch the naked perſon off; for *Hectors* ſhoulders weare
An ill-thus grief for Patroclus. His priſed armes. *Antilochus* was highly griev'd to heare
This heavie newes, and ſtood ſurpriſde with ſtupid ſilence long;
His faire eyes ſtanding full of teares; his voyce ſo ſweet and ſtrong,
Stucke in his boſome; yet all this wrought in him no neglect
Of what *Atrides* gave in charge: but for that quicke effect,
He gave *Laodolus* his armes, (his friend that had the guide
Of his ſwift horſe) and then his knees were ſpeedily applide
In his ſad meſſage, which his eyes, told all the way in teares.
Another notable Honor, expreſſing what Homer made of Menelaus. Nor would thy generous heart aſſiſt his ſore-charg'd ſouldiers
(O *Menelaus*) in meane time, though left in much diſtreſſe;
Thou ſentſt them god-like *Thraſamide*, and mad'ſt thy kinde regreſſe
Backe to *Patroclus*, where arriv'd, halfe breathleſſe thou didſt ſay
To both th' *Aiaces* this: I have ſent this meſſenger away
To ſwift *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe us now,
(Though mad with *Hector*) without armes he cannot fight, ye know:
Let us then thinke of ſome beſt meane, both how we may remove
The body and get off our ſelves from this vociferous drove,
And fate of Troians. Bravely ſpoke, at all parts (*Aiax* ſaid)
O glorious ſonne of *Atreus*; take thou then ſtraite the dead,
And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one minde, as one name,
Will backe ye ſoundly; and on us, receive the wild-fire flame,
That *Hectors* rage breathes after you before it come at you.
This ſaid, they tooke into their armes the body; all the ſhow
Menelaus and Meriones beare off the body of Patroclus. Simile. That might be, made to thoſe of Troy, at armes end bearing it.
Out ſhriekt the Troians, when they ſaw the body borne to fleete;
And ruſht on: as at any Bore, gaſht with the hunters wounds,
A kennell of the ſharpeſt ſet, and foreſt bitten hounds,
Before their youthfull huntſmen haſte, and eagerly a while
Purſue, as if they were aſſur'd of their affected ſpoyle,
But when the Savage (in his ſtrength as confident as they)
Turnes head amongſt them; backe they flie, and every one his way:
So troupe-meale Troy purſu'd a while, laying on with ſwords and darts;
But when th' *Aiaces* turn'd on them, and made their ſtand; their hearts
Drunke from their faces all their blouds, and not a man ſuſtain'd
The forechace, nor the after fight. And thus Greece nobly gain'd
The perſon towards home: but thus, the changing warre was rackt
Out to a paſſing bloudy length: For as once put in act
Simile. A fire invading citie rooſes, is ſodainly ingroſt,
And made a wondrous mighty flame, in which is quickly loſt
A houſe, long building; all the while, a boyſterous guſt of winde
Lumbring amongſt it: So the Greekes (in bearing of their friend)
More and more foes drew: at their heeles, a tumult thundring ſtill
Simile. Of horſe and foot. Yet as when Mules, in haling from a hill
A beame or maſt, through foule deepe way, well clapt and heartned, cloſe
Lye to their labour, tug and ſweate, and paſſing hard it goes:
(Vrg'd by their drivers, to all haſt) ſo dragg'd they on the corſe,
Still both th' *Aiaces* at their backes; who backe ſtill turn'd the force,

Though

Though after, it grew ſtill the more ; yet as a ſyluane hill
Thruſts back a torrent that hath kept a narrow channell ſtill,
Till at his oken breſt it beats ; but there a check it takes,
That ſends it ouer all the vale, with all the ſtirre it makes ;
Nor can with all the confluence break through his rooty ſides :
In no leſſe firm and braue repulſe, th' *Aiaces* curbd the prides
Of all the Troians : yet all held the purſuit it his ſtrengths ;
Their Chiefes being *Hector*, and the ſonne of *Venus*, who at length
Put all the youth of *Greece* beſides, in moſt amazefull rout ;
Forgetting all their fortitudes, diſtraught, and ſhrieking out ;
A number of their rich armes loſt, faln from them, here and there
About, and in the dike ; and yet, the warre concludes not here:

Simile, illuſtrating the valor of both the Aiaces.

COMMENTARIVS.

a Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύρειο βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
Λαοῖσιν δώῃ ταμέειν ἀδυσπέτα δῖος,
Δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε διαστάντες ταμέοισι
Κύκλῳ, ἄφαρ δέ τε ἰκμὰς ἕλῃ, δύσῃ δέ τ' ἀλοιφὴ
Πολλῶν ἑλκόντων, ταμύται δέ τε πᾶσα δι' ἀτρὸ
Ὡς ὅγ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυα ὀλίγη ἐνὶ χώρῃ
Εἵλκεον ἀμφότεροι.

Thus tranſlated ad verbum *by* Spondanus :

Sicut autem quando vir bovis magni pellem
Populis dederit diſtendendam tumulentam pinguedine,
Accipientes autem utique hi diſpoſiti extendunt
In orbem ; ſtatim autem humor exiit, penetratque adeps.
Multis trahentibus : tenditur autem tota undique ;
Sic hi huc & illuc cadaver parvo in ſpacio
Trahebant utrique.

Laurent. Valla *thus in Proſe :*

Et quemadmodum ſi quis pinguem Tauri pellem à pluribus extendi juberet ; inter extendendum & humor & pingue deſudat. Sic illi huc parvo in ſpacio diſtrahebant.

Eobanus *thus in Verſe :*

——Ac ſi quis diſtendere pellem
Taurinam jubeat, craſſam pinguedine multa,
Multorum manibus, terræ deſudet omaſum
Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipſum tempore parvo
Patroclum in diverſa, manus numeroſa, trahebat, &c.

To anſwer a hot obiection made to me by a great ſcholler, for not tranſlating Homer *word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heat he ſtrained it) I am enforced to cite this admirable Simile, (like the other before in my annotions at the end of the fifteenh Booke) and referre it to my iudiciall readers examination, whether ſuch a tranſlation becomes* Homer *or not ; by noting ſo much as needs to be by one example ; whether the two laſt above-ſaid tranſlators, in being ſo ſhort with our everlaſting maſter ; do him ſo much right as my poore converſion ; expreſſing him by neceſſary expoſition and illuſtration of his words and meaning with more words, or not. The reaſon of his Simile, is to illuſtrate the*

ſtriſe of both the armies for the body of Patroclus ; *which it doth performe moſt inimitably ; their toyle and ſweat about it being conſidered (which I muſt pray you to turne to before :) the Simile it ſelfe yet, I thought not unfit to inſert here to come up the cloſer to them, with whom I am to be compared. My paines and underſtanding converting it thus :*

——————And as a huge oxe hide,
A Currier gives amongſt his men, to ſupple and extend
With oyle, till it be drunk withall: they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oyle and liquor liberally ; and chafe the leather ſo,
They make it breathe a vapour out, and in their liquors go,
A number of them ſet a work ; and in an orbe they pull,
That all wayes, all parts of the hide they may extend at full :
So here and there did both hoſts hale the corſe in little ſpace,
And wrought it all wayes with their ſweat, &c. *In which laſt words of the application conſidered, lies the life of this illuſtration. Our* Homers *divine invention wherein I ſee not in any of their ſhorter tranſlations toucht it. But what could expreſſe more the toyle about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the oppoſite advantage ſerved on both ſides? An oxes hide, after the tanning, asking ſo much labour and oyle to ſupple and extend it,* ——ταινεν μεδυσσαν αλοιφη, diſtendendam, temulentam pinguedine ; *to be ſtretcht out, being drunk with tallow, oyle, or liquor : the word* μεδυσσαν *which ſignifies* temulentam, *of* μεδυω *ſignifying* ebrius ſum, *(being a metaphor) and uſed by* Homer, *I thought fit to expreſſe ſo ; both becauſe it is* Homers, *and doth much more illuſtrate than* craſſam pinguedine multa, *as* Eobanus *turnes it. But* Valla *leaves it cleerely out ; and with his briefneſſe utterly maimes the Simile, which (to my underſtanding being ſo excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the ſence of it ; ſince I ſee not that any tranſlator hath ever thought of it. And therefore (againſt the obiector, that would have no more words than* Homer *uſed, in his tranſlator) I hope thoſe few words I uſe more, being neceſſary to expreſſe ſuch a ſence as I underſtand in* Homer, *will bee at leaſt borne withall ; without which, and other ſuch needfull explanation, the moſt ingenious invention and ſence of ſo matchleſſe a writer, might paſſe endleſly obſcured and unthought on. My manner of tranſlation being partly built on this learned and indicious authority :* Eſt ſciti interpretis, non verborum numerum, & ordinem ſectari ; ſed res ipſas, & ſententias attentè perpendere ; eaſque verbis & formulis orationis veſtire idoneis & aptis ei linguæ in quam convertitur.

b ——————η δ Αθηνη, *&c.* Minerva *appearing to* Menelaus *like* Phœnix, *and encouraging him (as you may read before) to fight ; hee ſpeakes as to* Phœnix, *and wiſhes* Minerva *would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely : which is a continuance of his character, being expreſt for the moſt part by* Homer *ridiculous and ſimple. The originall words yet (becauſe neither* Eobanus *nor* Valla *underſtood the character) they utterly pervert ; as if you pleaſe to examine them, you may ſee. The words are theſe,* βελεων δ' απειρυκε κραιπνα, *which* Spondanus *truly interprets,* telorum vero depulerit impetum ; απειρυκω *being a compound of* ειρυκω, *ſignifying* arceo, repello, propulſo, abigo ; *and yet they tranſlate the words,* & telis vim afferret :

as if Menelaus *wisht that* Pallas *would give force to his darts; which* Eobanus *followes, saying,* & tela valentia præstet, *most ignorantly and unsufferably converting it; supposing them to be his owne darts hee spake of; and would have blest with* Minervaes *addition of vertue and power; where* Homers *are plaine; he spake of the enemies darts; whose force if she would avert, he would fight for* Patroclus.

c Καὶ οἱ μύῃς θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐποίκα, *&c.* Et ei Muscæ audaciam in pectoribus immisit. Minerva *inspired him with the courage of a flie; which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in* Homer; *as if he heartily intended to praise* Menelaus *by it, not understanding his Ironie here, agreeing with all the other sillinesse noted in his character.* Eobanus Hessus, *in pittie of* Homer, *leaves it utterly out; and* Valla *comes over him with a little salve for the sore disgrace hee hath by his ignorant readers laughters; and expounds the words aboves aid thus:* Lene namque eius ingenium prudenti audacia implevit: *laying his medicine nothing neare the place.* Spondanus (*disliking* Homer *with the rest in this Simile*) *would not have* Lucian *forgotten in his merry* Encomium *of a Flie; and therefore cites him upon this place, playing upon* Homer, (*he laughing at all men so ridiculous*) *I forbeare to repeate; and cite onely* Eustathius, *that would salve it, with altering the word* θάρσος, *which signifies* confidentia, *or* audacia (per Metathesin literæ ρ) *for* θράσος, *which is* temeritas; *of which I see not the end: and yet cite all, to shew how such great Clerkes are perplext, and abuse* Homer, *as not being* satis compotes mentis Poeticæ; *for want of which* (*which all their reading and language cannot supply*) *they are thus often graveld and mistaken.*

d Ὡς αἰετὸς, *&c.* Veluti Aquila: *The sport* Homer *makes with* Menelaus, *is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another Simile, resembling him intentionally to a Hare-finder, though for colours sake he useth the word Eagle; as in all other places where he presents him* (*being so eminent a person*) *he hides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it cleare; being here, and in divers other places made a messenger from* Aiax, *and others, to call such and such to their aide; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had beene in magnanimitie and valour equall, or any thing neare it. But to confirme his imperfection therein in divers other places, he is called* μαλθακὸς αἰχμητὴς, mollis bellator; *and therefore was fittest to be employed to call up those that were harder and abler. In going about which businesse,* Homer *shewes how he lookt about, leering like a Hare finder: for to make it simply a Simile illustrating the state of his addresse in that base affaire, had neither wit nor* decorum. *Both which being at their height in the other sence* (*because our* Homer *was their great master to all accomplishment*) *let none detract so miserably from him, as to take this otherwise then a continuance of his Ironie.*

The end of the seventeenth Booke.

THE XVIII. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles *mourues, told of* Patroclus *end,*
When Thetis *doth from forth the sea aſcend,*
And comfort him, adviſing to abſtaine
From any fight, till her requeſt could gaine
Fit armes of Vulcan. Iuno *yet commands*
To ſhew himſelfe. And at the dike he ſtands
In ſight of th' enemie; who with his ſight
Flies; and a number periſh in the flight.
Patroclus *perſon (ſafe brought from the warres)*
His ſouldiers waſh. Vulcan *the armes prepares.*

Another Argument.

Sigma *continues the alarmes,*
And faſhions the renowned armes.

THey fought ſtill like the rage of fire. And now *Antilochus*
Came to *Æacides*; whoſe minde was much ſolicitous,
For that, which (as he fear'd) was falne. He found him neer the fleet
With upright ſaile-yeards, uttering this, to his heroike conceit:

Achilles to himſelfe concerning Patroclus.

Ay me, why ſee the Greekes themſelves, thus beaten from the field,
And routed headlong to their fleet. O let not heaven yeeld
Effect to what my ſad ſoule feares; that (as I was foretold)
The ſtrongeſt Myrmidon, (next me) when I ſhould ſtill behold
The Sunnes faire light, muſt part with it. Paſt doubt, *Menetius* ſonne
Is he on whom that fate is wrought; O wretch, to leave undone
What I commanded, that the fleete once freed of hoſtile fire,
(Not meeting *Hector*) inſtantly, he ſhould his powres retire.
As thus his troubl'd minde diſcourſt, *Antilochus* appear'd,

Antilochus relates Patroclus death

And told with teares the ſad newes thus: My Lord, that muſt be heard,
Which would to heauen I might not tell; *Menetius* ſonne lies dead,
And for his naked corſe (his armes already forfeited,
And worne by *Hector*) the debate is now moſt vehement.

Achilles his rage.

This ſaid, Griefe darkned all his powres. With both his hands he rent
The blacke mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head,
Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds (divinely faſhioned)
All fild and mangl'd; and himſelfe he threw upon the ſhore,
Lay, as laid out for funerall. Then tumbl'd round, and tore
His gracious curles; his extaſie he did ſo farre extend,
That all the Ladies wonne by him, and his now ſlaughterd friend,

(Affected

(Afflicted ſtrangely for his plight) came ſhrieking from the tents,
And fell about him; beate their breaſts, their tender lineaments
Diſſolv'd with ſorrow. And with them, wept *Neſtors* warlike ſonne,
Fell by him, holding his faire hands, in feare he would have done
His perſon violence; his heart (extremely ſtraightned) burn'd,
Beate, ſweld, and ſigh'd, as it would burſt. So terribly he mourn'd;
That *Thetis* ſitting in the deepes of her old fathers ſeas,
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints, the bright *Nereides*
Flockt all; how many thoſe darke gulfes ſoever comprehend.
There *Glauce* and *Cymodoce*, and *Spyo* did attend,
Neſæa and *Cymothoa*, and calme *Amphithoe*;
Thalia, *Thoa*, *Panope*, and ſwift *Dynanime*;
Actæa and *Lymnoria*; and *Halia* the faire,
Fam'd for the beauty of her eyes, *Amathia* for her haire;
Iæra, *Proto*, *Clymene*, and curl'd *Dexamine*;
Pheruſa, *Doris*; and with theſe, the ſmooth *Amphinome*;
Chaſt *Galathea* ſo renown'd, and *Callianira* came
With *Doto* and *Orythia*, to cheare the mournefull Dame;
Apſeudes likewiſe viſited; and *Callianaſſa* gave
Her kinde attendance; and with her, *Agave* grac't the Cave,
Nemertes, *Mæra* followed; *Melita*, *Ianeſſe*,
With *Ianira*, and the reſt of thoſe *Nereides*,
That in the deepe ſeas made abode; all which together beate
Their dewie boſomes; and to all, thus *Thetis* did repeate
Her cauſe of mourning: Siſters, heare how much the ſorrowes wey,
Whoſe cryes, now cald ye: hapleſſe I, brought forth unhappily
The beſt of all the ſonnes of men, who (like a well-ſet plant,
In beſt ſoiles) grew and flouriſhed, and when his ſpirit did want
Employment for his youth and ſtrength: I ſent him with a fleete
To fight at Ilion; from whence, his fate-confined feete
Paſſe all my deitie to retire. The court of his high birth,
The glorious court of *Peleus*, muſt entertaine his worth
Never hereafter. All the life he hath to live with me,
Muſt waſte in ſorrowes; and this ſonne, I now am bent to ſee,
Being now afflicted with ſome griefe, not uſually grave,
Whoſe knowledge and recure I ſeeke. This ſaid, ſhe left her cave,
Which all left with her; ſwimming forth, the greens waves as they ſwom,
Cleft with their boſomes, curld, and gave quicke way to Troy. Being come,
They all aſcended, two and two, and trod the honor'd ſhore,
Till where the fleete of *Myrmidons* (drawne up in heapes) it bore.
There ſtayd they at *Achilles* ſhip, and there did *Thetis* lay
Her faire hand on her ſonnes curl'd head, ſigh'd, wept, and bad him ſay,
What griefe drew from his eyes thoſe teares? conceale it not (ſaid ſhe)
Till this houre, thy up-lifted hands have all things granted thee.
The Greekes (all thruſt up at their ſternes) have pour'd out teares enow,
And in them ſeene how much they miſſe, remiſſion of thy vow.
He ſaid, tis true, *Olympius* hath done me all that grace:
But what joy have I of it all? when thus, thruſts in the place,

Thetis to the Nereides.

Thetis to Achilles.

Achilles to Thetis.

Loſſe of my whole ſelfe, in my friend? whom, when his foe had ſlain,
He ſpoil'd of thoſe prophaned armes, that *Peleus* did obtaine
From heavens high powres, ſolemnizing thy ſacred nuptiall bands,
As th'onely preſent of them all; and fitted well their hands,
Being lovely, radiant, marvellous; O would to heaven thy throne,
With theſe faire deities of the ſea, thou ſtill hadſt ſate upon;
And *Peleus* had a mortall wife; ſince by his meanes is done
So much wrong to thy grieved mind; my death being ſet ſo ſoone,
And never ſuffering my returne, to grace of *Peleus* court;
Nor doe I wiſh it; nor to live in any mans reſort,
But onely that the crying blood for vengeance of my friend,
Mangl'd by *Hector*, may be ſtild; his foes death paying his end.

Thetis to Achilles. She weeping, ſaid: that houre is neare, and thy deaths houre then nie,
Which in thy wiſh ſerv'd of thy foe, ſucceedeth inſtantly.

Achilles to Thetis. And inſtantly it ſhall ſucceed, (he anſwerd) ſince my fate
Allow'd not to my will a powre, to reſcue (ere the date
Of his late ſlaughter) my true friend. Farre from his friends he died.
Whoſe wrong therein my eyes had light, and right to ſee denied.
Yet now I neither light my ſelfe, nor have ſo ſpent my light,
That either this friend or the reſt, (in numbers infinite
Slaughterd by *Hector*) I can helpe, nor grace with wiſht repaire
To our deare country; but breathe here, unprofitable ayre,
And onely live a loade to earth, with all my ſtrength, though none
Of all the Grecians equall it. In counſell many a one
Is my ſuperiour; what I have, no grace gets, what I want,
Diſgraceth all. How then too ſoone, can haſtieſt death ſupplant
My fate-curſt life? her inſtrument, to my indignitie,
Being that black friend Contention, who would to God might dye
To gods and men, and Anger too, that kindles tyrannie
In men moſt wiſe, being much more ſweet then liquid honey is
To men of powre, to ſatiate their watchfull enmities;
And like a pliant fume it ſpreds through all their breaſts, as late
It ſtole ſterne paſſage through mine; which he did inſtigate,
That is our Generall. But the fact, ſo long paſt, the effect
Muſt vaniſh with it, though both griev'd, nor muſt we ſtill reſpect
Our ſoothed humours; Need now take the rules of eithers mind.
And when the loſer of my friend, his death in me ſhall finde,
Let death take all. Send him, ye gods, Ile give him my embrace,
Not *Hercules* himſelfe ſhund death, though deareſt in the grace
Of *Iupiter*, even him, Fate ſtoopt, and *Iuno's* crueltie;
And if ſuch Fate expect my life, where death ſtrikes, I will lie.
Meane time I wiſh a good renowne, that theſe deepe-breſted Dames
Of Ilion and Dardania may, for th'extinguiſht flames
Of their friends lives, with both their hands, wipe miſerable teares
From their ſo curiouſly, kept cheekes, and be the officers
To execute my ſighs on Troy, when (ſeeing my long retreate
But gatherd ſtrength, and gives my charge an anſwerable heate)
That well may know twas I lay ſtill, and that my being away,

Preſented

Preſented all their happineſſe. But any further ſtay,
(Which your much love perhaps may wiſh) aſſay not to perſwade;
All vowes are kept, all prayers heard, now, free way for fight is made.
The ſilver-footed Dame replide: It fits thee well my ſonne, *Thetis to Achilles.*
To keepe deſtruction from thy friends; but thoſe faire armes are wonne
And worne by *Hector*, that ſhould keepe thy ſelfe in keeping them,
Though their fruition be but ſhort, a long death being neare him,
Whoſe cruell glory they are yet: by all meanes then forbeare
To tread the maſſacres of warre, till I againe appeare
From Mulciber with fit new armes; which when thy eye ſhall ſee
The ſunne next riſe, ſhall enter here, with his firſt beames and me.
Thus to her ſiſters of the ſea, ſhe turn'd, and bad them ope
The doores and deepes of Nereus; ſhe in Olympus top
Muſt viſite *Vulcan* for new armes, to ſerve her wreakefull ſonne; *Thetis and he Olympus leave Aſcalus.*
And bad informe her father ſo, with all things further done.
This ſaid, they underwent the ſea, her ſelfe flew up to heaven;
In meane ſpace, to the Helleſpont, and ſhips, the Greekes were driven
In ſhamefull rout; nor could they yet, from rage of *Priams* ſonne,
Secure the dead of new aſſaults, both horſe and men made on,
With ſuch impreſſion: thrice the feete, the hands of *Hector* ſeaz'd,
And thrice th' *Aiaces* thumpt him off. With whoſe repulſe diſpleaſd,
He wreakt his wrath upon the troupes; then to the corſe againe,
Made horrid turnings, crying out of his repulſed men,
And would not quit him quite for death. A Lyon almoſt ſterv'd,
Is not by upland herdſmen driven, from urging to be ſerv'd
With more contention then his ſtrength, by thoſe two of a name,
And had perhaps his much praiſd will, if th'ayrie-footed dame
(Swift *Iris*) had not ſtoopt in haſte, Ambaſſadreſſe from heaven,
To *Peleus* ſonne, to bid him arme; her meſſage being giuen *Iris Ambaſſadreſſe to Achilles from Iove.*
By *Iuno*; kept from all the gods; ſhe thus excited him:
Riſe thou moſt terrible of men, and ſave the precious lim
Of thy belov'd; in whoſe behalfe, the conflict now runnes hie
Before the fleete; the either hoſt fels other mutually;
Theſe to retaine, thoſe to obtaine; amongſt whom, moſt of all
Is *Hector* prompt, hee's apt to drag thy friend home, he your pall
Will make his ſhoulders; his head forc't, hee'l be moſt famous; riſe,
No more lie idle, ſet the foe a much more coſtly prize
Of thy friends value; then let dogs make him a monument,
Where thy name will be graven. He askt, What deitie hath ſent
Thy preſence hither? She repli'd, *Saturnia*, ſhe alone,
Not high *Iove* knowing, nor one god that doth inhabite on
Snowy Olympus. He againe, how ſhall I ſet upon
The worke of ſlaughter, when mine armes are worne by *Priams* ſon?
How will my goddeſſe mother grieve, that bad I ſhould not arme
Till ſhe brought armes from Mulciber? But ſhould I doe ſuch harme
To her and durie: who is he (but *Aiax*) that can vant
The fitting my breſt with his armes? and he is converſant
Amongſt the firſt in uſe of his, and rampiers of the foe'

(Slaine neare *Patroclus*) builds to him. All this (ſaid ſhe) we know,
And wiſh, thou onely wouldſt but ſhow thy perſon to the eyes
Of theſe hot Ilians, that (afraid of further enterpriſe)
The Greekes may gaine ſome little breath. She woo'd, and he was won
And ſtrait *Minerva* honor'd him, who *Ioves* ſhield clapt upon
His mightie ſhoulders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,
That caſt beames round about his browes. And as when armes enſold
Simile. A citie in an Ile; from thence, a fume at firſt appeares,
(Being in the day) but when the Even, her cloudie forehead reares,
Thicke ſhow the fires, and up they caſt their ſplendor, that men nie
Seeing their diſtreſſe, perhaps may ſet ſhips out to their ſupply:
So (to ſhew ſuch aid) from his head, a light roſe, ſcaling heaven
And forth the wall he ſtept and ſtood; nor brake the precept given
By his great mother (mixt in fight) but ſent abroad his voyce,
Which *Pallas* farre off ecchoed; who did betwixt them hoiſe
Simile. Shrill Tumult to a topleſſe height. And as a voice is heard
With emulous affection, when any towne is ſpher'd
With ſiege of ſuch a foe, as kils mens mindes, and for the towne
Makes ſound his trumpet: ſo the voyce, from *Thetis* iſſue throwne,
Won emulouſly th'eares of all. His brazen voyce once heard,
The mindes of all were ſtartl'd ſo, they yeelded; and ſo feard
The faire-man'd horſes, that they flew backe, and their chariots turn'd,
Preſaging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd
A little after, and their guides, a repercuſſive dread
Tooke from the horrid radiance of his refulgent head.
Which *Pallas* ſet on fire with grace. Thrice grent *Achilles* ſpake,
And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the Troians ſtarted backe:
Twelve men, of greateſt ſtrength in Troy, left with their lives exhal'd,
Their chariots and their darts to death, with his three ſummons cald.
And then the Grecians ſpritefully, drew from the darts the corſe,
And hearſt it, bearing it to fleete. Hts friends, with all remorſe
Marching about it. His great friend diſſolving then in teares,
To ſee his truely-lov'd return'd, ſo horſt upon an herſe,
Whom with ſuch horſe and chariot, he ſet out ſafe and whole,
Now wounded with unpittying ſteele, now ſent without a ſoule,
Never againe to be reſtord, never receiu'd but ſo;
He follow'd mourning bitterly. The Sunne (yet farre to goe)
Iuno commands the Sunne to goe down before his times. *Iuno* commanded to goe downe; who in his powres deſpight,
Sunke to the Ocean; over earth, diſperſing ſodaine night.
And then the Greekes and Troians both, gave up their horſe and darts.
The Troians all to counſell cal'd, ere they refreſht their hearts
With any ſupper, nor would ſit; they grew ſo ſtiffe with feare,
To ſee (ſo long from heavie fight) *Æacides* appeare.
Polydamas began to ſpeake, who onely could diſcerne
Things future by things paſt, and was vow'd friend to *Hector*; borne
In one night both; he thus adviſde: Conſider well (my friend)
Polydamas to Hector and the Troians. In this ſo great and ſodaine change, that now it ſelfe extends;
What change is beſt for us t'oppoſe. To this ſtands my command;

Make

Make now the towne our ſtrength; not here abide lights roſie hand;
Our wall being farre off, and our foe, (much greater) ſtill as nere.
Till this foe came, I well was pleaſde, to keepe our watches here;
My fit hope of the fleetes ſurpriſe, enclin'd me ſo; but now
Tis ſtronger guarded; and (their ſtrength increaſt) we muſt allow
Our owne proportionate amends. I doubt exceedingly
That this indifferencie of fight, twixt us and th'enemy,
And theſe bounds we prefixe to them, will nothing ſo confine,
Th'uncurb'd minde of *Æacides*. The height of his deſigne
Aimes at our citie, and our wives, and all barres in his way
(Being backt with leſſe then wals) his powre will ſcorne to make his ſtay,
And over-runne, as over-ſeene, and not his obiect. Then
Let Troy be freely our retreate; leſt being enforc't, our men
Twixt this, and that be taken up, by Vultures, who by night
My ſafe come off, it being a time untimely for his might
To ſpend at randome; that being ſure. If next light ſhew us here
To his aſſaults, each man will wiſh, that Troy his refuge were,
And then feele what he heares not now. I would to heaven mine eare
Were free even now of thoſe complaints, that you muſt after heare,
If ye remove not. If ye yeeld (though wearied with a fight)
So late and long; we ſhall have ſtrength, in counſell and the night.
And (where we here have no more force then Need will force us to,
And which muſt riſe out of our nerves) high ports, towres, wals will doe
What wants in us. And in the morne, all arm'd upon our towres,
We all will ſtand out to our foe. T will trouble all his powres,
To come from fleet, and give us charge, when his high creſted horſe,
His rage ſhall ſatiate with the toyle of this, and that wayes courſe,
Vaine entry ſeeking underneath our well-defended wals;
And he be glad to turne to fleet, about his funerals.
For of his entry here at home, what minde will ſerve his thirſt?
Or ever feed him with ſackt Troy? the dogs ſhall eate him firſt.
At this ſpeech, *Hector* bent his browes, and ſaid, this makes not great
Your grace with me, *Polydamas*; that argue for retreate
To Troys old priſon; have we not enough of thoſe towres yet?
And is not Troy yet charg'd enough, with impoſitions ſet
Vpon her citizens; to keepe our men from ſpoyle without?
But ſtill we muſt impoſe within? that houſes with our rout,
As well as purſes may be plagu'd? Before time, *Priams* towne
Traffickt with divers-languag'd men, and all gave the renowne
Of rich Troy to it, braſſe and gold abounding: but her ſtore
Is now from every houſe exhauſt; poſſeſſions evermore
Are ſold out into Phrygia, and lovely Mæonie;
And have beene ever ſince *Ioves* wrath. And now his clemency
Gives me the meane, to quit our want with glory, and conclude
he Greekes in ſea-bords, and our ſeas; to ſlacke it, and extrude
His offerd bountie by our flight. Foole that thou art, bewray
This counſell to no common eare; for no man ſhall obay
If any will, Ile checke his will. But what our ſelfe command,

Hect. in anger reprooves Polydamas.

Let

Let all obſerve: take ſuppers all, keepe watch of euery hand.
If any Troian have ſome ſpoyle, that takes his too much care,
Make him diſpoſe it publikely; tis better any fate
The better for him then the Greekes. When light then deckes the skies,
Let all arme for a fierce aſſault. If great *Achilles* riſe,
And will enforce our greater toyle, it may riſe ſo to him;
On my backe, he ſhall finde no wings, my ſpirit ſhall force my lim
To ſtand his worſt, and give or take, *Mars* is our common Lord,
And the deſirous ſword-mans life, he ever puts to ſword.
This counſell gat applauſe of all, ſo much were all unwiſe,
Minerva robd them of their braines, to like the ill advice
The great man gave, and leave the good, ſince by the meaner given.
All tooke their ſuppers, but the Greekes ſpent all the heavy Even
About *Patroclus* mournefull rites; *Pelides* leading all
In all the formes of heavineſſe: he by his ſide did fall,
And his man-ſlaughtering hands impoſd into his oft-kiſt breaſt,
Similie. Sighes blew up ſighes: and Lion-like, grac't with a goodly creſt,
That in his abſence being robd by hunters of his whelps,
Returnes to his ſo deſolate den: and (for his wanted helps)
Beholding his unlookt-for wants, flies roring backe againe,
Hunts the ſlye hunter, many a vale, reſounding his diſdaine.
So mourn'd *Pelides*, his late loſſe; ſo weightie were his mones
Achilles to his Myrmidons. Which (for their dumbe ſounds) now gave words to all his Myrmidons.
O gods (ſaid he) how vaine a vow, I made, (to chearethe minde)
Of ſad *Menætius*, when his ſonne, his hand to mine reſign'd,
That high-towr'd *Opus* he ſhould ſee, and leave rac't Ilion,
With ſpoyle and honour, even with me? but *Iove* vouchſafes to none,
Wiſht paſſages to all his vowes, we both were deſtinate
To bloudy one earth here in Troy, nor any more eſtate
In my returne, hath *Peleus*, or *Thetis*; but becauſe
I, laſt muſt undergoe the ground, Ile keepe no funerall lawes
Achilles to Patroclus body. (O my *Patroclus*) for thy corſe, before I hither bring
The armes of *Hector*, and his head, to thee for offering.
Twelve youths, the moſt renown'd of Troy, Ile ſacrifice beſide,
Before thy heape of funerall, to thee unpacifide.
In meane time, by our crooked ſternes, lye drawing teares from me,
And round about thy honour'd Corſe, theſe dames of Dardanie,
And Ilion with the ample breaſts (whom our long ſpeares and powres,
And labours purchaſt from the rich, and by-us ruind towres,
And cities ſtrong and populous, with divers-languag'd men)
Shall kneele, and neither day nor night be licenſt to abſtaine
From ſolemne watches, their toyl'd eyes held ope with endleſſe teares.
This paſſion paſt, he gave command to his neare ſouldiers,
To put a Tripod to the fire, to cleanſe the feſtred gore
From off the perſon. They obeyd, and preſently did powre
Freſh water in it; kindl'd wood, and with an inſtant flame,
The belly of the Tripod girt, till fires hot qualitie came
Vp to the water. Then they waſht, and fild the mortall wound

With

With wealthy oyle of nine yeares old; then wrapt the body round,
In largeneſſe of a fine white ſheete, and put it then in bed,
When all, watcht all night with their Lord, and ſpent ſighes on the dead.
Then *Iove* askt *Iuno*, if at length ſhe had ſuffic'd her ſpleene, *Iove to Iuno.*
Achilles being wonne to armes? or if ſhe had not beene
The naturall mother of the Greekes, ſhe did ſo ſtill preferre
Their quarrell? She incenſt, askt why he ſtill was tanting her,
For doing good to thoſe ſhe lov'd? ſince man to man might ſhow
Kinde offices, though thrall to death; and though they did not know
Halfe ſuch deepe counſels, as diſcloſd; beneath her farre-ſeeing ſtate: *Iuno to Iove.*
She, reigning Queene of goddeſſes, and being ingenerate
Of one ſtocke with himſelfe; beſides, the ſtate of being his wife,
And muſt her wrath, and ill to Troy, continue ſuch a ſtrife
From time to time, twixt him and her? This private ſpeech they had, *Thetis enters the Court of Vulcan.*
And now the ſilver-footed Queene had her aſcention made,
To that incorruptible houſe, that ſtarry golden court
Of fiery *Vulcan*; beautifull, amongſt th'immortall ſort.
Which yet the lame god built himſelfe: ſhe found him in a ſweate,
About his bellowes; and in haſte, had twenty Tripods beate,
To ſet for ſtooles about the ſides of his well builded hall.
To whoſe feete, little wheeles of gold he put, to goe withall,
And enter his rich dining roome; alone, their motion free
And backe againe goe out alone, miraculous to ſee.
And thus much he had done of them, yet handles were to adde,
For which he now was making ſtuds. And while their faſhion had.
Employment of his skilfull hand, bright *Thetis* was come neare,
Whom firſt, faire well-haird *Charis* ſaw, that was the nuptiall feare,
Of famous *Vulcan*, who, the hand of *Thetis* tooke, and ſaid;
Why, faire-train'd, lov'd and honour'd Dame, are we thus viſited *Charis the wife of Vulcan to Thetis.*
By your kinde preſence? you I thinke, were never here before,
Come neare, that I may banquet you, and make you viſite more.
She led her in, and in a chaire of ſilver (being the fruit
Of *Vulcans* hand) ſhe made her ſit: a footſtoole, of a ſuite,
Appoſing to her chriſtall feete, and cald the god of fire
For *Thetis* was arriv'd (ſhe ſaid) and entertain'd deſire
Of ſome grace, that his art might grant. *Thetis* to me (ſaid he) *Vulcan to Charis*
Is mighty, and moſt reverend, as one that nouriſht me,
When Griefe conſum'd me; being caſt from heaven, by want of ſhame
In my proud mother, who becauſe ſhe brought me forth ſo lame,
Would have me made away, and then I had beene much diſtreſt,
Had *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, in eithers ſilver breaſt
Not reſcu'd me. *Eurynome*, that to her father had
Reciprocall *Oceanus*, nine yeeres with them I made
A number of well-arted things, round bracelets, buttons brave,
Whiſtles and Carqnenets: my Forge ſtood in a hollow Cave,
About which (murmuring with ſome) th'unmeaſur'd Ocean
Was ever beating; my abode, knowne not to god nor man,
But *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, and they would ſee me ſtill:

They

They were my loving guardians: now then the ſtarry hill,
And our particular rooſe thus grac't with bright-hair'd *Thetis* here,
It fits me alwayes to repay, a recompence as deare
To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haſte *Charis*, and appoſe
Some dainty gueſt rites to our friend, while I my bellowes loſe
From fire, and lay up all my tooles. Then from an anvile roſe
Th'unweildy monſter; halted downe, and all awry he went.
He tooke his bellowes from the fire, and every inſtrument
Lockt ſafe up in a ſilver cheſt. Then with a ſponge he dreſt
His face all over, necke and hands, and all his hairie breaſt:
Put on his Cote, his Scepter tooke, and then went halting forth:
Vulcans attendants. Handmaids of gold, attending him; reſembling in all worth,
Living young damzels, fild with mindes, and wiſedome, and were train'd
In all immortall miniſterie; vertue and voyce contain'd,
And mov'd with voluntarie powres: and theſe ſtill waited on
Their fierie Soveraigne; who (not apt to walke) ſate nere the throne
Of faire hair'd *Thetis*; tooke her hand; and thus he courted her:
Vulcan to Thetis For what affaire, O faire-train'd Queene, reverend to me, and deare,
Is our Court honourd with thy ſtate? that haſt not heretofore
Perform'd this kindneſſe? Speake thy thoughts, thy ſuit can be no more
Then my minde gives me charge to grant, can my powre get it wrought?
Or that it have not onely powre, of onely act in thought?
Thetis to Vulcan She thus: O *Vulcan*, is there one of all that are of heaven,
That in her never-quiet minde, *Saturnius* hath given
So much affliction as to me? whom onely he ſubiects
(Of all the Sea-Nymphs) to a man, and makes me beare th'affects
Of his fraile bed: and all againſt the freedome of my will.
And he worne to his roote with age: from him, another ill,
Ariſeth to me; *Iupiter* you know, hath given a ſonne
(The excellenſt of men) to me; whoſe education,
On my part well hath anſwered his owne worth; having growne,
As in a fruitfull ſoyle, a tree that puts not up alone
His body to a naked height; but joyntly gives his growth
A thouſand branches; yet to him, ſo ſhort a life I brought,
That never I ſhall ſee him more, return'd to *Peleus* Court.
And all that ſhort life he hath ſpent, in moſt unhappy ſort.
For firſt he wonne a worthy Dame, and had her by the hands
Of all the Grecians: yet this Dame, *Atrides* countermands:
For which, in much diſdaine he mourn'd, and almoſt pin'd away,
And yet, for this wrong, he receiv'd ſome honour, I muſt ſay,
The Greekes being ſhut up at their ſhips, not ſufferd to advance
A head out of their batterd ſternes; and mightie ſuppliance,
By all their grave men hath beene made, gifts, honors, all propoſde
For his reflection, yet he ſtill kept cloſe, and ſaw encloſde
Their whole hoſt in this generall plague. But now his friend put on
His armes; being ſent by him to field, and many a Myrmidon
In conduct of him; all the day they fought before the gates

Of

Of Scæa; and moſt certainly, that day had ſeene the dates
Of all Troyes honours, in her duſt; if *Phœbus* (having done
Much miſchiefe more) the envyed life of good *Menœtius* ſonne,
Had not with partiall hands enforc't, and all the honour given
To *Hector*, who hath priſde his armes; and therefore I am driuen
T'embrace thy knees, for new defence, to my lov'd ſonne: alas,
His life prefixt, ſo ſhort a date had need ſpend that with grace.
A ſhield then for him, and a helme, faire greaves, and curets ſuch,
As may renowne thy workmanſhip, and honour him as much;
I ſue for, at thy famous hands. Be confident (ſaid he)
Let theſe wants breed thy thoughts, no care; I would it lay in me,
To hide him from his heauy death; when Fate ſhall ſeeke for him;
As well as with renowned armes, to fit his goodly limme;
Which thy hands ſhall conuey to him; and all eyes ſhall admire:
See, and deſire againe to ſee thy ſatisfied deſire.

Vulcan to Thetis.

This ſaid, he left her there, and forth did to his bellowes goe,
Appoſde them to the fire againe, commanding them to blow.
Through twenty holes made to his hearth, at once blew twenty paire,
That fir'd his coles, ſometimes with ſoft, ſometimes with vehement ayre,
As he will'd, and his worke requir'd. Amids the flame he caſt,
Tin, Silver, precious Gold, and Braſſe; and in the ſtocke he plac't
A mighty anvile; his right hand a weighty hammer held,
His left his tongs. And firſt he forg'd a ſtrong and ſpatious ſhield
Adornd with twenty ſeverall hewes: about whoſe verge he beate,
A ring, three-fold and radiant; and on the backe he ſet
A ſiluer handle; fiue-fold were the equall lines he drew
About the whole circumference: in which, his hand did ſhew,
(Directed with a knowing minde) a rare varietie,
For in it he repreſented earth; in it, the ſea and skie:
In it, the neuer-wearied Sunne, the Moone exactly round,
And all thoſe ſtarres, with which the browes of ample heaven are crownd;
Orion, all the *Pleiades*, and thoſe ſeuen *Atlas* got;
The cloſe-beam'd *Hyades*. The *Beare*, ſurnam'd the Chariot,
That turnes about heavens axeltree, holds ope a conſtant eye
Vpon *Orion*; and of all, the Creſſets in the skie,
His golden forehead neuer bowes, to th'Ocean Emperie.

Vulcan begins to forge armes for Achilles.

Two cities in the ſpacious field, he build with goodly ſtate
Of divers-languag'd men: the one did nuptials celebrate,
Obſerving at them, ſolemne feaſts: the Brides from forth their bowres
With torches, uſherd through the ſtreetes: a world of Paramours
Excited by them; youths and maides, in louely circles danc't:
To whom the merry Pipe and Harpe, the ſpritefull ſounds advanc't,
The matrons ſtanding in their dores admiring. Other where,
A ſolemne Court of law was kept, where throngs of people were:
The caſe in queſtion, was a fine impoſde on one, that ſlue
The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did ſue;
Which th'other pleaded he had paid. The aduerſe part denied,

Two cities forged in Achilles armes.

And

And openly affirm'd he had no penny ſatisfied.
Both put it to arbiterment; the people cryed twas beſt
For both parts, and th' aſſiſtants too gave their doomes like the reſt.
The Heralds made the people peace: the Seniors then did beare
The voycefull Heralds ſcepters; ſate within a ſacred ſphere,
On poliſht ſtones; and gaue by turnes their ſentence. In the Court
The martiall citie in the ſhield of Achilles. Two talents of gold were caſt, for him, that iudg'd in iuſteſt ſort.
The other citie, other warres employ'd as buſily,
Two armies glittering in armes, of one confederacie,
Beſieg'd it; and a parle had with thoſe within the towne,
Two waies they ſtood reſolu'd; to ſee the citie overthrowne:
Or that the citizens ſhould heape in two parts all their wealth,
And gave them halfe. They neither lik't, but arm'd themſelves by ſtealth:
Left all their old men, wives, and boyes, behinde, to man their wals;
And ſtole out to their enemies towne. The Queene of martials,
And *Mars* himſelfe conducted them; both which being forg'd of gold,
Muſt needs have golden furniture: and men might ſo behold
They were preſented deities. The people, *Vulcan* forg'd
Of meaner mettall. When they came where that was to be urg'd
For which they went, within a vale cloſe to a flood, whoſe ſtreame
Vſde to give all their cattell drinke; they there enambuſht them:
And ſent two ſcouts out to deſcry, when th'enemies heards and ſheepe
Were ſetting: they ſtrait came forth, with two that uſde to keepe
Their paſſage alwaies; both which pip't, and went on merrily;
Nor dream'd of Ambuſcados there. The ambuſh then let flie,
Slue all their white fleec't ſheepe, and neate, and by them laid their guard.
When thoſe in ſiege before the towne, ſo ſtrange an uprore heard,
Behind, amongſt their flockes and herds; (being then in counſell ſet)
They then ſtart up, tooke horſe, and ſoone their ſubtill enemy met;
Fought with them on the rivers ſhore, where both gave mutuall blowes
With well pil'd darts. Amongſt them all, perverſe Contention roſe,
Amongſt them tumult was enrag'd: amongſt them ruinous Fate
Had her red-finger; ſome they tooke in an unhurt eſtate,
Some hurt, yet living, ſome quite ſlaine: and thoſe they tug'd to them
By both the feete, ſtript off and tooke their weeds, with all the ſtreame
Of blood upon them; that their ſteeles had manfully let out.
They fear'd as men alive indeed, drew dead indeed about.
A new eared field in the ſhield. To theſe the fiery Artizan did adde a new ear'd field,
Larg'd and thrice plowd; the ſoyle being ſoft, and of a wealthy yeeld,
And many men at plow he made, that drave earth here and there,
And turnd up ſtitches orderly; at whoſe end when they were,
A fellow ever gave their hands full cups of luſcious wine;
Which emptied, for another ſtitch, the earth they undermine,
And long till th'utmoſt bound be reacht, of all the ample Cloſe:
The ſoyle turnd up behinde the plow, all blacke like earth aroſe,
Though forg'd of nothing elſe but gold, and lay in ſhow as light,
A field of corne. As if it had beene plowd indeed; miraculous to ſight.
There grew by this a field of corne, high, ripe; where reapers wrought,

And

And let thicke handfuls fall to earth; for which, ſome other brought
Bands, and made ſheaves. Three binders ſtood, and tooke the handfuls reapt
From boyes that gatherd quickly up; and by them armefuls heapt.
Amongſt theſe at a furrowes end, the king ſtood pleaſde at heart;
Said no word, but his ſcepter ſhewd. And from him, much apart,
His harveſt Bailiffes, underneath an Oke, a feaſt prepar'd:
And having kild a mighty Oxe, ſtood there to ſee him ſhar'd;
Which women for their harveſt folkes (then come to ſup) had dreſt;
And many white-wheate-cakes beſtowd, to make it up a feaſt.
A vine of gold.
He ſet neare this, a vine of gold, that crackt beneath the weight
Of bunches, blacke with being ripe, to keepe which at the height,
A ſilver raile ranne all along, and round about it flow'd
An azure mote; and to this guard, a quick-ſet was beſtow'd
Of Tin, one onely path to all; by which the preſſemen came
In time of vintage; youths and maides that bore not yet the flame
Of manly *Hymen*; baskets bore, of grapes and mellow fruit.
Centerd the circles of that youth; all whoſe skill could not doe
The wantons pleaſure to their minds, that danc't, ſung, whiſtl'd to.
A herd of Oxen.
A herd of Oxen then he carv'd, with high raiſde heads, forgde all
Of Gold and Tin (for colour mixt) and bellowing from their ſtall,
Ruſht to their paſtures, a floud that ecchoed all their throtes;
Exceeding ſwift, and full of reeds, and all in yellow cotes,
Foure herdſmen followd; after whom, nine Maſtiffes went. In head
Of all the herd, upon a Bull, that deadly bellowed,
Two horrid Lyons rampt, and ſeiſd, and (tugg'd off) bellowing ſtill,
Both men and dogs came; yet they tore the hide, and lapt their fill
Of blacke bloud, and the entrailes eate. In vaine the men aſſayd,
To ſet their dogs on: none durſt pinch, but curre-like ſtood and bayd
In both the faces of their kings; and all their onſets fled.
Flockes of Sheepe.
Then in a paſſing pleaſant vale, the famous artſman fed,
(Vpon a goodly paſture ground) rich flockes of white-fleec't ſheepe,
Built ſtables, cottages, and cotes; that did the ſhepheards keepe
A labyrinth.
From winde and weather. Next to theſe, he cut a dancing place,
All full of turnings; that was like the admirable maze
For faire-hair'd *Ariadne* made, by cunning *Dedalus*;
And in it, youths and virgins danc't; all yong and beautious,
And glewed in anothers palmes. Weeds that the winde did toſſe,
The virgins wore: the youths, woven cotes, that caſt a faint dimme gloſſe,
Like that of oyle. Freſh garlands too, the virgins temples crownd;
The youths guilt ſwords wore at their thighes, with ſilver bawdrickes bound:
Sometimes all wound cloſe in a ring, to which as faſt they ſpunne,
As any wheele a Turner makes, being tried how it will runne,
While he is ſet, and out againe, as full of ſpeed, they wound;
Not one left faſt, or breaking hands. A multitude ſtood round,
Delighted with their nimble ſport: to end which two begun
(Mids all) a ſong, and turning ſung, the ſports concluſion.
All this he circl'd in the ſhield, with pouring round about

(In all his rage) the Ocean, that it might never out.
This ſhield thus done, he forg'd for him ſuch curets, as out ſhin'd
The blaze of fire: a helmet then (through which no ſteele could finde
Forc't paſſage) he compoſde, whoſe hue, a hundred colours tooke;
And in the creſt, a plume of gold, that each breath ſtirr'd, he ſtucke.
All done, he all to *Thetis* brought, and held all up to her;
She tooke them all, and lik't the hawke, (ſurnam'd the Oſſpringer)
From *Vulcan* to her mighty ſonne; with that ſo glorious ſhow,
Stoopt from the ſteepe Olympian hill, hid in eternall ſnow.

COMMENTARIVS.

α Ως δ' ὅτε δειζήλη φωνὴ ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
Ἀστυ περιπτολίεσσιν ὀδυνηφάτοισι ἑκὰς δυσμενέεσσιν.
Ὡς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ ἧιξεν Αἰακίδαο.
Οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν σάκεος ὄπα χάλκειον Αἰακίδαο.
Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός.

Thus turned by Spondanus ad verbum:

Vt autem cognitu facilis vox eſt, cum clangit tuba
Vrbem obſidentes hoſtes propter pernicioſos:
Sic tunc clara vox fuit *Æacidæ*,
Hi autem poſtquam igitur audiuerunt vocem ferream *Æacidæ*:
Omnibus commotus eſt animus.

Valla *thus*:

Sicut enim cum obſidentibus ſæuis urbem hoſtibus, vel clarior vox, vel claſſicum perſtrepit; ita nunc *Achilles* magna voce inclamauit. ——quam cum audirent Troiani, perturbati ſunt animis.

Eobanus Heſſus *thus*:

——Nam ſicut ab urbe Obſeſſa increpuere tubæ, vel claſſica cantu Ferrea; ſic *Troas* vox perturbabat *Achillis*.

Mine owne harſh converſion (in which I will be bold to repeate after theſe, thus cloſely for your eaſier examination) is this, as before.

——And as a voyce is heard
With emulous attention, when any towne is ſpher'd
With ſiege of ſuch a foe as kils mens mindes, and for the towne
Makes ſound his trumpet: ſo the voyce from *Thetis* iſſue throwne,
Wonne emulouſly the eares of all. His brazen voyce once heard,
The mindes of all were ſtartld ſo, they yeelded.

In conference of all our tranſlations, I would gladly learne of my more learned Reader, if the two laſt converſions doe any thing neare expreſſe the conceit of Homer, *or if they beare any grace worth the ſignification of his words, and the ſence of his illuſtration. Whoſe intent was not to expreſſe the cleereſneſſe or ſhrilneſſe of his voyce in it ſelf, but the envious terror it wrought in the Troians.* δειζήλη φωνὴ, *not ſignifying in this place,* clara, *or* cognitu facilis vox, *but* emulanda vox. δειζηλ☞ *ſignifying,* quem valde æmulamur, aut valde æmulandus: *though theſe interpreters would rather receive it here for* δειδηλ☞, verſo δ in ζ, ut ſit clarus, illuſtris, &c. *But how ſilly a curioſity is it to alter the word upon ignorance of the ſignification it hath in his place? the word* δειζηλ☞ *being a compound of* δει, *which ſignifieth* valde, *and* ζηλ☞, *which is* æmulatio: *or of* ζηλόω *which ſignifies* æmulor? *To this effect then* (ſaith Homer *in this Simile,*) *As a voyce that workes a terror, carrying an envy with it, ſounds to a citie*

citie beſieged when the trumpet of a dreadfull & mind-deſtroying enemy ſummõs it, (*for ſo* θυμοφθορον *ſignifies,* θυμοφθορος *ſignifying* animum deſtruens *being a compound of* φθειρω, *which ſignifies* deſtruo, *and* θυμος *which is* animus) *that is, when the parle comes, after the trũpets ſound, uttering the reſolution of the dreadfull enemie before it. The further application of this ſimile is left out by miſchance.*

The end of the eighteenth Booke.

THE XIX. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THetis, preſenting armour to her ſonne;
He cals a Court, with full reflection
Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men
Free-offerd gifts. All take their breakefaſt then;
He (onely faſting) Armes and brings abroad
The Grecian hoſt. And (hearing the abode
Of his neare death by Xanthus *prophecied)*
The horſe, for his ſo bold preſage, doth chide.

Another Argument.

Taw gives the anger period,
And great Achilles *comes abroad.*

THe Moone aroſe, and from the Ocean, in her ſaffron robe,
Gave light to all: as well to gods as men of th'under globe.
Thetis ſtoopt home, and found the proſtrate perſon of her ſonne, *Thetis appeares to Achilles.*
About his friend; ſtill pouring out himſelfe in paſſion:
A number more, being heauy conſorts to him in his cares.
Amongſt them all, *Thetis* appear'd; and ſacred comforters
Made theſe ſhort words. Though we muſt grieue, yet beare it thus; (my ſon)
It was no man that proſtrated in this ſad faſhion
Thy deareſt friend; it was a god that firſt laid on his hand,
Whoſe will is law: the gods decrees, no humane muſt withſtand.
Doe thou embrace this Fabricke of a god; whoſe hand, before,
Nere forg'd the like, and ſuch as yet no humane ſhoulder wore.
Thus (ſetting downe,) the precious mettall of the armes was ſuch,
That all the roome rung with the weight of euery ſlendreſt touch.
Cold tremblings tooke the Myrmidons; none durſt ſuſtaine, all fear'd
T'oppoſe their eyes: *Achilles* yet, as ſoone as they appear'd, *Achilles rapture at the ſight of his armes.*
Sterne Anger entred. From his eyes (as if the day-ſtarre roſe)
A radiance terrifying men, did all the ſtate encloſe.
At length he tooke into his hands the rich gift of the god,
And (much pleaſd, to behold the art, that in the ſhield he ſhow'd)
He brake forth into this applauſe; O mother, theſe right well,
Shew an immortall fingers touch; mans hand muſt neuer deale
With armes againe. Now I will arme; yet (that no honour make
My friend forgotten) I much feare, leſt with the blowes of flies,
His braſſe-inflicted wounds are filde, life gone, his perſon lies

All apt to putrifaction. She bade him, doubt no harme
Of thoſe offences: ſhe would care to keepe the petulant ſwarme
Of Flies (that uſually taint the bodies of the ſlaine)
From his friends perſon: though a yeare the earths top ſhould ſuſtaine
His ſlaughterd body, it ſhould ſtill reſt ſound, and rather hold
A better ſtate, then worſe; ſince time, that death firſt made him cold:
And ſo bade call a Councell, to diſpoſe of new alarmes,
Where (to the king that was the Paſtor of that flocke in armes)
He ſhould depoſe all anger, and put on a fortitude
Fit for his armes. All this, his powres, with dreadfull ſtrength indude.
She, with her faire hand, ſtill'd into the noſtrils of his friend,
Red Nectar and Ambroſia; with which ſhe did defend
The corſe from putrifaction. He trod along the ſhore,
Achilles ſummons all the Greeks to Councell. And ſummon'd all th'heroique Greekes, with all that ſpent before
The time in exerciſe with him; the Maſters, Pilots too,
Victlers and all; all when they ſaw *Achilles* ſummon ſo,
Swarm'd to the Councell, having long left the laborious wars.
To all theſe, came two halting kings, true ſervitors of *Mars*,
Tydides and wiſe *Ithacus*, both leaning on their ſpeares:
Their wounds ſtill painefull; and both theſe fate firſt of all the Peeres.
The laſt come, was the King of men, ſore wounded with the Lance
Of *Coon Antenorides*. All ſet, the firſt in utterance
Achilles firſt ſpeaker in the Councell. Was *Thetis* ſonne, who roſe and ſaid; *Atrides*, had not this
Conferd moſt profit to us both? when both our enmities
Conſum'd us ſo? and for a wench? whom, when I choſde for priſe,
(In laying *Lyrneſſus* ruind wals amongſt our victories)
I would to heaven (as firſt ſhe ſet her dainty foot abord)
Dianaes hand had tumbl'd off, and with a javelin gor'd.
For then, th'unmeaſurable earth had not ſo thicke beene gnawne,
(In deaths convulſions) by our friends; ſince my affects were drawne
To ſuch diſtemper. To our foe, and to our foes chiefe friend
Our jarre brought profit: but the Greekes will never give an end
To thought of what it preiudic't them. Paſt things yet, paſt our aide;
Fit griefe, for what wrath rulde in them; muſt make th'amends repaid
With that neceſſity of love, that now forbids our ire;
Which I with free affects obey. Tis for the ſenſleſſe fire
Still to he burning, having ſtuffe; but men muſt curbe rage ſtill,
Being fram'd with voluntary powres, as well to checke the will,
As give it reynes. Give you then charge, that for our inſtant fight,
The Greekes may follow me to field, to try if ſtill the night
Will beare our Troians at our ſhips. I hope there is ſome one
Amongſt their chiefe encouragers, will thanke me to be gone;
And bring his heart downe to his knees in that ſubmiſſion.
The Greekes reioyc't to heare the heart of *Peleus* mightie ſonne,
So qualified. And then the king (not riſing from his throne,
Agamemnon to the Princes of Greece. For his late hurt) to get good eare, thus orderd his reply:
Princes of Greece: your ſtates ſhall ſuffer no indignity,
If (being farre off) ye ſtand and heare, nor fits it ſuch as ſtand,

At greater diſtance, to diſturbe the counſell now in hand,
By uprore, in their too much care of hearing. Some, of force
Muſt loſe ſome words: for, hard it is in ſuch a great concourſe,
(Though hearers eares be nere ſo ſharpe) to touch at all things ſpoke.
And in aſſemblies of ſuch thruſt, how can a man provoke
Fit powre to heare, or leave to ſpoke? beſt auditors may there,
Loſe fitteſt words; and the moſt vocall Orator, fit eare.
My maine end then to ſatisfie *Pelides* with reply,
My words ſhall proſecute. To him my ſpeech eſpecially
Shall beare direction. Yet I wiſh the court in generall,
Would give fit eare; my ſpeech ſhall need attention of all.
Oft have our Peeres of Greece, much blam'd my forcing of the prize,
Due to *Achilles*, of which act, not I, but deſtinies,
And *Iove* himſelfe; and blacke *Erynnis* (that caſts falſe miſts ſtill
Betwixt us and our actions done, both by her powre and will)
Are authors: what could I doe then? the very day and houre
Of our debate, that furie ſtole in that act on my powre.
And more; all things are done by ſtrife: that ancient ſeed of *Iove*, *Ate the goddeſſe of contention.*
Ate, that hurts all, perfects all. Her feet are ſoft, and move
Not on the earth; they beare her ſtill aloft mens heads, and there
The harmefull hurts them. Nor was I alone her priſoner,
Iove (beſt of men and gods) hath beene. Not he himſelfe hath gone
Beyond her fetters: no ſhe made a woman put them on.
For when *Alcmena* was to vent the force of *Hercules*,
In well wall'd Thebes: thus *Iove* triumpht; Heare gods and goddeſſes,
The words my joyes urg'd: In this day, *Lucina* (bringing paine
To labouring women) ſhall produce into the light of men,
A man that all his neighbour kings ſhall in his Empire hold;
And vant, that more then manly race, whoſe honor'd veines enfold
My eminent bloud. *Saturnia* conceiv'd a preſent ſleight,
And urg'd confirmance of his vant, t'infringe it; her conceit
In this ſort urg'd: thou wilt not hold thy word with this rare man,
Or if thou wilt, confirme it with the oath Olympian,
That whoſoever fals this day, betwixt a womans knees,
Of thoſe mens ſtockes, that from thy bloud derive their pedigrees, *Iuno's deceit of Iupiter.*
Shall all his neighbour townes command. *Iove* (ignorant of fraud)
Tooke that great oath, with his great ill, gave little cauſe t'applaude.
Downe from Olympus top, ſhe ſtoopt; and quickly reacht the place
In Argos, where the famous wife of *Sthenelus* (whoſe race
He fetch from *Iove*, by *Perſeus*) dwelt. She was but ſeven months gone
With iſſue; yet ſhe brought it forth; *Alcmenas* matchleſſe ſonne
Delaide from light; *Saturnia* repreſt the teeming throwes
Of his great mother. Vp to heaven ſhe mounts againe, and ſhowes
(In glory) her deceit to *Iove*. Bright lightning *Iove* (ſaid ſhe)
Now th'Argives have an Emperour; a ſonne deriv'd from thee, *Iunos inſultation after her deceit.*
Is borne to *Perſean Sthenelus*; *Euryſtheus*, his name;
Noble and worthy of the rule, thou ſwor'ſt to him. This came
Cloſe to the heart of *Iupiter*; and *Ate* that had wrought

This anger by *Saturnia*, by her bright-haire he caught,
Held downe her head, and over her made this infallible vow:
That never to the cope of ſtarres, ſhould reaſcend that brow,
Being ſo infortunate to all. Thus, ſwinging her about,
He caſt her from the fierie heaven, who ever ſince thruſt out
His forkt ſting, in th'affaires of men. *Iove* ever ſince did grieve,
Since his deare iſſue *Hercules*, did by his vow atchieve
The unjuſt toyles of *Euryſtheus*: thus fares it now with me,
Since under *Hectors* violence, the Grecian progenie
Fell ſo unfitly by my ſpleene, whoſe fals will ever ſticke
In my griev'd thoughts, my weakeneſſe yet, (*Saturnius* making ſicke
The ſtate my minde held) now recur'd; th'amends ſhall make even weight
With my offence: and therefore rouſe thy ſpirits to the fight,
With all thy forces; all the gifts propoſde thee at thy tent,
(Laſt day) by royall *Ithacus*, my officers ſhall preſent;
And (if it like thee) ſtrike no ſtroke (though never ſo on thornes
Thy minde ſtands to thy friends revenge) till my command adorns
Thy tents, and cofers with ſuch gifts, as well may let thee know
Achilles his noble anſwer of Agamemnon. How much I wiſh thee ſatisfied. He anſwerd, let thy vow
(Renown'd *Atrides*) at thy will be kept; (as juſtice would)
Or keepe thy gifts, tis all in thee. The counſell now we hold,
Is for repairing our maine field, with all our fortitude.
My faire ſhew made, brookes no retreate, nor muſt delaies delude
Our deeds expectance. Yet undone the great worke is, all eyes
Muſt ſee *Achilles* in firſt fight, depeopling enemies,
As well as counſell it in court: that every man ſet on;
May chuſe his man, to imitate my exerciſe upon.
Vlyſſes to Achilles. *Vlyſſes* anſwerd, doe not yet (thou man made like the gods)
Take faſting men to field: ſuppoſe, that whatſoever ods,
It brings againſt them, with full men, thy boundleſſe eminence,
Can amply anſwer; yet refraine to tempt a violence.
The conflict wearing out our men, was late, and held as long;
Wherin, though moſt, *Iove* ſtood for Troy; he yet made our part ſtrong
To beare that moſt. But twas to beare, and that breeds little heart.
Let wine and bread then adde to it: they helpe the twofold part,
The ſoule and body in a man; both force and fortitude.
All day men cannot fight, and faſt; though never ſo indude
With mindes to fight, for that ſuppoſde, there lurkes yet ſecretly,
Thirſt, hunger, in th'oppreſſed joynts; no minde can ſupply.
They take away a marchers knees. Mens bodies throughly fed,
Their mindes ſhare with them in their ſtrength; and (all day combated)
One ſtirres not, till you call off all. Diſmiſſe them then to meate,
And let *Atrides* tender here, in ſight of all his ſeate,
The gifts he promiſt. Let him ſweare, before us all, and riſe
To that oath; that he never toucht in any wanton wiſe,
The Lady he enforc't. Beſides, that he remaines in minde
As chaſtly ſatisfied: not toucht, or privily inclind
With future vantages. And laſt, tis fit he ſhould approve

All

All theſe rites, at a ſolemne feaſt, in honour of your love,
That ſo you take no mangl'd law, for merits abſolute.
And thus the honours you receive, reſolving the purſuit
Of your friends quarrell, well will quit your ſorrow for your friend.
And thou *Atrides* in the taſt of ſo ſevere an end;
Hereafter may on others hold, a iuſter governement.
Nor will it ought empaire a King to give a ſound content *Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.*
To any ſubject ſoundly wrong'd. I ioy (replide the King)
O *Laertiades*, to heare thy liberall counſelling.
In which is all decorum kept, nor any point lackes touch,
That might be thought on, to conclude, a reconcilement, ſuch
As fits example, and us two. My minde yet makes me ſweare,
Not your impulſion. And that minde ſhall reſt ſo kinde and cleare,
That I will not forſweare to God. Let then *Achilles* ſtay
(Though never ſo inflam'd for fight) and all men here I pray,
To ſtay, till from my tents theſe gifts be brought here; and the truce,
At all parts finiſht before all. And thou, of all I chuſe,
(Divine *Vlyſſes*) and command to chuſe of all your hoſt,
Youths of moſt honour, to preſent to him we honour moſt,
The gifts we late vow'd; and the Dames. Meane ſpace about our tents,
Talthibius ſhall provide a Bore, to crowne theſe kinde events
With thankfull ſacrifice to *Iove*, and to the God of light. *Achilles to Vlyſſes*
Achilles anſwerd: theſe affaires will ſhew more requiſite
(Great king) ſome other time, when our more free eſtates
Yeeld fit ceſſation from the warre, and when my ſpleene abates
But now (to all our ſhames beſides) our friends by *Hector* ſlaine,
(And *Iove* to friend) lye unfetcht off. Haſte then, and meate your men,
Though I muſt ſtill ſay: My command would leade them faſting forth,
And all together feaſt at night. Meate will be ſomething worth,
When ſtomackes firſt have made it way, with venting infamie,
(And other ſorrowes late ſuſtain'd) with long'd for wreakes, that lie
Heavie upon them, for rights ſake. Before which lode he got
From off my ſtomacke; meate nor drinke, I vow, ſhall downe my throte,
My friend being dead, who digd with wounds, & bor'd through both his feet,
Lies in the entry of my tent, and in the teares doth fleete
Of his aſſociates. Meate and drinke have little merit then
To comfort me; but bloud and death, and deadly grones of men.
The great in counſels, yet made good his former counſels thus: *Vlyſſes his reply.*
O *Peleus* ſonne, of all the Greekes, by much moſt valorous,
Better and mightier then my ſelfe, no little, with thy lance,
I yeeld thy worth; in wiſedome yet, no leſſe I dare advance
My right above thee; ſince above, in yeeres, and knowing more.
Let then thy minde reſt in thy words, we quickly ſhall have ſtore,
And all ſatietie of fight; whoſe ſteele heapes ſtore of ſtraw,
And little corne upon a floore, when *Iove* (that doth withdraw,
And joyne all battels) once begins t'incline his ballances,
In which he weighs the lives of men. The Greekes you muſt not preſſe,
To mourning with the belly; death hath nought to doe with that,

In

In healthfull men, that mourne for friends. His ſteele we ſtumble at,
And fall at, every day you ſee, ſufficient ſtore, and faſt.
What houre is it that any breathes? we muſt not uſe more haſt
Then ſpeed holds fit for our revenge: nor ſhould we mourne too much.
Who dead is, muſt be buried; mens patience ſhould be ſuch,
That one dayes mone ſhould ſerve one man: the dead muſt end with death,
And life laſt with what ſtrengthens life. All thoſe that held their breath
From death in fight, the more ſhould eate, that ſo they may ſupply
Their fellowes that have ſtucke in field, and fight inceſſantly.
Let none expect reply to this, nor ſtay; for this ſhall ſtand
Or fall with ſome offence to him, that lookes for new command,
Who ever in diſlike holds backe. All joyne then, all things fit
Allow'd for all; ſet on a charge, at all parts anſwering it.

The names of thoſe that carried the preſents to Achilles.

This ſaid, he chuſde (for nobleſt youths to beare the preſents) theſe,
The ſonnes of *Neſtor*, and with them, renown'd *Meriones*.
Phylidas, *Thoas*, *Lycomed*, and *Meges*, all which went
(And *Menalippus* following *Vlyſſes*) to the tent
Of *Agamemnon*. He but ſpake, and with the word, the deed
Had joynt effect: the fitneſſe well was anſwerd in the ſpeed.

The preſents.

The preſents added to the Dame, the Generall did enforce,
Were twenty Caldrons, Tripods ſeven, twelve yong and goodly horſe:
Seven Ladies excellently ſeene, in all *Minervaes* skill;
The eight *Briſeis*, who had powre to raviſh every will.
Twelve talents of the fineſt gold, all which *Vlyſſes* weyd,
And carried firſt, and after him, the other youths conveyd
The other preſents; tendred all, in face of all the Court.
Vp roſe the King. *Talthybius* (whoſe voice had a report
Like to a god) cald to the rites, there, having brought the Bore,

Agamemnons atteſtation.

Atrides with his knife tooke ſey upon the part before;
And lifting up his ſacred hands to *Iove*, to make his vowes:
Grave ſilence ſtrooke the compleate Court, when (caſting his high browe
Vp to the broad heaven) thus he ſpake: Now witneſſe *Iupiter*,
(Firſt, higheſt, and thou beſt of gods) thou earth; that all doſt beare,
Thou Sunne, ye Furies under earth, that every ſoule torment,
Whom impious periury diſtaines; that nought incontinent,
In bed, or any other act, to any ſlendreſt touch
Of my light vowes hath wrong'd the Dame, and let my plagues be ſuch,
As are inflicted by the gods in all extremitie
Of whomſoever perjur'd men, if godleſſe periurie
In leaſt degree diſhonour me. This ſaid, the briſtl'd throte
Of the ſubmitted ſacrifice, with ruthleſſe ſteele he cut.
Which ſtraight into the horie ſea, *Talthybius* caſt, to feed
The ſea-borne nation. Then ſtood up the halfe-celeſtiall ſeed
Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*, ſtrengthning thus *Atrides* innocence.

Achilles to Iupiter.

O father *Iupiter*, from thee deſcends the confluence
Of all mans ill; for now I ſee the mighty King of men,
At no hand forc't away my priſe, nor firſt inflam'd my ſpleene
With any ſet ill in himſelfe, but thou, the king of gods,

(Incenſt

(Incenſt with Greece) made that the meane to all their periods,
Which now, amend we, as we may; and give all ſuffrages
To what wiſe *Ithacus* adviſde. Take breakefaſts, and addreſſe
For inſtant conflict. Thus he raiſde the Court, and all tooke way
To ſeverall ſhips. The Myrmidons, the preſents did convay
T'*Achilles* fleete, and in his tents diſpoſde them; doing grace,
Of ſeate, and all rites to the Dames. The horſes put in place,
With others of *Æacides*. When (like Loves golden Queene)
Briſeis (all in ghaſtly wounds) had dead *Patroclus* ſeene;
She fell about him, ſhrieking out, and with her white hands tore
Her haire, breaſts, radiant cheekes; and drownde in warme teares, did deplore
His cruell deſtiny. At length ſhe gat powre to expreſſe
Her violent paſſion; and thus ſpake, this-like-the goddeſſes.

Briſeis complaint over the body of Patroclus.

O good *Patroclus*, to my life, the deareſt grace it had;
I (wretched dame) departing hence, enforc't, and dying ſad,
Left thee alive, when thou hadſt cheard my poore captivity,
And now-returnde, I finde thee dead; miſery on miſery,
Ever increaſing with my ſteps. The Lord to whom my Sire,
And deareſt mother gaue my life in nuptials; his lifes fire
I ſaw before our citie gates, extinguiſht; and his fate,
Three of my worthy brothers lives, in one wombe generate,
Felt all in that blacke day of death. And when *Achilles* hand
Had ſlaine all theſe, and rac't the towne, *Mynetes* did command,
(All cauſe of never-ending griefes, preſented) thou took'ſt all
On thy endeuour, to conuert to ioy as Generall,
Affirming, he that hurt, ſhould heale; and thou wouldſt make thy friend
(Brave Captaine that thou wert) ſupply, my vowed husbands end;
And in rich Phthia celebrate, amongſt his Myrmidons,
Our nuptiall banquets; for which grace, with theſe moſt worthy mones,
I never ſhall be ſatiate, thou euer being kinde;
Euer delightſome, one ſweet grace, fed ſtill with one ſweet minde.
Thus ſpake ſhe weeping, and with her, did th'other Ladies mone,
Patroclus fortunes in pretext, but in ſad truth their owne.
About *Æacides* himſelfe, the Kings of Greece were plac't,
Entreating him to food; and he intreated them as faſt,
(Still intermixing words and ſighes) if any friend were there
Of all his deareſt; they would ceaſe, and offer him no cheare,
But his due ſorrowes; for before the Sunne had left that skie,
He would not eate; but of that day, ſuſtaine th'extremitie.

Neſtor.

Thus all the kings (in reſolute griefe and faſting) he diſmiſt;
But both th' *Atrides*, *Ithacus*, and warres * old Martialiſt;
Idomenæus and his friend; and *Phœnix*, theſe remain'd
Endevouring comfort, but no thought of his vowd woe reſtrainde.
Nor could, till that dayes bloudy fight had calmd his bloud, he ſtill
Remembred ſomething of his friend; whoſe good was all his ill.
Their urging meate, the diligent faſhion of his friend renewd,
In that excitement: thou (ſaid he) when this ſpeed was purſude
Againſt the Troians; evermore appoſedſt in my tent,

A pleasing breakfast; being so free, and sweetly diligent,
Thou mad'st all meat sweet. Then the warre was tearefull to our foe,
But now to me; thy wounds so wound me, and thy ouerthrow.
For which my ready food I flie, and on thy longings feed.
Nothing could more afflict me: Fame relating the foule deed
Of my deare fathers slaughter; bloud drawne from my sole sonnes heart,
No more could wound me. Curs'd man, that in this forraine part,
(For hatefull *Hellen*) my true loue; my country, Sire and sonne,
I thus should part with. *Scyros* now giues education
(O *Neoptelemus*) to thee, (if liuing yet) from whence
I hop't (deare friend) thy longer life, (safely return'd from hence,
And my life quitting thine) had powre to ship him home, and show
His yong eyes *Phthia*, subiects, court; my father being now
Dead, or most short-liv'd; troublous age oppressing him, and feare
Still of my deaths newes. These sad words he blew into the eare
Of euery visitant, with sighes; all eccho'd by the Peeres,
Remembring who they left at home. All whose so humane teares
Ioue pitied: and since they all would in the good of one,
Be much reviv'd; he thus bespake, *Minerva: Thetis* sonne,
(Now daughter) thou hast quite forgot. O, is *Achilles* care
Extinguisht in thee? prostrated in most extreme ill fare,
He lies before his high-sail'd fleet, for his dead friend, the rest
Are strengthning them with meate; but he lies desperately oppress
With heartlesse fasting: Goe thy wayes, and to his breast instill
Red Nectar and Ambrosia; that Fast procure no ill
To his neare enterprise. This spurre he added to the free;
And like a Harpye (with a voyce that shrickes so dreadfully,
And feathers that like needles prickt) she stoopt through all the starres
Amongst the Grecians; all whose tents were now fill'd for the warres.
Her seres strooke through *Achilles* tent, and closely she instill'd
Heauens most-to-be-desired feast, to his great breast: and fill'd
His sinewes with that sweet supply, for feare unsauorie Fast
Should creepe into his knees. Her selfe the skies againe enchac't.

Scyros was an Ile in the sea Ægeum, where Achilles himselfe was brought up as well as his sonne.

Ioue to Minerua.

The show of the army setting forth under Achilles conduct.

The host set forth, and pour'd his steele waves, farre out of the fleete.
And as from aire, the frosty Northwinde blowes a cold thicke sleete,
That dazles eyes; flakes after flakes, incessantly descending:
So thicke helmes, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, neuer ending,
Flow'd from the nauies hollow wombe: their splendors gaue heauens eye,
His beames againe; Earth laught to see her face so like the skie.
Armes shin'd so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast,
She thundred, feete of men and horse impertun'd her so fast.
In midst of all, diuine *Achilles* his faire person arm'd,
His teeth gnasht as he stood, his eyes, so full of fire, they warmde,
Vnsufferd griefe and anger at the Troians so combinde.
His greaues first usde, his goodly curets on his bosome shinde;
His sword, his shield, that cast a brightnesse from it, like the Moone,
And as from sea, sailers discerne a harmefull fire, let runne
By herdsmens faults, till all their stall flyes up in wrastling flame,

Which

Which being on hils, is ſeene farre off; but being alone, none came
To giue it quench; at ſhore no neighbours, and at ſea their friends
Driuen off with tempeſts; ſuch a fire, from his bright ſhield extends
His ominous radiance; and in heaven, impreſt his fervent blaze.
His creſted helmet, graue and high, had next triumphant place,
On his curl'd head: and like a ſtarre, it caſt a ſpurrie ray;
About which, a bright thickned buſh of golden haire, did play;
Which *Vulcan* forg'd him for his plume. Thus compleate arm'd, he tride
How fit they were: and if his motion could with eaſe abide
Their brave inſtruction; and ſo farre they were from hindring it,
That to it they were nimble wings, and made ſo light his ſpirit,
That from the earth, the princely Captaine they tooke up to ayre.
Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his fathers ſpeare,
Huge, weightie, firme; that not a Greeke but he himſelfe alone
Knew how to ſhake, it grew upon the mountaine Pelion;
From whoſe height, *Chyron* hew'd it for his Sire, and fatall twas
To great ſoul'd men. Of *Peleus* and *Pelion*, ſurnamed *Pelias*.
Then from the ſtable, their bright horſe, *Automedon* withdrawes,
And *Alcymus*, Put Poitrils on, and caſt upon their jawes,
Their bridles; hurling backe the reynes, and hung them on the ſeate.
The faire ſcourge then *Automedon* takes up, and up doth get,
To guide the horſe: the fights ſeate laſt, *Achilles* tooke behinde,
Who lookt ſo arm'd, as if the Sunne there ſalne from heaven had ſhin'd.
And terribly, thus charg'd his ſteeds, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, *Achilles to his horſes.*
Seed of the Harpye; in the charge ye undertake of us,
Diſcharge it not; as when *Patroclus* ye left dead in field.
But when with bloud, for this dayes faſt obſerv'd, Revenge ſhall yeeld
Our heart ſatietie; bring us off. Thus ſince *Achilles* ſpake,
As if his aw'd ſteeds nnderſtood: twas *Iunoes* will to make
Vocall the pallat of the one; who ſhaking his faire head,
(Which in his mane (let fall to earth) he almoſt buried)
Thus *Xanthus* ſpake: ableſt *Achilles* now (at leaſt) our care
Shall bring thee off; but not farre hence, the fatall minutes are *Xanthus the horſe of Achi. to Achilles.*
Of thy grave ruine. Nor ſhall we be then to be reprov'd,
But mightieſt Fate, and the great God: Nor was thy beſt belov'd
Spoil'd ſo of armes by our ſlow pace; our courages empaire,
The beſt of gods, *Latonaes* ſonne, that weares the golden haire,
Gave him his deaths wound; though the grace he gave to *Hectors* hand.
We, like the ſpirit of the Weſt, that all ſpirits can command
For powre of wing, could runne him off: but thou thy ſelfe muſt goe,
So Fate ordaines, God and a man muſt give thee overthrow.
This ſaid, the Furies ſtopt his voyce. *Achilles* farre in rage,
Thus anſwerd him: it fits not thee, thus proudly to preſage
My overthrow; I know my ſelfe, it is my fate to fall *Achilles reply to Xanthus.*
Thus farre from *Phthia*; yet that Fate ſhall faile to vent her gall,
Till mine vent thouſands. Theſe words uſde, he fell to horrid deeds;
Gave dreadfull ſignall; and forthright, made flye his one-hov'd ſteeds,

COM-

COMMENTARIVS.

a Καπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, &c. Aprum præparet mactandum Iovique Solique: He ſhall prepare a Bore for ſacrifice to *Iove* and the Sunne *It is the end of* Agamemnons *ſpeech in this booke before to* Vlyſſes, *and promiſeth that ſacrifice to* Iove *and the Sun, at the reconciliation of himſelfe and* Achilles. *Our Commentors* (Euſtathius *and* Spondanus, &c.) *will by no meanes allow the word* καπρος *here for* Homers, *but an unskilfulneſſe in the divulger; and will needs have it* ὗς *or* σῦς; *which* Spondanus *ſayes is altogether here to be underſtood: as* Euſtathius *words teach; for to offer ſo fierce a beaſt to* Iove *as a Bore, he ſayes is abſurd: and cites* Natalis lib. 1. cap. 17. *where he ſayes,* Homer *in this place makes a tame Sow ſacrificed to* Iove; *who was as tamely and ſimply deceived as the reſt.* Euſtathius *reaſon for it, is, that* ſus *is* animal ſalax; *and ſince the oath* Agamemnon *takes at this ſacrifice to ſatisfie* Achilles (*that he hath not toucht* Briſeis) *is concerning a woman, very fitly is a Sow here ſacrificed. But this ſeemes to* Spondanus *ſomething ridiculous (as I hope you will eaſily iudge it.) And as I conceive, ſo is his owne opinion to have the originall word* καπρον *altered, and expounded* ſuem. *His reaſon for it, he makes nice to utter, ſaying, he knowes what is ſet down amongſt the learned touching the ſacrifice of a Sow. But becauſe it is* (*he ſayes,* ἀπροσδιόνυσον, nihil ad rem, (*though as they expound it, tis too much* ad rem) *he is willing to keepe his opinion in ſilence; unleſſe you will take it for a ſplayed or gelded Sow; as if* Agamemnon *would innuate, that as this Sow* (*being ſplayed*) *is free from* Venus, *ſo had he never attempted the diſhonour of* Briſeis. *And peradventure* (*ſaies* Spondanus) *you cannot thinke of a better expoſition: when a worſe cannot be conieCtured, unleſſe that of* Euſtathius, *as I hope you will cleerely grant mee, when you heare but mine. Which is this: The ſacrifice is not made by* Agamemnon, *for any reſemblance or reference it hath to the Lady now to be reſtored,* (*which ſince theſe Clerkes will needs have it a Sow, in behalfe of Ladies, I diſdaine*) *but onely to the reconciliation of* Agamemnon *and* Achilles; *for a ſacred ſigne whereof, and that their wraths were now abſolutely appeaſed,* Agamemnon *thought fit, a Bore* (*being the moſt wrathfull of all beaſts*) *ſhould be ſacrificed to* Iove; *intimating, that in that Bore, they ſacrificed their wraths to* Iupiter, *and became friends. And thus is the originall word preſerved, which* (*together with the ſacred ſence of our* Homer) *in a thouſand other places, ſuffers moſt ignorant and barbarous violence. But here* (*being weary, both with finding faults, and my labour*) *till a refreſhing come, I will end my poore Comment. Holding it not altogether unfit with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a little to quicken you, and make it ſomething probable, that their overſight in this trifle, is accompanied with a thouſand other errors in matter of our divine* Homers *depth and gravity. Which will not open it ſelfe to the curious auſterity of belabouring art, but onely to the naturall and moſt ingenious ſoule of our thrice ſacred Poeſie.*

The end of the nineteenth Booke.

THE

THE XX. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

The Argvment.

BY Ioves permiſſion, all the gods deſcend
To aide on both parts. For the Greekes contend,
Iuno, Minerva, Neptune, Mulciber,
And Mercurie. *The deities that prefer*
The Troian part, are, Phœbus, Cyprides,
Phœbe, Latona, *and the* foe to Peace,* **Mars.*
With bright Scamander. Neptune *in a miſt*
Preſerves Æneas, (*daring to reſiſt*
Achilles,) *by whoſe hand much skath is done,*
Beſides the ſlaughter of old Priams *ſonne,*
(*Yong* Polydor) *whoſe reſcue,* Hector *makes,*
Him (*flying*) Phœbus *to his reſcue takes,*
The reſt (*all ſhunning their importun'd fates*)
Achilles *beates even to the Ilian gates.*

Another Argument.

In Ypſilon *Strife ſtirres in heaven.*
The dayes grace, to the Greekes is given.

THe Greekes thus arm'd, and made inſatiate with deſire of fight,
About thee, *Peleus* ſonne; the foe in ground of greateſt height,
Stood oppoſite, rang'd. Then *Iove* charg'd *Themis* from Olympus top,
To call a court; ſhe every way diſperſt, and ſummon'd up *Ioue ſummons all the deities to counſell.*
All deities; Not any floud (beſides *Oceanus*)
But made apparance: not a Nymph (that arbours odorous,
The heads of flouds, and flowrie medowes make their ſweet abodes)
Was abſent there; but all at his court that is king of gods,
Aſſembl'd, and in lightſome ſeates of admirable frame
(Perform'd for *Iove*, by *Vulcan*) ſate. Even angry *Neptune* came,
Nor heard the goddeſſe with unwilling eare; but with the reſt,
Made free aſcenſion from the ſea, and did his ſtate inveſt
In midſt of all: begun the counſell, and inquir'd of *Iove*,
His reaſon for that ſeſſion; and on what point did move
His high intention for the foes; he thought the heate of warre
Was then neere breaking out in flames. To him, the thunderer:
Thou know'ſt this counſell by the reſt of thoſe forepurpoſes,
That ſtill inclin'd me; my cares ſtill muſt ſuccour the diſtreſſe
Of Troy; though in the mouth of Fate, yet vow I, not to ſtirre
One ſtep from off this top of heaven; but all th'affaire referre

To any one. Here Ile hold ſtate, and freely take the joy
Of eithers fate: helpe whom ye pleaſe, for tis aſſur'd that Troy
Not one dayes conflict can ſuſtaine, againſt *Æacides*,
If heaven oppoſe not. His meere lookes, threw darts enow t'impreſſe
Their powres with trembling, but when blowes ſent from his fiery hand,
(Thrice heat by ſlaughter of his friend) ſhall come and countermand
Their former glories: we have feare, that though Fate keepe their wall,
Hee'l overturne it. Then deſcend, and ceaſe not till ye all
Adde all your aides; mixe earth and heaven together with the fight
Achilles urgeth. Theſe his words did ſuch a warre excite,
As no mans powre could wraſtle downe, the gods with parted hearts,
Departed heaven, and made earth warre. To guide the Grecian darts,
The names of the gods partakers with either part *Iuno* and *Pallas*, with the god that doth the earth embrace,
And moſt for mans-uſe, *Mercurie* (whom good wiſe inwards grace)
Were partially, and all employd, and with them halted downe
(Proud of his ſtrength) lame *Mulciber*, his walkers quite miſgrowne,
But made him tread exceeding ſure. To aide the Ilian ſide,
The changeable in armes, went (*Mars*) and him accompanied
Diana, that delights in ſhafts, and *Phœbus* never ſhorne,
And *Aphrodite*, laughter-pleaſde, and ſhe of whom was borne
Still yong *Apollo*, and the floud that runs on golden ſands
Bright *Xanthus*. All theſe ayded Troy, and till theſe lent their hands,
The Grecians triumpht in the aide, *Æacides* did adde;
The Troians trembling with his ſight, ſo glorioufly clad,
He overſhin'd the field; and *Mars* no harmefuller then he.
He bore the iron ſtreame on cleare; But when *Ioves* high decree
Let fall the gods amongſt their troupes, the field ſweld, and the fight
Pallas. Grew fierce and horrible. The * Dame, that armies doth excite,
Thunderd with Clamor; ſometimes ſet, at dike without the wall,
And ſometimes on the bellowing ſhore. On th'other ſide, the Call
Of *Mars* to fight was terrible, he cried out like a ſtorme,
Set on the cities pinacles; and there he would informe
Sometimes his heartnings; Other times, where *Simois* powres on
His ſilver currant, at the foot of high *Callicolon*.
And thus the bleſt gods, both ſides urg'd; they all ſtood in the mids,
The ſtate of the preparation to the fight, when the gods were to encounter. And brake Contention to the hoſts. And over all their heads,
The gods king, in abhorred claps, his thunder ratt'l'd out.
Beneath them, *Neptune* toſt the earth, the mountaines round about
Bow'd with affright, and ſhooke their heads: *Ioves* hill the earth-quake felt,
(Steepe Ida) trembling at her rootes, and all her fountaines ſpilt:
Their browes all crannied. Troy did nod, the Grecian navie plaid
(As on the ſea:) th'infernall King, that all things frayes, was fraid,
And leapt affrighted from his throne; cried out, leſt over him
Neptune ſhould rend in two the earth; and ſo his houſe ſo dim,
So lothſome, filthy, and abhord of all the gods beſide,
Should open both to gods and men. Thus, all things ſhooke and cri'd,
When this blacke battell of the gods was joyning; thus arraied:
Gainſt *Neptune*, *Phœbus* with wing'd ſhafts, gainſt *Mars* the blew-eyd maid:

Gainſt

Gainſt *Iuno*, *Phœbe*, whoſe white hands bore ſinging darts of gold,
Her ſide arm'd with a ſheafe of ſhafts, and (by the birth twofold
Of bright *Latona*) ſiſter twin, to him that ſhootes ſo farre,
Againſt *Latona*, *Hermes* ſtood (grave guard in peace and warre,
Of humane beings,) gainſt the god, whoſe Empire is in fire,
The watry godhead, that great floud, to ſhew whoſe powre entire
In ſpoyle as th'other: all his ſtreame on lurking whirlpits trod;
Xanthus, by gods, by men *Scamander* cald. Thus, god gainſt god,
Entred the field. *Æacides* ſuſtaind a fervent minde
To cope with *Hector*; paſt all theſe, his ſpirit ſtood enclin'd,
To glut *Mars* with the bloud of him. And at *Æacides*,
Apollo ſet *Anchiſes* ſonne. But firſt he did impreſſe
A more then naturall ſtrength in him; and made him feele th'exceſſe
Iufuſde from heaven. *Lycaons* ſhape gave ſhow to his addreſſe,
(Old *Priams* ſonne) and thus he ſpake: thou counſeller of Troy,
Where now flye out thoſe threats, that late put all our Peeres in joy
Of thy fight with *Æacides?* thy tongue once (ſteept in wine)
Durſt vant as much. He anſwerd him: But why wouldſt thou incline
My powres gainſt that proud enemy, and gainſt my preſent heate?
I meane not now to bid him blowes, that feare ſounds my retreate,
That heretofore diſcourag'd me: when after he had rac't
Lyrneſus, and ſtrong *Pedaſus*, his ſtill breath'd furie chac't
Our Oxen from th'Idæan hill, and ſet on me, but *Iove*
Gave ſtrength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walkt above
This center now, but propt by him. *Minervaes* hand (that held
A light to this her favourite, whoſe beames ſhewd and impeld
His powres to ſpoyle) had ruin'd me. For theſe eares heard her cry,
Kill, kill the ſeed of *Ilion*, kill th'Aſian Lelegi.
Meere man then muſt not fight with him, that ſtill hath gods to friend;
Averting death on others darts, and giving his no end,
But with the ends of men. If God, like Fortune in fight,
Would give my forces, not with eaſe, wing'd Victory ſhould light
On his proud ſhoulders; nor he ſcape, though all of braſſe he boſts
His plight conſiſteth. He replide: Pray thou, thoſe gods of hoſts,
Whom he implores, as well as he, and his chance may be thine;
Thou cam'ſt of gods like him: the Queene that raignes in Salamine,
Fame ſounds, thy mother, he deriv'd of lower deitie.
Old *Nereus* daughter bearing him; Beare then thy heart as hie,
And thy unwearied ſteele as right; nor utterly be beate
With onely cruelty of words, not proofe againſt a threat.
This ſtrengthned him, and forth he ruſht, nor could his ſtrengthning flye,
White-wriſted *Iuno*, nor his drifts. She, every deitie
Of th'Achive faction cald to her, and ſaid: Ye muſt have care
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) for the frame of this important warre
Ye undertake here; *Venus* ſonne (by *Phœbus* being impeld)
Runnes on *Achilles*, turne him backe, or ſee our friend upheld
By one of us. Let not the ſpirit of *Æacides*
Be over-dar'd, but make him know the mightieſt deities

Apollo inſtigates Æneas to the encounter of Achilles, in ſhape of Lycaon.

Æneas to Apollo

Iuno to the gods of Greece.

Stand kinde to him, and that the gods, protectors of theſe towres
That fight againſt Greece, and were here before our eminent powres,
Beare no importance. And beſides, that all we ſtoupe from heaven
To curbe this fight, that no empaire be to his perſon given
By any Troians, nor their aides, while this day beares the Sunne;
Hereafter, all things that are wrapt in his birth-threed, and ſpunne
By *Parcas* (in that point of time, his mother gave him, ayre)
He muſt ſuſtaine. But if Report performe not the repaire
Of all this to him, by the Voyce of ſome immortall ſtate,
He may be fearefull, (if ſome god ſhould ſet on him) that Fate
Makes him her miniſter. The gods, when they appeare to men,
And manifeſt their proper formes, are paſſing dreadfull then.

Neptune to Iuno. *Neptune* replide: *Saturnia* at no time let your Care
Exceed your Reaſon; tis not fit. Where onely humanes are,
We muſt not mixe the hands of gods, our ods is too extreme.
Sit we by, in ſome place of height, where we may ſee to them,
And leave the warres of men to men. But if we ſee from thence,
Or *Mars*, or *Phœbus* enter fight, or offer leaſt offence
To *Thetis* ſonne, not giving free way to his conquering rage,
Then comes the conflict to our cares; we ſoone ſhall diſ-engage
Achilles, and ſend them to heaven, to ſettle their abode
With Equals; flying under ſtrifes. This ſaid, the blacke-hair'd god,
Led to the towre of *Hercules*, built circular and hie
By *Pallas* and the Ilians, for fit ſecuritie
To *Ioves* divine * ſonne, gainſt the Whale, that drave him from the ſhore, * *Hercules.*
To th'ample field. There *Neptune* ſate, and all the gods that bore
The Greekes good meaning; caſting all, thicke mantles made of clouds,
On their bright ſhoulders. Th'oppos'd gods, ſate hid in other ſhrouds,
On top of ſteepe Callicolon; about thy golden ſides,
O *Phœbus*, brandiſher of darts; and thine, whoſe rage abides
No peace in cities. In this ſtate, theſe gods in counſell ſate,
All lingring purpoſde fight, to try who firſt would elevate
His heavenly weapon. High-thron'd *Ioue* cried out to ſet them on;
Ioue ſets on the other gods to fight. Said, all the field was full of men, and that the earth did grone
With feet of proud encounterers, burn'd with the armes of men,
And barbed horſe. Two champions for both the armies then,
Met in their midſt, prepar'd for blowes; divine *Æacides*,
And *Venus* ſonne, *Æneas* firſt ſtept threatning forth the preaſſe,
His high helme nodding, and his breaſt bard with a ſhadie ſhield,
And ſhooke his javelin. *Thetis* ſonne did his part to the field,
Similie. As when the harmefull King of beaſts, (ſore threatn'd to be ſlaine,
By all the country up in armes) at firſt makes coy Diſdaine
Prepare reſiſtance, but at laſt, when any one hath led
Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turnes yawning head,
Fell anger lathers in his jawes, his great heart ſwels; his ſterne
Laſheth his ſtrength up, ſides and thighes, wadl'd with ſtripes to learne
Their owne powre, his eyes glow, he rores, and in he leapes, to kill,
Secure of killing: So his powre, then rowſde up to his will,

Matchleſſe

Matchleſſe *Achilles* comming on to meete *Anchiſes* ſonne.
Both neare; *Achilles* thus enquir'd: Why ſtandſt thou thus alone,
Thou ſonne of *Venus?* cals thy heart to change of blowes with me?
Sure Troyes whole kingdome is propoſde; ſome one hath promiſt thee
The throne of *Priam* for my life; but *Priams* ſelfe is wiſe,
And (for my ſlaughter) not ſo mad to make his throne thy prize.
Priam hath ſonnes to ſecond him. Is't then ſome piece of land,
Paſt others, fit to ſet and ſow, that thy victorious hand,
The Ilians offer for my head? I hope that prize will prove
No eaſie conqueſt: once, I thinke my buſie javelin drove,
(With terror) thoſe thoughts from your ſpleene. Retain'ſt thou not the time,
When ſingle on th'Idæan hill, I tooke thee with the crime
Of Run away? the Oxen left? and when thou hadſt no face,
That I could ſee; thy knees bereft it, and *Lyrneſus* was
The maske for that. Then that maske too, I opened to the ayre,
(By *Iove* and *Pallas* helpe) and tooke the free light from the faire,
Your Ladies bearing priſoners. But *Iove* and th'other gods,
Then ſaft thee; yet againe I hope they will not adde their ods,
To ſave thy wants, as thou preſum'ſt; retire then, ayme not at
Troyes throne by me; flie ere thy ſoule flyes; fooles are wiſe too late.
He anſwerd him: Hope not that words can child-like terrifie
My ſtroke-proofe breaſt; I well could ſpeake in this indecencie,
And uſe tart termes; but we know well, what ſtocke us both put out,
Too gentle to beare fruits ſo rude. Our parents ring about
The worlds round boſome; and by fame, their dignities are blowne
To both our knowledges; by ſight, neither to either knowne;
Thine, to mine eyes; nor mine to thine. Fame ſounds thy worthineſſe
From famous *Peleus*; the ſea Nymph that hath a lovely treſſe,
(*Thetis*) thy mother; I my ſelfe affirme my Sire to be
Great ſoul'd *Anchiſes*, ſhe that holds the Paphian deitie,
My mother; and of theſe, this light is now t'exhale the teares
For their lov'd iſſue. thee or me, childiſh, unworthy dares,
Are not enough to part our powres; for if thy ſpirits want
Due excitation (by diſtruſt of that deſert I vant)
To ſet up all reſts for my life; Ile lineally prove
(Which many will confirme) my race. Firſt, cloud-commanding *Iove*
Was ſire to *Dardanus*, that built Dardania; for the wals
Of ſacred Ilion ſpred not yet theſe fields; thoſe faire-built hals
Of divers-languag'd men, not raiſd; all then made populous
The foote of Idaes fountfull hill. This *Iove*-got *Dardanus*,
Begot king *Erichthonius*, for wealth, paſt all compares,
Of living mortals; in his fens, he fed three thouſand mares,
All neighing by their tender foles; of which, twice ſixe were bred
By lofty *Boreas*, their dames, lov'd by him, as they fed;
He tooke the brave forme of a horſe that ſhooke an azure mane,
And ſlept with them. Theſe twice ſixe colts had pace, ſo ſwift they ranne
Vpon the top ayles of corne eares; nor bent them any whit.
And when the broad backe of the ſea, their pleaſure was to ſit,

Achilles to Æneas.

Æneas to Achilles.

Æneas pedigree.

The ſuperficies of his waves, they ſlid upon; their hoves
Not dipt in danke ſweate of his browes. Of *Erichthonius* loves
Sprang *Tros*, the King of Troians; *Tros* three yong Princes bred,
Ilus, renown'd *Aſſaracus*, and heavenly *Ganamed*,
The faireſt youth of all that breath'd; whom (for his beauties love)
The gods did ravish, to their ſtate, to beare the cup to *Iove*.
Ilus begot *Laomedon*; god-like *Laomedon*
Got *Tithon*, *Priam*, *Clytius*, *Mars*-like *Hycetaon*.
And *Lampus*. Great *Aſſaracus*, *Capys* begot; and he,
Anchiſes; Prince *Anchiſes*, me. King *Priam*, *Hector*, we
Sprang both of one high family. Thus fortunate men give birth,
But *Iove* gives vertue, he augments, and he empaires the worth
Of all men; and his will, their rule; he ſtrong'ſt, all ſtrength affords,
Why then paint we (like dames) the face of Conflict with our words?
Both may give language, that a ſhip driven with a hundred ores,
Would over-burthen: a mans tongue is voluble, and poures
Words out of all ſorts, every way; ſuch as you ſpeake, you heare.
What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will weare
Their tongues out, being once incenſt, and ſtrive for ſtrife, to part
(Being on their way) they travell for: from words, words may avert,
From vertue, not; it is your ſteele (divine *Æacides*)
Muſt prove my proofe, as mine ſhall yours. Thus amply did he eaſe
Æneas chargeth Achilles. His great heart of his pedigree, and ſharpely ſent away
A dart, that caught *Achilles* ſhield, and rung ſo, it did fray
The ſonne of *Thetis*, his faire hand, farre-thruſting out his ſhield,
For feare the long lance had driven through; O foole to think 'twould yeeld;
And nor to know the gods firme gifts, went want, to yeeld ſo ſoone
To mens poore powres; the eager lance had onely conqueſt wonne
Of two plates, and the ſhield had five, two forg'd of tin, two braſſe,
One (that was center-plate) of gold, and that forbad the paſſe
Of *Anchiſiades* his lance. Then ſent *Achilles* forth
Achilles at Æneas. His lance, that through the firſt fold ſtrooke, where braſſe of little worth,
And no great proofe of hides was laid, through all which *Pelias* ranne
His iron head; and after it his aſhen body wanne
Paſſe to the earth, and there it ſtucke; his top on th'other ſide;
And hung the ſhield up, which, hard downe *Æneas* pluckt to hide
His breaſt from ſword blowes; ſhrunke up round, and in his heavie eye,
Was much griefe ſhadowed; much afraid, that *Pelias* ſtucke ſo nie.
Then prompt *Achilles* ruſhing in, his ſword drew, and the field
Rung with his voyce. *Æneas* now left, and let hang his ſhield,
And (all diſtracted) up he ſnatcht a two mens ſtrength of ſtone,
And either at his ſhield or caske, he ſet it rudely gone,
Nor car'd where; ſo it ſtrooke a place that put on armes for death,
But he (*Achilles* came ſo cloſe) had doubtleſſe ſunke beneath
His owne death, had not *Neptune* ſeene, and interpoſde the ods
Neptune to the other gods of Greece. Of his divine powre; uttering this to the Achaian gods:
I grieve for this great hearted man, he will be ſent to hell,
Even inſtantly, by *Peleus* ſonne, being onely mov'd to deale

By

By *Phœbus* words: What foole is he? *Phœbus* did never meane
To adde to his great words, his guard; against the ruine then
Summon'd against him: and what cause hath he to head him on
To others miseries? He being cleare of any trespasse done
Against the Grecians? thankfull gifts he oft hath given to us,
Let us then quit him, and withdraw this combat, for if thus
Achilles end him: *Iove* will rage, since his escape in fate,
Is purposde, lest the progenie of *Dardanus* take date,
Whom *Iove*, past all his issue, lov'd, begot of mortall dames:
All *Priams* race he hates, and this must propagate the names
Of Troians, and their sonnes sonnes rule, to all posteritie.
Saturnia said, make free your pleasure, save, or let him die;
Pallas and I have taken many, and most publike oathes,
That th'ill day never shall avert her eye (red with our wroths)
From hated Troy: No, not when all in studied fire she flames
The Grecke rage blowing her last coale. This nothing turnd his aimes
From present rescue: but through all the whizzing speares he past,
And came where both were combatting; when instantly he cast
A mist before *Achilles* eyes, drew from the earth and shield,
His lance, and laid it at his feete: and then tooke up, and held
Aloft, the light *Anchises* sonne, who past (with *Neptunes* force)
Whole orders of Heroes heads, and many a troupe of horse
Leapt over, till the bounds he reacht of all the fervent broyle,
Where all the Caucons quarters lay. Thus (far freed from the toyle)
Neptune had time to use these words: *Æneas*, who was he
Of all the gods, that did so much neglect thy good and thee,
To urge the fight with *Thetis* sonne? who, in immortall rates
Is better and more deare then thee? Hereafter, lest (past fates)
Hell be thy headlong home, retire; make bold stand never neare,
Where he advanceth: but his fate, once satisfied, then beare
A free and full sayle: no Greeke else shall end thee. This reveald,
He left him, and dispersst the cloud that all this act conceald
From vext *Achilles*: who againe had cleare light from the skies,
And (much disdaining the escape) said: O ye gods, mine eyes
Discover miracles: my lance submitted, and he gone
At whom I sent it, with desire of his confusion?
Æneas sure was lov'd of heaven; I thought his vant from thence,
Had flow'd from glory. Let him goe, no more experience
Will his minde long for of my hands, he flies them now so cleare:
Cheer then the Greeks, and others try. Thus rang'd he every where
The Grecian orders; every man (of which the most lookt on
To see their fresh Lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon:
Divine Greeks, stand not thus at gaze; but man to man apply
Your severall valours: tis a taske laid too unequally
On me, left to so many men, one man, opposde to all.
Not *Mars* immortall and a god, nor warres the Generall,
A field of so much fight could chace and worke it out with blowes;
But what a man may execute, that all lims will expose,

Homers prophecy of Æneas, to propagate the Troian race.

Love to Neptune

Neptune to Æneas.

Achil'es admires the escape of Æneas.

And

And all their ſtrength to th'utmoſt nerve (though now I loſt ſome play,
By ſome ſtrange miracle) no more ſhall burne in vaine the day,
To any leaſt beame; all this hoſt Ile ranſacke, and have hope
Of all; not one (againe) will ſcape, whoever gives ſuch ſcope
To his adventure; and ſo neare, dares tempt my angry lance.
Thus he excited. *Hector* then as much ſtrives to advance,
The hearts of his men; adding threats, affirming he would ſtand
Hector to his Ilians. In combat with *Æacides*. Give Feare (ſaid he) no hand,
Of your great hearts, (brave Ilians) for *Peleus* talking ſonne,
Ile fight with any god with words; but when their ſpeares put on,
The worke runs high; their ſtrength exceeds mortalitie ſo farre.
And they may make workes crowne their words, which holds not in the war
Achilles makes; his hands have bounds, this word he ſhall make good,
And leave another to the field: his worſt ſhall be withſtood,
With ſole objection of my ſelfe. Though in his hand he beare
A rage like fire; though fire it ſelfe his raging fingers were,
And burning ſteele flew in his ſtrength. Thus he incited h's,
Phœbus to Hector. And they raiſd lances, and to worke, with mixed courages,
And up flew clamor, but the heate in *Hector*, *Phœbus* gave
This temper: Doe not meet (ſaid he) in any ſingle brave,
The man thou threatn'ſt, but in preaſſe, and in thy ſtrength impeach
His violence; for farre off, or neare, his ſword or dart will reach.
The gods voyce made a difference in *Hectors* owne conceit
Betwixt his, and *Achilles* words; and gave ſuch overweight,
As weigh'd him backe into his hrength, and curb'd his flying out.
At all threw fierce *Æacides*, and gave a horrid ſhout.
Iphition ſlaine by Achilles. The firſt of all he put to dart, was fierce *Iphition*,
Surnam'd *Otryntides*, whom *Nais*, the water Nymph made ſonne
To towne-deſtroyer *Otryntus*. Beneath the ſnowy hill
Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthy towne of Ide: at his will,
Were many able men at armes. He ruſhing in, tooke full
Pelides lance in his heads midſt, that cleſt in two his skull.
Achilles knew him, one much fam'd, and thus inſulted then:
Th'art dead *Otryntides*, though cald the terribleſt of men;
Thy race runs at *Gygæus* lake, there thy inheritance lay
Neare fiſhy Hillus, and the gulfes of Hermus: but this day
Removes it to the fields of Troy. Thus left he night to ſeaze
His cloſed eyes, his body laid in courſe of all the preaſe;
Which Grecian horſe broke with the ſtrakes, naild to their chariot wheeles.
Demoleon ſlaine by Achilles. Next (through the temples) the burſt eyes, his deadly javelin ſteeles
Of great-in-Troy *Antenors* ſonne, renown'd *Demoleon*;
A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow ſet gone
Hippodamas, who leapt from horſe, and as he fled before
Æacides, his turned backe he made fell *Pelias* gore,
Similie. And forth he puft his flying ſoule, and as a tortur'd Bull,
(To *Neptune* brought for ſacrifice) a troupe of yongſters pull
Downe to the earth, and dragge him round about the hallowed ſhore,
To pleaſe the watry deitie, with forcing him to rore;

And

And forth he powres his utmoſt throte. So bellow'd this ſlaine friend
Of flying Ilion with the breath that gave his being end.
Then ruſht he on, and in his eye had heavenly *Polydore*,
Old *Priams* ſonne; whom laſt of all, his fruitfull Princeſſe bore;
And for his youth (being deare to him) the King forbad to fight.
Yet (hot of unexperienc't blood, to ſhew how exquiſite
He was of foote: for which of all, the fiftie ſonnes he held
The ſpeciall name.) He flew before the firſt heate of the field;
Even till he flew out breath and ſoule: which, through the backe, the lance
Of ſwift *Achilles* put in ayre, and did his head advance
Out at his navill: on his knees the poore Prince crying fell;
And gatherd with his tender hands, his entrailes; that did ſwell
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as blacke as death conceald
Their ſight, and all the world from him. When *Hector* had beheld
His brother tumbl'd ſo to earth (his intrailes ſtill in hand)
Darke ſorrow overcaſt his eyes; not farre off could he ſtand
A minute longer: but like fire he brake out of the throng,
Shooke his long Lance at *Thetis* ſonne; and then came he along
To feed th'encounter: O (ſaid he) here comes the man that moſt
Of all the world deſtroyes my minde: the man by whom I loſt
My deare *Patroclus*; now not long, the crooked pathes of warre,
Can yeeld us any privie ſcapes: Come, keepe not off ſo farre,
(He cryed to *Hector*) make the paine of thy ſure death as ſhort
As one ſo deſperate of his life, hath reaſon. In no ſort,
This frighted *Hector*, who bore cloſe: and ſaid, *Æacides*,
Leave threats for children; I have powre to thunder calumnies,
As well as others and well know thy ſtrength ſuperiour farre,
To that my nerves hold, but the gods, (not nerves) determine warre.
And yet (for nerves) there will be found, a ſtrength of powre in mine,
To drive a lance home to thy life; my lance as well as thine
Hath point and ſharpeneſſe, and tis this. Thus brandiſhing his ſpeare,
He ſet it flying; which a breath of *Pallas* backe did beare
From *Thetis* ſonne, to *Hectors* ſelfe, and at his feete it fell.
Achilles uſde no dart, but cloſe flew in, and thought to deale
With no ſtrokes, but of ſure diſpatch, but what with all his bloud
He labor'd; *Phœbus* clear'd with eaſe, as being a god, and ſtood
For *Hectors* guard, as *Pallas* did, *Æacides* for thine.
He rapt him from him; and a cloud of much night caſt betweene
His perſon, and the point oppoſde. *Achilles* then exclaim'd
O ſee yet more gods are at worke; *Apollos* hand hath fram'd
(Dog that thou art) thy reſcue now: to whom, go, pay thy vowes
Thy ſafetie owes him; I ſhall vent in time thoſe fatall blowes,
That yet beate in my heart, on thine; if any god remaine,
My equall fautor. In meane time, my anger muſt maintaine
His fire on other Ilians. Then laid he at his feet,
Great *Demochus*, *Philetors* ſonne; and *Dryope* did greet
With like encounter. *Dardanus* and ſtrong *Laogonus*,
(Wiſe *Bias* ſonnes) he hurld from horſe, of one victorious

Polydore ſlaine by Achilles.

Achilles paſſion at the ſight of Hector.

Hector to Achilles.

Pallas breathes backe Hectors lance thrown at Achilles.

Apollo reſcues Hector.

With

With his cloſe ſword, the others life he conquerd with his lance.
Then *Tros*, *Alaſtors* ſonne made in, and ſought to ſcape their chance,
With free ſubmiſſion. Downe he fell, and praid about his knees,
He would not kill him, but take ruth, as one that Deſtinies
Made to that purpoſe, being a man borne in the ſelfe ſame yeare
That he himſelfe was: O poore foole, to ſue to him to beare
A ruthfull minde, he well might know, he could not faſhion him,
In ruths ſoft mould, he had no ſpirit to brooke that interim
In his hot furie: he was none of theſe remorſefull men,
Gentle and affable: but fierce at all times, and mad then.
He gladly would have made a prayre, and ſtill ſo hugg'd his knee,
He could not quit him: till at laſt his ſword was faine to free
His fetterd knees, that made a vent for his white livers bloud,
That cauſd ſuch pittifull affects, of which it pour'd a floud
About his boſome. which it fild, even till it drownd his eyes;
And all ſenſe faild him. Forth then flew this Prince of tragedies,
Who next, ſtoopt *Mulius*, even to death, with his inſatiate ſpeare:
One eare it enterd, and made good his paſſe to th'other eare.
Echeclus then, (*Agenors* ſonne) he ſtrooke betwixt the browes,
Whoſe bloud ſet fire upon his ſword, that coold it till the throwes
Of his then labouring braine, let out his ſoule to fixed fate,
And gave cold entry to blacke death. *Deucalion* then had ſtate
In theſe mens beings: where the nerves about the elbow knit,
Downe to his hand his ſpeares ſteele pierc't, and brought ſuch paine to it,
As led Death joyntly, whom he ſaw before his fainting eyes,
And in his necke felt, with a ſtroke, laid on ſo, that off flyes
His head: one of the twiſe twelve bones, that all the backe bone make,
Let out his marrow, when the head, he helme and all did take,
And hurl'd amongſt the Ilians; the body ſtretcht on earth.
Rhigmus of fruitfull Thrace, next fell, he was the famous birth
Of *Pireus*: his bellies midſts, the lance tooke; whoſe ſterne force,
Quite tumbl'd him from chariot. In turning backe the horſe,
Their guider *Areithous*, receiv'd another lance,
Simile. That threw him to his Lord. No end was put to the miſchance
Achilles entred: But as fire, falne in a flaſh from heaven,
Inflames the high-woods of dry hils, and with a ſtorme is driven
Through all the Sylvane deepes, and raves, till downe goes every where
The ſmother'd hill: So every way, *Achilles* and his ſpeare
Conſum'd the Champaine, the blacke earth flow'd with the veines he tore.
And looke how Oxen, (yok't and driven about the circulat floore
Of ſome faire barne) treade ſodainly the thicke ſheaves, thin of corne,
Simile. And all the corne conſum'd with chaffe: ſo mixt and overborne,
Beneath *Achilles* one-hov'd horſe, ſhields, ſpeares, and men lay trod,
His axel-tree, and chariot wheeles, all ſpatterd with the bloud,
Hurl'd from the ſteeds hoves, and the ſtrakes. Thus to be magnified,
His moſt inacceſſible hands, in humane bloud he died.

The end of the twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXI. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IN two parts, Troyes hoſt parted; Thetis *ſonne,*
One to Scamander, *one to* Ilion
Purſues. Twelve Lords he takes alive, to end
In ſacrifice, for vengeance to his friend.
Aſteropæus *dyes by his fierce hand,*
And Priams *ſonne,* Lycaon. *Over land*
The floud breakes: where, Achilles *being engag'd,*
Vulcan *preſerves him, and with ſpirit enrag'd,*
Sets all the Champaine and the Floud on fire;
Contention then doth all the gods inſpire.
Apollo *in* Agenors *ſhape, doth ſtay*
Achilles *furie; and by giving way,*
Makes him purſue, till the deceit gives leave,
That Troy in ſafety might her friends receive.

Another Argument.

Phy, *at the flouds ſhore, doth expreſſe*
The labours of Æacides.

AND now they reacht the goodly ſwelling channell of the floud,
Gulfe-eating *Xanthus*, whom *Iove* mixt with his immortall brood:
And there *Achilles* cleft the hoſt of Ilion: one ſide fell
On *Xanthus*, th'other on the towne: and that did he impell
The ſame way that the laſt daies rage, put all the Greekes in rout,
When *Hectors* furie reign'd: theſe now *Achilles* pour'd about
The ſcatterd field. To ſtay the flight, *Saturnia* caſt before
Their haſtie feet, a ſtanding fogge, and then Flights violence bore
The other halfe full on the floud. The ſilver-gulphed deepe
Receiv'd them with a mighty cry: the billowes vaſt and ſteepe,
Ror'd at their armours, which the ſhores did round about reſound:
This way and that, they ſwum, and ſhriekt, as in the gulphs they drownd:
And as in fir'd fields, Locuſts riſe, as the unwearied blaze *Simile.*
Plies ſtill their riſing, till in ſwarmes, all ruſh as in amaze,
(For ſcape) into ſome neighbour floud: So, th'Achillean ſtroke,
Here drave the foe: the gulphie floud with men and horſe did choke.
Then on the ſhore, the Worthy hid, and left his horrid lance
Amids the Tamariskes; the ſpritelike, did with his ſword advance
Vp to the river; ill affaires, tooke up his furious braine,
For Troyes engagements: every way, he doubl'd ſlaine on ſlaine.

A moſt unmanly noiſe was made, with thoſe he put to ſword,
Of grones and outcries; the floud bluſht to be ſo much engor'd
With ſuch baſe ſoules: And as ſmall fiſh, the ſwift-finn'd Dolphin flie,
Simile. Filling the deepe pits in the ports; on whoſe cloſe ſtrength they lie:
And there he ſwallowes them in ſholes: So here, to rockes and holes,
About the floud, the Troians fled; and there moſt loſt their ſoules:
Even till he tir'd his ſlaughterous arme. Twelve faire yong Princes then,
He chuſde of all, to take alive; to have them freſhly ſlaine
On that moſt ſolemne day of wreake, reſolv'd on for his friend.
Theſe led he trembling forth the floud, as feareſull of their end,
As any Hinde calves: all their hands he pinnioned behinde
With their owne girdles; worne upon their rich weeds, and reſign'd
Their perſons to his Myrmidons, to beare to fleete: and he
Plung'd in the ſtreame againe, to take more worke of Tragedie.
He met, then iſſuing the floud; with all intent of flight,
Achilles his ſtrange encounter of Lycaon. *Lycaon*, (*Darden Priams* ſonne) whom lately in the night,
He had ſurpriſde, as in a wood of *Priams* he had cut
The greene armes of a wilde figge tree; to make him ſpokes to put
In Naves of his new chariot. An ill then, all unthought,
Stole on him in *Achilles* ſhape, who tooke him thence, and brought
To well-built Lemnos, ſelling him to famous *Iaſons* ſonne:
From whom, a gueſt then in his houſe, (*Imbrius Eetion*)
Redeem'd at high rate, and ſent home t' *Arisba*, whence he fled,
And ſaw againe his fathers court: eleven daies banquetted
Amongſt his friends; the twelfth god thruſt his hapleſſe head againe
In t'hands of ſterne *Æacides*, who now muſt ſend him ſlaine,
To *Pluto's* Court, and gainſt his will. Him, when *Achilles* knew
Naked of helmet, ſhield, ſword, lance; all which for eaſe he threw
To earth, being overcome with ſweate; and labour wearying
His flying knees) he ſtorm'd, and ſaid; O heaven, a wondrous thing
Invades mine eyes; thoſe Ilians that heretofore I ſlue,
Riſe from the darke dead, quicke againe: this man, fate makes eſchew
Her owne ſteele fingers: he was ſold in Lemnos, and the deepe
Of all Seas, twixt this Troy, and that (that many a man doth keepe
From his lov'd country) barres not him; Come then, he now ſhall taſte
The head of *Pelias*, and try if ſteele will downe as faſt
As other fortunes; or kinde earth can any ſurer ſeiſe
On his ſlie perſon; whoſe ſtrong armes have held downe *Hercules*.
Lycaons feare to be ſeene of Achilles. His thoughts thus mov'd, while he ſtood firme; to ſee if he, he ſpide,
Would offer flight, (which firſt he thought) but when he had deſcride,
He was deſcried, and flight was vaine; feareſull, he made more nie,
With purpoſe to embrace his knees, and now long'd much to flie
His blacke fate, and abhorred death, by comming in. His foe
Obſerv'd all this, and up he raiſd his lance, as he would throw;
And then *Lycaon* cloſe ran in; fell on his breaſt, and tooke
Achilles knees, whoſe lance (on earth now ſtaid) did overlooke,
His ſtill-turnd backe, with thirſt to glut his ſharpe point with the bloud,
That lay ſo ready; but that thirſt, *Lycaons* thirſt withſtood,

To

To ſave his bloud, *Achilles* knee, in his one hand he knit,
His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it:
But thus beſought: I kiſſe thy knees, divine *Æacides*:
Reſpect me, and my fortunes rue; I now preſent th'acceſſe
Of a poore ſuppliant, for thy ruth: and I am one that is
Worthy thy ruth (O *Ioves* belov'd.) Firſt houre my miſeries
Fell into any hand, twas thine: I taſted all my bread
By thy gift ſince: O ſince that houre, that thy ſurpriſall led
From forth the faire wood, my ſad feete; farre from my lov'd allies,
To famous Lemnos, where I found an hundred Oxens prize
To make my ranſome: for which now, I thrice the worth will raiſe.
This day makes twelve ſince I arriv'd in Ilion: many daies
Being ſpent before in ſufferance: and now a cruell fate,
Thruſts me againe into thy hands. I ſhould hant *Iove* with hate,
That with ſuch ſet malignitie, gives thee my life againe.
There were but two of us, for whom *Laothoe* ſufferd paine,
Laothoe, old *Altes* ſeed, *Alte*, whoſe pallace ſtood
In height of upper Pedaſus, neere *Satnius* ſilver flood;
And rulde the warre-like Lelegi. Whoſe ſeed (as many more)
King *Priam* married, and begot the godlike *Polydor*,
And me accurſt: thou ſlaughterdſt him: and now thy hand on me
Will prove as mortall. I did thinke when here I met with thee,
I could not ſcape thee; yet give eare, and adde thy minde to it,
I told my birth to intimate, though one fire did beget,
Yet one wombe brought not into light, *Hector* (that ſlue thy friend)
And me. O doe not kill me then, but let the wretched end
Of *Polydor* excuſe my life. For halfe our being bred
Brothers to *Hector*, he (halfe) paid, no more is forfeited.
Thus ſu'd he humbly; but he heard, with this auſtere reply:
Foole, urge not ruth, nor price to me; till that ſolemnitie
Reſolv'd on, for *Patroclus* death, pay all his rites to fate:
Till his death I did grace to Troy, and many lives did rate
At price of ranſome: but none now of all the brood of Troy,
(Who ever *Iove* throwes to my hands) ſhall any breath enioy,
That death can beate out; ſpecially that touch at *Priams* race.
Die, die, (my friend) what teares are theſe? what ſad lookes ſpoyle thy face?
Patroclus died, that farre paſt thee: nay ſeeſt thou not beſide,
My ſelfe, even I, a faire yong man, and rarely magnifide;
And (to my father, being a King) a mother have, that ſits
In ranke with goddeſſes; and yet, when thou haſt ſpent thy ſpirits,
Death, and as violent a fate, muſt overtake, even me.
By twilight, morne-light, day, high noone, when ever Deſtinie
Sets on her man to hurle a Lance, or knit out of his ſtring,
An arrow that muſt reach my life. This ſaid, a languiſhing
Lycaons heart bent like his knees, yet left him ſtrength t'advance
Both hands for mercy, as he kneeld. His foe yet leaves his Lance,
And forth his ſword flies, which he hid, in furrow of a wound,
Driven through the joynture of his necke, flat fell he on the ground,

Lycaons ruthfull interceſſion to Achilles for his life.

Stretcht with deaths pangs, and all the earth embrew'd with timeleſſe bloud.
Then gript *Æacides* his heele, and to the loftie flood
Flung (ſwinging) his unpittied corſe; to ſee it ſwim, and toſſe
Vp on the rough waves: and ſaid; Goe, feed fat the fiſh with loſſe
Of thy left bloud: they cleane will ſucke thy greene wounds, and this ſaves
Thy mother teares upon thy bed. Deepe *Xanthus* on his waves,
Shall hoyſe thee bravely to a tombe, that in her burly breaſt,
The ſea ſhall open, where great fiſh may keepe thy funerall feaſt
With thy white fat: and on the waves, dance at thy wedding fate,
Clad in blacke horror, keeping cloſe inacceſſible ſtate.
So periſh Ilians, till we plucke the browes of Ilion
Downe to her feete, you flying ſtill: I flying ſtill upon,
Thus in the rere, and (as my browes were forckt, with rabid hornes)
Toſſe ye together. This brave flood that ſtrengthens and adornes
Your citie with his ſilver gulphes; to whom ſo many buls,
Your zeale hath offred; with blinde zeale his ſacred current guls,
With caſting chariots, and horſe; quicke to his prayd-for aide,
Shall nothing profit: periſh then, till cruell'ſt death hath laide
All at the red feete of revenge, for my ſlaine friend, and all
With whom the abſence of my hands, made yours a feſtivall.
This ſpeech great *Xanthus* more enrag'd, and made his ſpirit contend,
For meanes to ſhut up the op't vaine, againſt him, and defend
The Troians in it, from his plague. In meane time *Peleus* ſonne,
(And now with that long Lance he hid) for more bloud, ſet upon
Aſteropæus, the deſcent of *Pelagon*, and he
Of broad-ſtream'd *Axius*, and the dame (of firſt nativitie,
To all the daughters that renown'd, *Aceſamenus* ſeed)
Bright *Peribœa*; whom the floud, (arm'd thicke with lofty reed)
Compreſt. At her grandchild now went, *Thetis* great ſonne, whoſe foe
Stood arm'd with two darts, being ſet on by *Xanthus*, angerd ſo
For thoſe youths bloud, ſhed in his ſtreame by vengefull *Thetis* ſonne,
Achilles to Aſteropæus. Without all mercy. (Both being neare) great *Thetides* begunne
With this high queſtion. Of what race art thou that dar'ſt oppoſe
Aſteropæus to Achilles. Thy powre to mine thus? curſed wombs, they ever did diſcloſe,
That ſtood my anger. He reply'd, What makes thy furies beate,
Talke, and ſeeke Pedigrees? farre hence, lies my innative ſeate,
In rich Pœonia. My race, from broad-ſtream'd Axius runs;
Axius, that gives earth pureſt drinke, of all the watrie ſons
Of great *Oceanus*; and got the famous for his ſpeare,
Pelagonus that fatherd me, and theſe Pœnians here,
Arm'd with long Lances, here I leade: and here th'eleventh faire light
Shines on us, ſince we entred Troy. Come now, (brave man) let's fight.
Thus ſpake he, threatning; and to him *Pelides* made reply
With ſhaken *Pelias*. but his foe, with two at once let flye,
Aſteropæus with two darts at once at Achilles. (For both his hands were dexterous:) one javelin ſtrooke the ſhield
Of *Thetis* ſonne, but ſtrooke not through (the gold (gods gift) repeld
The eager point:) the other lance fell lightly on the part
Of his faire right hands cubit, forth the blacke bloud ſpunne; the dart

Glanc't

The word is κερασ(ων, *which they tranſlate* cædens, *but properly ſignifies* diſſipans, ut boves infeſtis cornibus.

Glanc't over, faſtening on the earth, and there his ſpleene was ſpent,
That wiſht the body. With which wiſh, *Achilles* his lance ſent,
That quite miſt, and infixt it ſelfe faſt in the ſteepe-up ſhore.
Even to the midſt, it enterd it; himſelfe then fiercely bore
Vpon his enemie with his ſword. His foe was tugging hard
To get his lance out: thrice he pluc't, and thrice ſure *Pelias* bard
His wiſht evulſion. The fourth plucke, he bow'd, and meant to breake
The Aſhen plant, but (ere that act) *Achilles* ſword did checke
His bent powre, and brake out his ſoule. Full in the navill ſtead
He ript his belly up, and out his entrailes fell, and dead
His breathleſſe body: whence his armes *Achilles* drew, and ſaid:

Aſteropæus ſlaine by Achilles.

Lie there, and prove it dangerous, to lift up adverſe head,
Againſt *Ioves* ſonnes, although a floud were Ancetor to thee.
Thy vants urg'd him, but I may vant a higher pedigree,
(From *Iove* himſelfe:) King *Peleus* was ſoane to *Æacus*;
Infernall *Æacus*, to *Iove*, and I, to *Peleus*.
Thunder-voyc't *Iove*, farre paſſeth flouds, that onely murmurs raiſe
With earth and water, as they runne, with tribute to the ſeas.
And his ſeed theirs exceeds as farre. A floud, a mighty floud
Rag'd neere thee now, but with no aid. *Iove* muſt not be withſtood.
King *Achelous* yeelds to him, and great *Oceanus*,
Whence all flouds; all the ſea, all founts, wells, all deepes humorous,
Fetch their beginnings; yet even he feares *Ioves* ſlaſh, and the cracke
His thunder gives, when out of heaven it teares atwo his racke.

Achilles to the body of Aſteropæus.

The racke or mutation of the clouds, for the clouds.

Thus pluckt he from the ſhore, his lance, and left the waves to waſh
The wave ſprung entrailes, about which, Fauſens and other fiſh
Did ſhole, to nibble ot the fat, which his ſweet kidneyes hid.
This for himſelfe, now to his men, (the well-rode *Peons*) did
His rage contend, All which, cold Feare ſhooke into flight, to ſee
Their Captain ſlaine: at whoſe mazde flight (as much enrag'd) flew he,
And then fell all theſe, *Thraſius*, *Mydon*, *Aſtypilus*,
Great *Opheleſtes*, *Ænius*, *Mneſus*, *Therſilochus*.
And on theſe, many more had falne, unleſſe the angry flood
Had tooke the figure of a man; and in a whirlepit ſtood,
Thus ſpeaking to *Æacides*. Paſt all, powre feeds thy will,
(Thou great grandchild of *Æacus*) and paſt all, th'art in ill.
And gods themſelves, confederates; and *Iove* (the beſt of gods)
All deaths gives thee: all places not. Make my ſhores periods
To all ſhore ſervice. In the field, let thy field acts run hie,
Not in my waters. My ſweet ſtreames, choake with mortalitie
Of men, ſlaine by thee. Carkaſſes ſo glut me, that I faile
To poure into the ſacred ſea, my waves; yet ſtill aſſaile
Thy cruell forces. Ceaſe, amaze affects me with thy rage,
Prince of the people. He reply'd; Shall thy command aſſwage
(Gulfe-fed *Scamander*) my free wrath? Ile never leave purſude
Proud Ilions ſlaughters; till this hand in her fild wals conclude
Her flying forces; and hath tried in ſingle fight, the chance
Of warre with *Hector*, whoſe event, with ſtarke death, ſhall advance

Xanthus out of whirlepit to Achilles.

Achilles to Xanthus.

One of our conqueſts. Thus againe he like a Furie flew
Vpon the Troians: when the floud his ſad plaint did purſue,
Xanthus complaines to Apollo To bright *Apollo*, telling him he was too negligent
Of *Ioves* high charge; importuning by all meanes vehement,
His helpe of Troy, till lateſt Even ſhould her blacke ſhadowes powre
On earths broad breaſt. In all his worſt, *Achilles* yet from ſhore,
Leapt to his middeſt. Then ſweld his waves, then rag'd, then boyld againe
Againſt *Achilles*: up flew all, and all the bodies ſlaine,
In all his deepes, (of which the heapes, made bridges, to his waves)
He belcht out, roring like a Bull. The unſlaine yet he ſaves.
In his blacke whirlepits vaſt and deepe. A horrid billow ſtood
About *Achilles*. On his ſhield the violence of the flood
Beate ſo, it drave him backe, and tooke his feet up, his faire palme
Enforc't to catch into his ſtay, a broad and loſty Elme,
Note the continued height, and admired expreſſion of Achilles glory. Whoſe roots he toſt up with his hold, and tore up all the ſhore,
With this then, he repeld the waves, and thoſe thicke armes it bore,
He made a bridge to beare him off, (for all fell in) when he
Forth from the channell threw himſelfe. The rage did terrifie,
Even his great ſpirit, and made him adde wings to his ſwifteſt feet,
And treade the land. And yet not there the floud left his retreare,
But thruſt his billowes after him, and blackt them all at top,
To make him feare, and flye his charge, and ſet the broad field ope
For Troy to ſcape in. He ſprung out a darts caſt, but came on
Againe with a redoubl'd force: as when the ſwifteſt flowne,
And ſtrong'ſt of all fowles, (*Ioves* blacke Hawke) the huntreſſe ſtoops upon
A much lov'd Quarrie: So charg'd he; his armes with horror rung,
Againſt the blacke waves: yet againe he was ſo urg'd, he flung
His body from the floud, and fled. And after him againe
The waves flew roring: as a man that findes a water vaine,
And from ſome black fount is to bring his ſtreames through plants & groves;
Goes with his Mattocke, and all checks, ſet to his courſe, removes;
When that runnes freely: under it the pibbles all give way,
And where it findes a fall, runnes ſwift: nor can the leader ſtay
His current then: Before himſelfe full pac't, it murmurs on.
So, of *Achilles*, evermore, the ſtrong flood vantage wonne,
(Though moſt deliver) gods are ſtill above the powres of men.
As oft as th'able godlike man endevour'd to maintaine
His charge on them that kept the floud, (and charg'd as he would try
If all the gods inhabiting the broad unreached skie,
Could dant his ſpirit) ſo oft ſtill, the rude waves charg'd him round;
Rampt on his ſhoulders, from whoſe depth, his ſtrength & ſpirit would bound
Vp to the free ayre, vext in ſoule. And now the vehement flood,
Made faint his knees: ſo overthwart, his waves were, they withſtood
All the denyed duſt, which he wiſht, and now was faine to cry;
Caſting his eyes to that broad heaven, that late he long'd to try:
Achilles complaint to the gods in his extremities. And ſaid, O *Iove*, how am I left? No god vouchſafes to free
Me, miſerable man; helpe now, and after torture me
With any outrage. Would to heaven, *Hector*, (the mightieſt

Bred

Bred in this region) had imbrew'd his javelin in my breast,
That strong might fall by strong. Where now weake waters luxurie,
Must make my death blush: one, heaven-bore, shall like a hog-herd die,
Drownd in a durtie torrents rage. Yet none of you in heaven,
I blame for this; but she alone, by whom this life was giuen,
That now must dye thus. She would still delude me with her tales,
Affirming *Phœbus* shafts should end within the Troian wals
My curst beginning. In this strait, *Neptune* and *Pallas* flew
To fetch him off. In mens shapes both, close to his danger drew:
And, taking both, both hands, thus spake the shaker of the world: *Neptune to Achiues, Pallas and he rescues him.*
Pelides, doe not stirre a foot; nor these waues proudly curld
Against thy bold breast, feare a jot; thou hast us two thy friends,
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) *Ioue* himselfe, approving th'aide we lend.
Tis nothing, as thou fearst with fate; she will not see thee drown'd:
This height shall soone downe, thine owne eyes shall see it set aground.
Be rulde then, weele advise thee well, take not thy hand away,
From putting all, indifferently, to all that it can lay
Vpon the Troians; till the walles of haughty Ilion
Conclude all in a desperate flight: and when thou hast set gone
The soule of *Hector*, turne to fleet: our hands shall plant a wreath
Of endlesse glory on thy browes. Thus, to the free from death,
Both made retreat. He (much impeld by charge, the godheads gave)
The field, that now was overcome with many a boundlesse wave,
He overcame: on their wilde breasts, they tost the carkasses
And armes of many a slaughterd man. And now the winged knees,
Of this great Captaine, bore aloft: against the floud he flies
With full assault: nor could that god make shrinke his rescued thighs:
Nor shrunke the floud, but as his foe grew powerfull, he grew mad: *Xanthus to Simois.*
Thrust up a billow to the skie, and cristall *Simois* bad
To his assistance: *Simois*, Hoe, brother, (out he cried)
Come, adde thy current, and resist this man halfe deified,
Or Ilion he will pull downe straite; the Troians cannot stand
A minute longer. Come, assist, and instantly command
All fountaines in thy rule to rise; all torrents to make in,
And stuffe thy billowes, with whose height, engender such a din,
(With trees torne up, and justling stones) as so immane a man,
May shrinke beneath us: whose powre thrives, do my powre all it can:
He dares things fitter for a god. But, nor his forme, nor force,
Nor glorious armes shall profit it: all which, and his dead corse
I vow to rowle up in my hands: Nay, burie in my mud:
Nay, in the very sinkes of Troy: that pour'd into my floud,
Shall make him drowning worke enough: and being drown'd, Ile set
A sort of such strong filth on him, that Greece shall never get
His bones from it. There, there shall stand *Achilles* sepulcher,
And save a buriall for his friends. This furie did transferre
His high-rig'd billowes on the Prince, roring with bloud and fome,
And carkasses. The crimson streame did snatch into her wombe,
Surpris'd *Achilles*; and her height, stood, held up by the hand

Of *Ioue* himſelfe. Then *Iuno* cried, and cald (to countermand
This watry Deitie) the god that holds command in fire,
Afraid leſt that gulf-ſtomackt floud would ſatiate his deſire
Iuno to Vulcan. On great *Achilles*. *Mulciber?* my beſt lov'd ſonne? (ſhe cried)
Rowze thee, for all the gods conceive, this floud thus amplified,
Is rais'd at thee; and ſhewes as if his waves would drowne the skie,
And put out all the ſphere of fire; haſte, helpe thy Emperie:
Light flames, deep as his pits. Our ſelfe, the Weſt wind, and the South,
Will call out of the ſea, and breathe in eithers full-charg'd mouth
A ſtorme t'enrage thy fires gainſt Troy; which ſhall (in one exhal'd)
Blow flames of ſweat about their browes, and make their armors skald.
Goe thou then, and (gainſt theſe winds riſe) make worke on *Xanthus* ſhore,
With ſetting all his trees on fire: and in his owne breaſt poure
A fervor that ſhall make it burne, nor let faire words or threats
Avert thy furie, till I ſpeake, and then ſubdue the heates
Of all thy Blazes. *Mulciber* prepar'd a mighty fire,
Firſt, in the field uſde: burning up the bodies, that the ire
Of great *Achilles* reft of ſoules: the quite-drown'd field it dried,
And ſhrunke the floud up. And as fields that have been long time cloide
With catching weather, when their corne lies on the gavill heape,
Simile. Are with a conſtant North wind dried, with which for comfort leape
Their hearts that ſow'd them: So this field was dri'd, the bodies burn'd;
And even the floud into a fire, as bright as day was turn'd.
Elmes, willows, tamrisks, were enflam'd; the lote trees, ſea-graſſe reeds,
And ruſhes, with the galingale roots (of which abundance breeds
About the ſweet floud) all were fir'd: the gliding fiſhes flew
Vpwards in flames: the groveling Eeles crept upright, all which ſlew
Xanthus out of a flaming whirle-pit to Vulcan. A Wiſe Vulcans unreſiſted ſpirit. The floud out of a flame,
Cried to him; Ceaſe, O *Mulciber*, no deitie can tame
Thy matchleſſe vertue: nor would I, (ſince thou art thus hot) ſtrive.
Ceaſe then thy ſtrife; let *Thetis* ſonne, with all thy wiſht haſt, drive
Even to their gates theſe Ilians; what toucheth me their aide,
Or this Contention? thus in flames the burning river prayde:
And as a Caldron, underput with ſtore of fire, and wrought
With boyling of a well-fed Brawne, up leapes his wave aloft,
Simile. Bavins of ſere wood urging it, and ſpending flames apace,
Till all the Caldron be engirt with a conſuming blaze.
So round this floud burn'd, and ſo ſod his ſweet and tortur'd ſtreames;
Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes of *Vulcans* fiery beames.
Who (then not mov'd) his mothers ruth, by all his meanes he craves,
And askt, why *Vulcan* ſhould invade, and ſo torment his waves,
Paſt other flouds? when his offence roſe not to ſuch degree,
As that of other gods for Troy; and that himſelfe would free
Her wrath to it, if ſhe were pleaſde; and prayd her, that her ſonne
Might be reflected: adding this, that he would nere be wonne,
To helpe keepe off the ruinous day, in which all Troy ſhould burne,
Fir'd by the Grecians. This vow heard, ſhe charg'd her ſonne to turne
His fierie ſpirits to their homes: and ſaid, it was not fit

A god ſhould ſuffer ſo for men. Then *Vulcan* did remit
His ſo unmeaſur'd violence, and backe the pleaſant flood
Ranne to his channell. Thus theſe gods ſhe made friends, th'other ſtood
At weightie difference; both ſides ranne together with a ſound,
That earth reſounded; and great heaven about did ſurrebound.
Iove heard it, ſitting on his hill, and laught to ſee the gods
Buckle to armes like angry men: and (he pleaſde with their ods)
They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler *Mars* began;
And at *Minerva* with a lance of braſſe he headlong ran; *Mars againſt Minerva.*
Theſe vile words uſhering his blowes: thou dog-flie, what's the cauſe
Thou mak'ſt gods fight thus? thy huge heart breakes all our peacefull lawes
With thy inſatiate ſhameleſneſſe. Remembreſt thou the houre
When *Diomed* charg'd me? and by thee? and thou with all thy powre,
Took'ſt lance thy ſelfe; and in all fights, ruſht on me with a wound?
Now vengeance fals on thee for all. This ſaid, the ſhield fring'd round
With fighting Adders, borne by *Iove*, that not to thunder yeelds,
He clapt his lance on, and this god, that with the bloud of fields,
Pollutes his godhead; that ſhield pierſt, and hurt the armed Maid:
But backe ſhe leapt, and with her ſtrong hand, rapt a huge ſtone laid
Aboue the Champaine; blacke and ſharpe, that did in old time breake
Partitions to mens lands; and that ſhe duſted in the necke
Of that impetuous challenger. Downe to the earth he ſwayd,
And overlaid ſeven acres land: his hayre was all berayd
With duſt and bloud mixt; and his armes rung out. *Minerva* laught, *Minerva inſults over Mars.*
And thus inſulted: O thou foole, yet haſt thou not beene taught
To know mine eminence? thy ſtrength, oppoſeſt thou to mine?
So pay thy mothers furies then; who for theſe aides of thine,
(Ever affoorded perjur'd Troy; Greece ever left) takes ſpleene,
And vowes thee miſchiefe. Thus ſhe turn'd her blew eyes, when Loves Queen
The hand of *Mars* tooke, and from earth raiſd him with thick-drawn breath,
His ſpirits not yet got up againe. But from the preaſe of death,
Kinde * *Aphrodite* was his guide. Which, *Iuno* ſeeing, exclaim'd: *Venus.*
Pallas, ſee, *Mars* is helpt from field? Dog-flye, his rude tongue nam'd
Thy ſelfe even now, but that his love, that dog-flye will not leave
Her old conſort. Vpon her, flye. *Minerva* did receive
This excitation joyfully, and at the Cyprian flew,
Strooke with her hard hand, her ſoft breaſt, a blow that overthrew *Mars and Venus overthrowne by Pallas.*
Both her and *Mars*, and there both lay together in broad field.
When thus ſhe triumpht. So lie all that any ſuccours yeeld
To theſe falſe Troians, gainſt the Greekes, ſo bold and patient,
As *Venus*, (ſhunning charge of me) and no leſſe impotent
Be all their aides, then hers to *Mars*: ſo ſhort worke would be made
In our depopulating Troy (this hardieſt to invade,
Of all earths cities.) At this wiſh, white-wriſted *Iuno* ſmil'd.
Next *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſtood upon the point of field,
And thus ſpake *Neptune*: *Phœbus!* come, why, at the lances end
Stand we thus? twill be a ſhame for us to re-aſcend
Ioves golden houſe, being thus in field, and not to fight. Begin,

For

For tis no graceſull worke for me: thou haſt the yonger chin,
I older, and know more. O foole! what a forgetfull heart
Thou bear'ſt about thee? to ſtand here, preſt to take th'Ilian part,
And fight with me? Forgetſt thou then, what we two; we alone
(Of all the gods) haue ſufferd here? when proud *Laomedon*
Enjoyd our ſeruice a whole yeare, for our agreed reward?
Ioue in his ſway would haue it ſo, and in that yeare I rear'd
This broad braue wall about his towne, that (being a worke of mine)
It might be inexpugnable. This ſeruice then was thine,
In Ida (that ſo many hils, and curld-head forreſts crowne)
To feed his oxen, crooked ſhankt, and headed like the Moone.
But when the much-ioy bringing houres, brought terme for our reward,
The terrible *Laomedon* diſmiſt us both, and ſcard
Our high deſeruings; not alone to hold our promiſt fee.
But giue us threats too. Hand and feet he ſwore to fetter thee,
And ſell thee as a ſlaue; diſmiſt, farre hence to forreine Iles;
Nay more, he would haue both our eares. His vowes breach, and reuiles,
Made us part angry with him than, and doeſt thou gratulate now
Such a kings ſubjects? or with us, not their deſtruction vow,
Euen to their chaſt wiues and their babes? He anſwerd, he might hold
Apollo to Neptune. His wiſedome little, if with him (a god) for men he would
Maintaine contention: wretched men, that flouriſh for a time
Like leaues; eate ſome of that earth yeelds; and giue earth in their prime,
Their whole ſelues for it. Quickly then let us flie fight for them,
Nor ſhew it offerd: let themſelues beare out their owne extreme.
Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change blowes with his uncles hands,
Diana reproues Apollo for leauing the Troians. His ſiſter therefore chid him much, (the goddeſſe that commands
In games of hunting) and thus ſpake: Flieſt thou? and leau'ſt the field
To *Neptunes* glory? and no blowes? O foole! why doſt thou wield
Thy idle bow? no more my eares ſhall heare thee vant in skies,
Dares to meet *Neptune*, but Ile teli thy cowards tongue it lies.
He anſwerd nothing; yet *Ioues* wife could put on no ſuch raines,
Iuno to Diana. But ſpake thus looſely: How dar'ſt thou, dog, whom no feares containes,
Encounter me? twill proue a match of hard condition:
Though the great Lady of the bow; and *Ioue* hath ſent thee downe
For Lyon of thy ſexe; with gift to ſlaughter any Dame
Thy proud will enuies; yet ſome Dames will proue th'hadſt better tame
Wilde Lyons upon hils, then them. But if this queſtion reſts
Yet under judgement in thy thoughts; and that thy minde conteſts,
Ile make thee know it. Sodainly, with her left hand ſhe catcht
Both *Cynthias* palmes, lockt fingers faſt, and with her right ſhe ſnatcht
From her faire ſhoulders, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on
About her eares, and euery way her turnings ſeiz'd upon,
Till all her arrowes ſcatterd out, her quiver emptied quite.
Simile. And as a Dove, that (flying a Hawke) takes to ſome rocke her flight,
And in his hollow breaſts ſit ſafe, her fate not yet to dye:
So fled ſhe mourning; and her bow, left there. Then *Mercurie*,
His oppoſite, thus undertooke: *Latona* at no hand

Will I bide combat; tis a worke right dangerous to ſtand,
At difference with the wiues of *Ioue*, Goe therefore, freely vant
Amongſt the deities, th'haſt ſubdu'd, and made thy combattant
Yeeld with plaine powre. She anſwer'd not, but gather'd up the bow
And ſhafts falne from her daughters ſide, retiring. Vp did goe
Diana to *Ioues* ſtarry hall, her incorrupted vaile
Trembling about her, ſo ſhe ſhooke. *Phœbus* (leſt Troy ſhould faile
Before her Fate) flew to her wals, the other deities flew
Vp to Olympus; ſome enrag'd, ſome glad. *Achilles* flew
Both men and horſe of Ilion. And as a citie fir'd,
Caſts up a heate, that purples heaven; clamors and ſhrieks expir'd
In every corner; toyle to all, to many, miſerie;
Which fire, th'incenſed gods let fall; *Achilles* ſo let flye
Rage on the Troians; toiles and ſhrieks, as much by him impoſde.
Old *Priam* in his ſacred towre ſtood; and the flight diſcloſde,
Of his forc't people; all in rout, and not a ſtroke return'd,
By fled reſiſtance. His eyes ſaw, in what a furie burnd
The ſonne of *Peleus*, and downe went weeping from the towre,
To all the port-guards, and their Chiefes, told of his flying powre,
Commanding th'opening of the ports; but not to let their hands
Stirre from them; for *Æacides* would poure in with his bands.
Deſtruction comes, O ſhut them ſtrait, when we are in (he praid;)
For, not our wals I feare, will checke this violent man. This ſaid,
Off lifted they the barres; the ports hal'd open, and they gaue
Safety her entry, with the hoſt; which yet they could not ſave,
Had not *Apollo* ſallied out, and ſtrooke Deſtruction
(Brought by *Achilles* in their neckes) backe; when they, right upon
The ports bore all, dry, duſty, ſpent; and on their ſhoulders rode
Rabide *Achilles* with his lance; ſtill Glory being the gode
That prickt his Furie. Then the Greekes high-ported Ilion
Had ſeiz'd, had not *Apollo* ſtird, *Antenors* famous ſonne,
Diuine *Agenor*, and caſt in an undertaking ſpirit
To his bold boſome, and himſelfe ſtood by to ſtrengthen it,
And keepe the heavie hand of death from breaking in. The god
Stood by him, leaning on a beach, and cover'd his abode
With night-like darkeneſſe; yet for all the ſpirit he inſpir'd,
When that great citie-racers force, his thoughts ſtrooke, he retir'd,
Stood, and went on; a world of doubts ſtill falling in his way;
When (angry with himſelfe) he ſaid: Why ſuffer I this ſtay,
In this ſo ſtrong need to goe on? If, like the reſt I flie,
Tis his beſt weapon to give chace, being ſwift, and I ſhould dye
Like to a coward. If I ſtand, I fall too. Theſe two waies
Pleaſe not my purpoſe; I would live. What if I ſuffer theſe
Still to be routed? and (my feete affoording further length)
Paſſe all theſe fields of Ilion, till Idas ſylvane ſtrength,
And ſteepe heights ſhroud me, and at Even, refreſh me in the floud,
And turne to Ilion? O my ſoule, why drown'ſt thou in the bloud
Of theſe diſcourſes? If this courſe, that talkes of further flight,

Similie.

Priams amaze at Achilles.

Agenor ſpirited by Apollo.

Agenors diſcourſe with himſelfe.

I give my feet; his feet more ſwift, have more ods. Get he fight
Of that paſſe; I paſſe leaſt, for pace, and length of pace, his thighs
Will ſtand out all men. Meete him then, my ſteele hath faculties
Of powre to pierce him; his great breaſt, but one ſoule holds, and that
Death claimes his right in (all men ſay) but he holds ſpeciall ſtate
Ioves bountie ſerves all men alwayes. In *Ioves* high bounty: that's paſt man, that every way will hold;
And that ſerves all men, every man. This laſt heart made him bold,
Simile. To ſtand *Achilles*, and ſtird up a mighty minde to blowes.
And as a Panther (having heard the hounds trails) doth diſcloſe
Her freckl'd forhead, and ſtares forth, from out ſome deepe-growne wood,
To try what ſtrength dares her abroad, and when her fiery bloud
The hounds have kindl'd, no quench ſerves, of love to live, or feare, (ſpeare,
Though ſtrooke, though wounded, though quite through, ſhe feels the mortall
But till the mans cloſe ſtrength ſhe tries, or ſtrowes earth with his dart,
She puts her ſtrength out: So it far'd with brave *Agenors* heart,
And till *Achilles* he had prov'd, no thoughts, no deeds, once ſtird
His fixed foot. To his broad breaſt, his round ſhield he preſerd,
And up his arme went, with his ayme; his voyce out, with this cry:
Agenor to Achilles. Thy hope is too great (*Peleus* ſonne) this day to ſhew thine eye
Troyes Ilion at thy foot; O foole! the Greekes with much more woes,
More then are ſufferd yet, muſt buy great Ilions overthrowes.
We are within her many ſtrong, that for our parents ſakes,
Our wives and children will ſave Troy, and thou (though he that makes
Thy name ſo terrible) ſhalt make a ſacrifice to her,
With thine owne ruines. Thus he threw, nor did his javelin erre,
But ſtrooke his foes leg, neere his knee; the ſervent ſteele did ring
Againſt his tin greaves, and leapt backe. The fires ſtrong-handed king,
Gaue vertue of repulſe, and then *Æacides* aſſail'd
Divine *Agenor*, but in vaine; *Apollos* powre prevail'd,
And rapt *Agenor* from his reach, whom quietly he plac't
Without the skirmiſh, caſting miſts to ſave from being chac't,
His tenderd perſon, and (he gone) to give his ſouldiers ſcape,
The deitie turn'd *Achilles* ſtill, by putting on the ſhape
Of him he thirſted; evermore he fed his eye, and fled;
And he with all his knees purſu'd. So cunningly he led,
That ſtill he would be neare his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,
Farre from the conflict; to the floud maintaining ſtill the ſcope
Of his attraction. In meane time, the other frighted powres,
Came to the citie, comforted, when Troy and all her towres
Strooted with fillers; none would ſtand to ſee who ſtaid without,
Who ſcapt, and who came ſhort: the ports cleft to receive the rout,
That pourd it ſelfe in. Every man was for himſelfe; Moſt fleete,
Moſt fortunate, who ever ſcap't, his head might thanke his feet.

The end of the one and twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXII. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ALl Troians houſd but Hector, *onely he*
Keepes field, and undergoes th' extremitie.
Æacides aſſaulting, Hector *flies,*
Minerva *ſtayes him: he reſiſts, and dies,*
Achilles *to his chariot doth enforce,*
And to the navall ſtation, drags his corſe.

Another Argument.

Hector (*in* Chi) *to death is done,*
By powre of Peleus *angry ſonne.*

THus (chac't like Hindes) the Ilians, tooke time to drinke and eate,
And to refreſh them; getting off the mingl'd duſt and ſweate,
And good ſtrong rãpires on in ſtead. The Greeks then caſt their ſhields
Aloft their ſhoulders; and now Fate their neare invaſion yeelds
Of thoſe tough wals. Her deadly hand compelling *Hectors* ſtay
Before Troy at the Scæan ports. *Achilles* ſtill made way
At *Phœbus*, who, his bright head turn'd, and askt: Why (*Peleus* ſonne)
Purſu'ſt thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath never done.
Acknowledge not thine eyes my ſtate? eſteemes thy minde no more
Thy honour in the chace of Troy, but puts my chace before
Their utter conqueſt? they are all now houſde in Ilion,
While thou hunt'ſt me. What wiſheſt thou? my bloud will never runne
On thy proud javelin. It is thou (repli'd *Æacides*)
That putſt diſhonour thus on me, (thou worſt of deities)
Thou turndſt me from the wals, whoſe ports had never entertaind
Numbers now enter'd, over whom thy ſaving hand hath raign'd,
And robd my honour. And all is, ſince all thy actions ſtand,
Paſt feare of reckoning: but held I the meaſure in my hand,
It ſhould affoord thee deare-bought ſcapes. Thus with elated ſpirits,
(Steed-like, that at Olympus games, weares garlands for his merits,
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride)
Achilles ſo parts with the god. When aged *Priam* ſpide
The great Greek come, (ſphear'd round with beames, and ſhow'ng as if the ſtar
Surnam'd *Orions* hound, that ſprings in Autumne, and ſends farre
His radiance through a world of ſtarres; of all whoſe beames, his owne
Caſt greateſt ſplendor: the midnight that renders them moſt ſhowne,
Then being their foile, and on their points; cure-paſſing Fevers then,

Apollo to Achilles.

Achilles to Apollo.

Come

Come ſhaking downe into the joynts of miſerable men:
As this were ſalne to earth; and ſhot along the field his raies,
Priams fright at the sight of Achilles. Now towards *Priam* (when he ſaw in great *Æacides*)
Out flew his tender voyce in ſhrickes, and with raiſde hands he ſmit
His reverend head, then up to heaven he caſt them, ſhewing it.
What plagues it ſent him; Downe againe then threw them to his ſonne,
To make him ſhun them. He now ſtood without ſteepe Ilion,
Thirſting the combat; and to him thus miſerably cride
Priam to Hector The kinde olde King. O *Hector!* flye, this man this homicide,
That ſtrait will ſtroy thee. Hee's too ſtrong, and would to heaven he were
As ſtrong in heavens love as in mine; Vultures and dogs ſhould teare
His proſtrate carkaſſe, all my woes quencht with his bloudy ſpirits.
He has robd me of many ſonnes; and worthy, and their merits
Sold to farre Ilands: two of them (aye me) I miſſe but now,
They are not entred; nor ſtay here, *Laothoe*, O twas thou,
(O Queene of women) from whoſe wombe they breath'd: O did the tents
Detaine them onely; braſſe and gold would purchaſe ſafe events
To their ſad durance: tis within. Old *Altes* (yong in fame)
Gave plenty for his daughters dowre, but if they fed the flame
Of this mans furie, woe is me; woe to my wretched Queene.
But in our ſtates woe, their two deaths will nought at all be ſeene;
So thy life quit them: take the towne, retire (deare ſonne) and ſave
Troyes husbands and her wives, nor give thine owne life to the grave,
For this mans glory: pitty me; me, wretch, ſo long alive,
Whom in the doore of Age, *Iove* keepes; that he may deprive,
My being in Fortunes utmoſt curſe, to ſee the blackeſt thred
Of this lifes miſeries; my ſonnes ſlaine, my daughters raviſhed,
Their reſting chambers ſackt, their babes torne from them, on their knees
Pleading for mercy, themſelves dragd to Grecian ſlaveries,
(And all this drawne through my red eyes.) Then laſt of all kneele I
Alone, all helpeleſſe at my gates, before my enemy.
That (ruthleſſe gives me to my dogs: all the deformitie
Of age diſcover'd, and all this, thy death (ſought wilfully)
Will poure on me. A faire yong man, at all parts it beſeemes,
(Being bravely ſlaine) to lye all gaſht; and weare the worſt extremes
Of warres moſt cruelty, no wound of whatſoever ruth,
But is his ornament: but I, a man ſo farre from youth;
White head, white bearded, wrinkl'd, pin'd, all ſhames muſt ſhew the eye:
Live, prevent this then, this moſt ſhame of all mens miſery.
Thus wept the old King, and tore off his white haire, yet all theſe
Retir'd not *Hector*. *Hecuba* then fell upon her knees,
Stript nak't her boſome, ſhew'd her breaſts, and bad him reverence them,
And pittie her: if ever ſhe had quieted his exclaime,
He would ceaſe hers, and take the towne, not tempting the rude field,
When all had left it: thinke (ſaid ſhe) I gave thee life to yeeld
My life recomfort; thy rich wife ſhall have no rites of thee,
Nor doe thee rites: our teares ſhall pay thy corſe no obſequie,
Being raviſht from us; Grecian dogs, nouriſht with what I nurſt.

Thus

Thus wept both theſe, and to his ruth propoſde the utmoſt worſt,
Of what could chance them, yet he ſtaid. And now drew deadly neare
Mighty *Achilles*, yet he ſtill kept deadly ſtation there.
Looke how a Dragon when ſhe ſees a traveller bent upon
Her breeding den, her boſome fed with fell contagion,
Gathers her forces, fits him firme, and at his neareſt pace,
Wraps all her Cauerne in her folds, and thruſts a horrid face
Out at his entry: *Hector* ſo, with unextinguiſht ſpirit,
Stood great *Achilles:* ſtird no foot, but at the prominent turret,
Bent to his bright ſhield, and reſolv'd to beare falne heaven on it.
Yet all this reſolute abode, did not ſo truely fit
His free election, but he felt a much more galling ſpurre
To the performance, with conceit of what he ſhould incurre,
Entring, like others, for this cauſe, to which he thus gave way.

A Similie extreſſing how Hector fled Achilles.

O me, if I ſhall take the towne, *Polydamas* will lay
This flight, and all this death on me, who counſeld me to leade
My powres to Troy: this laſt blacke night, when ſo I ſaw make head,
Incenít *Achilles*, I yet ſtaid, though (paſt all doubt) that courſe
Had much more profited then mine, which, (being by ſo much worſe,
As comes to all our flight and death) my folly now I feare,
Hath bred this ſcandall, all our towne now burnes my ominous eare
With whiſpering: *Hectors ſelfe conceit hath caſt away his hoſt.*
And (this true) this extremitie that I relye on moſt,
Is beſt for me, ſtay, and retire with this mans life, or die
Here for our citie with renowne, ſince all elſe fled, but I.
And yet one way cuts both theſe wayes; what if I hang my ſhield,
My helme and lance here on theſe wals, and meete in humble field,
Renown'd *Achilles*, offering him *Hellen* and all the wealth,
What ever in his hollow keeles, bore *Alexanders* ſtealth
For both th' *Atrides?* For the reſt, what ever is poſſeſt
In all this citie knowne or hid by oath ſhall be confeſt
Of all our citizens; of which, one halfe the Greekes ſhall have,
One half themſelves. But why (lov'd ſoule) would theſe ſuggeſtions ſave
Thy ſtate ſtill in me? Ile not ſue, nor would he grant, but I,
(Mine armes caſt off) ſhould be aſſur'd, a womans death to die.
To men of oke and rocke, no words; Virgins and youths talke thus;
Virgins and youths that loue and woe, there's other warre with us:
What blowes and conflicts urge, we cry; hates and defiances,
And with the garlands theſe trees beare, try which hand *Iove* will bleſſe.

Hectors diſcourſe.

Theſe thoughts employd his ſtay, and now *Achilles* comes, now neare
His *Mars*-like preſence, terribly, came brandiſhing his ſpeare,
His right arme ſhooke it, his bright armes like day, came glittering on,
Like fire-light, or the light of heaven, ſhot from the riſing Sun.
This ſight outwrought diſcourſe, cold Feare ſhooke *Hector* from his ſtand,
No more ſtay now, all ports were left; he fled in feare the hand
Of that Feare maſter, who hawk-like, ayres ſwifteſt paſſenger,
That holds a timorous Dove in chace, and with command doth beare
His fierie onſet: the Dove haſts, the Hawke comes whizzing on,

Achilles dreadfull approch to Hector.

This way, and that, he turnes and windes, and cuffes the Pigeon;
And till he truſſe it, his great ſpirit layes hot charge on his wing:
So urg'd *Achilles*, *Hectors* flight, ſo ſtill Feares point did ſting
His troubl'd ſpirit; his knees wrought hard; along the wall he flew;
In that faire chariot way that runnes beneath the towre of view,
And Troyes wilde fig-tree, till they reacht, where thoſe two mother ſprings,
The pleaſing deſcription of two ſprings under the walls of Troy Of deepe *Scamander*, pour'd abroad their ſilver murmurings.
One warme, and caſts out fumes, as fire, the other, cold as ſnow,
Or haile diſſolv'd. And when the Sunne made ardent ſommer glow,
There waters concrete chriſtall ſhin'd; neare which, were ciſternes made,
All pav'd, and cleare, where Troian wives, and their faire daughters had
Landrie for their fine linnen weeds, in times of cleanly Peace,
Hectors flight from Achilles, and his chace of Hector. Before the Grecians brought their ſiege. Theſe captaines noted theſe,
One flying th'other in purſuite, a ſtrong man flew before;
A ſtronger followed him by farre, and cloſe up to him bore.
Both did their beſt, for neither now, ranne for a ſacrifice;
Or for the ſacrificers hide (our runners uſuall priſe)
Theſe ranne for tame-horſe *Hectors* ſoule. And as two running Steeds,
**Up and downe the wal, i. is to be underſtood.* Backt in ſome ſet race for a game, that tries their ſwifteſt ſpeeds,
(A tripod, or a woman given for ſome mans funerals:)
Ioves griefe for Hector. Such ſpeed made theſe men, and on foot, ranne* thrice about the wals.
The gods beheld them, all much mov'd; and *Iove* ſaid: O ill ſight!
A man I love much, I ſee forc't in moſt unworthy flight
About great Ilion; my heart grieves, he paid ſo many vowes,
With thighs of ſacrificed beeves, both on the lofty browes
Of Ida, and in Ilions height. Conſult we, ſhall we free
His life from death? or give it now t'*Achilles* victorie?
Pallas againſt Heaven's pleaſer ſpeaks. *Minerva* anſwer'd Alter Fate? one, long ſince markt for death,
Now take from death? doe thou, but know, he ſtill ſhall runne beneath
Our other cenſures. Be it then, (replide the Thunderer)
My lov'd *Tritonia*, at thy will, in this I will preferre
Thy free intention, worke it all. Then ſtoopt ſhe from the skie,
To this great combat. *Peleus* ſonne purſu'd inceſſantly,
Simile. Still flying *Hector*: as a Hound that having rowz'd a Hart,
Although he tappiſh ne're ſo oft, and every ſhrubbie part,
Attempts for ſtrength, and trembles in, the Hound doth ſtill purſue
So cloſe, that not a foot he failes, but hunts it ſtill at view:
So plied *Achilles*, *Hectors* ſteps, as oft as he aſſail'd
The Dardan ports and towres for ſtrength, (to fetch from thence ſome aid,
With winged ſhafts) ſo oft forc't he amends of pace, and ſtept
Twixt him and all his hopes; and ſtill, upon the field he kept
A moſt ingenious Simile, uſed (as all our Homers confeſſes) by Virgil, but this is a tranſlaters mery. His utmoſt turnings to the towne. And yet, as in a dreame,
One thinkes he give another chace, when ſuch a fain'd extreame
Poſſeſſeth both; that he in chace, the chacer cannot flie,
Nor can the chacer get to hand his flying enemy:
So, nor *Achilles* chace could reach the flight of *Hectors* pace;
Nor *Hectors* flight enlarge it ſelfe, of ſwift *Achilles* chace.
But how chanc't this? how, all this time, could *Hector* beare the knees

Of

Of fierce *Achilles*, with his owne, and keepe off Destinies,
If *Phœbus* (for his last and best) through all that course hath fail'd,
To adde his succours to his nerves? and (as his foe assail'd)
Neare, and within him, fed his scape. *Achilles* yet well knew
His knees would fetch him, and gave signes to some friends (making shew
Of shooting at him) to forbeare, lest they detracted so
From his full glory; in first wounds, and in the overthrow,
Make his hand last. But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts;
Then *Iove*, his golden skoles weigh'd up, and tooke the last accounts
Of Fate for *Hector*; putting in, for him, and *Peleus* sonne,
Two fates of bitter death; of which; high heaven receiv'd the one,
The other hell: so low declin'd the light of *Hectors* life.
Then *Phœbus* left him, when warres Queene came to resolve the strife, *Pallas to Achilles.*
In th'others knowledge: Now (said she) *Iove*-lov'd *Æacides*,
I hope at last to make renowne, performe a brave accesse
To all the Grecians; we shall now lay low this champions height,
Though never so insatiate was his great heart of fight.
Nor must he scape our pursuit still; though all the feet of *Iove*
Apollo bowes into a sphere, soliciting more love
To his most favour'd. Breathe thee then, stand firme, my selfe will hast,
And hearten *Hector* to change blowes. She went, and he stood fast,
Lean'd on his lance; and much was jov'd, that single strokes should try
This fadging conflict. Then came close the changed deitie *Pallas like Deiphobus to Hector*
To *Hector*, like *Deiphobus* in shape and voyce, and said:
O brother, thou art too much urg'd, to be thus combatted
About our owne wals; let us stand, and force to a retreat
Th'insulting Chaser. *Hector* ioy'd at this so kinde deceit, *Hector to Pallas for Deiphobus.*
And said: O good *Deiphobus*, thy love was most before
(Of all my brothers) deare to me, but now, exceeding more
It costs me honour, that thus urg'd, thou com'st to part the charge
Of my last fortunes; other friends, keepe towne, and leave at large
My rackt endevours. She replide: good brother, tis most true;
One after other, King and Queene, and all our friends did sue
(Even on their knees) to stay me there; such tremblings shake them all,
With this mans terror: but my minde so griev'd to see our wall
Girt with thy chases; that to death I long'd to urge thy stay.
Come, fight we, thirsty of his bloud, no more let's feare to lay
Cost on our Lances; but approve, if bloudied with our spoyles,
He can beare glory to their fleete, or shut up all their toyles
In his one sufferance on thy Lance. With this deceit, she led, *Hector to Achilles.*
And (both come neare) thus *Hector* spake: thrice I have compassed
This great towne (*Peleus* sonne) in flight, with aversation,
That out of Fate put off my steps, but now, all flight is flowne,
The short course set up, death or life. Our resolutions yet,
Must shun all rudenesse; and the gods before our valour set,
For use of victorie, and they, being worthiest witnesses
Of all vowes; since they keepe vowes best, before their deities,
Let vowes of fit respect, passe both; when Conquest hath bestow'd

Her wreath on either. Here I vow, no furie ſhall be ſhow'd,
That is not manly, on thy corſe; but, having ſpoil'd thy armes,
Reſigne thy perſon, which ſweare thou. Theſe faire and temperate termes,
Farre fled *Achilles*, his browes bent, and out flew this reply.

Achilles ſterne reply to Hector.

Hector, thou onely peſtilence in all mortalitie,
To my fere ſpirits; never ſet the point twixt thee and me
Any conditions, but as farre as men and Lyons flye,
All termes of covenant, lambs and wolves: in ſo farre oppoſite ſtate,
(Impoſſible for love t'attone) ſtand we, till our ſoules ſatiate
The god of ſouldiers; doe not dreame that our diſiunction can
Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man,
Call to thee, all particular parts that fit a ſouldier,
And they, all this include, (beſides, the skill and ſpirit of warre)
Hunger for ſlaughter; and a hate that eates thy heart, to eate
Thy foes heart. This ſtirs, this ſupplies, in death, the killing heate
And all this needſt thou. No more flight; *Pallas Athenia*
Will quickly caſt thee to my lance; now, now together draw
All griefes for vengeance; both in me, and all my friends late dead
That bled thee; raging with thy Lance. This ſaid, he brandiſhed

*Achilles firſt encounter with Hector. * Pallas.*

His long Lance; and away it ſung: which, *Hector* giving view,
Stoupt low, ſtood firme, (foreſeeing it beſt) and quite it ouerflew,
Faſtening on earth. * *Athenia* drew it, and gaue her friend,
Vnſeene of *Hector*. *Hector* then, thus ſpake: thou want'ſt thy end,
(God-like *Achilles*:) now I ſee thou haſt not learn'd my fate,
Of *Iove* at all, as thy high words would brauely intimate;
Much tongue affects thee; cunning words well ſerue thee to prepare
Thy blowes with threats, that mine might faint, with want of ſpirit to dare;
But my backe neuer turnes with breath; it was not borne to beare
Burthens of wounds; ſtrike home, before; driue at my breaſt thy ſpeare,
As mine at thine ſhall; and try then, if heauens will fauour thee
With ſcape of my Lance. O would *Iove* would take it after me,
And make thy boſome take it all; an eaſie end would crowne
Our difficult warres, were thy ſoule fled; thou moſt bane of our towne.

Hector at Achilles.

Thus flew his dart, toucht at the midſt of his vaſt ſhield, and flew
A huge way from it; but his heart, wrath entred with the view
Of that hard ſcape, and heauy thoughts ſtrooke through him, when he ſpide
His brother vaniſht; and no lance, beſide left; out he cride,

Hectors amaze with the deceit of Pallas.

Deiphobus! another Lance. Lance, nor *Deiphobus*
Stood neare his call. And then his minde ſaw all things ominous,
And thus ſuggeſted: Woe is me, the gods haue cald, and I
Muſt meete Death here; *Deiphobus* I well hop'd had beene by,
With his white ſhield; but our ſtrong wals, ſhield him; and this deceit
Flowes from *Minerva*; now, O now, ill death comes, no more flight,
No more recouerie: O *Iove*, this hath beene otherwiſe,
Thy bright ſonne, and thy ſelfe, haue ſet, the Greekes a greater prize
Of *Hectors* bloud then now, of which (euen iealous) you had care;
But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet, not ſhe ſhall ſhare
In my renowne; that life is left, to euery noble ſpirit;

And

And that ſome great deed ſhall beget, that all liues ſhall inherit.
Thus, forth his ſword flew, ſharpe and broad, and bore a deadly weight, *The laſt encounter of Achilles and Hector.*
With which, he ruſht in: and looke how an Eagle from her height,
Stoopes to the rapture of a Lambe, or cuffes a timorous Hare:
So fell in *Hector*, and at him, *Achilles*; his mindes fare,
Was fierce and mightie: his ſhield caſt a Sun-like radiance,
Helme nodded; and his foure plumes ſhooke, and when he raiſde his lance,
Vp *Heſperus* roſe amongſt th'euening ſtarres. His bright and ſparkling eyes,
Lookt through the body of his foe, and ſought through all that priſe,
The next way to his thirſted life. Of all wayes, onely one
Appear'd to him, and that was, where th'unequall winding bone,
That joynes the ſhoulders and the necke, had place, and where there lay
The ſpeeding way to death: and there, his quicke eye could diſplay
The place it ſought; even through thoſe armes, his friend *Patroclus* wore,
When *Hector* ſlue him. There he aim'd, and there his javelin tore
Sterne paſſage quite through *Hectors* necke; yet miſt it ſo his throte, *Hector wounded to death.*
It gave him powre to change ſome words; but downe to earth it got
His fainting body: then triumpht divine *Æacides*, *Achilles inſultation:*
Hector, (ſaid he) thy heart ſuppoſde, that in my friends deceaſe,
Thy life was ſafe; my abſent arme, not car'd for: Foole! he left
One at the fleete, that better'd him; and he it is that reft
Thy ſtrong knees thus; and now the dogs and fowles, in fouleſt uſe
Shall teare thee up, thy corſe expoſde to all the Greekes abuſe.
He, fainting, ſaid: Let me implore, even by thy knees and ſoule, *Hectors dying request to Achilles.*
And thy great parents; doe not ſee a crueltie ſo foule
Inflicted on me; braſſe and gold, receive at any rate,
And quit my perſon; that the Peeres and Ladies of our ſtate,
May tombe it, and to ſacred fire, turne thy prophane decrees.
Dog, (he replied) urge not my ruth, by parents, ſoule, nor knees; *Achilles inflexibility.*
I would to God that any rage would let me eate thee raw,
Slic't into pieces; ſo beyond the right of any law,
I taſt thy merits; and beleeve, it flyes the force of man,
To reſcue thy head from the dogs. Give all the gold they can,
If tenne or twenty times ſo much, as friends would rate thy price,
Were tendred here, with vowes of more; to buy the cruelties
I here have vow'd, and after that, thy father with his gold,
Would free thy ſelfe; all that ſhould faile, to let thy mother hold
Solemnities of death with thee; and doe thee ſuch a grace,
To mourne thy whole corſe on a bed; which peecemeale Ile deface
With fowles and dogs. He (dying) ſaid: I (knowing thee well) foreſaw
Thy now tried tyrannie; nor hop't for any other law
Of nature, or of nations: and that feare, forc't much more
Then death, my flight; which never toucht at *Hectors* foot before: *Hectors prophecy of Achilles death.*
A ſoule of iron informes thee; marke, what vengeance th'equall fates
Will give me of thee, for this rage. Thus deaths hand cloſde his eyes,
Phœbus and *Paris* meete with thee; when in the Scæan gates
His ſoule flying his faire lims, to hell, mourning his deſtinies,
To part ſo with his youth and ſtrength. Thus dead, thus *Thetis* ſonne,

His prophecie anſwer'd: Die thou now; when my ſhort thred is ſpunne,
Ile beare it as the will of *Iove*. This ſaid, his brazen ſpeare,
He drew, and ſtucke by: then his armes (that all embrewed were)
He ſpoil'd his ſhoulders of. Then all the Greekes ran in to him,
The Greeks admiration of Hectors perſon being ſlaine. To ſee his perſon; and admir'd, his terror-ſtirring lim:
Yet none ſtood by, that gave no wound, to his ſo goodly forme;
When each to other ſaid: O *Iove*, he is not in the ſtorme,
He came to fleete in, with his fire, he handles now more ſoft.
O friends, (ſaid ſterne *Æacides*) now that the gods have brought
Achilles to the Grecians. This man thus downe, Ile freely ſay, he brought more bane to Greece,
Then all his aiders. Try we then, (thus arm'd at every peece,
And girding all Troy with our hoſt) if now their hearts will leave
Their citie cleare; her cleare ſtay ſlaine, and all their lives receive;
Or hold yet, *Hector* being no more. But why uſe I a word
Of any act, but what concernes my friend? dead, undeplor'd,
Vnſepulcherd, he lies at fleete, unthought on; never houre
Shall make his dead ſtate, while the quicke enioyes me, and this powre,
To move theſe movers. Though in hell, men ſay, that ſuch as dye,
Oblivion ſeiſeth, yet in hell, in me ſhall Memorie
Hold all her formes ſtill, of my friend. Now, (youths of Greece) to fleete
Beare we this body; *Pæans* ſing, and all our navie greete
With endleſſe honour; we have ſlaine, *Hector*, the period
Of all Troyes glory; to whoſe worth, all vow'd, as to a god.
Achilles tyranny to Hectors perſon, which we lay on his fury, and love to his ſlaine friend, for whom himſelfe living, ſuffer'd ſo much. This ſaid, a worke not worthy him, he ſet to: of both feete,
He bor'd the nerves through, from the heele, to th'ankle; and then knit
Both to his chariot, with a thong of whitleather; his head
Trailing the center. Vp he got to chariot, where he laid
The armes repurchac't; and ſcourg'd on his horſe, that freely flew.
A whirlewinde made of ſtartl'd duſt, drave with them, as they drew,
With which were all his black-browne curles, knotted in heapes, and fil'd.
And there lay Troyes late Gracious; by *Iupiter* exil'd
To all diſgrace, in his owne land, and by his parents ſeene.
When (like her ſonnes head) all with duſt, Troyes miſerable Queene,
Diſtain'd her temples; plucking off her honor'd haire, and tore
Her royall garments, ſhrieking out. In like kinde, *Priam* bore
His ſacred perſon; like a wretch that never ſaw good day,
Broken with outcries. About both, the people proſtrate lay;
Priam and Hecubas miſerable plight for Hector. Held downe with Clamor; all the towne, vail'd with a cloud of teares.
Ilion, with all his tops on fire, and all the maſſacres,
Left for the Greekes, could put on lookes, of no more overthrow
Then now fraid life. And yet the king did all their lookes outſhow,
The wretched people could not beare his ſoveraigne wretchedneſſe,
Plaguing himſelfe ſo; thruſting out, and praying all the preaſſe
To open him the Dardan ports; that he alone might fetch
Priam to his friend. His deareſt ſonne in; and (all fil'd with rumbling) did beſeech
Each man by name, thus: Loued friends, bt you content; let me
(Though much ye grieue) be that poore meane, to our ſad remedie,
Now in our wiſhes; I will goe, and pray this impious man,

Author

(Author of horrors) making proofe, if ages reuerence can
Excite his pittie. His owne ſire, is old like me, and he
That got him to our griefes; perhaps, may (for my likeneſſe) be
Meane for our ruth to him. Alas, you haue no cauſe of cares,
Compar'd with me; I, many ſonnes, grac't with their freſheſt yeares,
Haue loſt by him: and all their deaths, in ſlaughter of this one,
(Afflicted man) are doubl'd: this, will bitterly ſet gone
My ſoule to hell. O would to heaven, I could but hold him dead
In theſe pin'd armes: then teares, on teares, might fall, till all were ſhed
In common fortune. Now amaze their naturall courſe doth ſtop,
And prickes a mad veine. Thus he mourn'd, and with him, all brake ope
Their ſtore of ſorrowes. The poore Queene, amongſt the women wept, *Hecubas complaint for Hector.*
Turn'd into anguiſh: O my ſonne, (ſhe cried out) why, ſtill kept,
Patient of horrors, is my life, when thine is vaniſhed?
My daies thou glorifiedſt; my nights, rung of ſome honourd deed,
Done by thy vertues: ioy to me, profit to all our care.
All made a god of thee; and thou, mad'ſt them, all that they are.
Now under fate, now dead. Theſe two, thus vented as they could,
Their ſorrowes furnace. *Hectors* wife, not hauing yet beene told
So much, as of his ſtay without: She in her chamber cloſe,
Sate at her Loome: a piece of worke, gract with a both ſides gloſſe,
Strewd curiouſly with varied flowers, her pleaſure was, her care,
To heate a Caldron for her Lord, to bath him, turnde from warre:
Of which, ſhe chiefe charge gave her maides. Poore Dame, ſhe little knew
How much her cares lackt of his caſe. But now the Clamor flew
Vp to her turret: then ſhe ſhooke; her worke fell from her hand,
And up ſhe ſtarted, cald her maides; ſhe needs muſt underſtand
That ominous outcry. Come (ſaid ſhe) I heare through all this cry
My mothers voyce ſhricke; to my throte, my heart bounds; Extaſie
Vtterly alters me: ſome fate is neare the hapleſſe ſonnes
Of fading *Priam*: would to god my words ſuſpicious
No eare had heard yet: O I feare, and that moſt heartily,
That with ſome ſtratagem, the ſonne of *Peleus* hath put by
The wall of Ilion, my Lord, and (truſty of his feet)
Obtaind the chaſe of him alone; and now the curious heate
Of his ſtill deſperate ſpirit is cool'd. It let him never keep
In guard of others, before all, his violent foot muſt ſtep,
Or his place, forfeited he held. Thus furie-like ſhe went,
Two women (as ſhe wild) at hand, and made her quicke aſcent
Vp to the towre, and preaſſe of men; her ſpirit in uprore. Round
She caſt her greedy eye, and ſaw her *Hector* ſlaine, and bound
T'*Achilles* chariot; manleſly, dragd to the Grecian fleet.
Blacke night ſtrooke through her; under her, trance tooke away her feet;
And backe ſhe ſhrunke, with ſuch a ſway; then off her head-tire flew,
Her Coronet, Call, Ribands, Vaile, that golden *Venus* threw
On her white ſhoulders; that high day, when warre-like *Hector* wonne
Her hand in nuptials, in the Court of king *Eetion*;
And that great dowre then given with her, About her, on their knees,

Her

Her husbands ſiſters, brothers wiues, fell round, and by degrees
Recouerd her. Then, when againe, her reſpirations found
Free paſſe, (her minde and ſpirit met) theſe thoughts her words did ſound.
Andromaches complaint for Hector.
O *Hector*, O me curſed dame; both borne beneath one fate:
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where *Placus* doth elate,
His ſhadie forehead, in the Court, where king *Eetion*,
(Hapleſſe) begot unhappy me; which would he had not done,
To liue paſt thee: thou now art di'ud to *Plutos* gloomie throne,
Sunke through the couerts of the earth: I, in a hell of mone,
Left here thy widdow: one poore babe, borne to unhappy both,
Whom thou leau'ſt helpleſſe, as he thee; he borne to all the wroth
Of woe and labour. Lands left him, will others ſeiſe upon:
The Orphan day, of all friends, helpes, robs euery mothers ſonne.
An Orphan, all men ſuffer ſad; his eyes ſtand ſtill with teares.
Need tries his fathers friends, and failes. Of all his fauourers
If one the cup giues, tis not long; the wine he findes in it,
Scarce moiſts his palate: if he chance to gain the grace, to ſit;
Suruiuing fathers ſonnes repine; uſe contumelies, ſtrike,
Bid, leaue us; where's thy fathers place? He (weeping with diſlike)
Retires to me. To me, alas, *Aſtyanax* is he
Borne to theſe miſeries. He that late, fed on his fathers knee,
To whom all knees bow'd; daintieſt fare, appoſde him; and when Sleepe
Lay on his temples, his eyes ſtill'd (his heart, euen laid in ſteepe,
Of all things precious) a ſoft bed; a carefull nurſes armes
Tooke him to guardiance; but now, as huge a world of harmes,
Lies on his ſuffrance; now thou want'ſt thy fathers hand to friend:
O my *Aſtyanax*, O my Lord; thy hand that did defend
Theſe gates of *Ilion*; theſe long wals, by thy arme, meaſur'd ſtill,
Amply and onely: yet at fleete, thy naked corſe muſt fill
Vile wormes, when dogs are ſatiate; farre from thy parents care;
Farre from thoſe funerall ornaments; that thy minde would prepare,
Andromache wrought many funerall ornaments for Hector before his death
(So ſodaine being the chance of armes) euer expecting death.
Which taske (though my heart would not ſerue t'employ my hands beneath)
I made my women yet performe. Many, and much in price
Were thoſe integuments they wrought, t'adorne thy Exequies:
Which ſince thy fiue thy uſe, thy corſe, not laid in their attire;
Thy ſacrifice they ſhall be made, theſe hands in miſchieuous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, (being conſecrate to thee)
They ſhall be kept for citizens; and their faire wiues, to ſee.
Thus ſpake ſhee weeping, all the dames endeuouring to cheare
Her deſert ſtate; (fearing their owne) wept with her teare for teare.

The end of the two and twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXIII. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles orders Iuſts of exequies
For his Patroclus; *and doth ſacrifice*
Twelve Troian Princes; moſt lov'd hounds and horſe,
And other offerings, to the honour'd Corſe,
He inſtitutes, beſides, a funerall game,
Where Diomed, *for horſe-race, wins the fame:*
For foot, Vlyſſes, *others otherwiſe*
Strive, and obtaine: and end the exequies.

Another Argument.

Pſi, *ſings the rites of the deceaſe*
Ordain'd by great Æacides.

THus mourn'd all Troy: but when at fleet, and *Helleſpontus* ſhore,
The Greekes arriv'd, each to his ſhip: onely the Conqueror
Kept undiſperſt his Myrmidons: and ſaid, lov'd countrimen, *Achilles his Myrmidons.*
Diſioyne not we, chariots, and horſe: but (bearing hard our reine)
With ſtate of both; march ſoft, and cloſe, and mourne about the corſe:
Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horſe,
When with our friends kinde woe, our hearts haue felt delight to doe
A vertuous ſoule right, and then ſup. This ſaid, all full of woe,
Circl'd the Corſe. *Achilles* led, and thrice about him, cloſe
All bore their goodly coated horſe. Amongſt all, *Thetis* roſe,
And ſtir'd up a delight, in griefe; till all their armes with teares,
And all the ſands, were wet: ſo much they lov'd that Lord of feares.
Then to the center fell the Prince; and (putting in the breaſt)
Of his ſlaine friend, his ſlaughtring hands, began to all the reſt
Words to their teares. Reioyce (ſaid he) O my *Patroclus*: thou
Courted by *Dis* now: now I pay, to thy late ouerthrow, *Achil'es to the perſon of Patroclus.*
All my reuenges vow'd before; *Hector* lies ſlaughterd here
Dragd at my chariot; and our dogs ſhall all in pieces teare
His hated lims. Twelve Troian youths, borne of their nobleſt ſtraines,
I tooke aliue: and (yet enrag'd) will emptie all their vaines
Of vitall ſpirits; ſacrific'de before thy heape of fire.
This ſaid, a worke unworthy him, he put upon his ire,
And trampl'd *Hector* under foot, at his friends feet. The reſt
Diſarm'd; tooke horſe from chariot, and all to ſleepe addreſt,
At his blacke veſſell. Infinite were thoſe that reſted there.

Himſelfe

Himſelfe yet ſleepes not, now his ſpirits were wrought about the chere,
Fit for ſo high a funerall. About the ſteele uſde then,
Oxen in heapes lay bellowing, preparing food for men:
Bleating of ſheepe and goates, fild ayre; numbers of white-tooth'd ſwine,
(Swimming in fat) lay ſindging there: the perſon of the ſlaine
Was girt with ſlaughter. All this done, all the Greeke Kings convaid
Achilles to the King of men; his rage not yet allaid,
For his *Patroclus*. Being arriv'd at *Agamemnons* tent,
Himſelfe bad Heralds put to fire a Caldron; and preſent
The ſervice of it to the Prince, to try if they could win
His pleaſure, to admit their paines, to cleanſe the bloud ſok't in
About his conquering hands and browes. Not, by the king of heaven
Achilles ouer-ca- (He ſwore). The lawes of friendſhip damne, this falſe-heart licence given
reſ, vſes this a- To men that loſe friends: not a drop ſhall touch me till I put
ction. *Patroclus* in the funerall pile, before theſe curles be cut,
His tombe erected. Tis the laſt of all care I ſhall take,
While I conſort the carefull: yet, for your entreaties ſake,
(And though I lothe food) I will eate: but early in the morne,
Atrides uſe your ſtrict command, that lodes of wood be borne
To our deſign'd place, all that fits, to light home ſuch a one,
As is to paſſe the ſhades of Death, that fire enough, ſet gone
His perſon quickly from our eyes, and our diverted men
May ply their buſineſſe. This all cares did freely entertaine,
And found obſervance: then they ſupt, with all things fit, and all
Repair'd to tents and reſt. The friend, the ſhores maritimall
Achilles vēt eat Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which plaide
from company to The murmuriug billowes, There, his lims, to reſt, not ſleepe, he laid,
the ſeaſh re. Heavily ſighing. Round about (ſilent, and not too neare)
Stood all his Myrmidons, when ſtraite (ſo over-labour'd were
His goodly lineaments, with chace of *Hector*, that beyond
His reſolution not to ſleepe) Sleepe caſt his ſodaine bond
Over his ſenſe, and loſde his care. Then, of his wretched friend,
The ſoule appear'd; at every part the forme did comprehend
Patroclus ap- His likeneſſe; his faire eyes, his voyce, his ſtature, every weed;
pears to Achil- His perſon wore, it fantaſed, and ſtood aboue his head,
les ſleeping. This ſad ſpeech uttering. Doſt thou ſleepe? *Æacides*, am I
Forgotten of thee? Being alive, I found thy memorie
Ever reſpectfull: but now dead, thy dying love abates.
Interre me quickly, enter me in *Plutoes* iron gates,
For now, the ſoules (the ſhades) of men, fled from this being, beate
My ſpirit from reſt, and ſtay, my much deſir'd receit
Amongſt ſoules, plac't beyond the floud. Now every way I erre
About this brode-dor'd houſe of *Dis*. O helpe then to preferre
My ſoule yet further, here I mourne: but had the funerall fire
Conſum'd my body; never more my ſpirit ſhould retire
From hels low region: from thence, ſoules never are retriv'd
To talke with friends here, nor ſhall I, a hatefull fate depriv'd
My being here, that at my birth, was fixt, and to ſuch fate,

Even

Even thou O god-like man, art markt; the deadly Ilion gate
Muſt entertaine thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care
That our bones part not: but as life, combinde in equall fare,
Our louing beings; ſo let Death. When, from Opuntas towres,
My farher brought me to your roofes, (ſince (gainſt my will) my powres
Incenſt, and indiſcreet, at dice, ſlue faire *Amphidamas*)
Then *Peleus* entertaind me well; then in thy charge I was
By his iniunction, and thy love: and therein let me ſtill
Receive protection. Both our bones, provide in thy laſt Will,
That one Vrne may containes and make the veſſell all of gold,
That *Thetis* gave thee, that rich Vrne. This ſaid, Sleepe ceaſt to hold
Achilles temples, and the ſhade, thus he receiv'd: O friend,
What needed theſe commands? my care, before, meant to commend
My bones to thine, and in that Vrne. Be ſure, thy will is done.
A little ſtay yet, lets delight, with ſome full paſſion
Of woe enough, eithers affects embrace we. Opening thus
His greedy armes, he felt no friend: like matter vaporous
The ſpirit vaniſht under earth, and murmur'd in his ſtoope.
Achilles ſtarted; both his hands he clapt, and lifted up
In this ſort wondring; O ye gods, I ſee we have a ſoule
In thunder-dwellings; and a kinde of man-reſembling idole:
The ſoules ſeate yet, all matter felt, ſtaies with the carkaſſe here.
O friends, hapleſſe *Patroclus* ſoule, did all this night appeare
Weeping, and making mone to me; commanding every thing
That I intended towards him, ſo truly figuring
Himſelfe at all parts, as was ſtrange. This accident did turne
To much more ſorrow, and begat a greedineſſe to mourne
In all that heard. When mourning thus, the roſie morne aroſe:
And *Agamemnon*, through the tents, wak't all, and did diſpoſe
Both men and Mules for cariage, of matter for the fire.
Of all which worke, *Meriones*, (the Cretan ſoveraigns ſquire)
Was Captaine, and abroad they went. Wood-cutting tools they bore,
Of all hands, and well twiſted cords. The Mules march all before.
Vp hill, and downe hill; overthwarts, and breake-necke clifts they paſt,
But when the fountfull Idas tops, they ſcal'd with utmoſt haſte,
All fell upon the high-hair'd Okes, and downe their curled browes
Fell buſſling to the earth: and up went all the boles and bowes,
Bound to the Mules, and backe againe they parted the harſh way
Amongſt them, through the tangling ſhrubs, and long they thought the day,
Till in the plaine field all arriv'd. for all the woodmen bore
Logs on their neckes; *Meriones* would have it ſo: the ſhore
At laſt they reacht yet, and then, downe their cariages they caſt,
And ſat upon them; where the ſonne of *Peleus* had plac't
The ground for his great ſepulcher, and for his friends, in one.
They raiſde a huge pile, and to armes went every Myrmidon,
Charg'd by *Achilles*; chariots and horſe were harneſſed,
Fighters and charioteers got up, and they, the ſad march led:
A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midſt of all was borne

Achilles walking to the ſhade of Patroclus.

Achilles his diſcourſe with himſelfe about the apparition of Patroclus ſhade.

The morning.

Agamemnon ſends out companies to eich ſeveli for the funerall heape, of which company Meriones was Captaine.

Patroclus

Patroclus perſon, by his Peeres: on him were all heads ſhorne;
Even till they cover'd him with curles. Next to him, marcht his friend
Embracing his cold necke, all ſad; ſince now he was to ſend
His deareſt, to his endleſſe home. Arriv'd all, where the wood
Was heapt for funerall, they ſet downe. Apart *Achilles* ſtood,
Achilles cuts his haire ouer his friends body. And when enough wood was heapt on, he cut his golden haire;
Long kept, for *Sperchius*, the floud, in hope of ſafe repaire
To *Phthia*, by that rivers powre, but now, left hopeleſſe thus,
(Enrag'd, and looking on the ſea) he cryed out: *Sperchius*;
In vaine my fathers pietie, vow'd; (at my implor'd returne,
To my lov'd countrie) that theſe curls ſhould on thy ſhores be ſhorne.
Beſides a ſacred Hecatombe; and ſacrifice beſide,
Of fifty Weathers; at whoſe founts, where men have edifide
A lofty temple; and perfum'd an altar to thy name.
There vow'd he all theſe offerings, but fate prevents thy fame,
His hopes not ſuffering ſatisfied: and ſince I never more
Shall ſee my lov'd ſoyle; my friends hands, ſhall to the Stygian ſhore
Convey theſe treſſes. Thus he put in his friends hands the haire.
And this bred freſh deſire of mone, and in that ſad affaire,
The Sunne had ſet amongſt them all; had *Thetis* ſonne not ſpoke
Achilles to Agamemnon. Thus to *Atrides*: King of men, thy aide I ſtill invoke,
Since thy command, all men ſtill heare; diſmiſſe thy ſouldiers now,
And let them victle; they have mourn'd ſufficient, tis we owe
The dead this honour; and with us, let all the Captaines ſtay.
This heard; *Atrides* inſtantly the ſouldiers ſent away,
The funerall officers remain'd, and heapt on matter ſtill,
Till, of an hundred foot about, they made the funerall pile:
In whoſe hot height they caſt the corſe, and then they pourd on teares.
Numbers of fat ſheepe, and like ſtore of crooked-going ſteres,
They ſlue before the ſolemne fire: ſtript off their hides and dreſt.
Of which, *Achilles* tooke the fat, and coverd the deceaſt
From head to foot: and round about he made the officers pile
The beaſts nak t bodies; veſſels full of honey, and of oyle,
Pour'd in them, laid upon a bere, and caſt into the fire.
Foure goodly horſe, and of nine hounds, two moſt in the deſire
Of that great Prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.
Twelue Troian Princes laſt ſtood forth; young, and of toward fame:
Twelue Princes ſacrificed on the funerall pile of Patroclus. All which, (ſet on with wicked ſpirits) there ſtrooke he, there he ſlew.
And to the iron ſtrength of fire, their noble lims he threw.
Then breath'd his laſt ſighes, and theſe words: againe rejoyce my friend,
Even in the joyleſſe depth of hell: now give I complete end
To all my vowes. Alone thy life ſuſtain'd not violence;
Twelve Trojan Princes waite on thee, and labour to incenſe
Thy glorious heape of funerall. Great *Hector* Ile excuſe,
The dogs ſhall eate him. Theſe high threats perform'd not their abuſe,
Ioues daughter, *Venus*, tooke the guard of noble *Hectors* Corſe,
And kept the dogs off: night and day applying ſoveraigne force
Of roſie balmes, that to the dogs were horrible in taſt:

And

And with which ſhe the body fild. Renown'd *Apollo* caſt
A cloude from heauen; leſt with the Sunne, the nerues and lineaments
Might drie, and putrifie. And now, ſome powres denide conſents
To this ſolemnitie: the fire, (for all the oyly fewell
It had iniected) would not burne; and then the louing Cruell
Studied for helpe, and ſtanding off; inuokt the two faire winds
(*Zephyr* and *Boreas*) to affoord, the rage of both their kinds,
To aide his outrage. Precious gifts, his earneſt zeale did vow,
Powr'd from a golden bowle, much wine; and prayde them both to blow
That quickly, his friends Corſe might burne; and that heapes ſturdy breaſt
Embrace *Conſumption*. *Iris* heard; The winds were at a feaſt;
All in the Court of *Zephyrus* that (boiſterous blowing aire)
Gather'd together. She that weares, the thouſand colourd haire
Flew thither, ſtanding in the porch: They (ſeeing her) all aroſe;
Cald to her; euery one deſir'd: ſhee would a while repoſe,
And eate with them. She anſwerd; No, no place of ſeat is here;
Retreat calles to the *Ocean*, and *Æthiopia*; where
A Hecatombe is offering now, to heauen: and there muſt I
Partake the feaſt of ſacrifice; I come to ſignifie
That *Thetis* ſonne implores your aides (Princes of *North* and *Weſt*)
With vowes of much faire ſacrifice; if each, will ſet his breaſt
Againſt his heape of funerall, and make it quickly burne;
Patroclus lies there; whoſe deceaſe, al the *Achaians* mourne.
She ſayd, and parted; and out ruſht, with an unmeaſur'd rore,
Thoſe two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes; uſhers to eythers blore.
And inſtantly they reacht the ſea. Vp flew the waves; the gale
Was ſtrong; reacht fruitfull *Troy*; and full, upon the fire they fall.
The huge heape thunderd. All night long, from his chok't breaſt they blew
A liberall flame up; and all night, ſwift foot *Achilles* threw
Wine from a golden bowle, on earth; and ſteept the ſoyle in wine,
Still calling on *Patroclus* ſoule, No father could incline
More to a ſonne moſt deare; nor more, mourne at his burned bones,
Then did the great Prince, to his friend, at his combuſtions;
Still creeping neare and neare the heape? ſtill ſighing, weeping ſtill:
But when the day ſtarre lookt abroade, and promiſt from his hill
Light, which the ſaffron morne made good, and ſprinkl'd on the ſeas;
Then languiſht the great pile; then ſunke the flames; and then calme *Peace*
Turn'd backe the rough winds to their homes, the *Thracian* billow rings
Their hie retreate; ruſl'd with cuffes, of their triumphant wings.
Pelides then forſooke the pile; and to his tired limme
Chuſd place of reſt; where laid, ſweet ſleepe, fell to his wiſh on him:
When all the kings guard (waiting then, perceiuing will to riſe
In that great Seſſion,) hurried in, and op't againe his eys
With tumult of their troope, and haſte. A little then he rear'd
His troubled perſon, ſitting vp, and this affaire referrd,
To wiſht commandment of the kings; *Atrides*, and the reſt
Of our Commanders generall, vouchſafe me this requeſt
Before your parting: Giue in charge, the quenching with blacke wine,

Iris to the winds.

The North and Weſt winds flie to incenſe the funerall pile.

The morning.

Achilles to Agamemnon and the other kings.

Of this heapes reliques; euery brand, the yellow fire made ſhine.
And then, let ſearch *Patroclus* bones, diſtinguiſhing them well;
As well ye may; they keepe the midſt, the reſt, at randome fell,
About th'extreme part of the pile. Mens bones, and horſes mixt.
Being found, Ile finde an urne of gold, t'encloſe them; and betwixt
The ayre and them; two kels of fat, lay on them; and to *Reſt*
Commit them, till mine owne bones ſeale our loue, my ſoule deceaſt.
The ſepulcher, I haue not charg'd, to make of too much ſtate;
But of a modell ſomething meane, that you of yonger Fate,
(When I am gone) may amplifie; with ſuch a breadth and height,
As fits your iudgements and our worths. This charge receiu'd his weight
In all obſeruance: firſt they quencht, with ſable wine, the heape
As farre as it had fed the flame. The aſh fell wondrous deepe,
In which, his conſorts that his life religiouſly lou'd,
Searcht, weeping for his bones: which found, they conſcionably prou'd
His will made to *Aeacides*; and what his loue did adde.
A golden veſſell, double fat, contaynd them: all which (clad
In vayles of linnen, pure and rich) were ſolemnly conueyd
T'*Achilles* tent. The platforme then, about the pile they layd
Of his fit ſepulcher, and rayſd a heape of earth, and then
Offerd departure. But the Prince retaynd there ſtill his men:
Emploied them to fetch from fleet, rich Tripods for, his games
Caldrons, Horſe, Mules, broad-headed Beeues, bright ſteele, & brighter dames.

The games for Patroclus funerall.

The beſt at horſe race, he ordain'd, a Lady for his priſe,
Generally praiſefull; faire and yong, and skild in houſewiferies,
Of all kinde fitting; and withall, a Triuet, that encloſd
Twentie two meaſures roome, with eares. The next priſe he propoſde,
Was (that, which then had high reſpect) a mare of ſixe yeares old,
Vnhandl'd horſed with a mule: and readie to haue foald.
The third game was a caldron, new, faire, bright, and could for ſiſe
Containe two meaſures. For the fourth, two talents quantities,
Of fineſt gold. The fift game was, a great new ſtanding boule,
To ſet downe both waies. Theſe brought in, *Achilles* then ſtood vp,
And ſaid; *Atrides* and my Lords, chiefe horſe men of our hoſt,

Acilles to the Grecian kings.

Theſe games expect ye. If my ſelfe, ſhould interpoſe my moſt,
For our horſe race; I make no doubt, but I ſhould take againe
Theſe gifts propoſde. Ye all know well, of how diuine a ſtraine
My horſes are and how eminent. *Neptunes* gift they are,
To *Peleus*; of his to me. My ſelfe then, will not ſhare
In gifts giuen others, nor my ſteeds breathe any ſpirit to ſhake
Their ayrie paſterns; ſo they mourne for their kind guiders ſake,
Late loſt; that vſde with humorous oyle, to ſlick their loftie manes;
Cleare water hauing cleanſd them firſt: and (his bane, being their banes)
Thoſe loftie manes now ſtrew the earth; their heads held ſhaken downe.
You then, that truſt in chariots, and hope with horſe to crowne
Your conquering temples; gird your ſelues; now fame and priſe ſtretch for,
All that haue ſpirits. This fir'd all, the firſt competitor
Was king *Eumelus*; whome the Art, of horſemanſhip did grace,

Sonne

Sonne to *Admetus* next to him, roſe *Diomed* to the race,
That vnder reines rul'd *Troian* horſe; of late, forc't from the ſonne
Of Lord *Anchiſes*; himſelfe freed, of neare confuſion
By *Phœbus*. Next to him ſet forth the yellow-headed king
Of *Lacedæmon*, *Ioves* high ſeed; and in his managing,
Podargus, and ſwift *Æthe* trod, ſteeds to the king of men.
Æthe, giuen by *Echepolus*; the *Anchiſiaden*,
A bribe to free him from the warre, reſolu'd for *Ilion*.
So *Delicacie* feaſted him; whom *Ioue* beſtow'd vpon
A mightie wealth; his dwelling was, in broade *Sicyone*.
Old *Neſtors* ſonne, *Antilochus*, was fourth for chiualrie
In this *Contention*: his faire horſe, were of the *Pylian* breed,
And his old father (coming neare) inform'd him (for good ſpeed)
With good Race notes; in which himſelfe, could good inſtruction giue,
Antilochus though yong thou art; yet thy graue virtues liue
Belou'd of *Neptune*, and of *Ioue*: their ſpirits haue taught thee all
The art of horſmanſhip; for which, the leſſe thy merits fall
In nedde of doctrine. Well thy skill can yield a chariot
In all fit turning; yet thy horſe, their ſlow feet handle not,
As fits thy manage, which makes me, caſt doubts of thy ſucceſſe
I well know, all theſe are not ſeene, in art of this addreſſe,
More then thy ſelfe: their horſes yet, ſuperior are to thine,
For their parts: thine want ſpeed to make, diſcharge of a deſigne
To pleaſe an *Artiſt*. But goe on, ſhew but thy art and hart
At all points; and ſet them againſt, their horſes heart, and art,
Good Iudges will not ſee thee loſe. A Carpenters deſert
Stands more in cunning then in power. A pylote doth auert
His veſſell from the rocke, and wracke, toſt with the churliſh winds,
By ſkill not ſtrength: ſo ſorts it here; one chariotere that finds
Want of anothers power in horſe, muſt in his owne skill ſet
An ouerplus of that, to that; and ſo the prooſe will get
Still, that ſtill reſts within a man, more grace, then powre without.
He that in horſe and chariots truſts, is often hurl'd about,
This way, and that, vnhandſomely; all heauen wide of his end.
He better skild, that rules worſe horſe, will all obſeruance bend,
Right on the ſcope ſtill of a Race, beare neare; know euer when to reine,
When giue reine, as his foe before, (well noted in his veine,
Of manage, and his ſteeds eſtate) preſents occaſion.
Ile giue thee inſtance now, as plaine, as if thou ſaw'ſt it done.
Here ſtands a dry ſtub of ſome tree, a cubite from the ground;
(Suppoſe the ſtub of Oke, or Larch; for either are ſo ſound
That neither rots with wet) two ſtones, white (marke you) white for view
Parted on either ſide the ſtub; and theſe lay where they drew
The way into a ſtreight; the Race, betwixt both lying cleare.
Imagine them ſome monument of one long ſince tomb'd there;
Or that they had bene liſts of race, for men of former yeares;
As now the liſts *Achilles* ſets, may ſerue for charioters
Many yeares hence. When neare to theſe, the race growes; then as right

Neſtor to his ſon Antilochus giues inſtructions for the race with chariots

A Comment might well be beſtowed vpon this ſpeech of Neſtor

Driue

Driue on them as thy eye can iudge; then lay thy bridles weight
Moſt of thy left ſide: thy right horſe, then ſwitching; all thy throate
(Spent in encouragments) giue him; and all the reine let flote
About his ſhoulders: thy neare horſe, will yet be he that gaue
Thy skill the priſe; and him reine ſo, his head may touch the Naue
Of thy left wheele: but then take care, thou runſt not on the ſtone,
(With wracke of horſe and chariot) which ſo thou bear'ſt vpon.
Shipwracke within the hauen auoide, by all meanes; that will breed
Others delight, and thee a ſhame. Be wiſe then, and take heed
(My lou'd ſonne) get but to be firſt, at turning in the courſe;
He liues not that can cote thee then: not if he backt the horſe
The gods bred, and *Adraſtus* ow'd. Diuine *Arions* ſpeed,
Could not outpace thee; or the horſe *Laomedon* did breed;
Whoſe race is famous, and fed here. Thus ſate *Neleides*
Neſtors aged loue of ſpeech, was here briefly noted. When all that could be ſaid, was ſaid. And then *Meriones*
Set fiftly forth his faire-man'd horſe. All leapt to chariot;
And every man then for the ſtart, caſt in, his proper lot.
Achilles drew; *Antilochus*, the lot ſet foremoſt forth.
Eumelus next; *Atrides* third; *Meriones* the fourth.
The fift and laſt was *Diomed*; farre firſt in excellence.
All ſtood in order and the liſts, *Achilles* fixt far thence.
In plaine field; and a ſeate ordain'd faſt by. In which he ſet
Phœnix chiſe iudge of the beſt deſernes in race. Renowned *Phœnix*, that in grace, of *Peleus* was ſo great;
To ſee the race, and giue a truth, of all their paſſages.
All ſtart together, ſcourg'd, and cried; and gaue their buſineſſe
Study and order. Through the field, they held a winged pace.
Beneath the boſome of their ſteeds, a duſt ſo dim'd the race:
It ſtood aboue their heads in clowds; or like to ſtormes amaz'd
Manes flew like enſignes with the wind; the chariots ſometime graz'd:
And ſometimes iumpt vp to the aire; yet ſtill ſate faſt the men:
Their ſpirits euen panting in their breaſts, with feruour to obtaine:
But when they turn'd to fleet againe: then all mens skils were tride;
Then ſtretcht the paſterns of their ſteeds; *Eumelus* horſe in pride
Still bore their Soueraigne. After them, came *Diomeds* courſers cloſe,
Still apt to leape their chariot, and ready to repoſe
Vpon the ſhoulders of their king their heads: His backe euen burn'd
With fire, that from their noſtrills flew. And then, their Lord had turn'd
The race for him, or giuen it doubt, if *Phœbus* had not ſmit
The ſcourge out of his hands; and teares, of helpleſſe wrath with it,
From forth his eyes; to ſee his horſe for want of ſcourge, made ſlow;
And th'others (by *Apollos* helpe) with much more ſwiftneſſe go.
Apollos ſpite, *Pallas* diſcern'd, and flew to *Tydeus* ſonne;
His ſcourge reacht, and his horſe made freſh. Then tooke her angry runne
At king *Eumelus*; brake his geres; his mares on both ſides flew;
His draught tree fell to earth; and him, the toſt vp chariot threw
Downe to the earth; his elbowes torne; his forehead all his face
Strooke at the center; his ſpeech loſt. And then the turned race
Fell to *Tydides*: before all, his conquering horſe he draue:

And

And firſt he glitter'd in the race: divine *Athenia* gave
Strength to his horſe, and fame to him. Next him, drave Spartas King.
Antilochus, his fathers horſe, then urg'd, with all his ſting
Of ſcourge and voyce. Runne low (ſaid he) ſtretch out your lims, and flie. *Antilochus to his ſteeds.*
With *Diomeds* horſe, I bid not ſtrive; nor with himſelfe ſtrive I.
Athenia wings his horſe, and him renownes. *Atrides* ſteeds
Are they ye muſt not faile but reach; and ſoone, leſt ſoone ſucceeds
The blot of all your fames: to yeeld, in ſwiftneſſe to a mare:
To femall *Æthe*. Whats the cauſe (ye beſt that ever were)
That thus ye faile us? Be aſſur'd, that *Neſtors* love ye loſe
For ever if ye faile his ſonne: through both your both ſides goes
His hot ſteele, if ye ſuffer me to bring the laſt priſe home.
Haſte, overtake them inſtantly; we needs muſt overcome
This harſh way next us: this my minde will take, this I deſpiſe
For perill; this Ile creepe through; hard the way to honour lies.
And that take I, and that ſhall yeeld. His horſe by all this knew
He was not pleaſde, and feard his voyce, and for a while they flew:
But ſtrait, more cleare appear'd the ſtreight, *Antilochus* foreſaw;
It was a gaſpe the earth gave, forc't by humors cold and raw,
Pour'd out of Winters warry breaſt; met there, and cleaving deepe
All that neare paſſage to the liſts. This *Neſtors* ſonne would keepe, *Menelaus in feare to follow Antilochus, who yee may ſee playd upon him.*
And left the rode way, being about; *Atrides* fear'd, and cride:
Antilochus! thy courſe is mad; containe thy horſe, we ride
A way moſt dangerous; turne head, betime take larger field,
We ſhall be ſplitted. *Neſtors* ſonne with much more ſcourge impeld
His horſe for this, as if not heard; and got as farre before
As any youth can caſt a quoyte; *Atrides* would no more;
He backe againe, for feare himſelfe, his goodly chariot,
And horſe together, ſtrew'd the duſt; in being ſo duſty hot,
Of thirſted conqueſt. But he chid, at parting, paſſing ſore:
Antilochus (ſaid he) a worſe then thee, earth never bore:
Farewell, we neuer thought thee wiſe, that were wiſe; but not ſo *Menelaus chides Antilochus.*
Without oathes, ſhall the wreath (be ſure) crowne thy mad temples, Go.
Yet he bethought him, and went too, thus ſtirring up his ſteeds:
Leave me not laſt thus, nor ſtand vext; let theſe faile in the ſpeeds
Of feet and knees, not you: ſhall theſe, theſe old jades, (paſt the flowre
Of youth, that you have) paſſe you? this, the horſe fear'd, and more powre
Put to their knees, ſtrait getting ground. Both flew, and ſo the reſt,
All came in ſmokes, like ſpirits; the Greekes, (ſet to ſee who did beſt,
Without the race, aloft:) now made a new diſcoverie,
Other then that they made at firſt; *Idomeneus* eye
Diſtinguiſht all; he knew the voyce of *Diomed*, ſeeing a horſe
Of ſpeciall marke, of colour bay, and was the firſt in courſe,
His forehead putting forth a ſtarre, round, like the Moone, and white.
Vp ſtood the Cretan, uttering this; Is it alone my ſight, *Idomeneus the King of Crete, firſt diſcovers the runners.*
(Princes and Captaines) that diſcernes, another leade the race,
With other horſe, then led of late? *Eumelus* made moſt pace,
With his fleete mares, and he began, the flexure, as we thought.

Now all the field I ſearch, and finde, no where his view; hath nought
Befalne amiſſe to him? perhaps, he hath not with ſucceſſe
Perform'd his flexure: his reynes loſt, or ſeate, or with the treſſe
His chariot faild him; and his mares haue outraid with affright:
Stand up, try you your eyes; for mine, hold with the ſecond ſight.
This ſeemes to me, th'Etolian King, the *Tydean Diomed.*

Aiax Oileus angry with Idomeneus.

To you it ſeemes ſo, (ruſtickly) *Aiax Oileus* ſaid;
Your words are ſuited to your eyes. Thoſe mares leade ſtill, that led;
Eumelus owes them: and he ſtill holds reynes and place that did,
Not ſaine as you hop't: you muſt prate, before us all, though laſt
In iudgement of all: y'are too old, your tongue goes ſtill too faſt;
You muſt not talke ſo. Here are thoſe that better thee, and looke
For firſt place in the cenſure. This, *Idomeneus* tooke

Idomeneus to Aiax.

In much diſdaine, and thus replide: thou beſt, in ſpeeches worſt,
Barbarous languag'd; others here might haue reprov'd me firſt:
Not thou, unfitſt of all. I hold a Tripode with thee here,
Or Caldron; and our Generall make, our equall arbiter,
Thoſe horſe are firſt, that when thou paiſt, thou then maiſt know. This fir'd
Oileades more, and more then words, this quarrell had inſpir'd,
Had not *Achilles* roſe, and uſde this pacifying ſpeech.

Achilles pacifies Idomeneus and Aiax.

No more: away with words in warre, it toucheth both with breach
Of that which fits ye, your deſerts ſhould others reprehend,
That give ſuch foule termes: ſit ye ſtill, the men themſelves will end
The ſtrife betwixt you inſtantly; and eithers owne lode beare,
On his owne ſhoulders. Then to both, the firſt horſe will appeare,
And which is ſecond. Theſe words uſde, *Tydides* was at hand,
His horſe ranne high, glanc't on the way, and up they toſt the ſand,
Thicke on their Coachman, on their pace, their chariot deckt wth gold
Swiftly attended, no wheele ſeene, nor wheeles print in the mould
Impreſt behinde them. Theſe horſe flew a flight; not ranne a race.
Arriu'd, amidſts the liſts they ſtood; ſweat trickling downe apace
Their high manes, and their prominent breaſt; and downe iumpt *Diomed,*

The runners arriue at the races end.

Laid up his ſcourge aloft the ſeate, and ſtrait his priſe was led
Home to his tent: rough *Sthenelus* laid quicke hand on the dame,
And handled Triuet, and ſent both home by his men. Next came
Antilochus, that wonne with wiles, not ſwiftneſſe of his horſe,
Precedence of the gold-lockt King, who yet maintaind the courſe
So cloſe, that not the Kings owne horſe, gat more before the wheele
Of his rich chariot; that might ſtill, the inſecution feele
With the extreme haires of his taile: (and that ſufficient cloſe
Held to his leader: no great ſpace, it let him interpoſe,
Conſidered in ſo great a field.) Then *Neſtors* wilie ſonne
Gate of the King: now at his heeles, though at the breach he wonne
A quoytes caſt of him, which the king againe, at th'inſtant gaind.
Æthe, *Agamemnonides* that was ſo richly maind,
Got ſtrength ſtill, as ſhe ſpent; which words, her worth had prou'd with deeds,
Had more ground beene allow'd the race; and coted farre his ſteeds,
No queſtion leaving for the priſe. And now *Meriones*,

A darts caſt came behinde the king, his horſe of ſpeed much leſſe,
Himſelfe leſſe skild t'importune them, and give a chariot wing.
Admetus ſonne was laſt, whoſe plight, *Achilles* pittying,
Thus ſpake: Beſt man comes laſt, yet Right muſt ſee his priſe not leaſt,
The ſecond, his deſerts muſt beare, and *Diomed* the beſt.
He ſaid, and all allow'd, and ſure the mare had beene his owne,
Had not *Antilochus* ſtood forth, and in his anſwer ſhowne
Good reaſon for his intereſt. *Achilles*, (he replied)
I ſhould be angry with you much, to ſee this ratified.
Ought you to take from me my right? becauſe his horſe had wrong,
Himſelfe being good? he ſhould haue uſde (as good men doe) his tongue,
In prayer to their powres that bleſſe good (not truſting to his owne)
Not to have beene in this good, laſt. His chariot overthrowne,
O'rethrew not me, who's laſt? who's firſt? mens goodneſſe, without theſe
Is not our queſtion. If his good you pittie yet, and pleaſe,
Princely to grace it, your tents hold a goodly deale of gold,
Braſſe, horſe, ſheepe, women; out of theſe your bounty may be bold
To take a much more priſe then my poore merit ſeekes,
And giue it here before my face, and all theſe, that the Greekes
May glorifie your liberall hands. This priſe I will not yeeld,
Who beares this (whatſoeuer man) he beares a tried field.
His hand and mine muſt change ſome blowes *Achilles* laught, and ſaid:
If thy will be (*Antilochus*) Ile ſee *Eumelus* paid
Out of my tents; Ile give him th'armes, which late I conquerd in
Aſteropæus, forg'd of braſſe, and wav'd about with tin,
Twill be a preſent worthy him. This ſaid, *Automedon*,
He ſent for them. He went, and brought, and to *Admetus* ſonne,
Achilles gave them. He well pleaſde, receiv'd. Then aroſe,
Wrong'd *Menelaus*, much incenſt with yong *Antilochus*.
He, bent to ſpeake, a herald tooke his Scepter, and gave charge
Of ſilence to the other Greekes, then did the king enlarge
The ſpleene he priſoned, uttering this: *Antilochus*? till now,
We grant thee wiſe, but in this act, what wiſedome utter'ſt thou?
Thou haſt diſgrac't my vertue, wrongde my horſe, preferring thine,
Much their inferiours; but goe to, Princes, nor his, nor mine,
Iudge of with favour; him nor me, leſt any Grecian uſe
This ſcandall; *Menelaus* wonne, with *Neſtors* ſonnes abuſe,
The priſe in queſtion; his horſe worſt, himſelfe yet wanne the beſt,
By powre and greatneſſe. Yet becauſe I would not thus conteſt,
To make parts taking; Ile be iudge, and I ſuppoſe none here
Will blame my iudgement; Ile doe right, *Antilochus* come neare,
Come (noble gentleman) tis your place, ſweare by th'earth circling god,
(Standing before your chariot, and horſe, and that ſelfe rod,
With which you ſcourg'd them, in your hand) if both with will and wile,
You did not croſſe my chariot. He thus did reconcile
Grace with his diſgrace, and with wit, reſtor'd him to his wit,
Now crave I patience: O king, what ever was unfit,
Aſcribe to much more youth in me, then you, you more in age,

Achilles ſentence.

Antilochus to Achilles.

Note Menelaus ridiculous ſpeech for confirmation of his character.

Antilochus his ironicall reply.

And

And more in excellence; know well, the outraies that engage
All yong mens actions; ſharper wits, but duller wiſedomes ſtill
From us flow, then from you; for which, curbe with your wiſedome, will.
The priſe I thought mine, I yeeld yours, and (if you pleaſe) a priſe
Of greater value; to my tent, Ile ſend for, and ſuffiſe
Your will at full, and inſtantly; for in this point of time,
I rather wiſh to be enjoyn'd, your favours top to clime,
Ironice. Then to be falling all my time, from height of ſuch a grace;
(O *Iove* lov'd king) and of the gods, receivea curſe in place.
This Simile likewiſe is meerely Ironicall, This ſaid, he fetcht his priſe to him, and it reioyc't him ſo,
That as corne eares ſhine with the dew, yet having time to grow,
When fields ſet all their briſtles up: in ſuch a ruffe wert thou.
(O *Menelaus*) anſwering thus; *Antilochus*, I now,
(Though I were angry) yeeld to thee; becauſe I ſee th'hadſt wit,
When I thought not; thy youth hath got the maſtery of thy ſpirit.
Menelaus to Antilochus. And yet for all this, tis more ſafe, not to abuſe at all,
Great men; then (ventring) truſt to wit, to take up what may fall.
For no man in our hoſt beſide, had eaſely calm'd my ſpleene,
Stird with like tempeſt. But thy ſelfe, haſt a ſuſtainer beene
Of much affliction in my cauſe: ſo thy good father too,
And ſo thy brother, at thy ſuit; I therefore let all goe,
Give thee the game here, though mine owne, that all theſe may diſcerne,
King *Menelaus* beares a minde, at no part, proud or ſterne.
The king thus calm'd, *Antilochus* receiv'd; and gaue the ſteed
To lov'd *Noemon*, to leade thence, and then receiv'd beſide
The caldron. Next, *Meriones*, for fourth game, was to have
Two talents gold. The fift (unwonne) renown'd *Achilles* gave
To reverend *Neſtor*, being a bowle, to ſet on either end,
Achilles his gift to Neſtor Which through the preaſſe he carried him. Receive (ſaid he) old friend,
This gift, as funerall monument of my deare friend deceaſt,
Whom never you muſt ſee againe. I make it his bequeſt
To you, as without any ſtrife, obtaining it from all.
Your ſhoulders muſt not undergoe the churliſh whoorlbats fall,
Wraſtling is paſt you, ſtrife in darts, the foots celerity,
Harſh age in his yeares fetters you, and honour ſets you free.
Thus gave he it, he tooke and ioyd, but ere he thankt, he ſaid,
Neſtors glory in the gift of Achilles. Now ſure my honourable ſonne, in all points thou haſt plaid
The comely Orator, no more muſt I contend with nerves,
Feet faile, and hands, armes want that ſtrength, that this, and that ſwinge ſerves
Vnder your ſhoulders. Would to heaven I were ſo yong chind now,
And ſtrength threw ſuch a many of bones to celebrate this ſhow,
As when the Epians brought to fire (actively honouring thus)
King *Amarynceas* funerals, in faire *Buprafius*.
His ſonnes put priſes downe for him, where, not a man matcht me,
Of all the Epians, or the ſonnes of great-ſoul'd *Ætolie*;
No nor the Pilians themſelves, my countrymen. I beat
Great *Clydomedeus*, *Enops* ſonne, at buffets, at the feate
Of wraſtling, I laid under me; one that againſt me roſe,

Ancæus

Anceus cald *Pleuronius*. I made *Ipiclus* loſe,
The foote-game to me. At the ſpeare, I conquer'd *Polidore*,
And ſtrong *Phyleus*. *Actors* ſonnes, (of all men) onely bore
The palme at horſe race; conquering, with laſhing on more horſe,
And enuying my victorie; becauſe (before their courſe)
All the beſt games were gone with me. Theſe men were twins; one was
A moſt ſure guide; a moſt ſure guide. The other gaue the paſſe
With rod and mettle. This was then. But now, yong men muſt wage
Theſe workes; and my ioynts vndergo, the ſad defects of age.
Though then I was another man; *at that time I exceld
Amongſt th'heroes. But forth now, let th'other rites be held
For thy deceaſt friend, this thy gift, in all kind part I take?
And much it ioyes my heart, that ſtill, for my true kindneſſe ſake,
You giue me memory. You perceiue, in what fit grace I ſtand
Amongſt the *Grecians*; and to theirs, you ſet your graceſull hand
The gods giue ample recompence, of grace againe to thee,
For this, and all thy fauors. Thus, backe through the thruſt draue he,
When he had ſtaid out all the priſe, of old *Neleides*.
And now for buffets (that rough game) he orderd paſſages;
Propoſing a laborious Mule, of ſixe yeares old, untam'd
And fierce in handling; brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd:
And to the conquerd, a round cup; both which, he thus proclames.
Atrides, and all his friends of *Greece*, two men, for theſe two games;
I bid ſtand forth; who beſt can ſtrike, with high contracted fiſt,
(*Apollo* giuing him the wreath) know all about theſe liſts,
Shall winne a Mule, patient of toyle? the vanquiſht, this round cup.
This vtterd; *Panopeus* ſonne, *Epeus*, ſtraight ſtood vp;
A tall huge man; that to the naile, knew that rude ſport of hand;
And (ſeiſing the tough mule) thus ſpake: Now let ſome other ſtand
Forth for the cup; this Mule is mine; at cuffes I boſt me beſt:
Is't not enough I am no ſouldier? who is worthieſt
At all workes? none not poſſible. At this yet, this I ſay,
And will performe this; who ſtands forth; Ile burſt him; I will bray
His bones as in a morter; fetch ſurgeons enow, to take
His corſe from under me. This ſpeech, did all men ſilent make;
At laſt ſtood forth *Eurialus*; a man, god like, and ſonne
To king *Meciſteus*; the grand child, of honor'd *Talaon*.
He was ſo ſtrong, that (coming once to *Thebes*, when *Oedipus*
Had like rites ſolemniz'd for him) he went victorious
From all the *Thebanes*. This rare man, *Tydides* would prepare;
Put on his girdle; oxehide cords, faire wrought, and ſpent much care,
That he might conquer, heartned him, and taught him trickes. Both dreſt
Fit for th'affaire, both forth were brought, then breaſt oppoſde to breaſt,
Fiſts againſt fiſts roſe, and they ioynd, ratling ofiawes was there;
Gnaſhing of teeth, and heauie blowes, daſht bloud out euery where.
At length, *Epeus* ſpide cleare way, ruſht in, and ſuch a blow
Draue vnderneath the others eare, that his neate lims did ſtrow
The knockt earth, no more legs had he, But as a huge fiſh laid

*His deſire of praiſe pants ſtill.

Another note of Neſtors humor, not ſo much being to be plainly obſerued in all theſe Iliads as in this booke.

Achilles propoſes the game for buffets.

Note the ſharpnes of wit in our Homer, if where you looke not for it you can find it.

Neare

Neare to the cold-weed-gathering ſhore, is with a North flaw fraid;
Shootes backe; and in the backe deepe hides: So ſent againſt the ground,
Was foyld *Eurialus*; his ſtrength, ſo hid in more profound
Deepes of *Epeus*; who tooke vp, th'intranc't Competitor,
About whom ruſht a crowd of friends, that through the bluſters bore
His faltring knees, he ſpitting vp thick clods of bloud, his head
Achilles puts downe priſe for wraſtlers. Totterd of one ſide, his ſence gone. When (to a by-place led)
Thither they brought him the round cup. *Pelides* then ſet forth
Priſe for wraſtling, to the beſt, a triuet, that was worth
Twelue oxen, great and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t'obtaine
A woman excellent in workes, her beauty, and her gaine,
Priſde at foure oxen. Vp he ſtood, and thus proclaim'd: Ariſe
You wraſtlers, that will proue for theſe. Out ſtept the ample ſiſe
Of mightie *Aiax*, huge in ſtrength; to him, *Laertes* ſonne,
Vlyſſes and Aiax wraſtle. That craftie one, as huge in ſleight. Their ceremonie done,
Of making readie, forth they ſtept; catch elbowes with ſtrong hands;
Simile. And as the beames of ſome high houſe, cracke with a ſtorme, yet ſtands
The houſe, being built by well skild men: So crakt their backe bones wrincht
With horrid twiches. In their ſides, armes, ſhoulders (al bepincht)
Ran thicke the wals, red with the bloud, ready to ſtart out; both
Long'd for the conqueſt, and the priſe; yet ſhewed no play; being loth
To loſe both; nor could *Ithacus*, ſtirre *Aiax*; nor could he
Hale downe *Vlyſſes*; being more ſtrong, then with mere ſtrength to be
Hurl'd from all vantage of his ſleight. Tir'd then, with tugging play;
Great *Aiax Telamonius* ſaid: Thou wiſeſt man; or lay
Aiax to Vlyſſes. My face vp, or let me lay thine, let *Ioue* take care for theſe.
This ſaid, he hoiſt him vp to aire, when *Laertiades*
His wiles forga tnot; *Aiax* thigh, he ſtrooke behind; and flat
He on his backe fell; on his breaſt, *Vlyſſes*. Wonderd at
Was this of all; all ſtood amaz'd. Then the much-ſuffering-man
(Diuine *Vlyſſes*) at next cloſe; the *Telamonian*
A little rayſd from earth; not quite, but with his knee implide
Lockt legs; and downe fell both on earth, cloſe by each others ſide;
Both fild with duſt, but ſtarting up, the third cloſe they had made,
Had not *Achilles* ſelfe ſtood vp; reſtraining them, and bade,
Achilles parts Vlyſſes and Aiax. No more tug one another thus nor moyle your ſelues; receiue
Priſe equall; conqueſts crownes ye both; the liſts to others leaue.
They heard and yeelded willingly; bruſht off the duſt, and on
Priſes for runners. Put other veſts. *Pelides* then, to thoſe that ſwifteſt runne,
Propoſde another priſe; a bowle, beyond compariſon
(Both for the ſiſe and workmanſhip) paſt all the bowles of earth;
It held ſixe meaſures, ſiluer all; but had his ſpeciall worth,
For workemanſhip; receiuing forme, from thoſe ingenious men
Of *Sydon*: the *Phœnicians*, made choiſe; and brought it then,
Along the greene ſea; giuing it, to *Thoas*; by degrees
It came t'*Eunæus*, *Iaſons* ſonne; who, yong *Priamides*,
(*Lycaon*) of *Achilles* friend, bought with it; and this here,
Achilles made beſt game, for him, that beſt his feet could beare.

For

For ſecond, he propoſd an Oxe; a huge one, and a fat,
And halfe a talent gold for laſt. Theſe, thus he ſet them at.
Riſe, you that will aſſay for theſe, forth ſtept *Oileades*,
Vlyſſes anſwerd, and the third, was one, eſteem'd paſt theſe
For footmanſhip, *Antilochus*. All rankt, *Achilles* ſhow'd
The race-ſcope. From the ſtart, they glide; *Oileades* beſtow'd
His feete the ſwifteſt, cloſe to him, flew god-like *Ithacus*,
And as a Ladie at her loome, being yong and beauteous,
Her ſilke-ſhittle cloſe to her breaſt (with grace that doth inflame,
And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame
Her gentle thread, which ſhee vnwinds, with euer at her breaſt,
Gracing her faire hand: So cloſe ſtill, and with ſuch intereſt,
In all mens likings, *Ithacus*, vnwound, and ſpent the race
By him before; tooke out his ſteps, with putting in their place
Promptly and gracefully his owne, ſprinkl'd the duſt before,
And clouded with his breath his head: ſo facilie he bore
His royall perſon, that he ſtrooke, ſhoutes from the *Greekes*, with thirſt,
That he ſhould conquer though hee flew; yet come, come, ô come firſt,
Euer they cried to him, and this euen his wiſe breaſt did moue,
To more deſire of victorie; it made him pray, and proue,
Mineruas aide (his fautreſſe ſtill): O goddeſſe, heare (ſaid he)
And to my feete ſtoope with thy helpe, now happie Fautreſſe be.
Shee was; and light made all his limbs, and now (both neare their crowne)
Minerua tript vp *Aiax* heeles, and headlong he fell downe,
Amids the ordure of the beaſts, there negligently left,
Since they were ſlaine there; and by this, *Mineruas* friend bereſt
Oileades of that rich bowle, and left his lips, noſe, eyes,
Ruthfully ſmear'd. The fat oxe yet, he ſeiſd for ſecond priſe,
Held by the horne, ſpit out the taile, and thus ſpake all beſmear'd
O villanous chance! this *Ithacus*, ſo highly is indear'd
To this *Minerva*, that her hand, is euer in his deeds:
She, like his mother, neſtles him, for from her it proceeds,
(I know) that I am vſde thus. This, all in light laughter caſt,
Amongſt whom quicke *Antilochus*, laught out his cominglaſt,
Thus wittily: Know all my friends, that all times paſt, and now,
The gods moſt honour, moſt-liu'd men, *Oileades* ye know,
More old then I, but *Ithacus*, is of the formoſt race,
Firſt generation of men. Giue the old man his grace,
They count him of the greene-hair'd eld, they may, or in his flowre,
For not our greateſt flouriſher, can equall him in powre
Of foote-ſtrife, but *Æacides*. Thus ſooth'd he *Thetis* ſonne,
Who thus accepted it: Well youth, your praiſes ſhall not runne,
With vnrewarded feete on mine, your halfe a talents priſe
Ile make a whole one: take you ſir. He tooke, and ioy'd. Then flies
Another game forth, *Thetis* ſonne, ſet in the liſts, a lance,
A ſhield, and helmet, being th'armes, *Sarpedon* did aduance
Againſt *Patroclus*; and priſde. And thus he nam'd th' addreſſe.
Stand forth, two the moſt excellent, arm'd, and before all theſe,

Vlyſſes, Aiax Oileus and Antilochus for the Foot-race.

Simile.

Vlyſſes prayes to Minerua for ſpeed.

Aiax Oileus teſts out his fall to the Greekes

Antilochus likwiſe helpes out his coming laſt.

Achilles to Antilochus.

Priſe for the fighters armed.

Giue

Giue mutuall onſet, to the touch, and wounds of eithers fleſh
Who firſt ſhall wound, through others armes, his blood appearing freſh;
Shall win this ſword, ſiluerd, and hatcht; the blade is right of *Thrace*;
Aſteropæus yeelded it. Theſe armes ſhall part their grace,
With eithers valour; and the men, Ile liberally feaſt
At my pauilion. To this game, the firſt man that addreſt,
Diomed and Aiax combat Was *Aiax Telamonius*; to him, king *Diomed*;
Both, in oppoſde parts of the preaſſe, full arm'd; both enterd
The liſts amids the multitude; put lookes on ſo auſtere,
And ioyn'd ſo roughly; that amaze, ſurpriſde the *Greeks*, in feare
Of eithers miſchiefe. Thrice they threw, their fierce darts; and cloſde thrice,
Then *Aiax* ſtrooke through *Diomeds* ſhield, but did no preiudice;
His curets ſaſt him: *Diomeds* dart, ſtill ouer ſhoulders flew;
Still mounting with the ſpirit it bore. And now rough *Aiax* grew
So violent, that the *Greeks* cried: Hold, no more; let them no more
Giue equall priſe to either; yet the word, propoſde before,
For him did beſt; *Achilles* gaue, to *Diomed*. Then a ſtone,
Achilles propoſes a game for hurling of the ſtone or boule. (In faſhoin of a ſphere) he ſhow'd; of no inuention,
But naturall, onely melted through, with iron. Twas the boule;
That king *Eteon* vſe to hurle: but he, bereft of ſoule,
By great *Achilles*; to the fleet, with ſtore of other priſe,
He brought it; and propoſde it now, both for the exerciſe,
And priſe it ſelfe. He ſtood, and ſaid: Riſe you that will approue
Your armes ſtrengths now, in this braue ſtrife: his vigor that can moue
This furtheſt; needs no game but this, for reatch he nere ſo farre,
With large fields of his owne, in *Greece*; (and ſo needs for his Carre,
His plow, or other tooles of thrift, much iron) Ile able this
Ironicé. For fiue reuolued years, no neede, ſhall vſe his meſſages
To any towne, to furniſh him, this onely boule ſhall yeeld
Iron enough, for all affaires. This ſaid, to trie this field,
Firſt *Polypætes* iſſued, next *Leontæus*, their
Great *Aiax*, huge *Epeus* fourth. Yet he was firſt that ſtird
That mine of iron. Vp it went, and vp he toſt it ſo,
That laughter tooke up all the field. The next man that did throw,
Was *Leontæus*; *Aiax* third, who gaue it ſuch a hand,
That farre paſt both their markes it flew. But now twas to be mann'd
By *Polypætes*, and as farre, as at an Oxe that ſtrayes,
A herdſman can ſwing out his goade: ſo farre did he outraiſe
The ſtone paſt all men; all the field, roſe in a ſhout to ſee't.
About him flockt his friends, and bore, the royall game to fleete.
Another game. For Archerie, he then ſet forth, ten axes, edg'd two waies,
And ten of one edge. On the ſhore, farre off, he cauſd to raiſe
A ſhip-maſt, to whoſe top they tied, a fearfull Doue by th' ſoote,
At which, all ſhot, the game put thus: He that the Doue could ſhoote,
Nor touch the ſtring that faſtn'd her, the two-edg'd tooles ſhould beare
All to the fleet. Who toucht the ſtring, and miſt the Doue, ſhould ſhare
The one edg'd axes. This propoſde, king *Teucer* force aroſe,
And with him roſe *Meriones*; and now lots muſt diſpoſe

Their

Their ſhooting firſt; both which, let fall into a heime of braſſe,
Firſt *Teucers* came; and firſt he ſhot, and his croſſe fortune was,
To ſhoote the ſtring, the Dove untoucht: *Apollo* did envie
His skill; ſince not to him he vow'd (being god of archerie)
A firſt falne Lambe. The bitter ſhaft yet cut in two the cord,
That downe fell; and the Dove aloft, up to the Welkin ſoar'd.
The Greekes gave ſhouts; *Meriones* firſt made a hearty vow,
To ſacrifice a firſt falne Lambe to him that rules the Bow,
And then fell to his aime; his ſhaft being ready nockt before.
He ſpide her in the clouds, that here, there, every where did ſoare;
Yet at her height he reacht her ſide, ſtrooke her quite through, and downe
The ſhaft fell at his feete; the Dove, the maſt againe did crowne,
There hung the head; and all her plumes were rufflʼd, ſhe ſtarke dead,
And there (farre off from him) ſhe fell. The people wondered,
And ſtood aſtoniſht. Thʼ Archer pleasʼd. *Æacides* then ſhewes
A long lance, and a caldron, new, engrail'd with twenty hewes;
Priſde at an Oxe. Theſe games were ſhewʼd, for men at darts, and then
Vp roſe the Generall of all; up roſe the king of men:
Vp roſe late-crownd *Meriones*. *Achilles* (ſeeing the king
Doe him this grace) prevents more deed; his royall offering
Thus interrupting; king of men, we well conceive how farre
Thy worth, ſuperiour is to all; how much moſt ſingular
Thy powre is, and thy skill in darts; accept then this poore priſe,
Without contention; and (your will, pleaſde with what I adviſe)
Affoord *Meriones* the lance. The king was nothing ſlow
To that fit grace; *Achilles* then, the braſſe lance did beſtow
On good *Meriones*. The king, his preſent would not ſave,
But to renownʼd *Talthybius*, the goodly Caldron gave.

The end of the three and twentieth Booke.

THE XXIIII. BOOKE OF *HOMER'S* ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOve, *entertaining care of* Hectors *corſe,*
Sends Thetis *to her ſonne, for his remorſe;*
And fit diſmiſſion of it. Iris *then,*
He ſends to Priam; *willing him to gaine*
His ſonne for ranſome. He, by Hermes *led,*
Gets through Achilles *guards; ſleepes deepe, and dead,*
Caſt on them by his guide. When, with acceſſe,
And humble ſute made to Æacides,
He gaines the body, which to Troy he beares,
And buries it with feaſts, buried in teares.

Another Argument.

Omega *ſings the exequies,*
And Hectors *redemptorie priſe.*

THE games perform'd, the ſouldiers wholly diſperſt to fleete,
Supper and ſleepe, their onely care. Conſtant *Achilles* yet,
Wept for his friend; nor ſleepe it ſelfe, that all things doth ſubdue,
Could touch at him. This way and that, he turn'd, and did renue
His friends deare memorie; his grace, in managing his ſtrength,
And his ſtrengths greatneſſe. How life rackt into their utmoſt length,
Griefes, battels, and the wraths of ſeas, in their joynt ſufferance.
Each thought of which, turn'd to a teare. Sometimes he would advance
(In tumbling on the ſhore) his ſide, ſometimes his face; then turne
Flat on his boſome, ſtart upright. Although he ſaw the morne
Shew ſea and ſhore his extaſie, he left not, till at laſt
Rage varied his diſtraction. Horſe, chariot, in haſt
He cald for; and (thoſe joyn'd) the corſe was to his chariot tide,
And thrice about the ſepulcher, he made his Furie ride;
Dragging the perſon. All this paſt, in his pavilion
Reſt ſeiſd him, but with *Hectors* corſe, his rage had never done,
Still ſuffering it t'oppreſſe the duſt. *Apollo* yet, even dead,
Pittied the Prince, and would not ſee inhumane tyrannie ſed,
With more pollution of his lims; and therefore coverd round
His perſon with his golden ſhield; that rude dogs might not wound
His manly lineaments (which threat, *Achilles* cruelly
Had uſde in furie.) But now heauen let fall a generall eye
Of pittie on him; the bleſt gods, perſwaded *Mercurie*
(Their good obſerver) to his ſtealth; and every deitie

Stood

Stood pleasd with it, *Iuno* except; greene *Neptune*, and the Maide
Grac't with the blew eyes; all their hearts stood hatefully appaid,
Long since; and held it, as at first, to *Priam*, *Ilion*,
And all his subiects, for the rape of his licentious sonne,
Proud *Paris*, that despisde these dames, in their divine accesse,
Made to his cottage; and praisde her, that his sad wantonnesse,
So costly nourisht. The twelfth morne now shin'd on the delay
Of *Hectors* rescue, and then spake the deity of the day,
Thus to th'immortals: Shameless gods, authors of ill ye are,
To suffer ill. Hath *Hectors* life at all times show'd his care
Of all your rights; in burning thighs, of Beeves and Goates to you,
And are your cares no more of him? vouchsafe ye not even now
(Even dead) to keepe him? that his wife, his mother, and his sonne,
Father and subiects may be mov'd to those deeds he hath done,
See'ng you preserue him that serv'd you; and sending to their hands
His person for the rites of fire? *Achilles* that withstands
All helpe to others, you can helpe; one that hath neither heart
Nor soule within him, that will move or yeeld to any part,
That fits a man; but Lion like; uplandish, and meere wilde,
Slave to his pride; and all his nerves being naturally compil'd
Of eminent strength; stalkes out and preyes upon a silly sheepe:
And so fares this man. That fit ruth that now should draw so deepe
In all the world, being lost in him. And Shame (a qualitie
Of so much weight; that both it helpes, and hurts excessively,
Men in their manners) is not knowne, nor hath the power to be
In this mans being. Other men, a greater losse then he
Have undergone; a sonne, suppose, or brother of one wombe,
Yet, after dues of woes and teares, they bury in his tombe
All their deplorings, Fates have given to all that are true men,
True manly patience; but this man so soothes his bloudy veine,
That no bloud serves it; he must have divine-soul'd *Hector* bound
To his proud chariot, and danc't in a most barbarous round,
About his lov'd friends sepulcher, when he is slaine: 'tis vile,
And drawes no profit after it. But let him now awhile
Marke but our angers; his is spent; let all his strength take heed
It tempts not our wraths; he begets in this outragious deed,
The dull earth with his furies hate. White-wristed *Iuno* said,
(Being much incenst) This doome is one, that thou wouldst have obaid,
Thou bearer of the siluer bow, that we, in equall care
And honour should hold *Hectors* worth, with him that claimes a share
In our deservings? *Hector* suckt a mortall womans brest,
Æacides a goddesses? our selfe had interest
Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing up with state;
And to the humane *Peleus*, we gave his bridall mate,
Because he had th'immortals loue. To celebrate the feast
Of their high nuptials; euery god was glad to be a guest,
And thou fedst of his fathers cates, touching thy harpe, in grace
Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face,

Apollo to the other gods.

Shame a qualitie that hurts and helpes men exceedingly.

Homer

(In his perfection) bluſheth not to match with *Priams* ſonne;
O thou, that to betray, and ſhame art ſtill companion.
Iove thus receiv'd her. Never give theſe broad termes to a god.
Iove to Iuno. Thoſe two men ſhall not be compar'd; and yet, of all that trod
The well-pav'd Ilion; none ſo deare to all the deities,
As *Hector* was, at leaſt to me. For offrings moſt of priſe,
His hands would never pretermit. Our altars ever ſtood,
Furniſht with banquets fitting us; odors, and every good,
Smok'tin our temples; and for this, (foreſeeing it) his fate
We markt with honour, which muſt ſtand: but to give ſtealth, eſtate,
In his deliverance; ſhun we that; nor muſt we fauour one,
To ſhame another. Privily, with wrong to *Thetis* ſonne,
We muſt not worke out *Hectors* right. There is a ranſome due,
And open courſe, by lawes of armes: in which, muſt humbly ſue,
The friends of *Hector*. Which iuſt meane, if any god would ſtay,
And uſe the other, 'twould not ſerue; for *Thetis*, night and day,
Is guardian to him. But would one, call *Iris* hither; I
Would giue directions, that for gifts, the Troian king ſhould buy
His *Hectors* body; which the ſonne of *Thetis* ſhall reſigne.
This ſaid, his will was done; the Dame that doth in vapours ſhine,
Dewie and thin, footed with ſtormes; iumpt to the ſable ſeas
Twixt Samos, and ſharpe Imbers cliffes; the lake gron'd with the preſſe
Of her rough feete, and (plummet-like, put in an oxes horne
That beares death to the raw-fed fiſh) ſhe div'd, and found forlorne
Iris to Thetis. *Thetis*, lamenting her ſonnes fate, who was in Troy to haue
(Farre from his country) his death ſerv'd. Cloſe to her *Iris* ſtood,
And ſaid; Riſe *Thetis*: prudent *Iove* (whoſe counſels thirſt not blood)
Cals for thee. *Thetis* anſwerd her, with asking; Whats the cauſe
The great god cals? my ſad powres fear'd, to breake th'immortall lawes,
In going, fil'd with griefes to heaven. But he ſets ſnares for none
With colourd counſels; not a word of him, but ſhall be done.
She ſaid, and tooke a ſable vaile; a blacker neuer wore
A heauenly ſhoulder; and gaue way. Swift *Iris* ſwum before,
About both rowld the brackiſh waues. They tooke their bankes and flew
Vp to Olympus, where they found, *Saturnius* (farre-of view)
Spher'd with heauens euer-being ſtates. *Minerua* roſe, and gaue
Her place to *Thetis*, neare to *Iove*, and *Iuno* did receiue
Her entry with a cup of gold; in which ſhe dranke to her,
Grac't her with comfort; and the cup to her hand did referre.
She dranke, reſigning it. And then the ſire of men and gods,
Thus entertain'd her; Com'ſt thou up to theſe our bleſt abodes,
(Faire goddeſſe *Thetis*) yet art ſad? and that in ſo high kinde,
As paſſeth ſufferance? this I know, and try'd thee, and now finde
Thy will by mine rulde; which is rule to all worlds government.
Beſides this tryall yet; this cauſe, ſent downe for thy aſcent;
Nine dayes Contention hath beene held amongſt th'immortals here,
For *Hectors* perſon, and thy ſonne; and ſome advices were,
To have our good ſpie *Mercurie*, ſteale from thy ſonne the Corſe:

But

But that reproch I kept farre off; to keepe in future force
Thy former love and reverence. Haſte then, and tell thy ſonne,
The gods are angry; and my ſelfe take that wrong he hath done
To *Hector*, in worſt part of all: the rather, ſince he ſtill
Detaines his perſon. Charge him then, if he reſpect my will,
For any reaſon, to reſigne ſlaine *Hector*; I will ſend
Iris to *Priam*, to redeeme his ſonne; and recommend
Fit ranſome to *Achilles* grace; in which right he may joy,
And end his vaine griefe. To this charge, bright *Thetis* did employ
Inſtant endevour. From heavens tops, ſhe reacht *Achilles* tent;
Found him ſtill ſighing, and ſome friends, with all their complements
Soothing his humour: otherſome, with all contention
Dreſſing his dinner: all their paines and skils conſum'd upon
A huge wooll-bearer, ſlaughterd there. His reverend mother then
Came neare, tooke kindely his faire hand, and askt him: Deare ſonne, when
Will ſorrow leave thee? How long time wilt thou thus eare thy heart?
Fed with no other food, nor reſt? twere good thou wouldſt divert
Thy friends love to ſome Ladie; cheare thy ſpirits with ſuch kinde parts
As ſhe can quit thy grace withall: the ioy of thy deſerts,
I ſhall not long have; death is neare, and thy all-conquering fate,
Whoſe haſte thou muſt not haſte with griefe; but underſtand the ſtate
Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I
Am ſent from *Iove* t'advertiſe thee, that every deitie
Is angry with thee, himſelfe moſt; that rage thus reignes in thee,
Still to keepe *Hector*. Quit him then, and for fit ranſome free
His iniur'd perſon. He replied; Let him come that ſhall give
The ranſome, and the perſon take. *Ioves* pleaſure muſt depriue
Men of all pleaſures. This good ſpeech, and many more, the ſonne
And mother uſde, in eare of all the navall Station.

Thetis to Achilles.

And now to holy Ilion, *Saturnius Iris* ſent:
Goe ſwift-foot *Iris*, bid Troyes king beare fit gifts, and content
Achilles for his ſonnes releaſe; but let him greet alone
The Grecian navie; not a man excepting ſuch a one
As may his horſe and chariot guide: a herald, or one old,
Attending him; and let him take his *Hector*. Be he bold,
Diſcourag'd, nor with death nor feare; wiſe *Mercurie* ſhall guide
His paſſage, till the Prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride
Reſolu'd, euen in *Achilles* tent. He ſhall not touch the ſtate
Of his high perſon; nor admit the deadlieſt deſperate
Of all about him. For (though fierce) he is not yet unwiſe,
Nor inconſiderate; nor a man, paſt awe of deities:
But paſſing free and curious, to doe a ſuppliant grace.

Iove ſends Iris to Priam.

This ſaid, the Rainbow to her feet, tyed whirlewindes, and the place
Reacht inſtantly: the heauy Court, Clamor and Mourning fil'd.
The ſonnes all ſet about the fire, and there ſtood Griefe, and ſtil'd
Teares on their garments. In the midſt the old King ſate: his weed
All wrinkl'd; head and necke duſt fil'd; the Princeſſes his feed;
The Princeſſes, his ſonnes faire wiues, all mourning by; the thought

Of friends ſo many, and ſo good, (being turn'd ſo ſoone to nought
By Grecian hands) conſum'd their youth, rain'd beauty from their eyes.
Iris came neare the king; her ſight ſhooke all his faculties,
Iris to Priam And therefore ſpake ſhe ſoft, and ſaid; Be glad *Dardanides*;
Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I Ambaſſadreſſe.
Iove greets thee, who, in care (as much as he is diſtant) daines
Eye to thy ſorrowes, pittying thee. My ambaſſie containes
This charge to thee, from him; he wils thou ſhouldſt redeeme thy ſonne,
Beare gifts t' *Achilles*, cheare him ſo: but viſite him alone;
None but ſome herald let attend, thy mules and chariot,
To manage for thee. Feare, nor death, let dant thee; *Iove* hath got
Hermes to guide thee; who as neare to *Thetis* ſonne as needs,
Shall guard thee: and being once with him, nor his, nor others deeds,
Iove's witneſſe of Achilles. Stand toucht with, he will all containe. Nor is he mad nor vaine,
Nor impious; but with all his nerves, ſtudious to entertaine
One that ſubmits, with all fit grace. Thus vaniſht ſhe like winde.
He mules and chariot cals: his ſonnes bids ſee them ioynd, and binde
A trunke behinde it; he himſelfe downe to his wardrobe goes,
Built all of Cedar, highly rooft, and odoriferous;
That much ſtuffe, worth the ſight containd. To him he cald his Queene,
Priams to Hecuba. Thus greeting her: Come, hapleſſe dame, an Angell I have ſeene,
Sent downe from *Iove*, that bade me free our deare ſonne from the fleet,
With ranſome pleaſing to our foe, what holds thy iudgement meet?
My ſtrength and ſpirit layes high charge on all my being, to beare
Hecuba to Priam. The Greekes worſt, ventring through their hoſt. The Queen cried out to heare
His ventrous purpoſe, and replyed: O whither now is fled,
The late diſcretion that renown'd, thy grave and knowing head,
In forraigne, and thine owne rulde realmes? that thus thou darſt aſſay,
Sight of that man? in whoſe browes ſtickes the horrible decay
Of ſonnes ſo many, and ſo ſtrong? thy heart is iron I thinke.
If this ſterne man (whoſe thirſt of bloud, makes crueltie his drinke)
Take, or but ſee thee, thou art dead. He nothing pitties woe,
Nor honours age. Without his ſight, we have enough to doe,
To mourne with thought of him: keepe we our Pallace, weepe we here,
Our ſonne is paſt our helpes. Thoſe throwes that my deliverers were,
Of his unhappy lineaments; told me they ſhould be torne
With blacke foot dogs. Almighty fate, that blacke houre he was borne
Spunne, in his ſpringing thred that end; farre from his parents reach.
This bloudy fellow, then ordaind, to be their meane: this wretch,
Whoſe ſtony liuer, would to heauen, I might deuoure; my teeth,
My ſonnes Revengers made. Curſt Greecke, he gave him not his death
Doing an ill worke; he alone, fought for his country, he
Fled not, nor fear'd, but ſtood his worſt, and curſed policie
Was his unpoing. He replied, What ever was his end,
Is not our queſtion; we muſt now uſe meanes to defend
His end from ſcandall: from which act, diſſwade not my iuſt will;
Nor let me nouriſh in my houſe, a bird preſaging ill
To my good actions: tis in vaine. Had any earthly ſpirit

Giuen this ſuggeſtion: if our Prieſts, or Soothſayers, challenging merit
Of Prophets, I might hold it falſe; and be the rather mov'd
To keepe my Pallace, but theſe eares, and theſe ſelfe eyes approv'd
It was a goddeſſe; I will goe, for not a word ſhe ſpake,
I know was idle. If it were, and that my fate will make
Quicke riddance of me at the fleet; kill me *Achilles*; Come,
When getting to thee, I ſhall finde a happy dying roome
On *Hectors* boſome, when enough, thirſt of my teares findes there,
Quench to his feruor. This reſolv'd, the workes moſt faire, and deare,
Of his rich ſcreenes, he brought abroad; twelve veiles wrought curiouſly,
Twelve plaine gownes; and as many ſuits of wealthy tapiſtry,
As many mantles, horſemens coats, ten talents of fine gold;
Two Tripods, Caldrons foure; a bowle, whoſe value he did hold
Beyond all price, preſented by th'Ambaſſadors of Thrace.
The old king, nothing held too deare, to reſcue from diſgrace,
His gracious *Hector*. Forth he came. At entry of his Court,
The Troian citizens ſo preſt, that this opprobrious ſort,
Of checke he uſde; Hence caſt-awayes; away ye impious crew,
Are not your griefes enough at home? what come ye here to view?
Care ye for my griefes? would ye ſee how miſerable I am?
Iſt not enough, imagine ye? ye might know ere ye came,
What ſuch a ſonnes loſſe weigh'd with me. But know this for your paines,
Your houſes haue the weaker doores: the Greekes will finde their gaines
The eaſier for his loſſe, be ſure: but O Troy, ere I ſee
Thy ruine, let the doores of hell receiue and ruine me.
Thus, with his ſcepter ſet he on the crowding citizens,
Who gaue backe, ſeeing him ſo urge. And now he entertaines
His ſonnes as roughly; *Helenus*, *Paris*, *Hippothous*,
Pammon, diuine *Agathones*, renown'd *Deiphobus*,
Agauus, and *Antiphonus*, and laſt, not leaſt in armes,
The ſtrong *Polites*: theſe nine ſonnes, the violence of his harmes,
Helpt him to vent in theſe ſharpe termes: Haſte you infamous brood,
And get my chariot, would to heaven that all the abject blood
In all your veines, had *Hector* ſcuſde: O me, accurſed man,
All my good ſonnes are gone; my light, the ſhades Cimmerian
Haue ſwallow'd from me: I haue loſt, *Meſtor*, ſurnam'd the faire,
Troilus, that ready knight at armes, that made his field repaire
Euer ſo prompt and joyfully. And *Hector* amongſt men,
Eſteem'd a god, not from a mortals ſeed, but of th'eternall ſtraine.
He ſeem'd to all eyes: theſe are gone, you that ſuruiue are baſe;
Lyers and common free booters; all faulty, not a grace
But in your heeles, in all your parts; dancing companions,
Ye all are excellent: Hence ye brats: love ye to heare my mones?
Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; flye,
That I may perfect this deare worke: this all did terrifie,
And ſtraite his mule-drawne chariot came, to which they faſt did binde
The trunke with gifts: and then came forth, with an afflicted minde,
Old *Hecuba*. In her right hand, a bowle of gold ſhe bore,

Priam enraged againſt his citizens.

Priam enraged againſt his ſonnes.

With

With ſweet wine crown'd; ſtood neare, and ſaid; Receiue this, and implore
(With ſacrificing it to *Iove*) thy ſafe returne. I ſee
Thy minde likes ſtill to goe; though mine diſlikes it vtterly.
Pray to the blacke-cloud-gathering god, (*Idæan Iove*) that vewes
All Troy, and all her miſeries; that he will daigne to uſe
His moſt lov'd bird, to ratifie thy hopes, that her broad wing,
Spred on thy right hand, thou maiſt know thy zealous offering
Accepted; and thy ſafe returne confirm'd; but if he faile,
Faile thy intent, though neuer ſo it labours to preuaile.
This I refuſe not (he replide) for no faith is ſo great,
In *Ioues* high fauour, but it muſt, with held up hands intreate.
This ſaid, the chamber-maide that held the Ewer and Baſin by,
He bad poure water on his hands; when looking to the skie,
He tooke the bowle; did ſacrifice, and thus implor'd: O *Iove*,
From *Ida* vſing thy commands, in all deſerts aboue
All other gods; vouchſafe me ſafe, and pittie in the ſight
Of great *Achilles*: and for truſt, to that wiſht grace; excite
Thy ſwift wing'd meſſenger, moſt ſtrong, moſt of aires region lov'd,
To ſore on my right hand; which ſight, may firmely ſee approu'd
Thy former ſummons, and my ſpeed. He prayd, and heauens king heard,
And inſtantly, caſt from his fiſt, ayres all-commanding bird;
The blacke wing'd huntreſſe, perfecteſt of all fowles, which gods call
Percnos; the Eagle. And how broad the chamber nuptiall
Of any mighty man, hath dores, ſuch breadth caſt either wing,
Which now ſhe uſde, and ſpred them wide, on right hand of the king.
All ſaw it, and reioyc't, and up to chariot he aroſe,
Drane forth the Portall and the Porch, reſounding as he goes.
His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd, as if he went to die:
And bringing him paſt towne, to field; all left him: and the eye
Of *Iupiter* was then his guard; who pittied him, and uſde
These words to *Hermes*: *Mercurie*, thy helpe hath beene profuſde,
Euer; with moſt grace, in conſorts of travailers diſtreſt;
Now conſort *Priam* to the fleet: but ſo, that not the leaſt
Suſpition of him be attaind, till at *Achilles* tent,
Thy convoy hath arriu'd him ſafe. This charge incontinent
He put in practiſe. To his feet, his featherd ſhoes he tide,
Immortall, and made all of gold; with which he uſde to ride
The rough ſea, and th'unmeaſur'd earth, and equald in his pace
The puffs of winde. Then tooke he up his rod, that hath the grace
To ſhut what eyes he lifts with ſleep; and open them againe
In ſtrongeſt trances. This he held; flew forth, and did attaine
To Troy, and Helleſpontus ſtraite: then like a faire yong Prince,
Firſt-downe chinn'd, and of ſuch a grace, as makes his lookes convince
Contending eyes to view him: forth he went to meet the King.
He having paſt the mightie tombe of Ilus; watering
His Mules in Xanthus; the darke Even, fell on the earth; and then
Idæus (guider of the Mules) diſcern'd this Grace of men,
And ſpake affraid to *Priamus*; Beware *Dardanides*,

Priams prayer to Iove.

Iove to Mercury.

Our

Our ſtates aske counſell: I diſcerne the dangerous acceſſe
Of ſome man neare us; now I feare we periſh. Is it beſt
To flie! or kiſſe his knees, and aske, his ruth of men diſtreſt?
Confuſion ſtrooke the king, cold Feare extreamely quencht his veines,
Vpright, upon his languiſhing head, his haire ſtood, and the chaines
Of ſtrong amaze, bound all his powres. To both which, then came neare
The Prince turn'd Deitie; tooke his hand, and thus beſpake the Peere.
To what place (father) driv'd thou out, through ſolitarie Night,
When others ſleepe? give not the Greekes, ſufficient cauſe of fright,
To theſe late trauailes? being ſo neare, and ſuch vow'd enemies?
Of all which; if with all this lode, any ſhould caſt his eyes
On thy adventures, what would then, thy minde eſteeme thy ſtate?
Thy ſelfe old, and thy follower old? Reſiſtance could not rate
At any value: as for me, be ſure I minde no harme
To thy grave perſon; but againſt the hurt of others arme.
Mine owne lov'd father did not get a greater loue in me
To his good, then thou doſt to thine. He anſwerd: the degree
Of danger in my courſe (faire ſonne) is nothing leſſe then that
Thou urgeſt; but ſome gods faire hand, puts in for my ſafe ſtate,
That ſends ſo ſweet a Guardian, in this ſo ſterne a time
Of night, and danger, as thy ſelfe; that all grace in his prime
Of body, and of beauty ſhew'ſt: all anſwerd with a minde
So knowing, that it cannot be, but of ſome bleſſed kinde,
Thou art deſcended. Not untrue (ſaid *Hermes*) thy conceit
In all this holds; but further truth relate, if of ſuch weight
As I conceive thy carriage be? and that thy care convaies
Thy goods of moſt price, to more guard? or goe ye all your waies,
Frighted from holy Ilion? So excellent a ſonne
As thou had'ſt, (being your ſpeciall ſtrength) falne to Deſtruction;
Whom no Greeke betterd for his fight? O what art thou (ſaid he)
(Moſt worthy youth?) of what race borne? that thus recountſt to me,
My wretched ſonnes death with ſuch truth? Now father (he replide)
You tempt me farre, in wondring how the death was ſignifide
Of your divine ſonne, to a man, ſo meere a ſtranger here,
As you hold me: but I am one that oft have ſeene him beare
His perſon like a god, in field; and when in heapes he ſlew
The Greekes, all routed to their fleet: his ſo victorious view,
Made me admire; not feele his hand, becauſe *Æacides*
(Incenſt) admitted not our fight, my ſelfe being of acceſſe
To his high perſon, ſeruing him; and both to Ilion
In one ſhip ſaild. Beſides, by birth, I breathe a Myrmidon,
Polyſtor (cald the rich) my ſire; declin'd with age like you.
Sixe ſonnes he hath, and me a ſeventh, and all thoſe ſixe live now
In Phthia; ſince all caſting lots, my chance did onely fall,
To follow hither. Now for walke, I left my Generall.
To morrow all the Sunne-burn'd Greekes, will circle Troy with armes,
The Princes rage to be with-held, ſo idlely; your alarmes
Not given halfe hot enough they thinke, and can containe no more.

Priams amaze. Mercurie appeares to him.

Priam to Mercurie.

Hee

He anſwerd; If you ſerue the Prince, let me be bold t'implore
This grace of thee, and tell me true, lies *Hector* here at fleet,
Or haue the dogs his fleſh? He ſaid, nor dogs nor fowle haue yet
Mercury to Priam. Touchr at his perſon: ſtill he lies at fleet, and in the tent
Of our great Captaine, who indeed is much too negligent
Of his fit vſage: but though now, twelue daies haue ſpent their heate
On his cold body, neither wormes with any taint have eate,
Nor putrifaction periſht it: yet euer when the morne
Lifts her diuine light from the ſea, unmercifully borne
About *Patroclus* ſepulcher; it beares his friends diſdaine,
Bound to his chariot; but no fits of further outrage raigne
In his diſtemper: you would muſe to ſee how deepe a dew
Euen ſteepes the body, all the bloud waſht off, no ſlendreſt ſhew
Of gore or quitture, but his wounds all cloſde, though many were
Opened about him. Such a loue the bleſt immortals beare,
Euen dead to thy deare ſonne; becauſe his life ſhew'd loue to them.
Priam to Mercury. He ioyfull anſwerd, O my ſonne, it is a grace ſupreme
In any man, to ſerue the gods. And I muſt needs ſay this,
For no cauſe (hauing ſeaſon fit) my *Hectors* hands would miſſe
Aduancement to the gods with gifts, and therefore doe not they
Miſſe his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray
Thy graces to receiue this cup, and keepe it for my loue;
Nor leaue me till the gods and thee haue made my prayers approue
Achilles pittie, by thy guide, brought to his Princely tent.
Hermes againe to Priam. *Hermes* replide; you tempt me now (old king) to a conſent
Farre from me; though youth aptly erres. I ſecretly receiue
Gifts, that I cannot broadly vouch? take graces that will giue
My Lord diſhonour? or what he knowes not? or will eſteeme
Perhaps unfit? ſuch briberies, perhaps at firſt may ſeeme
Sweet and ſecure; but futurely, they ſtill proue ſowre, and breed
Both feare and danger. I could wiſh thy graue affaires did need
My guide to Argos; either ſhipt, or lackying by thy ſide,
And would be ſtudious in thy guard, ſo nothing could betride,
But care in me to keepe thee ſafe, for that I could excuſe,
And vouch to all men. Theſe words paſt, he put the deeds in uſe,
For which *Ioue* ſent him; up he leapt to *Priams* chariot,
Tooke ſcourge and reines, and blew in ſtrength, to his free ſteeds, and got
The nauall towres and deepe dike ſtrait. The guards were all at meat,
Thoſe he enſlumberd; op't the ports, and in he ſafely let
Old *Priam*, with his wealthy priſe. Forthwith they reacht the Tent
Of great *Achilles*. Large and high, and in his moſt aſcent
A ſhaggie rooſe of ſeedy reedes, mowne from the meades, a hall
Of ſtate they made their king in it, and ſtrengthned it withall,
Thicke with firre rafters; whoſe approach was let in by a dore
That had but one barre; but ſo bigge, that three men evermore
Raiſd it, to ſhut; three freſh take downe: which yet *Æacides*
Would ſhut and ope himſelfe, And this with farre more eaſe
Hermes let ope, entring the king; then leapt from horſe, and ſaid:

Now

Now know (old king) that *Mercurie* (a god) hath giuen this aide
To thy endevour, ſent by *Ioue*; and now, away muſt I:
For men muſt envy thy eſtate, to ſee a Deitie
Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace *Achilles* knee,
And by his ſire, ſonne, mother pray, his ruth and grace to thee.
This ſaid, he high Olympus reacht, the king then left his coach
To grave *Idæus*, and went on; made his reſolv'd approach: *Priam enters Achilles tent.*
And entred in a goodly roome; where, with his Princes ſate
Ioue-lov'd *Achilles*, at their feaſt, two onely kept the ſtate
Of his attendance, *Alcymus*, and Lord *Automedon*.
At *Priams* entry, a great time, *Achilles* gaz'd upon
His wondred-at approch; nor eate: the reſt did nothing ſee,
While cloſe he came up; with his hands, faſt holding the bent knee
Of *Hectors* conqueror; and kiſt that large man-ſlaughtring hand,
That much bloud from his ſonnes had drawne; and as in ſome ſtrange land,
And great mans houſe; a man is driven, (with that abhor'd diſmay,
That followes wilfull bloudſhed ſtill, his fortune being to ſlay *Simile.*
One, whoſe bloud cries aloud for his) to pleade protection
In ſuch a miſerable plight, as fright the lookers on:
In ſuch a ſtupified eſtate, *Achilles* ſate to ſee,
So unexpected, ſo in night, and ſo incredibly,
Old *Priams* entry; all his friends, one on another ſtar'd,
To ſee his ſtrange lookes, ſeeing no cauſe. Thus *Priam* prepar'd
His ſonnes redemption: See in me, O godlike *Thetis* ſonne, *Priam to Achilles.*
Thy aged father, and perhaps, euen now being outrunne
With ſome of my woes; neighbour foes, (thou abſent) taking time
To doe him miſchiefe; no meane left, to terrifie the crime
Of his oppreſſion; yet he heares thy graces ſtill ſurvive,
And joyes to heare it; hoping ſtill to ſee thee ſafe arrive,
From ruind Troy: but I (curſt man) of all my race, ſhall live
To ſee none living. Fiftie ſonnes, the Deities did give,
My hopes to live in; all aliue, when neare our trembling ſhore
The Greeke ſhips harbord, and one wombe, nineteene of thoſe ſons bore.
Now *Mars*, a number of their knees, hath ſtrenghleſſe left, and he
That was (of all) my onely joy, and Troyes ſole guard, by thee
(Late fighting for his country) ſlaine; whoſe tenderd perſon, now
I come to ranſome. Infinite is that I offer you,
My ſelfe conferring it; expoſde alone to all your oddes:
Onely imploring right of armes. *Achilles* feare the gods,
Pittie an old man, like thy ſire; different in onely this,
That I am wretcheder; and beare that weight of miſeries
That never man did: my curſt lips, enforc't to kiſſe that hand
That ſlue my children. This mov'd teares, his fathers name did ſtand
(Mention'd by *Priam*) in much helpe, to his compaſſion,
And mov'd *Æacides* ſo much, he could not looke upon
The weeping father. With his hand he gently put away
His grave face, calme remiſſion now, did mutually diſplay
Her powre in either's heavineſſe, old *Priam*, to record

His

His ſonnes death; and his deaths man ſee his teares, and boſome pour'd
Before *Achilles*. At his feet he laid his reverend head.
Achilles thoughts, now with his fire, now with his friend, were fed.
Betwixt both, Sorrow fild the tent. But now *Æacides*,
Achilles re-morſe of Priam. (Satiate at all parts, with the ruth of their calamities)
Start up, and up he raiſd the king. His milke-white head and beard,
With pitty he beheld, and ſaid; Poore man, thy minde is ſcar'd
With much affliction; how durſt thy perſon thus alone,
Venture on his ſight, that hath ſlaine ſo many a worthy ſonne,
And ſo deare to thee? thy old heart is made of iron, ſit
And ſettle we our woes, though huge; for nothing profits it.
Cold mourning waſtes but our lives heates. The gods have deſtinate,
That wretched mortals muſt live ſad. Tis the immortall ſtate
Of Deitie, that lives ſecure. Two tunnes of gifts there lie
In *Ioves* gate; one of good, one ill, that our mortalitie,
Maintaine, ſpoile, order: which when *Ioue* doth mixe to any man,
One while he frolickes, one while mournes. If of his mournefull Kan
A man drinkes onely; onely wrongs, he doth expoſe him to.
Sad hunger, in th'abundant earth, doth toſſe him to and fro,
Reſpected, nor of gods nor men. The mixt cup *Peleus* dranke,
Euen from his birth, heauen bleſt his life; he liv'd not that could thanke
The gods for ſuch rare benefits, as ſet forth his eſtate.
He raign'd among his Myrmidons, moſt rich, moſt fortunate.
And (though a mortall) had his bed deckt with a deathleſſe Dame.
And yet with all this good, one ill, god mixt, that takes all name
From all that goodneſſe; his name now, (whoſe preſeruation here,
Men count the crowne of their moſt good) not bleſt with powre to beare
One bloſſome, but my ſelfe: and I, ſhaken as ſoone as blowne.
Nor ſhall I live to cheare his age, and give nutrition
To him that nouriſht me. Farre off, my reſt is ſet in Troy,
To leave thee reſtleſſe, and thy ſeed. Thy ſelfe, that did enioy,
(As we haue heard) a happy life: what Lesbos doth containe,
(In times paſt being a bleſt mans ſeate:) what the unmeaſur'd maine
Of Helleſpontus, Phrygia holds; are all ſaid to adorne
The Empire; wealth, and ſonnes enow: but when the gods did turne
Thy bleſt ſtate to partake with bane; warre, and the blouds of men,
Circled thy citie, never cleare. Sit downe and ſuffer then,
Mourne not inevitable things; thy teares can ſpring no deeds
To helpe thee, nor recall thy ſonne: impatience euer breeds
Ill upon ill; makes worſt things worſe, and therefore ſit. He ſaid,
Priam to Achilles. Give me no ſeate (great ſeed of *Ioue*) when yet unranſomed,
Hector lies riteleſſe in thy tents: but daigne with utmoſt ſpeed
His reſignation, that theſe eyes may ſee his perſon freed;
And thy grace ſatisfied with gifts. Accept what I have brought,
And turne to Phthia; tis enough thy conquering hand hath fought,
Till *Hector* faltred under it; and *Hectors* father ſtood
Achilles answer to Priam. With free humanitie ſafe. He frown'd and ſaid; Give not my bloud
Freſh cauſe of furie; I know well, I muſt reſigne thy ſonne,

Iove by my mother utterd it, and what beſides is done,
I know as amply, and thy ſelfe, (old *Priam*) I know too.
Some god hath brought thee: for no man durſt uſe a thought to goe
On ſuch a ſervice; I have guards, and I have gates to ſtay
Eaſie acceſſes; doe not then preſume thy will can ſway,
Like *Ioves* will, and incenſe againe my quencht bloud; leſt nor thou,
Nor *Iove* gets the command of me. This made the old King bow,
And downe he ſate in feare, the Prince leapt like a Lyon forth,
Automedon and *Alcymus* attending; all the worth
Brought for the body, they tooke downe, and brought in; and with it,
Idæus (herâld to the King) a cote embroydred yet,
And two rich cloakes, they left to hide the perſon. *Thetis* ſonne
Cald out his women to annoint, and quickly over-runne
The corſe with water; lifting it in private to the coach;
Leſt *Priam* ſaw, and his cold bloud embrac't a fiery touch
Of anger, at the turpitude, prophaning it; and blew
Againe his wraths fire to his death. This done, his women threw
The cote and cloake on, but the Corſe, *Achilles* owne hand laid
Vpon a bed, and with his friends, to chariot it convaide.
For which forc't grace (abhorring ſo, from his free minde) he wept,
Cried out for anger, and thus praide: O friend, doe not except
Againſt this favour to our foe (if in the deepe thou heare)
And that I give him to his Sire; he gave faire ranſome, deare
In my obſervance is *Ioves* will, and whatſoever part
Of all theſe gifts, by any meane, I fitly may convert
To thy renowne here, and will there; it ſhall be pour'd upon
Thy honour'd ſepulcher. This ſaid, he went, and what was done,
Told *Priam*, ſaying: Father, now thy wils fit rites are paide,
Thy ſonne is given up, in the morne, thine eyes ſhall ſee him laid
Deckt in thy chariot on his bed; in meane ſpace, let us eate.
The rich-hair'd *Niobe* found thoughts, that made her take her meate;
Though twelve deare children ſhe ſaw ſlaine: ſixe daughters, ſixe yong ſons.
The ſonnes, incenſt *Apollo* ſlue: the maides confuſions
Diana wrought; ſince *Niobe*, her merits durſt compare
With great *Latonas*; arguing, that ſhe did onely beare
Two children, and her ſelfe had twelue; for which, thoſe onely two
Slue all her twelue; nine dayes they lay ſteept in their bloud: her woe
Found no friend to afford them fire; *Saturnius* had turnd
Humanes to ſtones. The tenth day yet the good celeſtials burnd
The trunkes themſelues; and *Niobe*, when ſhe was tyr'd with teares,
Fell to her food, and now with rockes, and wilde hils mixt ſhe beares
(In *Sypilus*) the gods wraths ſtill, in that place, where tis ſaid,
The goddeſſe Fairies uſe to dance about the funerall bed
Of *Achelous*, where (though turnd' with cold griefe, to a ſtone)
Heaven giues her heate enough to feele, what plague compariſon
With his powres (made by earth) deſerues: affect not then too farre
Without griefe, like a god, being a man; but for a mans life care,
And take fit food: thou ſhalt haue time beſide to mourne thy ſonne;

He ſhall be tearefull, thou being full, not here, but Ilion
Shall finde thee weeping roomes enow. He ſaid, and ſo aroſe,
And cauſd a ſilver-fleec't ſheepe, kill'd, his friends skils did diſpoſe
The fleaing, cutting of it up, and cookely ſpitted it;
Roſted, and drew it artfully. *Automedon* as fit
Was for the reuerend Sewers place, and all the browne joynts ſerv'd
On wicker veſſell to the boord; *Achilles* owne hands kerv'd,
Th is mutuall obſervation of eithers faſhion as t e table. And cloſe they fell too. Hunger ſtancht, talke, and obſerving time
Was uſde of all hands; *Priam* ſate amaz'd to ſee the prime
Of *Thetis* ſonne; accompliſht ſo, with ſtature, lookes and grace,
In which the faſhion of a god he thought had chang'd his place.
Achilles fell to him as faſt; admir'd as much his yeares,
(Told in his graue, and good aſpect) his ſpeech even charm'd his eares:
So orderd, ſo materiall. With this food feaſted too,
Priam to A chilles. Old *Priam* ſpake thus: Now (*Ioues* ſeed) command that I may goe,
And adde to this feaſt grace of reſt: theſe lids nere cloſde mine eyes
Since under thy hands fled the ſoule of my deare ſonne; ſighes, cries,
And woes, all uſe from food and ſleepe, haue taken: the baſe courts
Of my ſad Pallace, made my beds, where all the abject ſorts
Of ſorrow, I have varied, tumbl'd in duſt, and hid;
No bit, no drop of ſuſtenance toucht. Then did *Achilles* bid
His men and women ſee his bed laid downe, and covered
With purple Blankets, and on them an Arras Couerlid,
Waſtcoates of ſilke plush laying by. The women ſtrait tooke lights,
And two beds made, with utmoſt ſpeed, and all the other rites
Their Lord nam'd, uſde, who pleaſantly, the king in hand thus bore:
Achilles to Priam. Good father, you muſt ſleepe without, leſt any Counſellor
Make his acceſſe in depth of night, as oft their induſtrie
Brings them t'impart our warre-affaires, of whom ſhould any eye
Diſcerne your preſence, his next ſteps, to *Agamemnon* flie,
And then ſhall I loſe all theſe gifts. But goe to ſignifie
(And that with truth) how many daies you meane to keepe the ſtate
Of *Hectors* funerals: becauſe ſo long would I rebate
Mine owne edge, ſet to ſacke your towne, and all our hoſt containe
From interruption of your rites. He anſwerd, If you meane
To ſuffer ſuch rites to my ſonne, you ſhall performe a part
Of moſt grace to me. But you know, with how diſmaid a heart
Our hoſt tooke Troy; and how much feare will therefore apprehend
Their ſpirits to make out againe, ſo farre as we muſt ſend
For wood, to raiſe our heape of death; unleſſe I may aſſure,
That this your high grace will ſtand good, and make their paſſe ſecure;
Which if you ſeriouſly confirme, nine daies I meane to mourne,
The tenth, keepe funerall and feaſt: th'eleventh raiſe and adorne
My ſonnes fit Sepulcher. The twelfth (if we muſt needs) weele fight.
Be it (reply ed *Æacides*) doe *Hector* all this right;
Ile hold warre backe thoſe whole twelve daies; of which, to free all feare,
Take this my r'ght hand. This confirm'd, the old King reſted there.
His Herald lodg'd by him, and both, in forepart of the tent;

Achilles

Achilles in an inmoſt roome of wondrous ornament,
Whoſe ſide, bright-cheekt *Briſeis* warm'd. Soft Sleepe tam'd gods and men,
All, but moſt uſefull *Mercurie*; Sleepe could not lay one chaine
On his quicke temples, taking care for getting off againe
Engaged *Priam*, undiſcernd of thoſe that did maintaine
The ſacred watch. Above his head he ſtood with this demand.
O father, ſleepſt thou ſo ſecure, ſtill lying in the hand
Of ſo much ill? and being diſmiſt by great *Æacides*?
Tis true, thou haſt redeemde the dead, but for thy lifes releaſe
(Should *Agamemnon* heare thee here) three times the price now paide,
Thy ſonnes hands muſt repay for thee. This ſaid, the King (affraid)
Start from his ſleepe; *Idæus* cald, and (for both) *Mercurie*
The horſe and mules, (before loſde) joynde ſo ſoft and curiouſly,
That no eare heard, and through the hoſt drave, but when they drew
To gulphy *Xanthus* bright-wav'd ſtreame, up to Olympus flew
Induſtrious *Mercurie*. And now the ſaffron morning roſe,
Spreading her white robe ouer all the world. When (full of woes)
They ſcourgd on with the Corſe to Troy, from whence no eye had ſeene
(Before *Caſſandra*) their returne. She (like loves golden Queene,
Aſcending Pergamus) diſcernd her fathers perſon nie,
His Herald, and her brothers Corſe, and then ſhe caſt this cry
Round about Troy; O Troians, if ever ye did greet
Hector, returnde from fight aliue, now looke ye out, and meet
His ranſomd perſon. Then his worth was all your cities ioy,
Now doe it honour. Out all ruſht, woman, nor man in Troy
Was left: a moſt unmeaſurd cry, tooke up their voyces. Cloſe
To Scæas Ports they met the Corſe, and to it, headlong goes
The reverend mother, the deare wife; upon it, ſtrow their haire,
And lye entranced. Round about the people broke the ayre
In lamentations, and all day had ſtaid the people there,
If *Priam* had not cryed; Giue way, giue me but leaue to beare
The body home, and mourne your ſils. Then cleft the preaſe, and gave
Way to the chariot. To the court Herald *Idæus* drave,
Where on a rich bed they beſtow'd the honour'd perſon, round
Girt it with Singers; that the woe with skilfull voyces crownd.
A wofull Elegie they ſung, wept ſinging, and the dames
Sigh'd as they ſung: *Andromache* the downeright proſe exclaimes
Began to all, ſhe on the necke of ſlaughterd *Hector* fell
And cried out: O my husband! thou, in youth badſt youth farewell,
Left'ſt me a widow: thy ſole ſonne, an infant, our ſelues curſt
In our birth, made him right our childe, for all my care, that nurſt
His infancie, will never give life to his youth, ere that,
Troy from her top will be deſtroyde, thou guardian of our ſtate,
Thou even of all her ſtrength, the ſtrength; thou that in care wert paſt
Her carefull mothers of their babes, being gone, how can ſhe laſt?
Soone will the ſwolne fleete fill her wombe, with all their ſervitude,
My ſelfe with them, and thou with me (deare ſonne) in labours rude,
Shall be emploid, ſternely ſurvaid by cruell Conquerors,

Mercurie appeares to Priam in his ſleepe.

Caſſandra to the Troians.

Andromaches lamentation for her husband.

Or rage not (ſuffering life ſo long) ſome one, whoſe hate abhorres
Andr. maches lamentation for Hector. Thy preſence, (putting him in minde of his ſire ſlaine by thine,
His brother, ſonne, or friend) ſhall worke thy ruine before mine,
Toſt from ſome towre, for many Greeks have eate earth from the hand
Of thy ſtrong father: In ſad fight, his ſpirit was too much man'd,
And therefore mourne his people, we, thy Parents (my deare Lord)
For that, thou mak'ſt endure a woe, blacke, and to be abhor'd.
Of all yet, thou haſt left me worſt; not dying in thy bed;
And reaching me thy laſt-raiſd hand: in nothing counſelled,
Nothing commanded by that powre thou hadſt of me, to doe
Some deed for thy ſake: O for theſe will never end my woe;
Never my teares ceaſe. Thus wept ſhe, and all the Ladies cloſde
Her paſſion with a generall ſhricke. Then *Hecuba* diſpoſde
Hecubas lamentation. Her thoughts in like words: O my ſonne, of all mine, much moſt deare;
Deare while thou liv'ſt too, even to gods: and after death they were
Carefull to ſave thee. Being beſt, thou moſt wer't envied;
My other ſonnes, *Achilles* ſold; but thee, he left not dead.
Imber and *Samos*; the falſe Ports of *Lemnos* enrertain'd
Their perſons; thine, no Port but death; nor there, in reſt remain'd,
Thy violated Corſe, the Tombe of his great friend was ſpher'd
With thy dragg'd perſon; yet from death he was not therefore rer'd.
But (all his rage uſde) ſo the gods have tendred thy dead ſtate,
Thou lieſt as living, ſweet and freſh, as he that felt the fate
Of *Phœbus* holy ſhafts. Theſe words the Queene uſde for her mone,
And next her, *Hellen* held that ſtate of ſpeech and paſſion.
Hellens lamentation. O *Hector*, all my brothers more, were not ſo lov'd of me,
As thy moſt vertues. Not my Lord I held ſo deare as thee
That brought me hither, before which, I would I had beene brought
To ruine, for, what breeds that wiſh (which is the miſchiefe wrought
By my acceſſe) yet never found one harſh taunt, one words ill
From thy ſweet cariage. Twenty yeeres doe now their circles fill,
Since my arrivall; all which time thou didſt not onely beare
Thy ſelfe without checke: but all elſe, that my Lords brothers were
Their ſiſters Lords, ſiſters themſelves, the Queene my mother in law,
(The King being never but moſt milde) when thy mans ſpirit ſaw
Sowre and reprochfull, it would ſtill reprove their bitterneſſe
With ſweet words. And thy gentle ſoule. And therefore thy deceaſe,
I truely mourne for, and my ſelfe, curſe, as the wretched cauſe,
All broad Troy yeelding me not one, that any humane lawes
Of pitty or forgiveneſſe mou'd, t'entreate me humanely,
But onely thee, all elſe abhorr'd me for my deſtinie.
Priam to the Troians. Theſe words made euen the cõmons mourn, to whom the king ſaid, Friends,
Now fetch wood for our funerall fire, nor feare the foe intends
Ambuſh, or any violence, *Achilles* gaue his word
At my diſmiſſion, that twelue daies he would keepe ſheath'd his ſword,
And all mens elſe. Thus Oxen, Mules, in chariots ſtrait they put,
Went forth, and an unmeaſur'd pile of Sylvane matter cut,
Nine daies emploide in cariage, but when the tenth morne ſhinde

On

On wretched mortals; then they brought the fit to be divin'd.
Forth to be burn'd: Troy ſwum in teares. Vpon the pile moſt height
They laid the perſon, and gave fire; all day it burn'd, all night.
But when th'eleventh morne let on earth, her roſie fingers ſhine,
The people flockt about the pile, and firſt, with blackiſh wine
Quencht all the flames. His brothers then and friends, the ſnowy bones
Gatherd into an urne of gold, ſtill powring on their mones.
Then wrapt they in ſoft purple veiles, the rich urne, digg'd a pit,
Grav'd it; ram'd up the grave with ſtones, and quickly built to it
A ſepulcher. But while that worke, and all the funerall rites
Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, dayes and nights,
For feare of falſe ſurpriſe before they had impoſde the crowne
To theſe ſolemnities. The tombe, advanc't once, all the towne
In *Ioue* nurſt *Priams* Court partooke, a paſſing ſumptuous feaſt,
And ſo horſe-taming *Hectors* rites, gave up his ſoule to reſt.

Thus farre the Ilian ruines I have laid
Open to Engliſh eyes. In which (repaid
With thine owne value) goe unvalued Booke,
Live, and be lov'd. If any envious looke
Hurt thy cleare fame, learne that no ſtate more hie
Attends on vertue, then pin'd envies eye.
Would thou wert worth it, that the beſt doth wound,
Which this age feedes, and which the laſt ſhall bound

THus with labour enough (though with more comfort in the merits of my divine Author) I have brought my tranſlation of his Iliads *to an end. If either therein, or in the harſh utterance, or matter of my Comment before; I have, for haſte, ſcatterd with my burthen (leſſe then fifteene weekes being the whole time that the laſt twelve books tranſlation ſtood me in) I deſire my preſent will, and (I doubt not) hability (if God give life) to reforme and perfect all hereafter, may be ingeniouſly accepted for the abſolute worke. The rather, conſidering the moſt learned (with all their helps & time) have been ſo often & unanſwerably miſerably taken halting. In the meane time, that moſt aſſiſtfull and unſpeakeable ſpirit, by whoſe thrice ſacred conduct and inſpiration, I have finiſhed this labour, diffuſe the fruitfull horne of his bleſsings through theſe goodneſſe-thirſting watchings; without which, utterly dry and bloudleſſe is whatſoever mortality ſweth.*

But where our moſt diligent Spondanus *ends his worke with a prayer to be taken out of theſe* Mæanders, *and* Euripian *rivers (as he termes them) of Ethnicke and prophane writers (being quite contrary to himſelfe at the beginning) I thrice humbly beſeech the moſt deare and divine mercy (ever moſt incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures) I may ever be inabled, by reſting wondring in his right comfortable ſhadowes in theſe, to magnifie the clearenеſſe of his almighty appearance in the other.*

And with this ſalutation of Poeſie given by our Spondanus *in his Preface to theſe* Iliads. (*All haile Saint-ſacred Poeſie, that under ſo much gall of fiction, ſuch abundance of honey doctrine haſt hidden, not revealing them to the unworthy worldly, wouldſt thou but ſo much make mee, that amongſt thy Novices I*

might be numbred, no time should ever come neare my life, that could make mee forsake thee.) *I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer, learnd of the most learned* Simplicius.

Supplico tibi Domine, Pater, & Dux rationis noſtræ, ut noſtræ nobilitatis recordemur qua tu nos ornaſti; & ut tu nobis præſtò ſis, ut ijs qui per ſeſe mouentur: ut & à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eóſque ſuperemus, & regamus, & ſicut decet, pro inſtrumentis ijs utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjumento ſis, ad accuratam rationis noſtræ correctionem; & coniunctionem cum ijs que verè ſunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori ſupplex oro; ut ab oculis animorum noſtrorum caliginem prorſus abſtergas, ut (quod apud *Homerum* eſt) Norimus bene qui

Deus, aut mortalis habendus.

Amen.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS *and worthy, the Duke of* LENNOX.

AMongſt th'Heroes of the worlds prime yeares,
Stand here, great Duke, & ſee thé ſhine about you:
Informe your princely minde and ſpirit by theirs,
And then, like them, live ever; looke without you,
For ſubiects fit to uſe your place, and grace
Which throw about you, as the Sunne, his raies,
In quickning with their powre, the dying race
Of friendleſſe Vertue, ſince they thus can raiſe
Their honor'd Raiſers to Eternitie.
None ever liv'd by Selfe-love: Others good
Is th'obiect of our owne: they (living) die,
That burie in themſelves their fortunes brood.
To this ſoule, then, your gracious count'nance give;
That gave, to ſuch as you, ſuch meanes to live.

TO THE MOST GRAVE AND *honored Temperer of Law and Equity, the Lord,* CHANCELOR, *&c.*

THat Poeſie is not ſo remov'd a thing
From grave adminiſtry of publike weales,
As theſe times take it; heare this Poet ſing,
Moſt judging Lord, and ſee how he reveales
The myſteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of man, through all his choiceſt waies.
Nor be your timely paines the leſſe applyed
For Poeſies idle name, becauſe her Raies
Have ſhin'd through greateſt Counſellors and Kings.
Heare Royall *Hermes* ſing th'Egyptian Lawes,
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroaſtes* ſings
Their Lawes in verſe: and let their juſt applauſe
(By all the world given) yours (by us) allow;
That, ſince you grace all vertue, honour you.

TO THE MOST VVORTHIE
Earle, Lord Treaſurer, and Treaſurer of our Country, the Earle of SALISBVRY, *&c.*

VOuchſafe, great Treaſurer, to turne your eye,
And ſee the opening of a Grecian Mine,
Which, wiſedome long ſince made her treaſurie,
And now her title doth to you reſigne.
Wherein as th'Ocean walks not, with ſuch waves
The round of this Realme, as your wiſedomes ſeas,
Nor, with his great eye, ſees, his Marble, ſaves
Our State, like your Vlyſſian policies:
So, none like HOMER, hath the world enſpher'd,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, fixt in his verſe, and moving;
Whom all times wiſeſt men, have held unper'de;
And herefore would conclude with your approving.
Then grace his ſpirit, that all wiſe men hath grac't,
And made things ever fitting, ever laſt.

An Anagram,
Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisbury.
Curb foes; thy care is all our erly Be.

TO THE MOST HONOR'D RE-
ſtorer of ancient Nobility, both in bloud and vertue, the Earle of SVFFOLKE, *&c.*

LOyne, Nobleſt Earle, in giving worthy grace,
To this great gracer of Nobilitie:
See here what ſort of men, your honord place
Doth properly command; if Poeſie
(Profeſt by them) were worthily expreſt.
The graveſt, wiſeſt, greateſt, need not then,
Account that part of your command the leaſt,
Nor them ſuch idle, needleſſe, worthleſſe men.
Who can be worthier men in publike weales,
Then thoſe (at all parts) that preſcrib'd the beſt?
That ſtird up nobleſt vertues, holieſt zeales,
And evermore have liv'd as they profeſt?
A world of worthieſt men, ſee one create,
(Great Earle;) whom no man ſince could imitate.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND *learned Earle, the Earle of* NORTHAMPTON, *&c.*

TO you, moſt learned Earle, whoſe learning can
Reiect unlearned Cuſtome, and embrace
The reall vertues of a worthy man,
I proſtrate this great Worthy, for your grace,
And pray that Poeſies well-deſerv'd ill Name
(Being ſuch, as many moderne Poets make her)
May nought eclipſe her cleare eſſentiall flame:
But as ſhe ſhines here, ſo refuſe or take her.
Nor doe I hope, but even your high affaires
May ſuffer intermixture with her view,
Where Wiſedome fits her for the higheſt chaires,
And mindes, growne old, with cares of State, renew:
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue know
This King of Poets, ſee his Engliſh ſhow.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY *ſingular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.*

STand by your nobleſt ſtocke; and ever grow
In love, and grace of vertue moſt admir'd;
And we will pay the ſacrifice we owe
Of prayre and honour, with all good deſir'd
To your divine ſoule, that ſhall ever live
In height of all bliſſe prepar'd here beneath,
In that ingenuous and free grace you give
To knowledge, only Bulwarke againſt Death.
Whoſe rare ſuſtainers here, her powres ſuſtaine
Hereafter. Such reciprocall effects
Meete in her vertues. Where the love doth raigne,
The act of knowledge crownes our intellects.
VVhere th'act, nor love is, there, like beaſts men die:
Not Life, but time is their Eternitie.

TO THE LEARNED AND
moſt noble Patron of learning, the Earle of PEMBROOKE, &c.

ABove all others may your Honour ſhine,
As, paſt all others, your ingenuous beames
Exhale into your grace the forme divine
Of godlike Learning, whoſe exiled ſtreames
Runne to your ſuccour, charg'd with all the wracke
Of ſacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch
(Foule Ignorance) fits charming of them backe
To their firſt Fountaine, in the great and rich;
Though our great Soveraigne counter-checke her charms
(Who in all learning, reignes ſo paſt example)
Yet (with her) turkiſh Policie puts on armes,
To raze all knowledge in mans Chriſtian temple.
(You following yet our King) your guard redouble:
Pure are thoſe ſtreams, that theſe times cannot trouble.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS
Illuſtrator of vertue, and worthy of the favour Royall, the Earle of MONTGOMRIE.

THere runs a blood, faire Earle, through your clear vains,
That well entitles you to all things Noble;
Which ſtill the living Sydnian ſoule maintaines,
And your names ancient Nobleneſſe doth redouble:
For which I needs muſt tender to your Graces
This nobleſt worke of man, as made your Right.
And though Ignobleneſſe, all ſuch workes defaces,
As tend to Learning, and the ſoules delight:
Yet ſince the ſacred Penne doth teſtifie,
That Wiſedome (which is Learnings naturall birth)
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maieſtie,
And Image of his goodneſſe here in earth,
If you the daughter wiſh, reſpect the Mother:
One cannot be obtain'd without the other.

TO THE MOST LEARNED *and noble Concluder of the Warres Arte, and the Muſes, the Lord* LISLE, *&c.*

NOr let my paines herein (long honour'd Lord)
Faile of your ancient Nobly-good reſpects,
Though obſcure Fortune never would afford
My ſervice ſhow, till theſe thus late effects.
And though my poore deſerts weigh'd never more
Then might keepe downe their worthleſſe memorie
From your high thoughts (enricht with better ſtore)
Yet yours in me are fixt eternally,
Which all my fit occaſions well ſhall prove.
Meane ſpace (with your moſt noble Nephewes) daine
To ſhew your free and honourable love
To this Greeke Poet, in his Engliſh vaine.
You cannot more the point of death controule,
Then to ſtand cloſe by ſuch a living ſoule.

TO THE GREAT AND VERtuous, *the Counteſſe of* MONTGOMERIE.

YOur Fame (great Lady) is ſo lowd reſounded,
By your free trumpet, my right worthy friend,
That, with it, all my forces ſtand confounded,
Arm'd and diſarm'd at once, to one iuſt end,
To honour and deſcribe the bleſt conſent
Twixt your high bloud and ſoule, in vertues rare.
Of which, my friends praiſe is ſo eminent,
That I ſhall hardly like his Eccho fare,
To render onely th'ends of his ſhrill verſe.
Beſides, my bounds are ſhort, and I muſt meerely,
My will to honour your rare parts, rehearſe
With more time, ſinging your renowne more clearly
Meane-time, take *Homer* for my wants ſupply:
To whom adjoyn'd, your name ſhall never dye.

TO THE HAPPY STARRE, DISCOVERED in our Sydneian Aſteriſme, comfort of learning, Sphere of all the vertues, the Lady WROTHE.

WHen all our other Starres ſet (in their skies)
To vertue, and all honour of her kinde,
That you (rare Lady) ſhould ſo clearely riſe,
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your minde.
And let true Reaſon and Religion try,
If it be Fancie, not judiciall right,
In you t'oppoſe the times apoſtaſie,
To take the ſoules part, and her ſaving Light,
While others blinde and burie both in ſenſe,
When tis the onely end for which all live.
And, could thoſe ſoules, in whom it dies, diſpenſe
As much with their religion, they would give
That as ſmall grace. Then ſhun their courſe faire Starre,
And ſtill keepe your way pure, and circular.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PATRONEſſE and Grace of Vertue, the Counteſſe of BEDFORD.

TO you faire Patroneſſe, and Muſe to Learning,
The fount of learning, and the Muſes ſends
This Cordiall for your vertues, and forewarning
To leave no good, for th'ill the world commends.
Cuſtome ſeduceth but the vulgar ſort:
With whom, when Nobleneſſe mixeth, ſhe is vulgar,
The truely-Noble, ſtill repaire their Fort,
With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare,
In which the narrow path to Happineſſe
Is onely beaten. Vulgar pleaſure ſets
Nets for her ſelfe, in ſwinge of her exceſſe,
And beates her ſelfe there dead, ere free ſhe gets.
Since pleaſure t en with pleaſure ſtill doth waſte,
Still pleaſe with vertue Madame: that will laſt.

TO THE RIGHT VALOROVS
and vertuous Lord, the Earle of SOVTH-HAMPTON, &c.

IN choice of all our Countries Nobleſt ſpirits
(Borne ſlaviſher barbariſme to convince)
I could not but invoke your honour'd Merits,
To follow the ſwift vertue of our Prince.
The cries of Vertue, and her Fortreſſe, Learning,
Brake earth, and to Elyſium did deſcend,
To call up *Homer:* who therein diſcerning
That his excitements to their good, had end
(As being a Grecian) puts on Engliſh armes,
And to the hardie natures in theſe climes,
Strikes up his high and ſpiritfull alarmes,
That they may cleare earth of thoſe impious Crimes
Whoſe conqueſt (though moſt faintly all apply)
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and ſhould dye.

TO MY EXCEEDING GOOD
Lord, the Earle of SVSSEX: *with duty alwaies remembred to his honor'd Counteſſe.*

YOu that have made in your great Princes Name
(At his high birth) his holy Chriſtian vowes,
May witneſſe now (to his eternall Fame)
How he performes them thus far: and ſtill growes
Above his birth in vertue; paſt his yeares,
In ſtrength of Bountie, and great fortitude.
Amongſt this traine, then of our choiſeſt Peers,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herald *Homers* voice,
March you, and euer let your Familie
(In your vowes made for ſuch a Prince) reioyce.
Your ſervice to his State ſhall never dye.
And, for my true obſervance, let this ſhow,
No meanes eſcapes when I may honour you.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND *Heroicall, my ſingular good Lord, the Lord of* WALDEN, &c.

NOr let the vulgar ſway Opinion beares
(Rare Lord) that Poeſies favor ſhewes men vaine,
Ranke you amongſt her ſterne diſfauourers;
She all things worthy fauour doth maintaine.
Vertue, in all things elſe, at beſt ſhe betters;
Honour ſhe heightens, and giues Life in Death;
She is the ornament, and ſoule of letters:
The worlds deceit before her vaniſheth.
Simple ſhe is as Doues, like Serpents wiſe;
Sharpe, graue, and ſacred: nought but things diuine,
And things diuining, fit her faculties;
(Accepting her as ſhe is genuine,)
If ſhe be vaine then, all things elſe are vile;
If vertuous, ſtill be Patrone of her ſtile.

TO THE MOST TRVELY-NOble and Vertue-gracing Knight, Sir THOMAS HOVVARD.

THe true and nothing-leſſe-then ſacred ſpirit
That moues your feete ſo farre from the prophane;
In ſcorne of Pride, and grace of humbleſt merit,
Shall fill your Names ſphere, neuer ſeeing it wane.
It is ſo rare, in bloud ſo high as yours
To entertaine the humble skill of truth,
And put a vertuous end to all your powres,
That th'other age askes, we giue you in youth,
Your youth hath wonne the maiſtrie of your minde,
As *Homer* ſings of his *Antilochus*,
The parallell of you in euery kinde,
Valiant, and milde, and moſt ingenious.
Goe on in vertue, after death and grow,
And ſhine like *Ledas* twins, my Lord & you.

Euer moſt humbly and faithfully deuoted to you, and all the rare Patrons of diuine Homer.
Geo. Chapman.

13624c

Homer

HOMER'S ODYSSES.

Translated according to ỹ Greeke.

By. Geo: Chapman

At mihi d̄ q̄ viuo detraxerit Inuida Turba
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet Honos.

Imprinted at London by Rich: Field, for Nathaniell Butter.

HOMERS ODYSSES.

TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO THE GREEKE.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

At mihi quod vivo detraxerit Invida turba
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet Honos.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniel Butter.*

Homer

TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONORED, MY SINGVLAR GOOD LORD, *ROBERT*, Earle of SOMERSET, Lord Chamberlaine, &c.

I Haue aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of my vtmoſt, and euer-vowed ſeruice to your Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patronage of Homers *Engliſh life: whoſe wiſht naturall life, the great* Macedon *would haue protected, as the ſpirit of his Empire,*

That he to his vnmeaſur'd mightie Acts,
Might adde a Fame as vaſt; and their extracts,
In fires as bright, and endleſſe as the ſtarres,
His breaſt might breathe; and thunder out his warres.
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praiſe,
Receiues an enuious Cloud in our foule daies:
For ſince our Great ones, ceaſſe themſelues to do
Deeds worth their praiſe; they hold it folly too,
To feed their praiſe in others. But what can
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,
More precious then *Eternitie* and *Glorie*,
Singing their praiſes, in vnſilenc't ſtorie?
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,
Where *Homer* liu'd entitl'd, would enſew:

Cuius de gurgite viuo
Ex Angeli Politiani Ambra. *Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores, &c.*

From whoſe deepe Fount of life, the thirſtie rout
Of Theſpian Prophets, haue lien ſucking out
Their ſacred rages. And as th'influent ſtone
Of Father *Ioues* great and laborious Sonne,
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implies
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,
In vertuous guide of euery ſea-driuen courſe,
To all aſpiring, his one boundleſſe force:
So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,
That euer did the hidden heate inſpire
In each true Muſe, came cleerly ſparkling downe,
And muſt for him, compoſe one flaming Crowne.
He, at *Ioues* Table ſet, fils out to vs,
Cups that repaire Age, ſad and ruinous;
And giues it Built, of an eternall ſtand,
With his all-ſinewie Odyſſæan hand.
Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free ſtate;
And Life doth into Ages propagate.
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;
His fuell Vertue, blowne by *Praiſe* and *Fame*:
And with the high ſoules, firſt impulſions driuen,
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.
The Nerues of all things hid in Nature, lie
Naked before him; all their Harmonie
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beaſts breathe Minds.
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,
What fires Æthereall; what the Gods conclude
In all their Counſels, his Muſe makes indude
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mou'd.
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)
Honors without her, he, as abiect, priſes;
And fooliſh Fame, deriu'd from thence, deſpiſes.
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muſe is crownd;

He

He ſits and laughs, to ſee the iaded Rabble,
Toile to his hard heights, t'all acceſſe vnable. &c.

Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the moſt part tranſlated.

And that your Lordſhip may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the firſt word of his Iliads, is μηνιν wrath: *the firſt word of his Odyſſes,* ανδρα, Man: *contracting in either word, his each workes Propoſition. In one,* Predominant Perturbation; *in the other,* ouer-ruling Wiſedome: *in one, the Bodies feruour and faſhion of outward Fortitude, to all poßible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward, conſtant, and vnconquerd Empire; vnbroken, vnalterd, with any moſt inſolent, and tyrannous inflict.on. To many moſt ſouer aigne praiſes is this Poeme entitled; but to that* Grace *in chiefe, which ſets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators;* το τα μικρα μεγαλως; και τα κοινα καινως: *that is,* Parua magnè dicere; peruulgata nouè; ieiuna plenè: *To ſpeake things litle, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and emptie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrie, is his whole ſcope and obiect; which, in it ſelfe, your Lordſhip may well ſay, is ieiune and fruitleſſe enough; affoording nothing feaſtfull, nothing magnificent. And yet euen this, doth the diuine inſpiration, render vaſt, illuſtrous, and of miraculous compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this* Poeme *preferred to his* Iliads: *for therein much magnificence, both of perſon and action, giues great aide to his induſtrie; but in this, are theſe helpes, exceeding ſparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure ſo elaborate, and pompous, that the poore plaine Groundworke (conſidered together) may ſeeme the naturally rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much wonderd at therefore, is the Cenſure of* Dionyſius Longimus *(a man otherwiſe affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing* Homer *in his* Iliads, *to the Sunne riſing; in his* Odyſſes, *to his deſcent or ſetting. Or to the* Ocean *robd of his æſture; many tributorie flouds and riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obſeruance. When this his worke ſo farre exceeds the* Ocean, *with all his Court and concourſe; that all his Sea, is onely a ſeruiceable ſtreame to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-ſorted and digeſted Confluence of all. Where the moſt ſolide and graue, is made as nimble and fluent, as the moſt airie and firie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well bounded as the moſt graue and ſolid. And (taking all together) of ſo tender impreßion, and of ſuch Command to the voice of the* Muſe; *that they knocke heauen with her breath, and diſcouer their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-compriſing* Poeſie, *phantaſtique,*

or meere fictiue; but the most material, and doctrinall illations of Truth; *both for all manly information of Manners in the yong; all prescription of Iustice; and euen Christian pietie, in the most graue and high-gouernd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) seemes fictiue, and beyond Possibilitie to bring into Act: the sence then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expressure of* Vertue, *for her louelinesse; and of* Vice *for her vglinesse, in their seuerall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can possibly delineate. Why then is* Fiction, *to this end, so hatefull to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked* Truth, *(that peraduenture will last his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizerds, then* Homer *for his naked* Vlysses, *clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer* Dionysius, *and the rest of these graue, and reputatiuely learned, (that dare vndertake for their grauities, the headstrong censure of all things; and challenge the vnderstanding of these Toyes in their childhoods: when euen these childish vanities, retaine deepe and most necessarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in these absolutely diuine Infusions, allowd either voice or relish: for,* Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. *(sayes the Diuine Philosopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the* Muses, sine Musarum furore, *is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselues (might I a litle insist on these contempts; not tempting too farre your Lordships* Vlyssean *patience) presume to these doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction There being in* Poesie *a twofold rapture, (or alienation of soule, as the aboue said Teacher termes it) one* Insania, *a disease of the mind, and a meere madnesse, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanitie:* & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: *(for which, poore* Poesie, *in this diseasd and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified) the other is,* Diuinus furor; *by which the sound and diuinely healthfull,* supra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. *One a perfection directly infused from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine* Furie *(my Lord) your* Homer *hath euer bene, both first and last* Instance; *being pronounced absolutely,* τον σοφωτατον, και τον θειοτατον ποιητην; *the most wise and most diuine*

Poet.

Poet Againſt whom, whoſoever ſhall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receive anſwer, with this of his divine defender; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. *being of* Homers *part*) τις ων, &c. *Who againſt ſuch an Armie, and the Generall* Homer *dares attempt the aſſault, but he muſt be reputed ridiculous? And yet againſt this hoaſt, and this invincible Commander, ſhall we have every* Beſogne *& fool a Leader. The common herd (I aſſure my ſelf ready to receive it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders,*

Such men, as ſideling ride the ambling *Muſe;*
VVhoſe ſaddle is as frequent as the ſtuſe.
Whoſe Raptures are in every Pageant ſeene;
In every VVaſſall rime, and Dancing greene:
VVhen he that writes by any beame of Truth,
Muſt dive as deepe as he; paſt ſhallow youth.
Truth dwels in Gulphs, whoſe Deepes hide ſhades ſo rich,
That *Night* ſits muffl'd there, in clouds of pitch:
More Darke then nature made her; and requires
(To cleare her tough miſts) Heavens great fire of fires;
To whom, the Sunne it ſelfe is but a Beame.
For ſicke ſoules then (but rapt in fooliſh Dreame)
To wreſtle with theſe Heav'n-ſtrong myſteries;
VVhat madneſſe is it? when their light, ſerves eyes
That are not worldly, in their leaſt aſpect;
But truely pure; and aime at Heaven, direct.
Yet theſe, none like: but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad, no ſooner borne, but dead.

Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) thoſe ſhort-lived Bubbles, eternize your vertue and judgement with the Grecian Monark: *eſteeming, not as the leaſt of your New-yeares Preſents,*

Homer (three thouſand yeares dead) now reviv'd,
VVhen none conceited him, none underſtood,
That ſo much life, in ſo much death as bloud
Conveys about it, could mixe. But when Death
Drunke up the bloudy Miſt, that humane breath
Pour'd round about him (Povertie and Spight,
Thickning the hapleſſe vapor) then Truths light
Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pincht ſoule,

(Amidſt

(Amidſt the Myſteries it did enroule)
Brake powrefully abroad. And as we ſee
The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length, got free,
Through ſome forc't couert, over all the wayes,
Neare and beneath him, ſhoots his vented rayes
Farre off, and ſtickes them in ſome little Glade:
All woods, fields, rivers, left beſides in ſhade:
So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,
Cloſde in his Poems body: ſhot to ſight
Some few forc't Beames: which neare him, were not ſeene,
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,
Clouding their radiance, which when Death had clear'd:
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:
In which, all ſtood and wondred, ſtriving which,
His Birth and Rapture, ſhould in right enrich.
Twelve *Labours* of your *Theſpian Hercules*,
I now preſent your Lordſhip: Doe but pleaſe
To lend Life meanes, till th'other twelve receive
Equall atchievement: and let Death then reave
My life now loſt in our Patrician Loves,
That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moves
One bloud, one ſoule: both drownd in one ſet height
Of ſtupid Envie, and meere popular Spight.
VVhoſe loves, with no good, did my leaſt veine fill:
And from their hates, I feare as little ill.
Their Bounties nouriſh not, when moſt they feed,
But where there is no Merit, or no Need:
Raine into rivers ſtill, and are ſuch ſhowres,
As bubbles ſpring, and overflow the flowres.
Their worſe parts, and worſt men, their Beſt ſubornes,
Like winter Cowes, whoſe milke runnes to their hornes.
And as litigious Clients Bookes of Law,
Coſt infinitely: taſte of all the Awe,
Bencht in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State:
Earne all their deepe explorings: ſatiate
All ſorts there thruſt together by the heart,
VVith thirſt of wiſedome, ſpent on either part:

Horrid

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,
From their fine ſtuffe wouen: yet when once the breath
Of ſentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne
As drie as duſt; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:
So theſe men ſet a price vpon their worth,
That no man giues, but thoſe that trot it forth,
Through *Needs* foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all coſt,
Though *Iudgement* ſterues in them: *Rout*: *State* engroſt
(At all Tabacco benches, ſolemne Tables,
Where all that croſſe their Enuies, are their fables)
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd
Fit Penance for their Oppoſites: none lou'd
But thoſe that rub them: not a Reaſon heard,
That doth not ſooth and glorifie their preferd
Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* reſume
The cauſe to his hands; all would flie in fume
Before his ſentence; ſince the innocent mind,
Iuſt God makes good; to whom their worſt is wind.
For, that I freely all my Thoughts expreſſe,
My Conſcience is my Thouſand witneſſes:
And to this ſtay, my conſtant Comforts vow;
You for the world I haue, or God for you.

Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Tranſlated.

All ſtarres are drunke vp by the firie Sunne;
And in ſo much a flame, lies ſhrunke the Moone::
Homers *all-liu'd Name, all Names leaues in Death;*
Whoſe ſplendor onely, Muſes Boſomes breath.

Another.

Heau'ns fires ſhall firſt fall darkn'd from his Sphere;
Graue Night, the light weed of the Day ſhall weare:
Freſh ſtreames ſhall chace the Sea; tough Plowes ſhall teare
Her fiſhie bottomes: Men, in long date dead,
Shall riſe, and liue; before Obliuion ſhed
Thoſe ſtill-greene leaues, that crowne great Homers *head.*

Another.

The great Mæonides *doth onely write;*
And to him dictates, the great God of Light.

Another.

Seuen king domes ſtroue, in which ſhould ſwell the wombe
That bore great Homer; *whom Fame freed from Tombe:*
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone;
The learn'd Athenian, *and* Vlyſſean *Throne.*

Another.

Art thou of Chius? *No. Of* Salamine?
As little. Was the Smyrnean *Countrie thine?*
Nor ſo. Which then? Was Cumas? Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reaſon call:
If I confeſſe of one, I anger all.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gods in counſaile ſit, to call
Vlyſſes *from* Calypſo's *thrall;*
And order their high pleaſures, thus;
Gray Pallas, *to* Telemachus
(In Ithaca*) her way addreſt;*
And did her heauenly limbs inueſt
In Menta's *likeneſſe; that did raigne*
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,
Whoſe rough waues neare Leucadia *runne)*
Aduiſing wiſe Vlyſſes *ſonne*
To ſeeke his father; and addreſſe
His courſe to yong Tantalides
That gouern'd Sparta. *Thus much ſaid,*
She ſhewd ſhe was Heau'ns martiall Maid,
And vaniſht from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the wooers is.

Another.

Αλφα. *The Deities ſit;*
The Man retir'd:
Th'Vlyſſean wit,
By Pallas *fir'd.*

THE Man (O Muſe) informe, that many a way,
Wound with his wiſedome to his wiſhed ſtay.
That wanderd wondrous farre, when, He, the towne
Of ſacred *Troy*, had ſackt, and ſhiuerd downe.
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, mindes, and faſhions
He ſaw and knew. At Sea felt many woes;
Much care ſuſtaind, to ſaue from ouerthrowes
Himſelfe, and friends, in their retreate for home.
But ſo, their fates, he could not ouercome,
Though much he thirſted it. O men vnwiſe,
They periſht by their owne impieties,
That in their hungers rapine would not ſhunne
The Oxen of the loftie-going Sunne:

The information or faſhion of an abſolute man; and neceſſarie (or fatal) paſſage through many afflictions (according with the moſt ſacred Letter) to his naturall hauen and countrey; is the whole argument, and ſcope of this inimitable, and miraculous Poeme. And therefore is the epithete πολυτροπον *giuen him in the firſt verſe:* πολυτροπος *ſignifying,* Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas, & varias vias, vertitur in verſam.

Homer

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft
Of ſafe returne. Theſe acts in ſome part left,
Tell vs, as others, deified ſeed of *Ioue*.
Now all the reſt that auſtere Death out-ſtroue
At *Troys* long ſiege, at home ſafe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of ſea and warre;
Onely *Vlyſſes* is denide acceſſe
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddeſſes
The reuerend Nymph *Calypſo* did detaine
Him in her Caues: paſt all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouſe.
And when the Gods had deſtin'd that his houſe,
Which *Ithaca* on her rough boſome beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his hauen; Contention ſtill extends
Her enuie to him, euen amongſt his friends.
All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he
That girds Earth in the cincture of the ſea,
Diuine *Vlyſſes* euer did enuie,
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.

Neptunes progreſſe to the Æthiops.

But he himſelfe ſolemniz'd a retreate
To th'Æthiops, farre diſſunderd in their ſeate;
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes deſcent,
And vnderneath his golden Orient,
The firſt and laſt of men) t'enioy their feaſt
Of buls and lambes, in Hecatombs addreſt:
At which he ſat, giuen ouer to Delight.
The other Gods, in heauens ſupreameſt height
Were all in Councell met: To whom began
The mightie Father, both of God and man,
Diſcourſe, inducing matter, that inclin'd
To wiſe *Vlyſſes*; calling to his mind
[a] Faultfull *Ægiſthus*, who to death was done,
By yong *Oreſtes*, *Agamemnons* ſonne.
His memorie to the Immortals then,
Mou'd *Ioue* thus deeply: O how falſly, men
Accuſe vs Gods, as authors of their ill,
When, by the bane their owne bad liues inſtill,
They ſuffer all the miſeries of their ſtates,
Paſt our inflictions, and bey ond their fates.
As now *Ægiſthus*, paſt his fate, did wed
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread
To ſuffer death himſelfe) to ſhunne his ill,
Incurr'd it by the looſe bent of his will,
In ſlaughtering *Atrides* in retreate.
Which, we foretold him, would ſo hardly ſet

Theſe notes following, I am inforced to inſert, (ſince the words they containe, differ from all other tranſlations) leſt I be thought to erre out of that ignorance, that may perhaps poſſeſſe my depraued.

a αμωμητον *tranſlated in this place* inculpabilis; *and made the epithete of Ægiſthus, is from the true ſence of the word, as it is here to be vnderſtood: which is quite contrary.* Ἀσκηθὴς *is to be expounded in ſome place* Diuinus, *or* Deo ſimilis; *but in another (ſoone after)* contrarius Deo. *The perſon to whom the Epithete is giuen, giuing reaſon to diſtinguiſh it. And ſo* ὀλοόφρονα *an Epithete giuen to Atlas inſtantly following, in one place ſignifies* Mente pernicioſus: *in the next*, qui vniuerſa mente gerit.

To

To his murtherous purpoſe; ſending *Mercurie*
(That ſlaughterd *Argus*) our conſiderate ſpie,
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,
Nor murther him; for thou ſhalt buy his life,
With ranſome of thine owne; impoſde on thee
By his *Oreſtes*; when, in him ſhall be
Atrides ſelfe renewd; and but the prime
Of youths ſpring put abroad; in thirſt to clime
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.
Theſe words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts
Ægiſthus powres; good counſell he deſpiſde,
And to that Good, his ill is ſacrifiſde.
Pallas (whoſe eyes did ſparkle like the skies)
Anſwerd: O Sire! ſupreame of Deities;
Ægiſthus paſt his Fate, and had deſert
To warrant our infliction; and conuert
May all the paines, ſuch impious men inflict
On innocent ſufferers; to reuenge as ſtrict,
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*
(Thus neuer meriting) ſhould ſuffer thus;
I deeply ſuffer. His more pious mind
Diuides him from theſe fortunes. Though vnkind
Is Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,
More ſuffering then the moſt infortunate;
So long kept friendleſſe, in a ſea-girt ſoile,
Where the ſeas nauile is a ſyluane Ile,
In which the Goddeſſe dwels, that doth deriue
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,
The motion and the faſhion doth command,
With his [b] wiſe mind, whoſe forces vnderſtand
The inmoſt deepes and gulfes of all the ſeas:
Who (for his skill of things ſuperiour) ſtayes
The two ſteepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.
His daughter tis, who holds this [c] homeleſſe-driuen,
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuſe
Of ſoft and winning ſpeeches; that abuſe
And make ſo [d] languiſhingly, and poſſeſt
With ſo remiſſe a mind; her loued gueſt
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he (though in affection ouercome)
In iudgement yet; more longs to ſhew his hopes,
His countries ſmoke leape from her chimney tops,

Pallas to Iupiter.

b *In this place is Atlas giuen the Epithete.* πολυφρων, *which ſignifies* qui vniuerſa mente agitat, *here giuen him, for the power the ſtarres haue in all things. Yet this receiues other interpretation in other places, as abouesaid.*

c δυσλιος *is here turned by others,* infelix: *in the generall collection: when it hath here a particular expoſition, applied to*

expreſſe Vlyſſes deſert errors, παρα το πλωειν, vt ſit, qui vix locum inuenire poteſt vbi conſiſtat. d *This is thus tranſlated, the rather to expreſſe and approue the Allegorie driuen through the whole Odyſſes. Deciphering the intangling of the wiſeſt in his affections: and the torments that breede in euery pious minde: to be thereby hindred to arriue ſo directly as he deſires, at the proper and onely true naturall countrie of euery worthy man, whoſe hauen is heauen and the next life, to which, this life is but a ſea, in continuall aſſure and vexation. The words occaſioning all this, are* μαλακιοις, λογοις: μαλακος *ſignifying,* qui languide, & animo remiſſo rem aliquam gerit: *which being the effect of Calypſos ſweete words in Vlyſſes, is here applied paſſiuely to his owne ſufferance of their operation.*

And death askes in her armes. Yet neuer ſhall
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,
(Auſtere *Olympius*:) did not euer he,
In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings ſwim?
O *Ioue*, why ſtill then burnes thy wrath to him?
The Cloud-aſſembler anſwerd: What words flie
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of [e] Ivorie?
As if I euer could caſt from my care
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, who exceeds ſo farre
All men in wiſedome? and ſo oft hath giuen
To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,
So great and ſacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to *Vlyſſes* longings ſo extreme,
For taking from the God-foe *Polypheme*
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd
All other *Cyclops*: with whoſe burthen ſwell'd
The Nymph *Thooſa*; the diuine increaſe
Of *Phorcis* ſeed, a great God of the ſeas.
She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.
For whoſe loſt eye, th'Earth-ſhaker did not kill
Erring *Vlyſſes*; but reſerues him ſtill
In life for more death. But vſe we our powres,
And round about vs caſt theſe cares of ours,
All to diſcouer how we may preferre
His wiſht retreate; and *Neptune* make forbeare
His ſterne eye to him: ſince no one God can
In ſpite of all, preuaile, but gainſt a man.
To this, this anſwer made the gray-eyd Maide:
Supreame of rulers, ſince ſo well apaide
The bleſſed Gods are all then, now, in thee
To limit wiſe *Vlyſſes* miſerie;
And that you ſpeake, as you referd to me
Preſcription for the meanes; in this ſort be
Their ſacred order: let vs now addreſſe
With vtmoſt ſpeed, our ſwift *Argicides*,
To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Treſſe
In th'ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will
She ſhould not ſtay our lou'd *Vlyſſes* ſtill;
But ſuffer his returne: and then will I
To *Ithaca*, to make his ſonne apply
His Sires inqueſt the more; infuſing force
Into his ſoule, to ſummon the concourſe
Of curld-head Greekes to counſaile: and deterre
Each wooer that hath bene the ſlaughterer
Of his fat ſheepe and crooked-headed beeues,

Iupiter to Pallas

[e] *spect obſerue, vallum* or clauſtrum dentium: *which, for the better ſound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivorie. The teeth being that rampier or pale, giuen vs by nature in that part, for reſtraint and compreſſion of our ſpeech, till the imagination, appetite and ſoule (that ought to rule in their examination, before their deliuerie) haue giuen worthy paſſe to them. The moſt graue and diuine Poet, teaching therein, that not ſo much for the neceſſarie chewing of our ſuſtenance, our teeth are giuen vs, as for their ſtay of our words, leſt we vtter them raſhly.*

Calypſo.

From

From more wrong to his mother; and their leaues
Take in ſuch termes, as fit deſerts ſo great.
To *Sparta* then, and *Pylos*, where doth beate
Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithete
To all that kingdome; my aduice ſhall ſend
The ſpirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end
Of ſeeking his loſt father; if he may
Receiue report from Fame, where reſts his ſtay;
And make, beſides, his owne ſucceſſiue worth,
Knowne to the world; and ſet in action forth.
This ſaid, her wingd ſhooes to her feete ſhe tied, *The preparation of Pallas for Ithaca.*
Formd all of gold, and all eternified;
That on the round earth, or the ſea, ſuſtaind
Her rauiſht ſubſtance, ſwift as guſts of wind.
Then tooke ſhe her ſtrong Lance, with ſteele made keene,
Great, maſſie, actiue, that whole hoaſts of men
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, backt by ſo great a Sire.
Downe from *Olympus* tops, ſhe headlong diu'd;
And ſwift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,
Cloſe at *Vlyſſes* gates; in whoſe firſt court,
She made her ſtand; and for her breaſts ſupport, *Pallas, like Mentas.*
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme impreſt
With *Mentas* likeneſſe, come, as being a gueſt.
There found ſhe thoſe proud wooers, that were then
Set on thoſe Oxe-hides that themſelues had ſlaine,
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the reſt obaying,
Fill'd wine and water; ſome, ſtill as they plaid;
And ſome, for ſolemne ſuppers ſtate, puruaid;
With porous ſponges, clenſing tables, ſeru'd
With much rich feaſt; of which to all they keru'd.
God-like *Telemachus*, amongſt them ſat,
Grieu'd much in mind; and in his heart begat
All repreſentment of his abſent Sire;
How (come from far-off parts) his ſpirits would fire
With thoſe proud wooers ſight, with ſlaughter parting
Their bold concourſe; and to himſelfe conuerting
The honors they vſurpt, his owne commanding.
In this diſcourſe, he, firſt, ſaw *Pallas* ſtanding
Vnbidden entrie: vp roſe, and addreſt
His pace right to her; angrie that a gueſt
Should ſtand ſo long at gate: and coming neare,
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her ſpeare;
And thus ſaluted: Grace to your repaire,
(Faire gueſt) your welcome ſhall be likewiſe faire.
Enter, and (chear'd with feaſt) diſcloſe th'intent
That cauſde your coming. This ſaid; firſt he went,

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,
Steepe, and of ſtate; the Iauelin of the Dame,
He ſet againſt a pillar, vaſt and hie,
Amidſt a large and bright-kept Armorie,
Which was, beſides, with woods of Lances grac'd,
Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd
The man-turnd Goddeſſe; vnder which was ſpred
A Carpet, rich, and of deuicefull thred;
A footſtoole ſtaying her feete; and by her chaire,
Another ſeate (all garniſht wondrous faire,
To reſt, or ſleepe on in the day) he ſet
Farre from the preaſe of wooers; leſt at meate
The noiſe they ſtill made, might offend his gueſt,
Diſturbing him at banquet or at reſt,
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.
And theſe he ſet farre from them, much the rather
To queſtion freely of his abſent father.
A Table fairely poliſht then, was ſpread,
On which a reuerend officer ſet bread;
And other ſeruitors, all ſorts of meate,
(Salads, and fleſh, ſuch as their haſte could get)
Seru'd with obſeruance in. And then the Sewre,
Prowr'd water from a great and golden Ewre,
That from their hands, t'a ſiluer Caldron ran;
Both waſht, and ſeated cloſe; the voicefull man
Fetcht cups of gold, and ſet by them; and round
Thoſe cups with wine, with all endeuour crownd.
Then ruſht in the rude wooers; themſelues plac't;
The heralds water gaue; the maids in haſte
Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,
And ſet before them; the bold wooers ſhar'd;
Their Pages plying their cups, paſt the reſt.
But luſtie wooers muſt do more then feaſt;
For now (their hungers and their thirſts allaid)
They call'd for ſongs, and Dances. Thoſe, they ſaid,
Were th'ornaments of feaſt. The herald ſtrait
A Harpe, caru'd full of artificiall ſleight,
Thruſt into *Phemius* (a learnd ſingers) hand,
Who, till he much was vrg'd, on termes did ſtand;
But after, plaid and ſung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas.

Telemachus, to *Pallas* then (apart,
His eare inclining cloſe, that none might heare)
In this ſort ſaid: My Gueſt, exceeding deare,
Will you not fit incenſt, with what I ſay?
Theſe are the cares theſe men take; feaſt and play:
Which eaſly they may vſe, becauſe they eate,
Free, and vnpuniſht, of anothers meate.

And

And of a mans, whoſe white bones waſting lie
In ſome farre region, with th'inceſſancie
Of ſhowres powr'd downe vpon them; lying aſhore;
Or in the ſeas waſht nak'd. Who, if he wore
Thoſe bones with fleſh, and life, and induſtrie;
And theſe, might here in *Ithaca*, ſet eye
On him returnd; they all would wiſh to be,
Either paſt other, in celeritie
Of feete and knees; and not contend t'exceed
In golden garments. But his vertues feed
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me
The leaſt hope of his lifes recouerie;
No not, if any of the mortall race
Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare.
But tell me; and let Truth, your witneſſe beare;
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?
What parents? In what veſſell ſet you forth?
And with what mariners arriu'd you here?
I cannot thinke you a foote paſſenger.
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,
Fit vſage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now firſt that you thus ſee vs here,
Or that in former paſſages you were
My fathers gueſt? For many men haue bene
Gueſts to my father. Studious of men,
His ſociable nature euer was.
On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did paſſe
This kind reply; Ile anſwer paſſing true,
All thou haſt askt: My birth, his honour drew
From wiſe *Anchialus*. The name I beare,
Is *Mentas*, the commanding Ilander
Of all the *Taphians*, ſtudious in the art
Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part
With ſhip and men; of purpoſe to maintaine
Courſe through the darke ſeas, t'other languag'd men.
And *Temeſis* ſuſtaines the cities name,
For which my ſhip is bound; made knowne by fame,
For rich in braſſe; which my occaſions need;
And therefore bring I ſhining ſteele in ſteed,
Which their vſe wants; yet makes my veſſels freight;
That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,
Apart this citie, in the harbor calld
Rethrus, whoſe waues, with *Neius* woods are walld.
Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall gueſts,
At eithers houſe, ſtill interchanging feaſts.
I glorie in it. Aske, when thou ſhalt ſee
Laertes, th'old *Hero*, theſe of mee,

Pallas to Telemachus.

From the beginning. He, men ſay, no more
Viſits the Citie; but will needs deplore
His ſonnes beleeu'd loſſe, in a priuate field;
One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld
Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes
Along a fruitfull plaine, ſet all with vines,
Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he proines.
But now I come to be thy fathers gueſt;
I heare he wanders, while theſe wooers feaſt.
And (as th'Immortals prompt me at this houre)
Ile tell thee, out of a prophetique powre,
(Not as profeſt a Prophet, nor cleare ſeene
At all times, what ſhall after chance to men)
What I conceiue, for this time, will be true:
The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, yet, abides not dead
Aboue earth, nor beneath; nor buried
In any ſeas, (as you did late conceiue)
But, with the broad ſea ſieg'd, is kept aliue
Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,
That in his ſpite, his paſſage home detaine.
Yet long it ſhall not be, before he tred
His countries deare earth; though ſolicited,
And held from his returne, with iron chaines.
For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,
And will, of all, be ſure to make good one,
For his returne, ſo much relide vpon.
But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed
So much [f] a ſonne, as to be ſaid the ſeed
Of *Ithacus* himſelfe? Exceeding much
Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:
For oftentimes we met, as you and I
Meete at this houre; before he did apply
His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,
In hollow ſhips were his aſſociates.
But ſince that time, mine eyes could neuer ſee
Renowmd *Vlyſſes*; nor met his with me.
The wiſe *Telemachus* againe replide:
You ſhall withall I know, be ſatisfide.
My mother, certaine, ſayes I am his ſonne:
I know not; nor was euer ſimply knowne
By any child, the ſure truth of his Sire.
But would my veines had tooke in liuing fire
From ſome man happie, rather then one wiſe,
Whom age might ſee ſeizd, of what youth made priſe.
But he, whoeuer of the mortall race
Is moſt vnbleſt, he holds my fathers place.

[f] τοσσε φατε, Tantus filius. *Pallas thus enforcing her queſtion, to ſtirre vp the ſon the more to the fathers worthineſſe.*

Telemachus to Pallas.

This

This, ſince you aske, I anſwer. She, againe:
The Gods ſure did not make the future ſtraine
Both of thy race and dayes, obſcure to thee,
Since thou wert borne ſo of *Penelope*.
The ſtile may by thy after acts be wonne,
Of ſo great Sire, the high vndoubted ſonne.
Say truth in this then: what's this feaſting here?
What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?
Or elſe ſome friendly banquet made by thee?
For here no ſhots are, where all ſharers be.
Paſt meaſure contumeliouſly, this crew
Fare through thy houſe; which ſhould th'ingenuous view
Of any good or wiſe man come and find,
(Impietie ſeeing playd in euery kind)
He could not but through euery veine be mou'd.
Againe *Telemachus*: My gueſt much lou'd,
Since you demand and ſift theſe ſights ſo farre;
I grant twere fit, a houſe ſo regular,
Rich, and ſo faultleſſe, once in gouernment,
Should ſtill, at all parts, the ſame forme preſent,
That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.
But now the Gods, that vs diſpleaſure beare,
Haue otherwiſe appointed; and diſgrace
My father moſt, of all the mortall race.
For whom I could not mourne ſo, were he dead,
Amongſt his fellow Captaines ſlaughtered
By common enemies; or in the hands
Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;
After he had egregiouſly beſtow'd
His powre and order in a warre ſo vow'd;
And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had done;
That to all ages he might leaue his ſonne
Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.
Obſcure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;
And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.
Nor ſhall I any more mourne him alone;
The Gods haue giuen me other cauſe of mone.
For looke how many Optimates remaine
In *Samos*, or the ſhoares *Dulichian*,
Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare
Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;
So many now, my mother and this houſe,
At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.
And ſhe, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,
Nor will diſpatch their importunities:
Though ſhe beholds them ſpoile ſtill, as they feaſt,
All my free houſe yeelds: and the little reſt

Pallas to Telemachus.

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend
To bring, ere long, to ſome vntimely end.
This *Pallas* ſigh'd, and anſwerd: O (ſaid ſhe)
Abſent *Vlyſſes* is much miſt by thee:
That on theſe ſhameleſſe ſuiters he might lay
His wreakfull hands. Should he now come, and ſtay
In thy Courts firſt gates, armd with helme and ſhield,
And two ſuch darts as I haue ſeene him wield,
When firſt I ſaw him in our *Taphian* Court,
Feaſting, and doing his deſerts diſport;
When from *Ephyrus* he returnd by vs
From *Ilus*, ſonne to *Centaure Mermerus*;
To whom he traueld through the watrie dreads,
For bane to poiſon his ſharpe arrowes heads,
That death, but toucht, cauſde; which he would not giue,
Becauſe he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,
Would plague ſuch death with death; and yet their feare
Was to my fathers boſome not ſo deare
As was thy fathers loue; (for what he ſought,
My louing father found him, to a thought.)
If ſuch as then, *Vlyſſes* might but meete
With theſe proud wooers; all were at his feete
But inſtant dead men; and their nuptials
Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.
But theſe things in the Gods knees are repoſde,
If his returne ſhall ſee with wreake incloſde,
Theſe in his houſe, or he returne no more.
And therefore I aduiſe thee to explore
All waies thy ſelfe, to ſet theſe wooers gone;
To which end giue me fit attention;
To morrow into ſolemne councell call
The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all
(The Gods being witneſſe) what thy pleaſure is:
Command to townes of their natiuities,
Theſe frontleſſe wooers. If thy mothers mind,
Stands to her ſecond nuptials, ſo enclinde;
Returne ſhe to her royall fathers towers,
Where th'one of theſe may wed her, and her dowers
Make rich, and ſuch as may conſort with grace,
So deare a daughter, of ſo great a race.
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well
Wilt heare and follow) take thy beſt built ſaile,
With twentie owers mann'd, and haſte t'enquire
Where the abode is of thy abſent Sire;
If any can informe thee, or thine eare
From *Ioue* the fame of his retreate may heare;
(For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).
To *Pylos* firſt be thy addreſſion then

To god-like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haſte
To gold-lockt *Menelaus*, who was laſt
Of all the braſſe-armd Greekes that ſaild from *Troy*.
And trie from both theſe, if thou canſt enioy
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where,
Though ſad thou ſufferſt in his ſearch, a yeare.
If of his death thou hear'ſt, returne thou home;
And to his memorie erect a tombe:
Performing parent-rites, of feaſt and game,
Pompous, and ſuch as beſt may fit his fame:
And then thy mother a fit husband giue.
Theſe paſt, conſider how thou maiſt depriue
Of worthleſſe life, theſe wooers in thy houſe;
By open force, or proiects enginous.
Things childiſh fit not thee; th'art ſo no more:
Haſt thou not heard, how all men did adore
Diuine *Oreſtes*, after he had ſlaine
Ægiſthus, murthering by a trecherous traine
His famous father? Be then (my moſt lou'd)
Valiant and manly; euery way approu'd
As great as he. I ſee thy perſon fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;
All giuen thee, ſo to vſe and manage here,
That euen paſt death they may their memories beare.
In meane time Ile deſcend to ſhip and men,
That much expect me. Be obſeruant then
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine
In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.
Telemachus replide: You ope (faire Gueſt)
A friends heart, in your ſpeech; as well expreſt,
As might a father ſerue t'informe his ſonne:
All which ſure place haue in my memorie wonne.
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;
That hauing bath'd; and dignifide your ſtay
With ſome more honour; you may yet beſide,
Delight your mind, by being gratifide
With ſome rich Preſent, taken in your way;
That, as a Iewell, your reſpect may lay
Vp in your treaſurie; beſtowd by me,
As free friends vſe to gueſts of ſuch degree.
Detaine me not (ſaid ſhe) ſo much inclinde
To haſte my voyage. What thy loued minde
Commands to giue; at my returne this way,
Beſtow on me; that I directly may
Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)
The more it askes my recompence to thee.
This ſaid, away gray-eyd *Minerua* flew,
Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue

His

His mind with ſtrength and boldneſſe; and much more
Made him, his father long for, then before.
And weighing better who his gueſt might be,
He ſtood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie
Was there deſcended: to whoſe will he fram'd
His powres at all parts; and went, ſo inflam'd
Amongſt the wooers; who were ſilent ſet,
To heare a Poet ſing the ſad retreat
The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence
Proclaimd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.
When which diuine ſong, was perceiu'd to beare
That mournfull ſubiect, by the liſtning eare
Of wiſe *Penelope* (*Icarius* ſeed,
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)
Downe ſhe deſcended by a winding ſtaire;
Not ſolely; but the State, in her repaire,
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene
Of women, ſtoopt ſo low, ſhe might be ſeene
By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe
(Entring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly roofe)
She ſtood, in ſhade of gracefull vailes implide
About her beauties: on her either ſide,
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus
She chid the ſacred Singer: *Phemius*,
You know a number more of theſe great deeds,
Of Gods and men (that are the ſacred ſeeds
And proper ſubiects of a Poets ſong,
And thoſe due pleaſures that to men belong)
Beſides theſe facts that furniſh *Trois* retreate,
Sing one of thoſe to theſe, that round your ſeate
They may with ſilence ſit, and taſte their wine:
But ceaſſe this ſong, that through theſe eares of mine,
Conuey deſeru'd occaſion to my heart
Of endleſſe ſorrowes; of which, the deſert
In me, vnmeaſur'd is, paſt all theſe men;
So endleſſe is the memorie I retaine;
And ſo deſertfull is that memorie
Of ſuch a man, as hath a dignitie
So broad, it ſpreds it ſelfe through all the pride
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide
Inſpir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies
My mother, him that fits g ſocieties
With ſo much harmonie, to let him pleaſe
His owne mind, in his will to honor theſe?
For theſe h ingenuous, and firſt ſort of men,
That do immediatly from *Ioue* retaine

g ἐρίηρας ἑταίρους. Cantor, cuius tam apta eſt ſocietas hominibus.

h ἀνδρῶν, ἀλφηστάων. Ἀλφηστάων is an Epithete proper to Poets for their firſt finding out of Arts and documents tending to elocution and gouernment: inſpired onely by Ioue: and are here called the firſt of men: ſince firſt they gaue rules to manly life: and haue their informatiõ immediatly from Ioue; (as Plato in Ion witneſſeth) The word deduced from ἀλφα, which is taken for him, qui primas teneat aliqua in re: And will ἀλφηστάων then be ſufficiently expreſt with ingenioſis? then which, no expoſition goes further.

Their

Their ſinging raptures; are by *Ioue* as well
Inſpir'd with choice, of what their ſongs impell.
Ioues will is free in it; and therefore theirs;
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires
The Greekes make homeward, ſings: for his freſh Muſe,
Men ſtill moſt celebrate, that ſings moſt newes.
And therefore in his note, your eares employ:
For, not *Vlyſſes* onely loſt in *Troy*
The day of his returne; but numbers more,
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;
Your web, and diſtaffe, and your maids command
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,
And thoſe reprouing counſels you purſue;
And moſt, to me, of all men; ſince I beare
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.
She went amazd away; and in her heart,
Laid vp the wiſedome *Pallas* did impart
To her lou'd ſonne ſo lately; turnd againe
Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne
In manly counſels. To her women, ſhe
Applied her ſway; and to the wooers, he
Began new orders; other ſpirits bewraid
Then thoſe, in ſpite of which, the wooers ſwaid.
And (whiles his mothers teares, ſtill waſht her eies,
Till gray *Minerua* did thoſe teares ſurpriſe
With timely ſleepe; and that her woo'rs did rouſe
Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the ſhadie houſe,
Diſpoſde to ſleepe becauſe their widow was)
Telemachus, this new-giuen ſpirit did paſſe
On their old inſolence: Ho! you that are
My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare
Your petulant ſpirits: ſit; and while ye may
Enioy me in your banquets: ſee ye lay
Theſe loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,
(Becauſe my mother hath diſlikt his ſong)
To grace her interruption: tis a thing
Honeſt, and honourd too, to heare one ſing
Numbers ſo like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flowes in. By the mornes [i]firſt light,
Ile call ye all before me, in a Court,
That I may cleerly baniſh your reſort
With all your rudeneſſe, from theſe roofes of mine.
Away; and elſewhere in your feaſts combine:
Conſume your owne goods, and make mutuall feaſt
At eithers houſe. Or if ye ſtill hold beſt,
And for your humors more ſuffiſed fill,
To feed, to ſpoile (becauſe vnpuniſht ſtill)

Telemachus in new termes with the wooers.

[i] ἠῶθεν, prima luce.

On other findings: ſpoile; but here I call
Th'eternall Gods to witneſſe, if it fall
In my wiſht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,
(By *Ioues* high bountie) theſe your preſent checks,
To what I giue in charge, ſhall adde more reines
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines
Ye then muſt ſuffer, ſhall paſſe all your pride,
Euer to ſee redreſt, or qualifide.
At this, all bit their lips; and did admire
His words ſent from him, with ſuch phraſe, and fire:
Which ſo much mou'd them; that *Antinous*
(*Eupytheus* ſonne) cried out: *Telemachus*!
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height
Of elocution; and this great conceit
Of ſelfe-abilitie. We all may pray,
That *Ioue* inueſt not in this kingdomes ſway,
Thy forward forces; which I ſee put forth
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.
Be not offended, (he replide) if I
Shall ſay, I would aſſume this emperie,
If *Ioue* gaue leaue. You are not he that ſings,
The rule of kingdomes is the worſt of things.
Nor is it ill, at all, to ſway a throne:
A man may quickly gaine poſſeſſion
Of mightie riches; make a wondrous priſe
Set of his vertues; but the dignities
That decke a King, there are enough beſide
In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,
And old as you are. An aſcent ſo hie,
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held
Deſert of vertue to haue ſo exceld.
But of theſe turrets, I will take on me
To be the abſolute King; and reigne as free
As did my father, ouer all, his hand
Left here, in this houſe, ſlaues to my command.
Eurymachus, the ſonne of *Polybus*,
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus*!
The Girlond of this kingdome, let the knees
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,
This houſe is ſeaſd of, and the turrets here,
Thou ſhalt be Lord of; nor ſhall any beare
The leaſt part of, of all thou doeſt poſſeſſe,
As long as this land is no wilderneſſe,
Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But giue theſe their paſſe,
And tell me (beſt of Princes) who he was

Vpon this anſwer of Telemachus, becauſe it hath ſo ſodain a change; and is ſo farre let down, frõ his late height of heate, altering & tempering ſo cõmandingly, his affections, I thought not amiſſe to inſert here Spondanus further Annotation, which is this: Prudenter Telemachus ioco, furorem Antinoi ac aſperitatẽ emollijt. Nam ita dictũ illius interpretatur vt exiſtimetur cenſere ioco ſe illa etiam ab Antinoo aduerſum ſe pronunciata. Et primum ironicè ſe Regem eſſe exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges ſolent comitari. Ne tamen inuidiam in ſe ambitionis concitet, teſtatur ſe regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Vlyſſe, cum id alij poſſidere queant ſe longe præſtantiores ac digniores: hoc vnum ait ſe moliri, vt propriarum ædium & bonorum ſolus ſit dominus, ijs excluſis ac electis, qui vi illa occupare ac diſperdere conantur.

That

That gueſted here ſo late? from whence? and what
In any region boſted he his ſtate?
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?
How ſodainly he ruſht into the aire?
Nor would ſuſtaine to ſtay, and make him knowne?
His Port ſhewd no debaucht companion.
He anſwerd: The returne of my lou'd Sire,
Is paſt all hope; and ſhould rude Fame inſpire
From any place, a flattring meſſenger,
With newes of his ſuruiuall; he ſhould beare
No leaſt beliefe off, from my deſperate loue.
Which if a ſacred Prophet ſhould approue,
(Calld by my mother for her cares vnreſt)
It ſhould not moue me. For my late faire gueſt,
He was of old my Fathers: touching here
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare
Mentas; the ſonne of wiſe *Anchialus*;
And gouernes all the *Taphians*, ſtudious
Of Nauigation. This he ſaid: but knew
It was a Goddeſſe. Theſe againe withdrew
To dances, and attraction of the ſong.
And while their pleaſures did the time prolong,
The ſable Euen deſcended; and did ſteepe
The lids of all men in deſire of ſleepe.
Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
Of his illuſtrous Court; and to the eie
Of circular proſpect; to his bed aſcended;
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.
Before him, *Euryclea* (that well knew
All the obſeruance of a handmaids due,
Daughter to *Opis Pyſenorides*)
Bore two bright torches. Who did ſo much pleaſe
Laërtes in her prime; that for the price
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.
Yet neuer durſt he mixe with her in bed;
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*
Two torches bore; and was obſequious,
Paſt all his other maids; and did apply
Her ſeruice to him, from his infancie.
His wel-built chamber, reacht; ſhe op't the dore;
He, on his bed ſat. The ſoft weeds he wore,
Put off; and to the diligent old maid
Gaue all; who fitly all in thicke folds laid,

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;
That round about was rich embrodered.
Then made ſhe haſte forth from him; and did bring
The doore together with a ſiluer ring;
And by a ſtring, a barre to it did pull.
He, laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,
Wouen in ſilke quilts: all night emploid his minde
About the taske that *Pallas* had deſign'd.

Finis libri primi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus *to Court doth call*
The wooers; and commands them all
To leaue his houſe: and, taking then
From wiſe Minerua, *ſhip and men;*
And all things fit for him beſide,
That Euryclæa *could prouide*
For ſea-rites, till he found his Sire;
He hoiſts ſaile, when heauen ſtoopes his fire.

Another.

Bila. *The old Mauds ſtore*
The voyage cheres;
The ſhip leaues ſhore,
Minerua *ſteres.*

NOw when with roſie fingers, th'early borne,
And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the morne;
Vlyſſes lou'd ſonne from his bed appeard;
His weeds put on; and did about him gird
His ſword, that thwart his ſhoulders hung; and tied
To his faire feete, faire ſhooes; and all parts plied
For ſpeedie readineſſe; who when he trod
The open earth, to men, ſhewd like a God.
The Heralds then, he ſtrait charg'd to conſort
The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.
They ſummon'd; th'other came, in vtmoſt haſte;
Who, all aſſembld, and in one heape plac't;
He likewſe came to councell; and did beare
In his faire hand, his iron-headed ſpeare:
Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;
But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.
Pallas ſupplied with her high wiſedomes grace,
(That all mens wants ſupplies) *States* painted face.
His entring preſence, all men did admire;
Who tooke ſeate in the high throne of his Sire;
To which the graue Peeres gaue him reuerend way.
Amongſt whom, an Ægyptian *Heroe*,
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
The ſpeech to all. Who had a loued ſonne,
That with diuine *Vlyſſes* did aſcend
His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to ſerue which end,

The Greekes called to councell by Telemachus.

He kept faire horſe, and was a man at Armes;
And in the cruell *Cyclops* ſterne alarmes,
His life loſt by him, in his hollow caue;
Whoſe entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;
And made of him (of all *Vlyſſes* traine)
His lateſt ſupper, being lateſt ſlaine.
His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,
This crooked growne; this wiſe Ægyptian,
Had three ſonnes more; of which, one riotous,
A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;
The other two, tooke both, his owne wiſht courſe.
Yet, both the beſt fates, weighd not downe the worſe;
But left the old man mindfull ſtill of mone;
Who, weeping, thus beſpake the Seſſion:
Heare, *Ithacenſians*, all I fitly ſay;
Since our diuine *Vlyſſes* parting day
Neuer was councell calld, nor ſeſſion;
And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?
Whom did Neceſſitie ſo much compell,
Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell
Of any coming armie; that he thus now
May openly take boldneſſe to auow?
Firſt hauing heard it. Or will any here
Some motion for the publicke good preferre?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, me thinkes, it muſt be ſome good mans hand
That's put to it: that either hath direct
Meanes to aſſiſt; or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happie in the proofe he makes;
And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.
Telemachus (reioycing much to heare
The good hope, and opinion men did beare
Of his yong actions) no longer ſat;
But longd t'approue, what this man pointed at;
And make his firſt proofe, in a cauſe ſo good:
Telemachus propoſeth his eſtate to the Greekes. And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he ſtood;
When ſtrait, *Pyſenor* (Herald to his Sire,
And learnd in counſels) felt his heart on fire,
To heare him ſpeake; and put into his hand
The Scepter that his Father did command;
Then (to the old Ægyptian turnd) he ſpoke:
Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke
To call this councell; whom you ſoone ſhall know.
My ſelfe, whoſe wrongs, my griefes will make me ſhow,
Am he that author'd this aſſembly here;
Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;
Of which, being firſt told, I might iterate;
Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;

Onely

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
That in my houſe a double ill endure;
One, hauing loſt a Father ſo renownd,
Whoſe kind rule once, with your command was crownd:
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weightie loſſe, the ruine imminent
Of all my houſe by it, my goods all ſpent.
And of all this, the wooers, that are ſonnes
To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confuſions:
Importuning my Mothers mariage
Againſt her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage
Go to *Icarius*, her fathers Court,
That, his will askt, in kind and comely ſort,
He may endow his daughter with a dowre;
And, ſhe conſenting, at his pleaſures powre,
Diſpoſe her to a man, that (thus behau'd)
May haue fit grace; and ſee her honor ſau'd;
But theſe, in none but my houſe, all their liues
Reſolue to ſpend; ſlaughtring my ſheepe and beeues;
And with my fatteſt goates, lay feaſt on feaſt;
My generous wine, conſuming as they liſt.
A world of things they ſpoile; here wanting one,
That like *Vlyſſes*, quickly, could ſet gone
Theſe peace-plagues from his houſe, that ſpoile like warre.
Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge ſo farre,
My ſelfe immartiall. But had I the powre,
My will ſhould ſerue me, to exempt this houre
From out my life time. For paſt patience,
Baſe deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honor. Falling is my houſe,
Which you ſhould ſhame to ſee ſo ruinous.
Reuerence the cenſures, that all good men giue,
That dwell about you; and for feare to liue
Expoſde to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay
Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray
Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to reſtraine
Or gather Councels; that ye will abſtaine
From further ſpoile; and let me onely waſte
In that moſt wretched griefe I haue embrac't
For my loſt Father. And though I am free
From meriting your outrage; yet, if he
(Good man) hath euer, with a hoſtile heart
Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert
Your like hoſtilitie; and vengeance take
Of his ill, on my life; and all theſe, make
Ioyne in that iuſtice; but to ſee abuſde
Thoſe goods that do none ill, but being ill vſde,
Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

My whole poſſeſſions, and my rents to ſee
Conſum'd by you; then loſe my life and all;
For on your rapine a reuenge may fall,
While I liue; and ſo long I may complaine
About the Cities; till my goods againe
(Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.
But in the meane ſpace, your miſ-rule hath laid
Griefes on my boſome, that can onely ſpeake,
And are denied the inſtant powre of wreake.
This ſaid; his Scepter gainſt the ground he threw,
And teares ſtill'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:
The Court ſtrooke ſilent; not a man did dare
To giue a word, that might offend his eare.
Antinous onely, in this ſort replied:
Antinous to Telemachus. High-ſpoken, and of ſpirit vnpacified;
How haue you ſham'd vs, in this ſpeech of yours?
Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?
Your mother (firſt in craft) is firſt in cauſe.
Three yeares are paſt, and neare, the fourth now drawes,
Since firſt ſhe mocked the Peeres *Achaian.*
All, ſhe made hope, and promiſt euery man:
Sent for vs euer; left loues ſhew in nought;
But in her heart, conceald another thought.
Beſides, (as curious in her craft) her loome
She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome;
The wile of Penelope to her wooers. And thus beſpake vs: Youths that ſeeke my bed;
Since my diuine Spouſe reſts among the dead,
Hold on your ſuites, but till I end, at moſt
This funerall weed; leſt what is done, be loſt.
Beſides, I purpoſe, that when th'auſtere fate
Of bitter death, ſhall take into his ſtate,
Laertes the *Heroe*; it ſhall decke
His royall corſe; ſince I ſhould ſuffer checke
In ill report, of euery common dame,
If one ſo rich, ſhould ſhew in death his ſhame.
This ſpeech ſhe vſde; and this did ſoone perſwade
Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke ſhe made
Telam Penelopes retexens, Prouerbium. So hugely long; vndoing ſtill in night
(By torches) all, ſhe did by dayes broade light;
That three yeares her deceit, diu'd paſt our view;
And made vs thinke, that all ſhe faind, was true.
But when the fourth yeare came; and thoſe ſlie houres,
That ſtill ſurpriſe at length, Dames craftieſt powres;
One of her women, that knew all, diſcloſde
The ſecret to vs; that ſhe ſtill vnloſde
Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.
And then, no further ſhe could force her ſleight,
But, of neceſſitie, her worke gaue end.

And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,
Profeſſing loue to her, reply to thee;
That euen thy ſelfe, and all Greeks elſe may ſee,
That we offend not in our ſtay, but ſhee.
To free thy houſe then, ſend her to her Sire;
Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one ſettl'd will.
Nor let her vexe with her illuſions ſtill,
Her friends that woo her; ſtanding on her wit;
Becauſe wiſe *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,
So full of Art; and made her vnderſtand
All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.
But (for her working mind) we reade of none
Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath ſhowne
Her rareſt peeces, that could equall her:
Tyro, *Alcmena*, and *Mycena* were
To hold compariſon in no degree
(For ſolide braine) with wiſe *Penelope*.
And yet in her delayes of vs, ſhe ſhowes
No profits skill, with all the wit ſhe owes;
For all this time, thy goods and victuals go
To vtter ruine; and ſhall euer ſo
While thus the Gods, her glorious mind diſpoſe.
Glorie, her ſelfe may gaine; but thou ſhalt loſe
Thy longings euen for neceſſary food;
For we will neuer go, where lies our good;
Nor any other where; till this delay
She puts on all, ſhe quits with th'endleſſe ſtay
Of ſome one of vs; that to all the reſt
May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feaſt.

The wiſe yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!
I may by no meanes turne out of my houſe,
Her that hath brought me forth, and nouriſht me.
Beſides: if quicke or dead my Father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt.
And twill go hard, (my meanes being ſo runne out)
To tender to *Icarius* againe
(If he againe, my mother muſt maintaine
In her retreate) the dowre ſhe brought with her.
And then, a double ill it will conferre,
Both from my Father, and from God, on me;
When (thruſt out of her houſe) on her bent knee,
My Mother ſhall the horrid Furies raiſe
With imprecations: and all men diſpraiſe
My part in her expoſure. Neuer then
Will I performe this counſell. If your ſplene
Swell at my courſes; once more I command
Your abſence from my houſe. Some others hand

Telemachus to Antinous.

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;
And either other mutually intreate,
At either of your houſes, with your feaſt.
But if ye ſtill eſteeme more ſweete and beſt,
The word is ἀεικέϊ: ἀεικὲα *ſignifying*, inſatiabili quadam edacitate voro.
Anothers ſpoile; ſo you ſtill wreakleſſe liue:
Gnaw (vermine-like) things ſacred: no lawes giue
To your deuouring; it remaines that I
Inuoke each euer-liuing Deitie;
And vow if *Ioue* ſhall daigne in any date,
Powre of like paines, for pleaſures ſo paſt rate;
From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reueld ſo,
Vnwreakt, your ruines, all ſhall vndergo.
Thus ſpake *Telemachus*, t'aſſure whoſe threat,
Augurium.
Farre-ſeeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions ſet
Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;
That, mounted on the winds, together ſtill
Their ſtrokes extended. But arriuing now
Amidſt the Councell; ouer euery brow,
Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)
Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.
Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,
Aboue both Court and Citie: with whoſe view
And ſtudie what euents they might foretell,
The Councell into admiration fell.
The old *Heroe*, *Halitherſes* then,
Halitherſes an Augur.
The ſonne of *Neſtor*; that of all old men
(His Peeres in that Court) onely could foreſee
By flight of fowles, mans fixed deſtinie;
Twixt them and their amaze, this interpoſde:
Heare (*Ithacenſians*) all your doubts diſcloſde;
The wooers moſt are toucht in this oſtent,
To whom are dangers great and imminent.
For now, not long more ſhall *Vlyſſes* beare
Lacke of his moſt lou'd; but fils ſome place neare,
Addreſſing to theſe wooers, Fate and Death.
And many more, this miſchiefe menaceth
Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.
Let vs conſult yet, in this long forewhile,
How to our ſelues we may preuent this ill.
Let theſe men reſt ſecure, and reuell ſtill:
Though they might find it ſafer, if with vs
They would in time preuent what threats them thus:
Since not without ſure triall, I foretell
Theſe coming ſtormes; but know their iſſue well.
For to *Vlyſſes*, all things haue euent,
As I foretold him; when for *Ilion* went
The whole Greeke fleete together; and with them,
Th'abundant in all counſels, tooke the ſtreame.

I told

I told him, that when much ill he had paſt,
And all his men were loſt; he ſhould at laſt,
The twentith yeare turne home; to all vnknowne;
All which effects are to perfection growne.
Eurymachus, the ſonne of *Polybus*,
Oppoſde this mans preſage, and anſwerd thus:
Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophecie at home;
Thy children teach to ſhun their ils to come.
In theſe, ſuperiour farre to thee, am I.
A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie,
That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.
Beſides, *Vlyſſes* periſht long ago,
And would thy fates to thee had deſtin'd ſo;
Since ſo, thy ſo much prophecie had ſpar'd
Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward
Expected, home with thee, hath ſummon'd vs
Within the anger of *Telemachus*.
But this will I preſage, which ſhall be true,
If any ſparke of anger, chance t'enſue
Thy much old art, in theſe deepe Auguries,
In this yong man incenſed by thy lies;
Euen to himſelfe, his anger ſhall conferre
The greater anguiſh; and thine owne ends erre
From all their obiects: and beſides, thine age
Shall feele a paine, to make thee curſe preſage,
With worthy cauſe, for it ſhall touch thee neare.
But I will ſoone giue end to all our feare,
Preuenting whatſoeuer chance can fall,
In my ſuite to the yong Prince, for vs all
To ſend his mother to her fathers houſe,
That he may ſort her out a worthy ſpouſe;
And ſuch a dowre beſtow, as may befit
One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.
Before which courſe be, I beleeue that none
Of all the Greekes will ceaſe th'ambition
Of ſuch a match. For, chance what can to vs,
We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,
Though ne're ſo greatly ſpoken. Nor care we
For any threats of auſtere prophecie
Which thou (old dotard) vantſt of ſo in vaine.
And thus ſhalt thou in much more hate remaine;
For ſtill the Gods ſhall beare their ill expence;
Nor euer be diſpoſde by competence,
Till with her nuptials, ſhe diſmiſſe our ſuites.
Our whole liues dayes ſhall ſow hopes for ſuch fruites.
Her vertues we contend to; nor will go
To any other, be ſhe neuer ſo
Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

Eurymachus excepts againſt the prophecie.

Telemachus to the wooers.

He anſwerd him: *Eurymachus*! and all
Ye generous wooers, now, in generall;
I ſee your braue reſolues; and will no more
Make ſpeech of theſe points; and much leſſe, implore.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods beſides, iuſt witneſſe beare,
What friendly premonitions haue bene ſpent
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile
To fit me with a veſſell, free of ſaile;
And twentie men; that may diuide to me
My readie paſſage through the yeelding ſea.
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon Pylos* ſhore
I now am bound; in purpoſe to explore
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame
(Or *Ioue*, moſt author of mans honourd name)
With his returne and life, may glad mine eare;
Though toild in that proofe, I ſuſtaine a yeare.
If dead, I heare him, nor of more ſtate; here
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will rere
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his ſtate.
And then, my mother to a Spouſe diſpoſe.

Mentor for Telemachus.

This ſaid, he ſat; and to the reſt, aroſe
Mentor, that was *Vlyſſes* choſen friend;
To whom, when he ſet forth, he did commend
His compleate family; and whom he willd
To ſee the mind of his old Sire fulfild;
All things conſeruing ſafe, till his retreate;
Who (tender of his charge; and ſeeing ſo ſet
In ſleight care of their King, his ſubiects there;
Suffering his ſonne, ſo much contempt to beare)
Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:
No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,
Beneuolent, or milde, or humane be;
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,
But euer feed on blood; and facts vniuſt
Commit, euen to the full ſwinge of his luſt;
Since of diuine *Vlyſſes*, no man now
Of all his ſubiects, any thought doth ſhow.
All whom, he gouernd; and became to them
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)
A moſt indulgent father. But (for all
That can touch me) within no enuie fall
Theſe inſolent wooers; that in violent kind,
Commit things foule, by th'ill wit of the mind;
And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure
Vlyſſes houſe; ſince his returning houre,

They

They hold paſt hope. But it affects me much,
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch
Your free States nothing; who (ſtrooke dumbe) afford
Theſe wooers, not ſo much wreake as a word;
Though few, and you, with onely number might
Extinguiſh to them the prophaned light.
Euenors ſonne (*Liocritus*) replide; *Liocritus to Mentor.*
Mentor! the railer, made a foole with pride;
What language giu'ſt thou? that would quiet vs,
With putting vs in ſtorme? exciting thus
The rout againſt vs? who, though more then we,
Should find it is no eaſie victorie
To driue men, habited in feaſt, from feaſts;
No not if *Ithacus* himſelfe, ſuch gueſts
Should come and find ſo furniſhing his Court,
And hope to force them from ſo ſweete a fort.
His wife ſhould little ioy in his arriue,
Though much ſhe wants him: for, where ſhe, aliue
Would hers enioy; there Death ſhould claime his rights:
He muſt be conquerd, that with many fights.
Thou ſpeakſt vnfit things. To their labours then,
Diſperſe theſe people; and let theſe two men
(*Mentor* and *Halitherſes*) that ſo boaſt,
From the beginning to haue gouernd moſt
In friendſhip of the Father; to the ſonne
Confirme the courſe, he now affects to runne.
But my mind ſayes, that if he would but vſe
A little patience; he ſhould here heare newes
Of all things that his wiſh would vnderſtand;
But no good hope for, of the courſe in hand.
This ſaid; the Councell roſe; when euery Peere
And all the people, in diſperſion were
To houſes of their owne; the wooers yet
Made to *Vlyſſes* houſe their old retreat.
Telemachus, apart from all the preaſe,
Prepar'd to ſhore; and (in the aged ſeas,
His faire hands waſht) did thus to *Pallas* pray: } *Telemachus prayes to Pallas.*
Heare me (O Goddeſſe) that but yeſterday }
Didſt daigne acceſſe to me at home; and lay }
Graue charge on me, to take ſhip, and enquire
Along the darke ſeas for mine abſent Sire;
Which all the Greekes oppoſe; amongſt whom, moſt
Thoſe that are proud ſtill at anothers coſt,
Paſt meaſure, and the ciuill rights of men,
(My mothers wooers) my repulſe maintaine.
Thus ſpake he praying; when cloſe to him came
Pallas, reſembling *Mentor*, both in frame
Of voice and perſon; and aduiſde him thus:

Minerua in the person of Mentor, exhorts to the voyage.

Thoſe wooers well might know; *Telemachus*!
Thou wilt not euer weake and childiſh be;
If to thee be inſtilld the facultie
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.
And if (like him) there be in thee enchac't
Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;
This voyage, that to them thou didſt commend
Shall not ſo quickly, as they idly weene,
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their oppoſite ſpleene.
But if *Vlyſſes*, nor *Penelope*
Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both ſides ſtand,
Are like their parents; many that are worſe;
And moſt few, better. Thoſe then that the nurſe,
Or mother call true borne; yet are not ſo;
Like worthy Sires, much leſſe are like to grow.
But thou ſhewſt now, that in thee fades not quite
Thy Fathers wiſedome; and that future light
Shall therefore ſhew thee farre from being vnwiſe,
Or toucht with ſtaine of baſtard cowardize.
Hope therefore ſayes, that thou wilt to the end
Purſue the braue act, thou didſt erſt intend.
But for the fooliſh wooers, they bewray
They neither counſell haue, nor ſoule; ſince they
Are neither wiſe nor iuſt; and ſo muſt needs
Reſt ignorant, how blacke aboue their heads
Fate houers, holding Death; that one ſole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee; the way thou wiſheſt, ſhall no more
Flie thee a ſtep; I that haue bene before
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewiſe now will be;
Prouide thy ſhip my ſelfe, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and ſooth each wooers vaine;
But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;
Wine, in as ſtrong and ſweete casks as you can;
And meale, the very marrow of a man;
Which put in good ſure lether ſacks; and ſee
That with ſweete foode, ſweete veſſels ſtill agree.
I, from the people, ſtraite will preſſe for you
Free voluntaries; and (for ſhips) enow
Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* containes, both new
And old built; all which, Ile exactly view,
And chuſe what one ſoeuer moſt doth pleaſe;
Which riggd, wee'l ſtrait lanch, and aſſay the ſeas.
This ſpake *Ioues* daughter, *Pallas*; whoſe voice heard;
No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;
But haſted home; and, ſad at heart, did ſee

Amidſt

Amidſt his Hall, th'inſulting wooers flea
Goates, and roſt ſwine. Mongſt whom, *Antinous*
Careleſſe, (diſcouering in *Telemachus*
His grudge to ſee them) laught; met; tooke his hand,
And ſaid; High ſpoken! with the mind ſo mannd;
Come, do as we do; put not vp your ſpirits
With theſe low trifles; nor our louing merits,
In gall of any hatefull purpoſe, ſleepe;
But eate egregiouſly, and drinke as deepe.
The things thou thinkſt on, all, at full ſhall be
By th'*Achiues* thought on, and performd to thee:
Ship, and choiſe Oares, that in a trice will land
Thy haſtie Fleete, on heau'nly *Pylos* ſand;
And at the fame of thy illuſtrous Sire.
Antinous to Telemachus.

He anſwerd: Men whom Pride doth ſo inſpire,
Are no fit conſorts for an humble gueſt;
Nor are conſtraind men, merrie at their feaſt.
Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue
Op't in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?
And while I was a child, made me partake?
My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:
And (hearing ſpeake, more iudging men then you)
Perceiue how much I was miſgouernd now.
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home
An ill Fate to conſort you; if it come
From *Pylos*, or amongſt the people, here.
But thither I reſolue; and know that there
I ſhall not touch in vaine. Nor will I ſtay,
Though in a merchants ſhip I ſtere my way:
Which ſhewes in your ſights beſt; ſince me ye know
Incapable of ſhip, or men to row.
Telemachus answers.

This ſaid; his hand he coily ſnatcht away
From forth *Antinous* hand. The reſt, the day
Spent through the houſe with banquets; ſome with ieſts,
And ſome with railings, dignifying their feaſts.
To whom, a ieſt-proud youth, the wit began:
Telemachus will kill vs euery man.
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* ſand,
He will raiſe aides to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it ſtrangely! Or he meanes
To ſearch *Ephyras* fat ſhores; and from thence
Bring deathfull poiſons; which amongſt our boules
Will make a generall ſhipwracke of our ſoules.
The wit of the wooers vpon the purpoſe of Telemachus to ſeeke his Father.

Another ſaid: Alas who knowes, but he
Once gone; and erring like his Sire at ſea,
May periſh like him, farre from aide of friends?
And ſo he makes vs worke; for all the ends
Left of his goods here, we ſhall ſhare; the houſe

Left to his mother, and her choſen Spouſe.
Thus they. While he a roome aſcended, hie
And large, built by his Father; where did lie
Gold and braſſe heapt vp; and in coffers were
Rich robes; great ſtore of odorous oiles; and there
Stood Tuns of ſweete old wines, along the wall;
Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall
Vlyſſes old heart, if he turnd againe
From labors fatall to him to ſuſtaine.
The doores of Planke were; their cloſe exquiſite,
Kept with a double key; and day and night
A woman lockt within; and that was ſhe,
Who all truſt had for her ſufficiencie.
Old *Euryclea*, (one of *Opis* race,
Sonne to *Piſenor*, and in paſſing grace
With gray *Minerua*:) her, the Prince did call;
Telemachus to Euryclea. And ſaid, Nurſe! draw me the moſt ſweete of all
The wine thou keepſt; next that, which for my Sire,
Thy care reſerues, in hope he ſhall retire.
Twelue veſſels fill me forth, and ſtop them well.
Then into well-ſewd ſacks, of fine ground meale,
Powre twentie meaſures. Nor to any one
But thou thy ſelfe, let this deſigne be knowne.
All this ſee got together; I, it all
In night will fetch off, when my mother ſhall
Aſcend her high roome, and for ſleepe prepare.
Sparta and *Pylos*, I muſt ſee, in care
To find my Father. Out *Euryclea* cried,
Euryclea's answer. And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied
(Deare ſonne) to this courſe? whither will you go?
So farre off leaue vs? and beloued ſo?
So onely? and the ſole hope of your race?
Royall *Vlyſſes*, farre from the embrace
Of his kind countrie; in a land vnknowne
Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)
The wooers will with ſome deceit aſſay
To your deſtruction; making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your owne y'are ſtrong,
Make ſure abode. It fits not you ſo yong,
To ſuffer ſo much by the aged ſeas,
And erre in ſuch a wayleſſe wilderneſſe.
Telemachus comforts Euryclea. Be chear'd (lou'd nurſe, ſaid he) for not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Sweare therefore, not to wound my mothers eares
With word of this; before from heauen appeares
Th'eleuenth or twelfth light; or her ſelfe ſhall pleaſe
To aske of me; or heares me put to ſeas;
Leſt her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

To this, the great oath of the Gods, ſhe ſwore;
Which, hauing ſworne; and of it, euery due
Performd to full: to veſſels, wine ſhe drew;
And into well-ſewd ſacks powr'd foodie meale;
In meane time he (with cunning to conceale
All thought of this from others) himſelfe bore
In broade houſe, with the wooers, as before.
Then grey-eyd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;
And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;
Commanding all his men, in th'euen to be
Aboord his ſhip. Againe then queſtion'd ſhe
Normon (fam'd for aged *Phronius* ſonne)
About his ſhip; who, all things to be done,
Aſſur'd her freely ſhould. The Sunne then ſet,
And ſable ſhadowes ſlid through euery ſtreete,
When forth they lancht; and ſoone aboord did bring
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing,
That fits a well-riggd ſhip. The Goddeſſe then
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,
Whoſe euery breaſt, ſhe did with ſpirit enflame.
Yet ſtill freſh proiects, laid the grey-eyd Dame.

The care of Minerua for Telemachus.

Strait, to the houſe ſhe haſted; and ſweete ſleepe
Powr'd on each wooer; which ſo laid in ſteepe
Their drowſie temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode
(The cup) let fall. All ſtart vp, and to bed;
Nor more would watch, when ſleepe ſo ſurfeted
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call
Telemachus, (in bodie, voice, and all
Reſembling *Mentor*) from his natiue neſt:
And ſaid, that all his arm'd men were addreſt
To vſe their Oares; and all expected now
He ſhould the ſpirit of a ſouldier ſhow.
Come then (ſaid ſhe) no more let vs deferre
Our honor'd action. Then ſhe tooke on her
A rauiſht ſpirit, and led as ſhe did leape;
And he her moſt haſte, tooke out, ſtep by ſtep.
Arriu'd at ſea, and ſhip; they found aſhore
The ſouldiers, that their faſhiond long haire wore;
To whom, the Prince ſaid: Come, my friends; let's bring
Our voyages prouiſion: euery thing
Is heapt together in our Court; and none
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one
Knowes our intention. This expreſt; he led;
The ſouldiers cloſe together followed;
And all together brought aboord their ſtore.
Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* ſtill before

Telemachus to his ſouldiers.

Sat at the Sterne: he cloſe to her; the men
Vp, haſted after. He, and *Pallas* then,
Put from the ſhore. His ſouldiers then he bad
See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.
Nauigatur. A beechen Maſt then, in the hollow baſe
They put, and hoiſted; fixt it in his place
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halſers hoiſe
Their white ſailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.
κυμα πορφυρεον. The purple waues (ſo ſwift cut) roar'd againe
Againſt the ſhip ſides, that now ranne, and plowd
The rugged ſeas vp. Then the men beſtowd
Their Armes about the ſhip; and ſacrifice
With crownd wine cups, to th'endleſſe Deities,
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,
They moſt obſeru'd the grey-eyd ſeed of *Ioue*:
Who from the euening, till the morning roſe,
And all day long, their voyage did diſpoſe.

Finis libri ſecundi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus, *and heau'ns * wiſe Dame,* * Pallas.
That neuer huſband had, now came
To Neſtor; *who, his either gueſt*
Receiu'd at the religious feaſt
He made to Neptune, *on his ſhore.*
And there told what was done before
The Troian turrets; and the ſtate
Of all the Greekes, ſince Ilions *fate.*
*This booke, theſe * three of greateſt place,* * Vid. Minerua, Neſtor & Telemachus.
Doth ſerue with many a varied grace.
(Which paſt); Minerua *takes her leaue.*
Whoſe ſtate, when Neſtor *doth perceiue;*
With ſacrifice he makes it knowne,
Where many a pleaſing rite is ſhowne.
Which done, Telemachus *had gaind*
A chariot of him; who ordaind
Piſiſtratus, *his ſonne, his guide*
To Sparta; *and when ſtarrie eyd*
The ample heau'n began to be;
All houſe-rites to affoord them free
(*In* Pheris) Diocles *did pleaſe;*
His ſirname Ortilochides.

Another.

Γαμμα. Vlyſſes *ſonne*
With Neſtor *lies;*
To Sparta *gone,*
Thence Pallas *flies.*

THe Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,
To ſhine as well vpon the mortall birth,
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.
And now to *Pylos*, that ſo garniſheth
Her ſelfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,
The Prince and Goddeſſe come; had ſtrange ſights ſhowne;
For on the Marine ſhore, the people there
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;
Beeues that were wholy blacke, gaue holy flame.
Nine ſeates of State they made to his high name;

And euery Seate ſet with fiue hundred men;
And each fiue hundred, was to furniſh then
With nine blacke Oxen, euery ſacred Seate.
Theſe, of the entrailes onely, pleaſd to eate;
And to the God enflam'd the fleſhie thies.
By this time *Pallas*, with the ſparkling eies,
And he ſhe led, within the hauen bore:
Minerua to Telemachus. Strooke ſaile, caſt anchor, and trod both the ſhore.
She firſt; he after. Then ſaid *Pallas*: Now
No more befits thee the leaſt baſhfull brow;
Tembolden which, this act is put on thee
To ſeeke thy Father, both at ſhore, and ſea:
And learne in what Clime, he abides ſo cloſe;
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repoſe.
Come then; go right to *Neſtor*; let vs ſee,
If in his boſome any counſell be,
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace
The common courtſhip; and to ſpeake in grace
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth
For ſuch preuention; for he loues no lies;
Nor will report them, being truly wiſe.
Telemachus to Minerua. He anſwerd: *Mentor*! how alas ſhall I
Preſent my ſelfe? how greete his grauitie?
My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords,
That can digeſt my minds inſtinct, in words
Wiſe, and beſeeming th'eares of one ſo ſage.
Youth of moſt hope, bluſh to vſe words with Age.
She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit impreſſe,
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.
This ſaid, ſhe ſwiftly went before, and he
Her ſteps made guides, and followd inſtantly.
When ſoone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and ſeates,
Where *Neſtor* with his ſonnes ſate; and the meates
That for the feaſt ſeru'd; round about them were
Adherents dreſſing all their ſacred cheare,
Being roſt and boyld meates. When the *Pylians* ſaw
Theſe ſtrangers come: in thruſt did all men draw
They are receiued as gueſts. About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid
They both would ſit. Their entrie firſt aſſaid
By *Neſtors* ſonne, *Piſiſtratus*. In grace
Of whoſe repaire, he gaue them honor'd place
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Thraſimed*,
Who ſate at feaſt, on ſoft Fels that were ſpred
Along the ſea ſands. Keru'd, and reacht to them
Parts of the inwards; and did make a ſtreame

Of ſpritely wine, into a golden boule;
Which to *Minerua*, with a gentle ſoule
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire gueſt,
Inuoke the Seas King; of whoſe ſacred feaſt,
Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:
When (ſacrificing, as becomes) beſtow
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he
May likewiſe vſe theſe rites of pietie:
For I ſuppoſe, his youth doth prayers vſe,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuſe
Firſt in this cups diſpoſure; ſince his yeares
Seeme ſhort of yours; who more like me appeares.
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleaſant wine;
And ſince a wiſe and iuſt man did deſigne
The golden boule firſt to her free receit;
Euen to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.
Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whoſe vaſt embrace*
Enſpheres the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy grace
To vs that aske it, in performing this:
To Neſtor firſt, and theſe faire ſonnes of his,
Vouchſafe all honor: and next them, beſtow
On all theſe Pylians, that haue offerd now
This moſt renowmed Hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free;
And laſtly daigne Telemachus, and me,
(The worke performd, for whoſe effect we came)
Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and fame.
Thus praid ſhe; and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid;
In th'end performing all for which ſhe praid.
And now to pray, and do as ſhe had done;
She gaue the faire round boule t'*Vlyſſes* ſonne.
The meate then dreſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd t'each gueſt;
They celebrated a moſt ſumptuous feaſt.
When (appetite to wine and food allaid)
Horſe-taming *Neſtor* then began, and ſaid:
Now lifes deſire is ſeru'd, as farre as fare;
Time fits me to enquire, what gueſts theſe are.
Faire gueſts, what are ye? and for what Coaſt tries
Your ſhip the moiſt deepes? For fit merchandize,
Or rudely coaſt ye, like our men of prize?
The rough ſeas tempting; deſperatly erring
The ill of others, in their good conferring?
The wiſe Prince, now his boldneſſe did begin;
For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within;
By this deuice of trauell to explore
His abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore;
His good, by manage of his ſpirits; and then
To gaine him high grace, in th'accounts of men.

The humanitie of Piſiſtratus to ſtrangers.

Minerua's grace.

Neſtor to the ſtrangers.

Telemachus answers.

O *Neſtor!* ſtill in whom *Neleus* liues!
And all the glorie of the Greeks ſuruiues;
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:
From *Ithaca* (whoſe ſeate is ſituate
Where *Neius* the renowmed Mountaine reares
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares
To be our Sea-marke) we aſſaid the waues;
The buſineſſe I muſt tell; our owne good craues,
And not the publicke. I am come t'enquire,
If in the fame that beſt men doth inſpire,
Of my moſt-ſuffering Father, I may heare
Some truth of his eſtate now; who did beare
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)
To euen with earth the height of *Ilion*.
Of all men elſe, that any name did beare,
And fought for *Troy*, the ſeuerall ends we heare;
But his death, *Ioue* keepes from the world vnknowne;
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.
If on the Continent, by enemies ſlaine;
Or with the waues eat, of the rauenous Maine.
For his loue tis, that to your knees I ſue;
That you would pleaſe, out of your owne cleare view,
T'aſſure his ſad end; or ſay, if your eare
Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,
To too much ſorrow, whom his mother bore.
You then, by all your bounties I implore,
(If euer to you, deed or word hath ſtood,
By my good Father promiſt, renderd good
Amongſt the Troians; where ye both haue tried
The Grecian ſufferance) that, in nought applied
To my reſpect or pitie, you will gloſe,
But vnclothd Truth, to my deſires diſcloſe.

Neſtor to Telemachus.

O my much lou'd, (ſaid he) ſince you renew
Remembrance of the miſeries that grew
Vpon our ſtill-in-ſtrength-oppoſing *Greece*,
Amongſt *Troys* people; I muſt touch a peece
Of all our woes there; either in the men
Achilles brought by ſea, and led to gaine
About the Country; or in vs that fought
About the Citie, where to death were brought
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.
There *Mars*-like *Aiax* lies; *Achilles* there;
Patralus. There the-in-counſell-like-the-Gods; his *friend;
There my deare ſonne *Antilochus* tooke end;
Paſt meaſure ſwift of foote, and ſtaid in fight.
A number more, that ils felt infinite:
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man
(If fiue or ſixe yeares you ſhould ſtay here) can

Serue

Serue ſuch enquiries? You would backe againe,
Affected with vnſufferable paine,
Before you heard it. Nine yeares ſiegd we them,
With all the depth and ſleight of ſtratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, paſt end:
Yet ſtill they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* ſend
Reſt to our labors: nor will ſcarcely yet.
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke ſet
His wiſedome, by *Vlyſſes* policie,
(As thought his equall) ſo exceſſiuely
He ſtood ſuperiour all wayes. If you be
His ſonne indeed; mine eyes euen rauiſh me
To admiration. And in all conſent,
Your ſpeech puts on his ſpeeches ornament.
Nor would one ſay, that one ſo yong could vſe
(Vnleſſe his ſonne) a Rhetorique ſo profuſe.
And while we liu'd together; he and I
Neuer in ſpeech maintaind diuerſitie:
Nor ſet in counſell: but (by one ſoule led)
With ſpirit and prudent counſell furniſhed
The Greeks at all houres: that with faireſt courſe,
What beſt became them, they might put in force.
But when *Troys* high Towres, we had leueld thus;
We put to ſea; and God diuided vs.
And then did *Ioue*, our ſad retreat deuiſe;
For all the Greeks were neither iuſt nor wiſe;
And therefore many felt ſo ſharpe a fate;
Sent from *Mineruas* moſt pernicious hate;
Whoſe mightie Father can do fearfull things.
By whoſe helpe ſhe, betwixt the brother Kings
Let fall Contention: who in councell met
In vaine, and timeleſſe; when the Sunne was ſet;
And all the Greeks calld; that came chargd with wine.
Yet then the Kings would vtter their deſigne;
And why they ſummond. *Menelaus*, he
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To ſea.
But *Agamemnon* ſtood on contraries;
Whoſe will was, they ſhould ſtay and ſacrifiſe
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know
She would not ſo be wonne: for not with eaſe
Th'eternall Gods are turnd from what they pleaſe.
So they (diuided) on foule language ſtood.
The Greekes, in huge rout roſe: their wine-heate bloud,
Two wayes affecting. And that nights ſleepe too,
We turnd to ſtudying either others wo.
When *Ioue* beſides, made readie woes enow.
Morne came, we lancht; and in our ſhips did ſtow

De Græcorum diſſidio.

Our

Diſcors nauigatio Græcorum.

Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men
The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;
And halfe (being now aboord) put forth to ſea.
A moſt free gale gaue all ſhips proſperous way.
God ſettld then the huge whale-bearing lake;
And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times ſake,
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*
(Inexorable ſtill) bore yet no loue
To our returne; but did againe excite
A ſecond ſad Contention, that turnd quite
A great part of vs backe to ſea againe;
Which were th'abundant in all counſels men,
(Your matchleſſe Father) who, (to gratifie
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.
But I fled all, with all that followd me;
Becauſe I knew, God ſtudied miſerie,
To hurle amongſt vs. With me likewiſe fled
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choiſe
A tedious voyage; if we ſaile ſhould hoiſe
Aboue rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)
To th'Ile of *Pſiria*; or that rugged land
Saile vnder; and for windie *Mimas* ſtere.
We askt of God, that ſome oſtent might cleare
Our cloudie buſineſſe: who gaue vs ſigne,
And charge, that all ſhould (in a middle line)
The ſea cut, for *Eubœa*; that with ſpeed,
Our long-ſuſtaind infortune might be freed.
Then did a whiſtling wind begin to riſe,
And ſwiftly flew we through the fiſhie skies,
Till to *Geræſtus* we in night were brought;
Where (through the broad ſea, ſince we ſafe had wrought)
At *Neptunes* altars, many ſolid thies
Of ſlaughterd buls, we burnd for ſacrifiſe.
The fourth day came, when *Tydeus* ſonne did greete
The hauen of *Argos*, with his complete Fleete.
But I, for *Pylos* ſtrait ſter'd on my courſe,
Nor euer left the wind his fore-right force,
Since God fore-ſent it firſt. And thus I came
(Deare ſonne) to *Pylos*, vninformd by fame;
Nor know one ſau'd by Fate, or ouercome.
Whom I haue heard of ſince (ſet here at home)
As fits, thou ſhalt be taught, nought left vnſhowne.
The expert ſpeare-men; euery Myrmidon,
(Led by the braue heire of the mightie ſould
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) ſafe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philoctetes*, *Pæans* famous ſeed:
And ſafe *Idomenæus*; his men led
To his home, (*Crete*;) who fled the armed field;
Of whom, yet none, the ſea from him withheld.
Atrides (you haue both heard, though ye be
His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,
Done by *Ægiſthus*, to a bitter death;
Who miſerably paid for forced breath;
Atrides leauing a good ſonne, that dide
In bloud of that deceitfull parricide
His wreakfull ſword. And thou my friend (as he
For this hath his fame) the like ſpirit in thee
Aſſume at all parts. Faire, and great I ſee
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;
That after-times, as much may thee commend.
He anſwerd: O thou greateſt grace of *Greece*; Telemachus Neſtori.
Oreſtes made that wreake, his maſter peece;
And him the Greeks will giue, a maſter praiſe;
Verſe finding him, to laſt all after daies.
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me
With his performance; that my iniurie,
Done by my mothers wooers, (being ſo foule)
I might reuenge vpon their euery ſoule.
Who (preſſing me with contumelies) dare
Such things as paſt the powre of vtterance are.
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my deſtinie
With no ſuch honor. Both my Sire and I,
Are borne to ſuffer euerlaſtingly.
Becauſe you name thoſe wooers (Friend, ſaid he) Neſtor Telemacho.
Report ſayes, many ſuch, in ſpite of thee,
(Wooing thy mother) in thy houſe commit
The ils thou nam'ſt. But ſay; proceedeth it
From will in thee, to beare ſo foule a foile;
Or from thy ſubiects hate, that wiſh thy ſpoile?
And will not aide thee, ſince their ſpirits relie
(Againſt thy rule) on ſome graue Augurie?
What know they, but at length thy Father may
Come; and with violence, their violence pay?
Or he alone; or all the Greeks with him?
But if *Minerua* now did ſo eſteeme
Thee, as thy Father, in times paſt; whom, paſt
All meaſure, ſhe, with glorious fauours grac't
Amongſt the *Troians*, where we ſuffered ſo;
(O! I did neuer ſee, in ſuch cleare ſhow,
The Gods ſo grace a man, as ſhe to him,
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)
If ſo, I ſay, ſhe would be pleaſd to loue,
And that her minds care, thou ſo much couldſt moue,

As did thy Father; euery man of theſe,
Would loſe in death their ſeeking mariages.

Telemachus. O Father, (anſwerd he) you make amaze
Seiſe me throughout. Beyond the height of phraſe
You raiſe expreſſion; but twill neuer be,
That I ſhall moue, in any Deitie,
So bleſt an honour. Not by any meanes,
If Hope ſhould prompt me, or blind Confidence,
(The God of Fooles), or euery Deitie
Should will it; for, tis paſt my deſtinie.

Minerua. The burning-eyd Dame anſwerd: What a ſpeech
Hath paſt the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach
Fit queſtion of thy words before they flie?
Volente Deo, nihil eſt difficile
God eaſily can (when to a mortall eie
Hee's furtheſt off) a mortall ſatisfie:
And does, the more ſtill. For thy car'd for Sire;
I rather wiſh, that I might home retire,
After my ſufferance of a world of woes;
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might diſcloſe
The day of my returne; then ſtrait retire,
And periſh ſtanding by my houſhold fire.
As *Agamemnon* did; that loſt his life,
By falſe *Ægiſthus*, and his falſer wife.
For Death to come at length, tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themſelues, when Fate ſhall call
Their moſt lou'd man, extend his vitall breath
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.

Telemachus. *Mentor*! (ſaid he) let's dwell no more on this,
Although in vs, the ſorrow pious is.
No ſuch returne, as we wiſh, Fates bequeath
My erring Father; whom a preſent death,
The deathleſſe haue decreed. Ile now vſe ſpeech
That tends to other purpoſe; and beſeech
Inſtruction of graue *Neſtor*; ſince he flowes
Paſt ſhore, in all experience; and knowes
The ſleights and wiſedomes; to whoſe heights aſpire
Others, as well as my commended Sire;
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three
Ages of men: and doth in ſight to me
Shew like th'Immortals. *Neſtor*! the renowne
Of old *Neleius*; make the cleare truth knowne,
How the moſt great in Empire, *Atreus* ſonne,
Suſtaind the act of his deſtruction.
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,
That falſe *Ægiſthus*, being ſo farre vnfit
A match for him, could his death ſo enforce?
Was he not then in *Argos*? or his courſe
With men ſo left, to let a coward breathe

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death?
Ile tell thee truth in all (faire ſonne) ſaid he:
Right well was this euent conceiu'd by thee.
If *Menelaus* in his brothers houſe,
Had found the idle liuer with his ſpouſe,
(Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead
Had the diggd heape powrd on his luſtfull head:
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,
Had giuen him any teare; ſo foule his fact
Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troys* warres had rackt
To euery ſinewes ſufferance; while * he
In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from thoſe workes free.
And *Agamemnons* wife, with force of word
Flatterd and ſoftn'd; who, at firſt abhord
A fact ſo infamous. The heau'nly Dame,
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.
There was a * Poet, to whoſe care, the King
His Queene committed; and in euery thing
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply
Himſelfe in all guard to her dignitie.
But when ſtrong Fate, ſo wrapt-in her affects,
That ſhe reſolu'd to leaue her fit reſpects;
Into a deſart Ile, her Guardian led,
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize;
On ſacred Altars offerd many Thies:
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;
Garments and gold; that he the vaſt euents
Of ſuch a labor, to his wiſh had brought,
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.
At laſt, from *Troy* ſaild *Spartas* king and I,
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie
Might ſee no worſe of her) when both were blowne
To ſacred *Sunius* (of *Mineruas* towne
The goodly Promontorie) with his ſhafts ſeuere
Augur Apollo ſlue him that did ſtere
Atrides ſhip, as he the ſterne did guide,
And ſhe the full ſpeed of her ſaile applide.
He was a man, that nations of men
Exceld in ſafe guide of a veſſell; when
A tempeſt ruſht in on the ruffld ſeas:
His name was *Phrontis Onetorides*.
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,
Whoſe way he thirſted ſo to ouercome;
To giue his friend the earth, being his purſuite,
And all his exequies to execute.
But ſailing ſtill the * wind-hewd ſeas, to reach

Neſtor Telemacho de Ægiſthi adulterio.

Ægiſthus.

μαιδὸς αγαθ.

ΦΡΟΝΤΙΣ ΟΝΕΤΟΡΙΔΗΣ: cuius facies viſui repreſentat

Some ſhore for fit performance; he did fetch
The ſteepe Mount of the *Malians*; and there
With open voice, offended *Iupiter*,
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;
And powr'd the puffes out of a ſhrecking wind,
That nouriſht billowes, heightned like to hils.
And with the Fleets diuiſion, fulfils
His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Creete*
Caſting the Nauie; where the ſea-waues meete
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydons* liue.
There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driue;
Bare, and all broken; on the confines ſet
Of *Gortys*; that the darke ſeas likewiſe fret;
And hither ſent the South, a horrid drift
Of waues againſt the top, that was the left
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phæſtus* Strand.
A litle ſtone, the great ſeas rage did ſtand.
The men here driuen, ſcapt hard the ſhips ſore ſhocks;
The ſhips themſelues being wrackt againſt the rocks;
Saue onely fiue, that blue fore-caſtles bore,
Which wind and water caſt on *Ægypts* ſhore.
When he (there victling well, and ſtore of gold
Aboord his ſhips brought) his wilde way did hold,
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.
Meane ſpace *Ægiſthus* made ſad worke at home;
Agamemnonis interitus. And ſlue his brother; forcing to his ſway,
Atrides ſubiects; and did ſeuen yeares lay
His yoke vpon the rich *Mycenean* State.
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)
Oreſtes patrem vlciſcitur. Diuine *Oreſtes* home from *Athens* came;
And what his royall Father felt, the ſame
He made the falſe *Ægiſthus* grone beneath:
Death euermore is the reward of Death.
Thus hauing ſlaine him; a ſepulchrall feaſt
He made the *Argiues*, for his luſtfull gueſt,
And for his mother, whom he did deteſt.
The ſelfe-ſame day, vpon him ſtole the King,
(Good at a martiall ſhout) and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.
But thou (my ſonne) too long, by no meanes erre,
Thy goods left free for many a ſpoilfull gueſt;
Leſt they conſume ſome, and diuide the reſt;
And thou (perhaps beſides) thy voyage loſe.
To *Menelaus* yet thy courſe diſpoſe,
I wiſh and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,
From ſuch a ſhore, and men; as to haue liu'd
In a returne from them; he neuer thought;
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within a ſea ſo vaſt, that in a yeare
Not any fowle could paſſe it any where,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ſhip and men (or if thou pleaſeſt now
To paſſe by land, there ſhall be brought for thee
Both horſe and chariot; and thy guides ſhall be
My ſonnes themſelues) to *Sparta*, the diuine,
And to the King, whoſe locks like Amber ſhine.
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;
Wiſedome in truth is; and hee's paſſing wiſe.
This ſaid, the Sunne went downe, and vp roſe Night,
When *Pallas* ſpake; O Father, all good right Pallas Neſtori.
Beare thy directions. But diuide we now
The ſacrifiſes tongues; mixe wine; and vow
To *Neptune*, and the other euer bleſt;
That hauing ſacrifiſd, we may to reſt.
The fit houre runnes now; light diues out of date;
At ſacred feaſts, we muſt not ſit too late.
She ſaid: They heard; the Herald water gaue;
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue
Their equall ſhares; beginning from the cup,
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;
The fire they gaue them; ſacrifiſde, and roſe;
Wine, and diuine rites, vſde to each diſpoſe;
Minerua and *Telemachus* deſirde
They might to ſhip be, with his leaue, retirde.
He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,
Your leauing me, to ſleepe aboord a ſhip:
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,
Euen to my nakedneſſe; and had nor ſheete,
Nor couering in my houſe; that warme nor ſweete
A gueſt, nor I my ſelfe, had meanes to ſleepe;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe
For all my gueſts: nor ſhall Fame euer ſay,
The deare ſonne of the man *Vlyſſes*, lay
All night a ſhip boord here; while my dayes ſhine;
Or in my Court, whiles any ſonne of mine
Enioyes ſuruiuall: who ſhall gueſts receiue,
Whom euer, my houſe hath a nooke to leaue.
My much lou'd Father, (ſaid *Minerua*) well
All this becomes thee. But perſwade to dwell
This night with thee thy ſonne *Telemachus*;
For more conuenient is the courſe for vs,
That he may follow to thy houſe, and reſt.
And I may boord our blacke ſaile; that addreſt
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare
All with my preſence; ſince of all men there

Homer

I boaſt my ſelfe the ſenior; th'others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,
Great-ſould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,
In freſh ſimilitude of forme and yeeres.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light ſhall ſhew
Her ſiluer forehead; I intend my way,
Amongſt the *Caucons*; men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor ſmall, nor new. For this,
Take you him home; whom in the morne diſmiſſe,
With chariot and your ſonnes; and giue him horſe
Ableſt in ſtrength, and of the ſpeedieſt courſe.
Diſparet Minerua. This ſaid; away ſhe flew; formd like the fowle
Men call the *Oſſifrage*; when euery ſoule
Amaze inuaded: euen th'old man admir'd;
Neſtor Telemacho. The youths hand tooke, and ſaid: O moſt deſir'd;
My hope ſayes, thy proofe will no coward ſhow,
Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:
Nor any of the heauen-houſde States beſides;
But *Tritogenias* ſelfe; the ſeed of *Ioue*;
The great in prey; that did in honor moue
So much about thy Father; amongſt all
The Grecian armie. Faireſt Queene, let fall
On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;
Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,
And all my children. I will burne to thee
An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I
(His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.
Thus praid he; and ſhe heard; and home he led
His ſonnes, and all his heapes of kindered;
Who entring his Court royall; euery one
He marſhald in his ſeuerall ſeate and throne.
And euery one, ſo kindly come, he gaue
His ſweet-wine cup; which none was let to haue
Before this leuenth yeare, landed him from *Troy*;
Which now the Butlereſſe had leaue t'employ.
Who therefore pierſt it, and did giue it vent.
Of this, the old Duke did a cup preſent
To euery gueſt: made his maid many a praire
That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurſes haire;
And gaue her ſacrifiſe. With this rich wine
And food ſuffiſde, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.
And all for home went: but his Court alone,
Telemachus, diuine *Vlyſſes* ſonne,
Muſt make his lodging, or not pleaſe his heart.
A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like braſſe,
He brought his gueſt to; and his bedfere was
Piſiſtratus, the martiall guide of men,
That liu'd, of all his ſonnes, vnwed till then.
Himſelfe lay in a by-roome, farre aboue,
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.
The roſie-fingerd morne, no ſooner ſhone,
But vp he roſe, tooke aire, and ſat vpon
A ſeate of white, and goodly poliſht ſtone,
That ſuch a gloſſe as richeſt ointments wore
Before his high gates; where the Counſellor
That matcht the Gods (his Father) vſde to ſit:
Who now (by Fate forc't) ſtoopt as low as it.
And here ſate *Neſtor*, holding in his hand
A Scepter; and about him round did ſtand
(As early vp) his ſonnes troope; *Perſeus*,
The God-like *Thraſimed*, and *Aretus*,
Echephron, *Stratius*; the ſixt and laſt
Piſiſtratus; and by him (halfe embrac't
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*;
To theſe ſpake *Neſtor*, old *Gerenius*:
Haſte (loued ſonnes) and do me a deſire,
That (firſt of all the Gods) I may aſpire
To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchſaft to me,
At *Neptunes* feaſt, her ſight ſo openly.
Let one to field go; and an Oxe with ſpeed
Cauſe hither brought; which, let the Heardſman leade;
Another to my deare gueſts veſſell go,
And all his ſouldiers bring, ſaue onely two.
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command
(*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,
To plate the both hornes round about with gold;
The reſt remaine here cloſe. But firſt, ſee told
The maids within, that they prepare a feaſt;
Set ſeates through all the Court: ſee ſtrait addreſt
The pureſt water; and get fuell feld.
This ſaid; not one, but in the ſeruice held
Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;
The Souldiers troopt from ſhip; the Smith he came,
And thoſe tooles brought, that ſeru'd the actuall frame,
His Art conceiu'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,
Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerua likewiſe came, to ſet the Crowne
On that kind ſacrifice, and mak't her owne.
Then th'old Knight *Neſtor* gaue the Smith the gold,
With which he ſtrait did both the hornes infold;
And trimm'd the Offering ſo, the Goddeſſe ioyd.
About which, thus were *Neſtors* ſonnes employd:

Neſtoris filij patris iuſſu Minerua ſacrum apparant.

The forme of the Sacrifice.

Diuine *Echephron*, and faire *Stratius*,
Held both the hornes: the water odorous,
In which they waſht, what to the rites was vowd,
Aretus (in a caldron, all beſtrowd
With herbes and flowres) ſeru'd in from th'holy roome
Where all were dreſt; and whence the rites muſt come.
And after him, a hallowd virgin came,
That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the Oxe ſhould both be feld
And cut forth, *Thraſimed* ſtood by, and held.
Perſeus the veſſell held, that ſhould retaine
The purple licour of the offering ſlaine.
Then waſht, the pious Father: then the Cake
(Of barley, ſalt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.
Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the ſtate
Of all the offering, did initiate.
In three parts cutting off the haire, and caſt
Amidſt the flame. All th'inuocation paſt,
And all the Cake broke; manly *Thraſimed*
Stood neare, and ſure; and ſuch a blow he laid
Aloft the offring; that to earth he ſunke,
His neck-nerues ſunderd, and his ſpirits ſhrunke.
Out ſhriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife
Of three-ag'd *Neſtor*, (who had eldeſt life
Of *Clymens* daughters) chaſt *Eurydice*.
The Oxe on broad earth, then layd laterally,
They held, while Duke *Piſiſtratus*, the throte
Diſſolu'd and ſet, the ſable blood afflote;
And then the life the bones left. Inſtantly
They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie;
That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;
The throte-briske, and the ſweet-bread pricking on.
Then *Neſtor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,
Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men ſtood,
That ſpits fine-pointed held, on which (when burnd
The ſolid Thies were) they transfixt, and turnd
The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate
Vowd to the Gods, conſum'd) they roſt and eate.
In meane ſpace, *Polycaſte* (calld the faire,
Neſtors yongſt daughter) bath'd *Vlyſſes* heire;
Whom, hauing cleanſd, and with rich balmes beſpred;
She caſt a white ſhirt quickly o're his head,
And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,
And did the perſon of a God preſent.
Came, and by *Neſtor* tooke his honourd ſeate,
This paſtor of the people. Then, the meate
Of all the ſpare parts roſted; off they drew;
Sate, and fell to. But ſoone the temperate few,

Roſe,

Roſe, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.
Till, when the reſt felt thirſt of feaſt decline;
Neſtor his ſonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horſe,
And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the courſe
The Prince reſolu'd. Obaid, as ſoone as heard
Was *Neſtor* by his ſonnes; who ſtrait prepar'd
Both horſe and chariot. She that kept the ſtore,
Both bread and wine, and all ſuch viands more,
As ſhould the feaſt of *Ioue*-fed Kings compoſe;
Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, roſe
Vlyſſes ſonne; and cloſe to him aſcended
The Duke *Piſiſtratus*; the reines intended,
And ſcourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
And left the Towne, that farre her ſplendor threw.
Both holding yoke, and ſhooke it all the day;
But now the Sunne ſet, darkning euery way,
When they to *Pheris* came; and in the houſe
Of *Diocles* (the ſonne t'*Ortilochus*,
Whom flood *Alpheus* got) ſlept all that night:
Who gaue them each due hoſpitable rite.
But when the roſie-fingerd morne aroſe,
They went to Coach, and did their horſe incloſe;
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds
Each breath a ſound; and to the fruitfull fields
Rode ſcourging ſtill their willing flying Steeds;
Who ſtrenuouſly performd their wonted ſpeeds.
Their iourney ending iuſt when Sunne went downe;
And ſhadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Telemachus proficiſcitur ad Menelaum.

Finis libri tertij Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Receiu'd now, in the Spartan Court
Telemachus, *preferres report*
To Menelaus, *of the throng*
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.
Menelaus. Atrides *tels the Greekes retreate,*
And doth a Prophecie repeate,
That Proteus *made; by which he knew*
His brothers death; and then doth shew
How with Calypso *liu'd the sire*
Of his yong gueſt. The woo'rs conſpire
Their Princes death: whoſe trechery knowne,
Penelope *in teares doth drowne.*
Whom Pallas *by a dreame doth cheare,*
And in ſimilitude appeare
Of faire Iphthima, *knowne to be*
The ſiſter of Penelope.

Another.

Δελτα. *Here, of the Sire*
The Sonne doth heare:
The woo'rs conſpire;
The mothers feare.

Λακεδαιμονα κτησαν, which is expounded Spartam amplam, or μεγαλὼ magnam: where κτ. ſignifies properly plurima cete natrientem,

IN *Lacedæmon* now, the nurſe of Whales,
Theſe two arriu'd, and found at feſtiuals
(With mightie concourſe) the renowmed King,
His ſonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.
Alectors daughter, he did giue his ſonne
Strong *Megapenthe*; who his life begunne
By *Menelaus* bondmaid; whom he knew
In yeares. When *Hellen* could no more renew
In iſſue like diuine *Hermione*;
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree
As golden *Venus*. Her he married now
To great *Achilles* ſonne; who was by vow
Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods
To conſtant loues, giue nuptiall periods.
Whoſe ſtate here paſt, the *Myrmidons* rich towne
(Of which ſhe ſhar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)
With horſe and chariots he reſign'd her to.
Meane ſpace, the high huge houſe, with feaſt did flow

Of

Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.
Amongſt whom, did a heauenly Poet ſing,
And touch his Harpe. Amongſt whom likewiſe danc't
Two; who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,
Would prompt *the Singer, what to ſing and play.
All this time, in the vtter Court did ſtay,
With horſe and chariot, *Telemachus*,
And *Neſtors* noble ſonne, *Piſiſtratus*.
Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, deſcried,
And, being a ſeruant to the King, moſt tried
In care, and his reſpect; he ranne and cried:
Gueſts! *Ioue*-kept *Menelaus*! two ſuch men,
As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* ſtraine.
Informe your pleaſure, if we ſhall vncloſe
Their horſe from coach; or ſay, they muſt diſpoſe
Their way to ſome ſuch houſe, as may embrace
Their knowne arriuall, with more welcome grace?
He (angry) anſwerd, Thou didſt neuer ſhow
Thy ſelfe a foole (*Beotides*) till now;
But now (as if turnd child) a childiſh ſpeech
Vents thy vaine ſpirits. We our ſelues now reach
Our home, by much ſpent hoſpitalitie
Of other men; nor know, if *Ioue* will trie,
With other after wants, our ſtate againe:
And therefore, from our feaſt, no more detaine
Thoſe welcome gueſts; but take their Steeds from Coach,
And with attendance guide in their approach.
This ſaid, he ruſht abroad, and calld ſome more
Tried in ſuch ſeruice; that together bore
Vp to the gueſts: and tooke their Steeds that ſwet
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers ſet,
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't
Their Chariot by a wall ſo cleare, it caſt
A light quite thorough it. And then they led
Their gueſts to the diuine houſe; which ſo fed
Their eyes at all parts with illuſtrous ſights,
That Admiration ſeiſd them. Like the lights
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw
A luſter through it. Satiate with whoſe view,
Downe to the Kings moſt bright-kept Baths, they went;
Where handmaids did their ſeruices preſent:
Bath'd, balmd them; ſhirts, and well-napt weeds put on,
And by *Atrides* ſide, ſet each his throne.
Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,
Of maſſie gold, powr'd: which ſhe plac't vpon
A ſiluer Caldron; into which, might runne
The water as they waſht. Then ſet ſhe neare

μολπης ἐχαρχοντε Cantum auſpicantes: *of which place, the Critiks affirme, that* ſaltatores motu ſuo indicant cantori, quo genere cantus ſaltaturi forent. *The rapture of Eteoneus at ſight of Telemachus and Piſiſtratus.*

Menelaus rebukes his ſeruãt for his doubt to entertaine gueſts worthy.

A poliſht table; on which, all the cheare
The preſent could affoord; a reuerend Dame
That kept the Larder, ſet. A Cooke then came,
And diuers diſhes, borne thence, ſeru'd againe;
Furniſht the boord with bolles of gold; and then
(His right hand giuen the gueſts) *Atrides* ſaid,
Eate, and be chearfull; appetite allaid,
I long to aske, of what ſtocke ye deſcend;
For not from parents, whoſe race nameleſſe end,
We muſt deriue your offſpring. Men obſcure,
Could get none ſuch as you. The pourtraiture
Of *Ioue*-ſuſtaind, and Scepter-bearing Kings,
Your either perſon, in his preſence brings.
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,
And ſet before the gueſts; which was a gift,
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne taſt.
They ſaw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,
And fell to it. But food and wines care paſt,
Telemachus thus prompted *Neſtors* ſonne;
(His eare cloſe laying, to be heard of none)

Telemachus to Piſiſtratus, in obſeruation of the houſe, not ſo much that he hartily admired it, as to pleaſe Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he ſeemd deſirous he ſhould not heare.

Conſider (thou whom moſt my mind eſteemes)
The braſſe-worke here, how rich it is in beames;
And how beſides, it makes the whole houſe ſound?
What gold, and amber, ſiluer, ivorie, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all
This ſtate, the like. How many infinites,
Take vp to admiration, all mens ſights?

Menelaus relates his trauels to his gueſts.

Atrides ouer-heard; and ſaid; Lou'd ſonne,
No mortall muſt affect contention
With *Ioue*, whoſe dwellings are of endleſſe date.
Perhaps (of men) ſome one may emulate,
(Or none) my houſe, or me. For I am one,
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.
Much error felt by ſea; and till th'eight yeare,
Had neuer ſtay; but wanderd farre and neare,
Cyprus, *Phœnicia*, and *Sydonia*;
And fetcht the farre off *Æthiopia*:
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:
Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.
Where neither King, nor ſhepheard; want comes neare
Of cheeſe, or fleſh, or ſweete milke. All the yeare
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I
Errd, gathering meanes to liue: one, murtherouſly,
Vnwares, vnſeene, bereft my brothers life;
Chiefly betraid by his abhorred wife.
So, hold I, (not enioying) what you ſee.

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)
You muſt haue heard this: ſince my ſuffrings were
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,
(So rarely-well-built; furniſhed ſo well;
And ſubſtanced with ſuch a precious deale
Of well-got treaſure) baniſht by the doome
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.
And now I haue, and vſe it; not to take
Th'entire delight it offers; but to make
Continuall wiſhes, that a triple part
Of all it holds, were wanting; ſo my heart
Were eaſde of ſorrowes (taken for their deaths
That fell at *Troy*) by their reuiued breaths.
And thus ſit I here, weeping, mourning ſtill
Each leaſt man loſt; and ſometimes make mine ill
(In paying iuſt teares for their loſſe) my ioy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,
The pleaſure ſoone admits ſatietie.
But all theſe mens wants, wet not ſo mine eie,
(Though much they moue me) as one ſole mans miſſe;
For which, my ſleepe and meate euen lothſome is,
In his renewd thought; ſince no Greeke hath wonne
Grace, for ſuch labours, as *Laërtes* ſonne
Hath wrought and ſufferd: to himſelfe, nought elſe
But future ſorrowes forging: to me, hels
For his long abſence; ſince I cannot know
If life or death detaine him: ſince ſuch woe
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wiſe wife,
And poore yong ſonne ſuſtaines; whom new with life,
He left as fireleſſe. This ſpeech; griefe to teares
(Powrd from the ſonnes lids on the earth) his eares
(Told of the Father) did excite; who kept
His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:
His both hands vſde therein. *Atrides* then
Began to know him; and did ſtrife retaine,
If he ſhould let, himſelfe confeſſe his Sire,
Or with all fitting circumſtance, enquire.
While this, his thoughts diſputed; forth did ſhine,
(Like to the golden *diſtaffe-deckt diuine)
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,
Hellen. To whom (of an elaborate loome)
Adreſta ſet a chaire: *Alcyppe* brought
A peece of Tapeſtrie, of fine wooll wrought.
Philo, a ſiluer Cabinet conferd:
(Giuen by *Alcandra*, Nuptially endeard
To Lord *Polybius*; whoſe abode in *Thebes*,
Th'Ægyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,
His famous houſe held: out of which did go

Intending Vlyſſes.

Diana. Hellens repairance and ornament.

In gift t' *Atrides*, ſiluer bath-tubs two;
Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.
His wife did likewiſe ſend to *Hellen* then,
Faire gifts; a Diſtaffe that of gold was wrought;
And that rich Cabinet that *Phylo* brought;
Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:
On which extended (crownd with fineſt wooll,
Of violet gloſſe) the golden Diſtaffe lay.
She tooke her State-chaire; and a foot-ſtooles ſtay
Hellen to Menelaus concerning the gueſts. Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,
(King *Menelaus*) whom theſe men commend
Themſelues for; that our Court, now takes to friend?
I muſt affirme, (be I deceiu'd or no)
I neuer yet ſaw man nor woman ſo
Like one another, as this man is like
Vlyſſes ſonne. With admiration ſtrike
His lookes, my thoughts; that they ſhould carrie now
Powre to perſwade me thus; who did but know,
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.
But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more
His grace reſembles; that makes me retaine
Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then:
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vndertake
Troys bold warre, for my impudencies ſake.
He anſwerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,
The true caſt of his Fathers eye, doth ſhow
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.
Of whom (ſo well rememberd) I ſhould now
Acknowledge for me, his continnall flow
Of cares and perils: yet ſtill patient.
But I ſhould too much moue him, that doth vent
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene ſpoke;
Which (ſhunning ſoft ſhew) ſee how he would cloke;
And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.
Then *Neſtors* ſonne, *Piſiſtratus* replide:
Piſiſtratus tels who they are. Great Paſtor of the people; kept of God!
He is *Vlyſſes* ſonne; but his abode
Not made before here; and he modeſt too;
He holds it an indignitie to do
A deed ſo vaine, to vſe the boaſt of words,
Where your words are on wing; whoſe voice affords
Delight to vs, as if a God did breake
The aire amongſt vs, and vouchſafe to ſpeake.
But me, my father (old Duke *Neſtor*) ſent
To be his conſort hither; his content,
Not to be heightned ſo, as with your ſight.

In

In hope that therewith words and actions might
Informe his comforts from you; ſince he is
Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the miſſe
Of his great Father; ſuffering euen at home.
And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome
His too weake ſufferance, now his Sire is gone.
Amongſt the people, not affoorded one
To checke the miſeries, that mate him thus;
And this the ſtate is of *Telemachus.*
O Gods (ſaid he) how certaine, now, I ſee
My houſe enioyes that friends ſonne, that for me
Hath vndergone ſo many willing fights?
Whom I reſolu'd, paſt all the Grecian Knights,
To hold in loue; if our returne by ſeas,
The farre-off Thunderer did euer pleaſe
To grant our wiſhes. And to his reſpect,
A Pallace and a Citie to erect,
My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then
His riches, and his ſonne, and all his men
From barren *Ithaca*, (ſome one ſole Towne
Inhabited about him, batterd downe)
All ſhould in *Argos* liue. And there would I
Eaſe him of rule; and take the Emperie
Of all on me. And often here would we
(Delighting, louing eithers companie)
Meete and conuerſe; whom nothing ſhould diuide,
Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.
But this perhaps had bene a meane to take
Euen God himſelfe with enuie; who did make
Vlyſſes therefore onely the vnbleſt,
That ſhould not reach his loued countries reſt.
Menelaus ioy for Telemachus, and mone for Vlyſſes abſence.

These woes made euery one with woe in loue;
Euen *Argiue Hellen* wept, (the ſeed of *Ioue*)
Vlyſſes ſonne wept; *Atreus* *ſonne did weepe;
And *Neſtors* ſonne, his eyes in teares did ſteepe.
But his teares fell not from the preſent cloud,
That from *Vlyſſes* was exhal'd; but flowd
From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due,
Whom the renowmd * Sonne of the Morning ſlue.
Which yet he thus excuſde: O *Atreus* ſonne!
Old *Neſtor* ſayes, There liues not ſuch a one
Amongſt all mortals, as *Atrides* is,
For deathleſſe wiſedome. Tis a praiſe of his,
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home
Our ſpeech concernes you. Since then ouercome
You pleaſe to be, with ſorrow euen to teares,
That are in wiſedome ſo exempt from peres;
Vouchſafe the like effect in me excuſe,
Menelaus.

Piſiſtratus weeps with remẽbrance of his brother Antilochus. Vid. Memnon.

(If it be lawfull) I affect no vſe
Of teares thus, after meales; at leaſt, at night:
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,
It ſhall not then empaire me to beſtow
My teares on any worthies ouerthrow.
It is the onely right, that wretched men
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.
But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call
The Grecian coward; you beſt knew of all.
I was not there, nor ſaw; but men report,
Antilochus exceld the common ſort,
For footmanſhip, or for the Chariot race;
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.
O friend (ſaid he) ſince thou haſt ſpoken ſo,
At all parts, as one wiſe ſhould ſay and do;
And like one, farre beyond thy ſelfe in yeares;
Thy words ſhall bounds be, to our former teares.
O he is queſtionleſſe a right borne ſonne,
That of his Father hath not onely wonne
The perſon, but the wiſedome; and that Sire,
(Complete himſelfe) that hath a ſonne entire;
Ioue did not onely his full Fate adorne,
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,
Hath *Neſtors* bliſſe raiſd to as ſteepe a ſtate:
Both in his age to keepe in peace his houſe;
And to haue children wiſe and valorous.
But let vs not forget our rere Feaſt thus;
Let ſome giue water here. *Telemachus*!
The morning ſhall yeeld time to you and me,
To do what fits; and reaſon mutually.
This ſaid; the carefull ſeruant of the King;
(*Aſphalion*) powr'd on, th'iſſue of the Spring;
And all to readie feaſt, ſet readie hand.
Hellens potion againſt Cares. But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did ſtand;
Infuſing ſtrait a medcine to their wine,
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could ſhed
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefeſt deare,
He ſhould ſee murtherd then before his face.
Such vſefull medcines (onely borne in grace,
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.
And this Iuyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue
The wife of *Thoon*; an Ægyptian borne;
Whoſe rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

And many banefull. Euery man is there
A good Phyſition, out of natures grace;
For all the nation ſprung of *Paeons* race.
When *Hellen* then her medicine had infuſde,
She bad powre wine to it; and this ſpeech vſde:
Atrides, and theſe good mens ſonnes; great *Ioue*
Makes good and ill, one after other moue
In all things earthly: for he can do all.
The woes paſt therefore, he ſo late let fall;
The comforts he affoords vs, let vs take;
Feaſt, and with fit diſcourſes, merrie make.
Nor will I other vſe. As then our blood
Grieu'd for *Vlyſſes*, ſince he was ſo good;
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare
How good he was, and what his ſuffrings were.
Though euery fight, and euery ſuffring deed,
Patient *Vlyſſes* vnderwent; exceed
My womans powre to number, or to name.
But what he did, and ſufferd, when he came
Amongſt the Troians, (where ye Grecians all
Tooke part with ſufferance) I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghaſtly wounds
Himſelfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds
(Thruſt thicke with enemies) aduentured on:
His royall ſhoulders, hauing caſt vpon
Baſe abiect weeds, and enterd like a ſlaue.
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue;
And ſuch a wretch was, as the whole Greeke fleete
Brought not beſides. And thus through euery ſtreete
He crept diſcouering: of no one man knowne.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smok't his true perſon. Talkt with him. But he
Fled me with wiles ſtill. Nor could we agree,
Till I diſclaimd him quite. And ſo (as mou'd
With womanly remorſe, of one that prou'd
So wretched an eſtate, what ere he were)
Wonne him to take my houſe. And yet euen there;
Till freely I (to make him doubtleſſe) ſwore
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the ſhore
Of ſhips and tents, before *Troy* vnderſtood;
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and ſooth'd him, and he then
Confeſt, and told me all. And (hauing ſlaine
A number of the Troian guards) retirde,
And reacht the Fleete; for ſlight and force admirde.
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their liues.
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

Hellen of Vlyſſes and the ſacke of Troy.

I ſhould reach home; and yet did ſtill retaine
Woe for the ſlaughters, *Venus* made for me:
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,
And bridall roome, ſhe robd of ſo much right;
And drew me from my countrie, with her ſleight.
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

Menelaus to Hellen and his gueſts.

Her husband ſaid: Wife! what you pleaſe to tell,
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.
And I my ſelfe, that now may ſay, haue ſeene
The minds and manners of a world of men:
And great Heroes, meaſuring many a ground,
Haue neuer (by theſe eyes that light me) found
One, with a boſome, ſo to be belou'd,
As that in which, th'accompliſht ſpirit, mou'd
Of patient *Vlyſſes*. What (braue man)
He both did act, and ſuffer, when we wan
The towne of *Ilion*, in the braue-built horſe,
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,
Were houſde together; bringing Death and Fate
Amongſt the Troians; you (wife) may relate.
For you, at laſt, came to vs; God that would
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you ſhould
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circl'd vs,
With full ſuruay of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

Hellen counterfeited the wiues voices of thoſe Kings of Greece, that were in the woodden horſe, and calls their husbands.

When all the voices of their wiues in it
You tooke on you; with voice ſo like, and fit;
And euery man by name, ſo viſited;
That I, *Vlyſſes*, and King *Diomed*,
(Set in the midſt, and hearing how you calld)
Tydides, and my ſelfe, (as halfe appalld
With your remorcefull plaints) would, paſſing faine
Haue broke our ſilence; rather then againe
Endure, reſpectleſſe, their ſo mouing cries.
But, *Ithacus*, our ſtrongeſt fantaſies
Containd within vs, from the ſlendreſt noiſe,
And euery man there, ſat without a voice.
Anticlus onely, would haue anſwerd thee:
But, his ſpeech, *Ithacus* inceſſantly
With ſtrong hand held in; till (*Mineruas* call,
Charging thee off) *Vlyſſes* ſau'd vs all.

Telemachus to Menelaus.

Telemachus replide: Much greater is
My griefe, for hearing this high praiſe of his.
For all this doth not his ſad death diuert;
Nor can, though in him ſwelld an iron heart.
Prepare, and leade then (if you pleaſe) to reſt:

Sleepe

Sleepe (that we heare not) will content vs beſt.
Then *Argiue Hellen* made her handmaid go,
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*;
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and ſoft; Itur ad lectum.
And caſt an Arras couerlet aloft.
They torches tooke; made haſte, and made the bed,
When both the gueſts were to their lodgings led,
Within a *Portico*, without the houſe.
Atrides, and his large-traine-wearing Spouſe,
(The excellent of women) for the way,
In a retir'd receit, together lay.
The morne aroſe; the King roſe, and put on
His royall weeds; his ſharpe ſword hung vpon
His ample ſhoulders; forth his chamber went,
And did the perſon of a God preſent.
Telemachus accoſts him; who begun
Speech of his iourneys propoſition.
And what (my yong Vlyſſean Heroe) *Menelaus enquires the cauſe of his voyage.*
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the ſea,
To viſit *Lacedæmon* the Diuine?
Speake truth; Some publicke? or onely thine?
I come (ſaid he) to heare, if any fame
Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.
My houſe is ſackt; my fat workes of the field,
Are all deſtroid: my houſe doth nothing yeeld
But enemies; that kill my harmleſſe ſheepe,
And ſinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe
Their ſteeles without them. And theſe men are they,
That wooe my Mother; moſt inhumanely
Committing iniurie on iniurie.
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend
Relation of the ſad and wretched end,
My erring Father felt: if witneſt by
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie
From others knowledges. For, more then is
The vſuall heape of humane miſeries,
His Mother bore him to. Vouchſafe me then
(Without all ruth of what I can ſuſtaine)
The plaine and ſimple truth of all you know.
Let me beſeech ſo much. If euer vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you
At *Troy* (where ſuffrance bred you ſo much ſmart)
Vpon my Father, good *Vlyſſes* part;
And quit it now to me (himſelfe in youth)
Vnfolding onely the vncloſed truth.
He (deeply ſighing) anſwerd him: O ſhame
That ſuch poore vaſſals ſhould affect the fame,
To ſhare the ioyes of ſuch a Worthies Bed!

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed
To giue ſucke) enters the bold Lions den:
He, rootes of hils, and herbie vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length
Returning to his Cauerne; giues his ſtrength
The liues of both the mother and her brood,
In deaths indecent; ſo the wooers blood
Muſt pay *Vlyſſes* powres, as ſharpe an end.
O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,
(The wiſe *Minerua*) that thy Father were
As once he was, when he his ſpirits did rere
Againſt *Philomelides*, in a fight
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*; where, downe-right
He ſtrooke the earth with him; and gat a ſhout
Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out
He were as then; and with the wooers cop't,
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't
Would proue as deſperate. But for thy demand,
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee vnderſtand
The truth directly; nor decline a thought;
Much leſſe deceiue, or ſooth thy ſearch in ought.
But what the old, and ſtill-true-ſpoken God,
That from the ſea breathes oracles abroad,
Diſcloſde to me; to thee Ile all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy ſollicitous heart.

Menelai nauigatio.

I was in *Ægypt*; where a mightie time,
The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime,
I neuer ſo deſir'd; becauſe their homes
I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.
For they will put men euermore in mind,
How much their maſterly commandments bind.
There is (beſides) a certaine Iland, calld
Pharos, that with the high-wau'd ſea is walld;
Iuſt againſt *Ægypt*; and ſo much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale ſmote,
A hollow ſhip can ſaile. And this Ile beares
A Port, moſt portly; where ſea-paſſengers
Put in ſtill for freſh water, and away
To ſea againe. Yet here the Gods did ſtay
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are
Maſters at ſea) no proſprous puffe would ſpare,
To put vs off: and all my victles here,
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;
Had not a certaine Goddeſſe giuen regard,
And pittide me in an eſtate ſo hard:
And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* ſeed,
That old ſea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compaſſion, when (walkt all alone,

From

From all my ſouldiers, that were euer gone
About the Ile on fiſhing, with hookes bent;
Hunger, their bellies, on her errand ſent)
She came cloſe to me; ſpake; and thus began:
Of all men, thou art the moſt fooliſh man,
Or ſlacke in buſineſſe; or ſtayſt here of choice;
And doeſt in all thy ſuffrances reioyce;
That thus long liu'ſt detaind here; and no end
Canſt giue thy tarriance. Thou doeſt much offend
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:
Who euer thou art of the Deified,
I muſt affirme, that no way with my will,
I make abode here: but, it ſeemes, ſome ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, ſuſtaine
Againſt my getting off. Informe me then,
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he
That ſtayes my paſſage, from the fiſhie ſea?
Stranger (ſaid ſhe) Ile tell thee true: there liues
An old Sea-farer in theſe ſeas, that giues
A true ſolution of all ſecrets here.
Who, deathleſſe *Proteus* is, th'Ægyptian Peere:
Who can the deepes of all the ſeas exquire;
Who *Neptunes* Prieſt is; and (they ſay) the Sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldſt inveagle, he would cleare diſplay
Thy courſe from hence; and how farre off doth lie
Thy voyages whole ſcope through *Neptunes* skie.
Informing thee (O God preſeru'd) beſide
(If thy deſires would ſo be ſatisfide)
What euer good or ill hath got euent,
In all the time, thy long and hard courſe ſpent,
Since thy departure from thy houſe. This ſaid;
Againe I anſwerd: Make the ſleights diſplaid,
Thy Father vſeth; leſt his foreſight ſee,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fixt place of his vſde abode;
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.
She ſtrait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;
When heauens ſupremeſt height, the Sunne doth skall;
The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides
Amidſt a blacke ſtorme, when the Weſt wind chides;
In caues ſtill ſleeping. Round about him ſleepe
(With ſhort feete ſwimming forth the ſomie deepe)
The Sea-calues (louely *Haloſydnes* calld)
From whom a noiſome odour is exhalld,
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whoſe earth they lie.
Here, when the morne illuſtrates all the skie,
Ile guide, and ſeate thee, in the fitteſt place,

Idothea to Menelaus.

Idotheas counſell to take her father Proteus.

For

For the performance thou haſt now in chace.
In meane time,reach thy Fleete; and chuſe out three
Of beſt exploit,to go as aides to thee.
The ſleights of Proteus. But now Ile ſhew thee all the old Gods ſleights;
He firſt will number,and take all the ſights
Of thoſe,his guard,that on the ſhore arriues.
When hauing viewd, and told them forth by fiues;
He takes place in their midſt, and there doth ſleepe,
Like to a ſhepheard midſt his flocke of ſheepe.
In his firſt ſleepe, call vp your hardieſt cheare,
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,
In ſpite of all his ſtriuings to be gone.
He then will turne himſelfe to euery one
Of all things that in earth creepe and reſpire,
In water ſwim, or ſhine in heauenly fire.
Yet ſtill hold you him firme; and much the more
Preſſe him from paſſing. But when,as before
(When ſleepe firſt bound his powres) his forme ye ſee,
Then ceaſſe your force, and th'old Heroe free;
And then demand,which heauen-borne it may bee
That ſo afflicts you, hindring your retreate,
And free ſea-paſſage to your natiue ſeate.
This ſaid, ſhe diu'd into the wauie ſeas;
And I my courſe did to my ſhips addreſſe,
That on the ſands ſtucke; where arriu'd,we made
Our ſupper readie.Then th'Ambroſian ſhade
Of night fell on vs; and to ſleepe we fell.
Roſie *Aurora* roſe; we roſe as well;
And three of them,on whom I moſt relied,
For firme at euery force; I chuſde,and hied
Strait to the many-riuer-ſerued ſeas.
And all aſſiſtance,askt the Deities.
Meane time *Edothea*, the ſeas broad breſt
Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my reſt,
Foure of the ſea-calues skins, but newly flead,
To worke a wile,which ſhe had faſhioned
Vpon her Father.Then (within the ſand
A couert digging) when theſe Calues ſhould land,
She ſate expecting.We came cloſe to her:
She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare
Each one his Calues skin. But we then muſt paſſe
A huge exploit.The ſea-calues ſauour was
So paſſing ſowre (they ſtill being bred at ſeas)
It much afflicted vs: for who can pleaſe
Ironicè. To lie by one of theſe ſame ſea-bred whales?
But ſhe preſerues vs; and to memorie calls
A rare commoditie: ſhe fetcht to vs
Ambroſia, that an aire moſt odorous

Beares ſtill about it; which ſhe nointed round
Our either noſthrils; and in it quite drownd
The naſtie whale-ſmell. Then the great euent,
The whole mornes date, with ſpirits patient
We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame
Forth from the ſea, in Sholes the ſea-calues came,
And orderly, at laſt, lay downe and ſlept
Along the ſands. And then th'old ſea-god crept
From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there:
Suruaid, and numberd; and came neuer neare
The craft we vſde; but told vs fiue for calues.
His temples then diſeaſd, with ſleepe he ſalues;
And in ruſht we, with an abhorred crie:
Caſt all our hands about him manfully,
And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:
Firſt was a Lion, with a mightie mane;
Then next a Dragon; a pide Panther then;
A vaſt Boare next; and ſodainly did ſtraine
All into water. Laſt, he was a tree,
Curld all at top, and ſhot vp to the skie.
We, with reſolu'd hearts, held him firmly ſtill,
When th'old one (held to ſtreight for all his skill,
To extricate) gaue words, and queſtiond me:
Which of the Gods, O *Atreus* ſonne, (ſaid he)
Aduiſde and taught thy fortitude this ſleight,
To take and hold me thus, in my deſpight?
What asks thy wiſh now? I replide: Thou knowſt:
Why doeſt thou aske? What wiles are theſe thou ſhowſt?
I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde
A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find
An end to my retention. It hath ſpent
The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)
Which of the Godheads, doth ſo fowly fall
On my addreſſion home, to ſtay me here?
Auert me from my way? The fiſhie cleare,
Barr'd to my paſſage? He replide: Of force
(If to thy home, thou wiſheſt free recourſe)
To *Ioue*, and all the other Deities,
Thou muſt exhibite ſolemne ſacrifice;
And then the blacke ſea for thee ſhall be cleare,
Till thy lou'd countries ſettl'd reach. But where
Aske theſe rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,
That thou ſhalt neuer ſee thy friends, nor tred
Thy Countries earth; nor ſee inhabited
Thy ſo magnificent houſe; till thou make good
Thy voyage backe to the Ægyptian flood,

Proteus taken by Menelaus.

Whoſe

Whoſe waters fell from *Ioue*: and there haſt giuen
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, houſd in ample heauen,
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delayes.
This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,
In ſuch a long and hard courſe to diuert
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,
As farre as *Ægypt*. I made anſwer yet:
Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,
Reſolue me truly, if their naturall ſhore,
All thoſe Greeks, and their ſhips, do ſafe enioy,
That *Neſtor* and my ſelfe left, when from *Troy*
We firſt raiſde ſaile? Or whether any died
At ſea a death vnwiſht? Or (ſatisfied)
When warre was paſt, by friends embrac't, in peace
Reſign'd their ſpirits? He made anſwer: Ceaſe
To aske ſo farre; it fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.
Nor ſeeke to learne; what learnd, thou ſhouldſt forget;
Mens knowledges haue proper limits ſet,
And ſhould not preaſe into the mind of God.
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)
Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.
Many of thoſe, whoſe ſtates ſo tempt thine eares,
Are ſtoopt by Death; and many left aliue:
One chiefe of which, in ſtrong hold doth ſuruiue,
Amidſt the broad ſea. Two, in their retreate,
Are done to death. I liſt not to repeate,
Who fell at *Troy*; thy ſelfe was there in fight.
But in returne, ſwift *Aiax* loſt the light,
In his long-oard ſhip. *Neptune* yet a while,
The wracke of Aiax Oileus. Saft him vnwrackt: to the *Gyræan* Ile,
A mightie Rocke remouing from his way.
And ſurely he had ſcapt the fatall day,
In ſpite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,
Caſſandra. He in her Phane did, (when he rauiſhed
The Troian Propheteſſe) he had not here
Adioynd an impious boaſt: that he would beare
(Deſpite the Gods) his ſhip ſafe through the waues
Then raiſde againſt him. Theſe his impious braues,
When *Neptune* heard; in his ſtrong hand he tooke
His maſſie Trident; and ſo ſoundly ſtrooke
The rocke *Gyræan*, that in two it cleft:
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;
The other fell into the troubld ſeas;
At which, firſt ruſht *Aiax Oileades*,
And ſplit his ſhip: and then himſelfe aflote
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vaſt mote;

Till hauing drunke a ſalt cup for his ſinne,
There periſht he. Thy brother yet did winne
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they ſtroue,
Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.
But when the ſteepe Mount of the *Malean* ſhore,
He ſeemd to reach; a moſt tempeſtuous blore,
Farre to the fiſhie world, that ſighes ſo ſore,
Strait rauiſht him againe; as farre away,
As to th'extreme bounds where the *Agrians* ſtay;
Where firſt *Thyeſtes* dwelt: but then his ſonne
Ægiſthus Thyeſtiades liu'd. This done,
When his returne vntoucht appeard againe;
Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and ſet him then
Hard by his houſe. Then, full of ioy, he left
His ſhip; and cloſe t'his countrie earth he cleft;
Kiſt it, and wept for ioy: powrd teare on teare,
To ſet ſo wiſhedly his footing there.
But ſee: a Sentinell that all the yeare,
Craftie *Ægiſthus*, in a watchtowre ſet
To ſpie his landing; for reward as great
As two gold talents; all his powres did call
To ſtrict remembrance of his charge; and all
Diſcharg'd at firſt ſight; which at firſt he caſt
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his haſt,
Informd *Ægiſthus*. He, an inſtant traine
Laid for his ſlaughter: Twentie choſen men
Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambuſh laid.
His other men, he charg'd to ſee puruaid
A Feaſt: and forth, with horſe and chariots grac't,
He rode t'inuite him: but in heart embrac't
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,
With trecherous ſlaughter, the vnwary King.
Receiu'd him at a Feaſt; and (like an Oxe
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.
No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one
Sau'd to *Ægiſthus*; but himſelfe alone:
All ſtrowd together there, the bloudie Court.
This ſaid: my ſoule he ſunke with his report:
Flat on the ſands I fell: teares ſpent their ſtore;
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.
When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;
Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted ſpirits did cheare:
No more ſpend teares nor time, ô *Atreus* ſonne;
With ceaſleſſe weeping, neuer wiſh was wonne.
Vſe vttermoſt aſſay to reach thy home,
And all vnwares vpon the murtherer come,
(For torture) taking him thy ſelfe, aliue;
Or let *Oreſtes*, that ſhould farre out-ſtriue

Agamemnons ſlaughter by Ægiſthus trechery.

Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of ſuch a darke ſoule: and do thou the right
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feaſt.
With theſe laſt words, I fortifide my breaſt;
In which againe, a generous ſpring began,
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I muſt euer mourne.
Yet forth I went; and told him the returne
Of theſe I knew: but he had nam'd a third,
Held on the broad ſea; ſtill with life inſpir'd;
Whom I beſought to know, though likewiſe dead,
And I muſt mourne alike. He anſwered:
He is *Laertes* ſonne; whom I beheld
In Nymph *Calypſos* Pallace; who compeld
His ſtay with her: and ſince he could not ſee
His countrie earth, he mournd inceſſantly.
For he had neither ſhip, inſtruct with oares,
Nor men to fetch him from thoſe ſtranger ſhores.
Where, leaue we him; and to thy ſelfe deſcend;
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death ſhall end;
But the immortall ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,
Eliſium deſcribed. (The fields *Eliſian*) Fate to thee will giue:
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue
A neuer-troubld life: where ſnow, nor ſhowres,
Nor irkſome Winter ſpends his fruitleſſe powres;
But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* ſtill reſumes
A conſtant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
Which, ſince thou marriedſt *Hellen*, are thy hire;
And *Ioue* himſelfe, is by her ſide thy Sire.
Proteus leaueth Menelaus. This ſaid; he diu'd the deepſome watrie heapes;
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ſhips;
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my ſteps.
Arriu'd and ſhipt, the ſilent ſolemne Night,
And Sleepe bereft vs of our viſuall light.
At morne, maſts, ſailes reard, we ſate; left the ſhores,
And beate the ſomie Ocean with our oares.
Againe then we, the *Ioue*-ſalne flood did fetch,
As farre as *Ægypt*: where we did beſeech
The Gods with Hecatombs; whoſe angers ceaſt;
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be bleſt.
All rites performd; all haſte I made for home;
And all the proſprous winds about were come;
I had the Paſport now of euery God,
And here cloſde all theſe labours period.
Here ſtay then, till th'eleuenth or twelfth daies light;
And Ile diſmiſſe thee well; gifts exquiſite
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horſes three;

A Cup of curious frame to ſerue for thee,
To ſerue th'immortall Gods with ſacrifice;
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.
He anſwerd: Stay me not too long time here;
Though I could ſit, attending all the yeare:
Nor ſhould my houſe, nor parents, with deſire,
Take my affections from you; ſo on fire
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but ſo;
My *Pylian* friends, I ſhall afflict with wo,
Who mourne euen this ſtay. Whatſoeuer be
The gifts your Grace is to beſtow on me;
Vouchſafe them ſuch, as I may beare and ſaue,
For your ſake euer. Horſe, I liſt not haue,
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leaue them here,
To your ſoiles dainties; where the broad fields beare
Sweet *Cypers* graſſe; where men-fed Lote doth flow;
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it ſelfe doth grow;
Where Barley, white, and ſpreading like a tree:
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be
(For any length it comprehends) a race
To trie a horſes ſpeed: nor any place
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raiſe or pleaſe a Steed.
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth leaſt prouide,
Or meades to feed a horſe, or wayes ro ride.
He, ſmiling ſaid: Of good bloud art thou (ſonne):
What ſpeech, ſo yong? what obſeruation
Haſt thou made of the world? I well am pleaſde
To change my gifts to thee; as being confeſſd
Vnfit indeed: my ſtore is ſuch, I may.
Of all my houſe-gifts then, that vp I lay
For treaſure there, I will beſtow on thee
The faireſt, and of greateſt price to me.
I will beſtow on thee a rich caru'd Cup
Of ſiluer all: but all the brims wrought vp
With fineſt gold: it was the onely thing
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King
Preſented to me, when we were to part
At his receit of me; and twas the Art
Of that great Artiſt, that of heauen is free;
And yet euen this, will I beſtow on thee.
This ſpeech thus ended; gueſts came, and did bring
Muttons (for Preſents) to the God-like King:
And ſpirit-prompting wine, that ſtrenuous makes.
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.
Thus, in this houſe, did theſe their Feaſt apply:
And in *Vlyſſes* houſe, Actiuitie
The wooers practiſde: Toſſing of the Speare;

Telemachus to Menelaus.

Ithaca deſcribed by Telemachus.

The wooers conſpiracie againſt Telemachus.

Homer

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where
They exercisde such insolence before:
Euen in the Court, that wealthy pauements wore.
Antinous did still their strifes decide;
And he that was in person deifide
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all;
For in their vertues they were principall.
These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Phronius*)
Were sided now; who made the question thus:
Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this *Telemachus* returnes? or no,
From sandie *Pylos*? He made bold to take
My ship with him: of which, I now should make
Fit vse my selfe; and saile in her as farre
As spacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are
Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their sides, go
Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know
The yoke, nor labour: some of which should beare
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.
This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he
Nelcian Pylos, euer thought to see;
But was at field about his flocks surueay:
Or thought, his heardsmen held him so away.
Eupitheus sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:
When went he? or with what Traine dignified
Of his selected *Ithacensian* youth?
Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? let me truly know:
To gaine thy vessell, did he violence show,
And vsde her gainst thy will? or had her free,
When fitting question, he had made with thee?
Noemon answerd: I did freely giue
My vessell to him; who deserues to liue,
That would do other? when such men as he,
Did in distresse aske? he should churlish be,
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best
Amongst the people; to the interest
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,
With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.
Their Captaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,
Maskt in his likenesse. But to thinke twas he,
I much admire; for I did clearly see,
But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here;
Yet, th'other euening, he tooke shipping there,
And went for *Pylos*. Thus went he for home,
And left the rest, with enuie ouercome:
Who sate; and pastime left. *Eupitheus* sonne

Sad

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)
His eyes like flames; thus interpoſde his ſpeech.
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,
Is here committed by *Telemachus?*
A boy, a child; and we, a ſort of vs,
Vowd gainſt his voyage; yet admit it thus,
With ſhip, and choiſe youth of our people too?
But let him on; and all his miſchiefe do;
Ioue ſhall conuert vpon himſelfe his powres,
Before their ill preſum'd, he brings on ours.
Prouide me then a ſhip, and twentie men
To giue her manage; that againſt again
He turnes for home; on th'*Ithacenſian* ſeas,
Or Cliffie *Samian*; I may interpreaſe;
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,
Saile with his ruine, for his Father ſaf't.

Antinous anger for the ſcape of Telemachus.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;
Roſe, and to greete *Vlyſſes* houſe, did go.
But long time paſt not, ere *Penelope*
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.
Medon the Herald told her; who had heard
Without the Hall, how they within conferd:
And haſted ſtrait, to tell it to the Queene:
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* ſeene
Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire
Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?
To tell *Vlyſſes* maids, that they muſt ceaſſe
From doing our worke, and their banquets dreſſe?
I would to heauen, that (leauing wooing me,
Nor euer troubling other companie)
Here might the laſt Feaſt be, and moſt extreme,
That euer any ſhall addreſſe for them.
They neuer meete, but to conſent in ſpoile,
And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.
O did they neuer, when they children were,
What to their Fathers, was *Vlyſſes*, heare?
Who neuer did gainſt any one proceed,
With vniuſt vſage, or in word or deed?
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,
One to purſue with loue, another ſpight;
He ſtill yet iuſt; nor would, though might deuoure;
Nor to the worſt, did euer taſte of powre.
But their vnruld acts, ſhew their minds eſtate:
Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

Penelope to Medon.

Medon, the learn'd in wiſedome, anſwerd her:
I wiſh (O Queene) that their ingratitudes were
Their worſt ill towards you: but worſe by farre,
And much more deadly their endeuours are;

Medon to Penelope relates the voyage of Telemachus.

Which *Ioue* will faile them in. *Telemachus*
Their purpoſe is (as he returnes to vs)
To giue their ſharpe ſteeles in a cruell death:
Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe
Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylian* ſhore,
And ſacred *Sparta*, in his ſearch explore.
This newes diſſolu'd to her both knees and heart,
Long ſilence held her, ere one word would part:
Her eyes ſtood full of teares; her ſmall ſoft voice,
All late vſe loſt; that yet at laſt had choice
Of wonted words; which briefly thus ſhe vſde:
Why left my ſonne his mother? why refuſde
His wit the ſolid ſhore, to trie the ſeas,
And put in ſhips the truſt of his diſtreſſe?
That are at ſea to men vnbridld horſe,
And runne, paſt rule, their farre-engaged courſe,
Amidſt a moiſture, paſt all meane vnſtaid?
No need compeld this: did he it, afraid
To liue and leaue poſteritie his name?
I know not (he replide) if th'humor came
From current of his owne inſtinct, or flowd
From others inſtigations; but he vowd
Attempt to *Pylos*; or to ſee deſcried
His Sires returne, or know what death he died.
This ſaid; he tooke him to *Vlyſſes* houſe
After the wooers; the *Vlyſſean* Spouſe
(Runne through with woes) let *Torture* ſeiſe her mind;
Nor, in her choice of ſtate-chaires, ſtood enclin'd
To take her ſeate; but th'abiect threſhold choſe
Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repoſe;
And mournd moſt wretch-like. Round about her fell
Her hand maids, ioynd in a continuate yell.
From euery corner of the Pallace, all
Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall
Their owne deiections: to whom, her complaint
She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond conſtraint
Of any meaſure, vrge theſe teares on me;
Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,
So paſt degree grieu'd. Firſt, a Lord, ſo good,
That had ſuch hardie ſpirits in his blood.
That all the vertues was adornd withall;
That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,
To part with thus, and loſe. And now a ſonne
So worthily belou'd, a courſe to runne
Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempeſts haue
Made farre from home, his moſt inglorious graue.
Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,
(Though in the reach of euery one, muſt fall

Penelope rebuketh her Ladies for not telling her of Telemachus.

His

His taking ſhip) ſuſtaind the carefull mind,
To call me from my bed; who, this deſignd,
And moſt vowd courſe in him, had either ſtaid,
(How much ſoeuer haſted) or dead laid
He ſhould haue left me. Many a man I haue,
That would haue calld old *Dolius* my ſlaue,
(That keepes my Orchard, whom my Father gaue
At my departure) to haue runne, and told
Laertes this; to trie if he could hold
From running through the people; and from teares,
In telling them of theſe vowd murtherers;
That both diuine *Vlyſſes* hope, and his,
Reſolue to end in their conſpiracies.
His Nurſe then, *Eurycléa* made reply:
Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;
Or caſt me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,
One word of what I know: He truſted me
With all his purpoſe; and I gaue him all
The bread and wine, for which he pleaſd to call.
But then a mightie oath he made me ſweare,
Not to report it to your royall eare,
Before the twelfth day either ſhould appeare,
Or you ſhould aske me, when you heard him gone.
Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,
But waſh, and put vnteare-ſtaind garments on:
Aſcend your chamber, with your Ladies here;
And pray the ſeed of Goat-nurſt *Iupiter*,
(Diuine *Athenia*) to preſerue your ſonne;
And ſhe will ſaue him from confuſion.
Th'old King, to whom your hopes ſtand ſo inclin'd,
For his graue counſels, you perhaps may find
Vnfit affected, for his ages ſake.
But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make
Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts neuer will
Beleeue the heauenly powres conceit ſo ill,
The ſeed of righteous *Arceſiades*,
To end it vtterly; but ſtill will pleaſe
In ſome place euermore, ſome one of them
To ſaue; and decke him with a Diadem:
Giue him poſſeſſion of erected Towres,
And farre-ſtretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.
This eaſd her heart, and dride her humorous eies,
When hauing waſht, and weeds of ſacrifiſe
(Pure, and vnſtaind with her diſtruſtfull teares)
Put on; (with all her women-miniſters)
Vp to a chamber of moſt height, ſhe roſe;
And cakes of ſalt and barly did impoſe
Within a wicker basket; all which broke

Eurycléas pious comfort of Penelope.

Laertes ſonne to Arceſius the ſon of Iupiter.

In decent order; thus ſhe did inuoke:
Penelope to Pallas.
Great Virgin of the Goat-preſerued God;
If euer the inhabited abode
Of wiſe *Vlyſſes*, held the fatted Thies
Of ſheepe and Oxen, made thy ſacrifice
By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget
His pious ſeruices; but ſafe ſee ſet
His deare ſonne, on theſe ſhores; and baniſh hence
Theſe wooers, paſt all meane in inſolence.
This ſaid, ſhe ſhriekt; and *Pallas* heard her praire.
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire
About the ſhadie houſe; and one of them,
Whoſe pride, his youth had made the more extreme,
Said; Now the many-wooer-honourd Queene,
Will ſurely ſatiate her delayfull ſpleene,
And one of vs, in inſtant nuptials take.
Poore Dame, ſhe dreames not, what deſigne we make,
Vpon the life and ſlaughter of her ſonne.
So ſaid he; but ſo ſaid, was not ſo done;
Antinous to the reſt.
Whoſe arrogant ſpirit, in a vaunt ſo vaine,
Antinous chid; and ſaid; For ſhame containe
Theſe brauing ſpeeches; who can tell who heares?
Are we not now in reach of others eares?
If our intentions pleaſe vs, let vs call
Our ſpirits vp to them, and let ſpeeches fall.
By watchfull Danger, men muſt ſilent go:
What we reſolue on, let's not ſay, but do.
This ſaid; he chuſde out twentie men, that bore
Beſt reckning with him; and to ſhip and ſhore,
All haſted; reacht the ſhip, lancht, raiſd the maſt;
Put ſailes in; and with leather loopes made faſt
The oares; Sailes hoiſted; Armes their men did bring;
All giuing ſpeed, and forme to euery thing.
Then to the high-deepes, their riggd veſſell driuen,
They ſupt; expecting the approching Euen.
Meane ſpace, *Penelope* her chamber kept,
And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor ſlept;
Her ſtrong thoughts wrought ſo on her blameleſſe ſonne;
Still in contention, if he ſhould be done
To death; or ſcape the impious wooers deſigne.
Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine
To hunt, and cloſe him in a craftie ring;
Much varied thought conceiues; and feare doth ſting
For vrgent danger: So far'd ſhe, till ſleepe,
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did ſteepe
In his diſſoluing humor. When (at reſt)
Pallas her fauours varied; and addreſt
An Idoll, that *Iphthima* did preſent

In

In * ſtructure of her euery lineament;
Great-ſould *Icarius* daughter: whom, for Spouſe
Eumelus tooke, that kept in *Pheris* houſe.
This, to diuine *Vlyſſes* houſe ſhe ſent,
To trie her beſt meane, how ſhe might content
Mournfull *Penelope*; and make Relent
The ſtrict addiction in her to deplore.
This Idoll (like a *worme, that leſſe or more,
Contracts or ſtraines her) did it ſelfe conuey,
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,
Into the chamber; and aboue her head,
Her ſeate aſſuming, thus ſhe comforted
Diſtreſt *Penelope*. Doth ſleepe thus ſeaſe
Thy powres, affected with ſo much diſeaſe?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not ſee
Thy teares nor griefes, in any leaſt degree,
Suſtaind with cauſe; for they will guard thy ſonne,
Safe to his wiſht, and natiue manſion;
Since he is no offender of their States;
And they to ſuch, are firmer then their Fates.
The wiſe *Penelope* receiu'd her thus;
(Bound with a ſlumber moſt delicious,
And in the Port of dreames) O ſiſter, why
Repaire you hither? ſince ſo farre off lie
Your houſe and houſhold? You were neuer here
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare
To my ſo many woes and miſeries?
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My ſoule and mind hold: hauing loſt before
A husband, that of all the vertues bore
The Palme amongſt the Greeks; and whoſe renowne
So ample was, that *Fame* the ſound hath blowne
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.
And now againe; a ſonne that did conuert
My whole powres to his loue, by ſhip is gone.
A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne
To labours taſte, nor the commerce of men;
For whom, more then my husband I complaine;
And leſt he ſhould at any ſufferance touch
(Or in the ſea, or by the men ſo much
Eſtrang'd to him, that muſt his conſorts be)
Feare and chill tremblings, ſhake each ioynt of me.
Beſides: his danger ſets on, foes profeſt
To way-lay his returne; that haue addreſt
Plots for his death. The ſcarce-diſcerned Dreame,
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares ſo extreme,
Let thus diſmay thee; thou haſt ſuch a mate
Attending thee, as ſome at any rate

Would

* Ἁρμας membrorum ſtructura.

* Ὥσπερ κληδὼν Ἰμαντα. Ἱμας, affectus curculionis ſignificat quod longior & gracilior euaſerit.

Minerua ſub Iphthimæ perſona, ſolatur Penelopen in ſomnis.

Penelope to the Dreame.

Would wiſh to purchaſe; for her powre is great;
Minerua pities thy delights defeate:
Whoſe Grace hath ſent me to foretell thee theeſe.
Penelope to the Idoll. If thou (ſaid ſhe) be of the Goddeſſes,
And heardſt her tell thee theſe; thou mayſt as well
From her, tell all things elſe; daigne then to tell,
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,
(My husband) liues; and ſees the Sunne adorne
The darkſome earth; or hides his wretched head
In *Plutos* houſe, and liues amongſt the dead?
I will not (ſhe replide) my breath exhale,
In one continude, and perpetuall tale;
Liues he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vſe,
To be in vaine and idle ſpeech profuſe.
This ſaid; ſhe through the key-hole of the dore
Vaniſht againe into the open blore.
Icarius daughter ſtarted from her ſleepe,
And *Ioyes* freſh humor, her lou'd breſt did ſteepe:
When now ſo cleare, in that firſt watch of night,
She ſaw the ſeene dreame vaniſh from her ſight.
The wooers (ſhipt) the ſeas moiſt waues did plie;
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death ſhould die.
There lies a certaine Iland in the ſea,
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Ithaca*,
That cliffie is it ſelfe, and nothing great;
Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two wayes let
Ships in and out; calld *Aſteris:* and there
The wooers hop't to make their maſſakere.

Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

A *Second Court, on* Ioue *attends;*
Who, Hermes *to* Calypſo *ſends;*
Commanding her to cleare the wayes
Vlyſſes *ſought; and ſhe obayes.*
When Neptune *ſaw* Vlyſſes *free,*
And, ſo in ſafetie, plow the ſea;
Enrag'd, he ruffles vp the waues,
And ſplits his ſhip. Leucothea *ſaues*
His perſon yet; as being a Dame,
Whoſe Godhead gouernd in the frame
Of thoſe ſeas tempers. But the meane
By which ſhe curbs dread Neptunes *ſplene,*
Is made a Iewell; which ſhe takes
From off her head; and that ſhe makes
Vlyſſes *on his boſome weare,*
About his necke, ſhe ties it there:
And when he is with waues beſet,
Bids weare it as an Amulet;
Commanding him, that not before
He toucht vpon Phæacias *ſhore,*
He ſhould not part with it; but then
Returne it to the ſea again,
And caſt it from him. He performes;
Yet after this bides bitter ſtormes;
And in the rockes, ſees Death engrau'd;
But on Phæacias *ſhore is ſau'd.*

Another.

E. Vlyſſes *builds*
A ſhip; and gaines
The Gaſſie fields;
Payes Neptune *paines.*

AVrora roſe from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,
That men and Gods might be illuſtrated:
And then the Deities ſate. Imperiall *Ioue,*
That makes the horrid murmure beate aboue,
Tooke place paſt all; whoſe height for euer ſprings;
And from whom flowes th'eternall powre of things.
Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlyſſes*) told
The many Cares, that in *Calypſos* hold,
He ſtill ſuſtaind; when he had felt before,
So much affliction, and ſuch dangers more.

Pallas to the Gods.

O Father, (ſaid ſhe) and ye euer bleſt;
Giue neuer King hereafter, intereſt
In any aide of yours, by ſeruing you;
By being gentle, humane, iuſt; but grow
Rude, and for euer ſcornfull of your rights;
All iuſtice ordring by their appetites.
Since he that rul'd, as it in right behou'd,
That all his ſubiects, as his children lou'd,
Finds you ſo thoughtleſſe of him, and his birth.
Thus men begin to ſay, ye rule in earth;
And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;
Who yet the leaſt part of his ſufferance know:
Thralld in an Iland; ſhipwrackt in his teares;
And in the fancies that *Calypſo* beares,
Bound from his birthright; all his ſhipping gone;
And of his ſouldiers, not retaining one.
And now his moſt-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame
Their ſlaughterous enuies; ſince his Fathers fame
He puts in purſuite; and is gone as farre
As ſacred *Pylos*; and the ſingular
Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,

Ioue to Pallas.

The Cloud-aſſembler anſwerd: What words flie
Thine owne remembrance (daughter?) haſt not thou
The counſell giuen thy ſelfe, that told thee how
Vlyſſes ſhall with his returne addreſſe
His wooers wrongs? And, for the ſafe acceſſe,
His Sonne ſhall make to his innatiue Port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious ſort,
As thy wit ſerues thee: it obeys thy powers;
And in their ſhip returne the ſpeedleſſe wowers.
Then turnd he to his iſſue *Mercurie*,

Ioue to Mercury

And ſaid: Thou haſt made good our Ambaſſie
To th'other Statiſt; To the Nymph then now,
On whoſe faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;
Beare our true-ſpoken counſell; for retreat
Of patient *Vlyſſes*; who ſhall get
No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;

δεσμὸς ἀιδίος πολυδέσμιος. in fate multis vinculis ligatus.

But in a *patcht-vp skiffe, (built as he can,
And ſuffering woes enow) the twentith day
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,
With the *Phæacians*, that halfe Deities liue;
Who like a God will honour him; and giue
His wiſedome clothes, and ſhip, and braſſe, and gold,
More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;
Where, at the whole diuiſion of the prey,
If he a ſauer were, or got away
Without a wound (if he ſhould grudge) twas well;
But th'end ſhall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale

So

So well with him; to let him land, and ſee
His natiue earth, friends, houſe and family.
Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicides* denied;
But to his feete, his faire wingd ſhooes he tied;
Ambroſian, golden; that in his command,
Put either ſea, or the vnmeaſur'd land,
With pace as ſpeedie as a puft of wind.
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd
The eyes of any waker, when he pleaſd,
And any ſleeper, when he wiſht, diſeaſd.
This tooke; he ſtoopt *Pierea*; and thence
Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence
Kiſt as he flew; and checkt the waues as light
As any Sea-mew, in her fiſhing flight,
Her thicke wings ſoucing in the ſauorie ſeas.
Like her, he paſt a world of wilderneſſe;
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht; he went
Vp from the blue ſea, to the Continent,
And reacht the ample Cauerne of the Queene;
Whom he within found; without, ſeldome ſeene.
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;
Of Cedar cleft, and Incenſe was the Pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.
Her ſelfe was ſeated in an inner roome,
Whom ſweetly ſing he heard; and at her loome,
About a curious web; whoſe yarne ſhe threw
In, with a golden ſhittle. A Groue grew
In endleſſe ſpring about her Cauerne round;
With odorous Cypreſſe, Pines, and Poplars crownd,
Where Haulks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittours bred;
And other birds their ſhadie pinions ſpred.
All Fowles maritimall; none rooſted there,
But thoſe whoſe labours in the waters were.
A Vine did all the hollow Caue embrace;
Still greene, yet ſtill ripe bunches gaue it grace.
Foure Fountaines, one againſt another powrd
Their ſiluer ſtreames; and medowes all enflowrd
With ſweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violets hid,
That deckt the ſoft breſts of each fragrant Mead.
Should any one (though he immortall were)
Arriue and ſee the ſacred obiects there;
He would admire them, and be ouer-ioyd;
And ſo ſtood *Hermes* rauiſht powres employd.
But hauing all admir'd, he enterd on
The ample Caue; nor could be ſeene vnknowne
Of great *Calypſo*, (for all Deities are
Prompt in each others knowledge; though ſo farre

Mercurij deſcriptio.

Deſcriptio ſpecus Calypſus.

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not ſee
Vlyſſes there within. Without was he
Set ſad aſhore; where twas his vſe to view
Th'vnquiet ſea; ſigh'd, wept, and emptie drew
His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne
(That beames caſt vp, to Admiration)
Diuine *Calypſo*, queſtion'd *Hermes* thus:

Calypſo to Mercurie.

For what cauſe (deare, and much-eſteem'd by vs,
Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)
Arriu'ſt thou here? thou haſt not vſde t'apply
Thy paſſage this way. Say, what euer be
Thy hearts deſire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.
But firſt, what hoſpitable rights exact,
Come yet more neare, and take. This ſaid, ſhe ſet
A Table forth, and furniſht it with meate,
Such as the Gods taſte; and ſeru'd in with it,
Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit
He had confirmd his ſpirits; he thus expreſt

Mercurie to Calypſo.

His cauſe of coming: Thou haſt made requeſt
(Goddeſſe of Goddeſſes) to vnderſtand
My cauſe of touch here: which thou ſhalt command,
And know with truth: *Ioue* cauſd my courſe to thee,
Againſt my will; for who would willingly
Lackey along ſo vaſt a lake of Brine?
Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine
Receiues with ſolemne rites and Hecatombs?
But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;
No other God can croſſe or make it void.
And he affirmes, that one, the moſt annoid
With woes and toiles, of all thoſe men that fought
For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought
Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.
For in the tenth yeare, when roy Victorie
Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the ſpoile of *Troy*;
Returne they did profeſſe, but not enioy,
Since *Pallas* they incenſt; and ſhe, the waues
By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graues.
And there they reſted. Onely this poore one,
This Coaſt, both winds and waues haue caſt vpon:
Whom now forthwith he wils thee to diſmiſſe;
Affirming that th'vnalterd deſtinies,
Not onely haue decreed, he ſhall not die
Apart his friends; but of Neceſſitie
Enioy their ſights before thoſe fatall houres,
His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.
This ſtrook, a loue-checkt horror through her powres;
When (naming him) ſhe this reply did giue:

Inſatiate

Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that liue,
In all things you affect; which still conuerts
Your powres to Enuies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine
The vse of earthly Dames) enioy the men:
And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,
When the delicious-fingerd *Morning* shar'd
Orions bed: you easie-liuing States,
Could neuer satisfie your emulous hates;
Till in *Ortygia*, the precise-liu'd Dame
(Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,
(When rich-haird *Ceres* pleasd to giue the raines
To her affections; and the grace did yeeld
Of loue and bed amidst a three-cropt field,
To her *Iasion*) he paid angrie *Ioue*;
Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;
But with a glowing lightning, was his death.
And now your enuies labour vnderneath
A mortals choice of mine; whose life, I tooke
To liberall safetie; when his ship, *Ioue* strooke
With red-hote flashes, peece-meale in the seas,
And all his friends and souldiers, succourlesse
Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast
With blasts and billowes; I (in life giuen lost)
Preseru'd alone; lou'd, nourisht, and did vow
To make him deathlesse; and yet neuer grow
Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong,
To striue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;
No not if all the other Gods should straine
Their powres against it; let his will be law;
So he affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,
(As he commands him) to the raging Maine:
But meanes from me, he neuer shall obtaine,
For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,
To set him off, from my so enuied shores.
But if my counsell and goodwill can aide
His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.
Vouchsafe it so, (said heauens Ambassador)
And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre
T'incense *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace
He may hereafter, all thy wish embrace.
Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.
And since the reuerend *Nymph*, these awfull things
Receiu'd from *Ioue*; she to *Vlysses* went:
Whom she ashore found, drownd in discontent;
His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,

Calypsos displea. sed reply to Mercurie.

Mercurie leaues Calypso.

And waſte his deare age, for his wiſht returne.
Which ſtill without the Caue he vſde to do,
Becauſe he could not pleaſe the Goddeſſe ſo.
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their reſt,
The willing Goddeſſe, and th'vnwilling Gueſt.
But he, all day in rockes, and on the ſhore
The vext ſea viewd; and did his Fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddeſſe (coming neare) beſpake:
Calypſo to Plyſſes Vnhappie man; no more diſcomfort take,
For my conſtraint of thee; nor waſte thine age;
I now will paſſing freely diſengage
Thy irkſome ſtay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ſhip, to ſaue thee from the flood.
Ile furniſh thee with freſh waue; bread and wine,
Hunger. Ruddie and ſweet, that will the * Piner pine;
Put garments on thee; giue thee winds foreright;
That euery way thy home-bent appetite
May ſafe attaine to it; if ſo it pleaſe
At all parts, all the heauen-houſd Deities!
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.
Plyſſes to Calypſo He ſtood amaz'd, at this ſtrange change in her;
And ſaid: O Goddeſſe! thy intents preferre
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;
Commanding things of too high conſequence
For my performance. That my ſelfe ſhould build
A ſhip of powre, my home-aſſaies to ſhield
Againſt the great Sea, of ſuch dread to paſſe;
Which not the beſt-built ſhip that euer was,
Will paſſe exulting; when ſuch winds as *Ioue*
Can thunder vp, their trims and tacklings proue.
But could I build one, I would ne're aboord,
(Thy will oppoſde) nor (won) without thy word,
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the leaſt degree.
The Goddeſſe ſmilde; held hard his hand, and ſaid:
O y'are a ſhrewd one; and ſo habited
In taking heed; thou knowſt not what it is
To be vnwary; nor vſe words amiſſe.
How haſt thou charmd me, were I ne're ſo ſlie?
Calypſos oath. Let earth know then; and heauen, ſo broad, ſo hie;
And th'vnder-ſunke waues of th'infernall ſtreame;
(Which is an oath, as terribly ſupreame,
As any God ſweares) that I had no thought,
But ſtood with what I ſpake; nor would haue wrought,
Nor counſeld any act, againſt thy good;
But euer diligently weighd, and ſtood
On thoſe points in perſwading thee; that I

Would

Would vſe my ſelfe in ſuch extremitie.
For my mind ſimple is, and innocent;
Not giuen by cruell ſleights to circumuent;
Nor beare I in my breaſt a heart of ſteele,
But with the Sufferer, willing ſufferance feele.
This ſaid; the *Grace* of Goddeſſes led home;
He tract her ſteps; and (to the Cauerne come)
In that rich Throne, whence *Mercurie* aroſe,
He ſate. The *Nymph* her ſelfe did then appoſe
For food and beuridge to him; all beſt meate
And drinke, that mortals vſe to taſte and eate.
Then ſate ſhe oppoſite; and for her Feaſt,
Was *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* addreſt
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
Did freely fall to. Hauing fitly far'd,
The *Nymph Calypſo* this diſcourſe began:
Ioue-bred *Vlyſſes*! many-witted man!
Still is thy home ſo wiſht? ſo ſoone, away?
Be ſtill of cheare, for all the worſt I ſay;
But if thy ſoule knew what a ſumme of woes
For thee to caſt vp, thy ſterne Fates impoſe,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;
Vndoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;
Keepe houſe with me, and be a liuer euer.
Which (me thinkes) ſhould thy houſe and thee diſſeuer;
Though for thy wife there, thou art ſet on fire;
And all thy dayes are ſpent in her deſire;
And though it be no boaſt in me to ſay,
In forme and mind, I match her euery way.
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,
T'affect thoſe termes with vs, that deathleſſe are.
The great in counſels, made her this reply:
Renowm'd, and to be reuerenc'd Deitie!
Let it not moue thee, that ſo much I vow
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cauſe my ſelfe, why wiſe *Penelope*
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;
In feature, ſtature, all the parts of ſhow;
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.
Yet her deſire, ſhall all my dayes ſee told;
Adding the ſight of my returning day,
And naturall home. If any God ſhall lay
His hand vpon me, as I paſſe the ſeas;
Ile beare the worſt of what his hand ſhall pleaſe;
As hauing giuen me ſuch a mind, as ſhall
The more ſtill riſe, the more his hand lets fall.
In warres and waues, my ſufferings were not ſmall.

Calypſos promiſe of immortalitie to Vlyſſes.

I now haue ſufferd much; as much before;
Hereafter let as much reſult, and more.
This ſaid; the Sunne ſet; and earth ſhadowes gaue;
When theſe two (in an in-roome of the Caue,
Left to themſelues) left Loue no rites vndone.
The early Morne vp; vp he roſe; put on
His in and out-weed. She, her ſelfe inchaces
Amidſt a white robe, full of all the *Graces*;
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fiſhie skales.
A golden girdle then, her waſte empales;
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;
And now began *Vlyſſes* to go home.
A great Axe, firſt ſhe gaue, that two wayes cut;
In which a faire wel-poliſht helme was put,
That from an Oliue bough receiu'd his frame:
A plainer then. Then led ſhe till they came
To loftie woods, that did the Ile confine.
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-ſcaling Pine,
Had there their offſpring. Of which, thoſe that were
Of drieſt matter, and grew longeſt there,
He chuſde for lighter ſaile. This place, thus ſhowne,
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;
And twentie trees he ſtoopt, in litle ſpace;
Plaind, vſde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.
In meane time did *Calypſo* wimbles bring.
He bor'd, cloſde, naild, and orderd euery thing;
And tooke how much a ſhip-wright will allow
A ſhip of burthen; (one that beſt doth know
What fits his Art) ſo large a Keele he caſt.
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, ſide-boords, maſt;
With willow watlings armd her, to reſiſt
The billowes outrage; added all ſhe miſt;
Sail-yards, and ſterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought
Linnen for ſailes; which, with diſpatch, he wrought.
Gables, and halſters, tacklings. All the Frame
In foure dayes ſpace, to full perfection came.
The fift day, they diſmiſt him from the ſhore;
Weeds, neate, and odorous gaue him; victles ſtore;
Wine, and ſtrong waters, and a proſperous wind.
To which, *Vlyſſes* (fit to be diuin'd)
His ſailes expoſd, and hoiſed. Off he gat;
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he ſat,
And ſter'd right artfully. No ſleepe could ſeiſe
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleiades*;
The Beare, ſurnam'd the Waine, that round doth moue
About *Orion*; and keepes ſtill aboue
The billowie Ocean. The ſlow-ſetting ſtarre,
Bootes calld, by ſome, the Waggonar.

This foure dayes worke (you will ſay) is too much for one man: and Plinie affirmes, that Hiero (a king of Sicilie) in fiue and forty dayes built two hundred and twentie ſhips, rigged them and put to ſea with them.

Calypſo warnd him, he his courſe ſhould ſtere
Still to his left hand. Seuenteene dayes did cleare
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moiſt way;
And by the eighteenth light, he might diſplay
The ſhadie hils of the *Pheacian* ſhore;
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The countrie did a pretie figure yeeld,
And lookt from off the darke ſeas, like a ſhield.
Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreate
From th'*Æthiopian* earth; and taking ſeate
Vpon the mountaines of the *Solymi*;
From thence, farre off diſcouering) did deſcrie
Vlyſſes, his fields plowing. All on fire
The ſight ſtrait ſet his heart; and made deſire
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile ſo hie.
When (his head nodding) O impietie
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconſtancie
Is moſt apparent; altring their deſignes
Since I the *Æthiops* ſaw: and here confines
To this *Vlyſſes* fate, his miſery.
The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in *Pheacia*. But I hope he ſhall
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.
This ſaid; he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;
Frighted the ſeas vp; ſnatcht into his hand,
His horrid Trident; and aloft did toſſe
(Of all the winds) all ſtormes he could engroſſe.
All earth tooke into ſea with clouds; grim *Night*
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.
The Eaſt and Southwinds iuſtld in the aire;
The violent *Zephire*, and *North*-making faire,
Rould vp the wanes before them: and then, bent
Vlyſſes knees; then all his ſpirit was ſpent.
In which deſpaire, he thus ſpake: Woe is me!
What was I borne to? man of miſerie?
Feare tels me now, that all the Goddeſſe ſaid,
Truths ſelfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid
Griefes whole ſumme due from me, at ſea, before
I reacht the deare touch of my countries ſhore.
With what clouds *Ioue*, heauens heightned forehead binds?
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes?
And in the bottomes, all the tops he ſteepes?
Thus dreadfull is the preſence of our death.
Thrice foure times bleſt were they that ſunke beneath
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,
But to renowme *Atrides* with their end?
I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,

συναγαρω
Mendicando
colligo.

That day had held the power to terminate;
When ſhowres of darts, my life bore vndepreſt,
About diuine *Æacides* deceaſt.
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.
This ſpoke; a huge waue tooke him by the head,
And hurld him o're-boord: ſhip and all it laid
Inuerted quite amidſt the waues; but he
Farre off from her ſprawld, ſtrowd about the ſea:
His Sterne ſtill holding, broken off; his Maſt
Burſt in the midſt: ſo horrible a blaſt
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sailes and ſaile-yards fell
Amongſt the billowes; and himſelfe did dwell
A long time vnder water: nor could get
In haſte his head out: waue with waue ſo met
In his depreſſion; and his garments too,
(Giuen by *Calypſo*) gaue him much to do,
Hindring his ſwimming; yet he left not ſo
His drenched veſſell, for the ouerthrow
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe
(Wreſtling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then
Sate in her Bulke, inſulting ouer Death;
Which (with the ſalt ſtreame, preſt to ſtop his breath)
He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe; to giue
To other men. His ſhip ſo ſtriu'd to liue,
Floting at randon, cufft from waue to waue;
As you haue ſeene the *Northwind* when he draue
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Graſhoppers,
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,
Another that; and makes them often meete
In his confuſde gales; ſo *Vlyſſes* fleete,
The winds hurl'd vp and downe: now *Boreas*
Toſt it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it paſſe
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it purſue
The horrid Tennis. This ſport calld the view
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;
(*Ino Leucothea*) that firſt did feele
A mortall Dames deſires; and had a tongue.
But now had th'honor to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie ſaw
Vlyſſes iuſtl'd thus, from flaw to flaw;
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)
Roſe from a whirl-poole: on the ſhip did light,
Leucothea to Vlyſſes. And thus beſpeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus
In thy purſuite extremely furious,
Oppreſſing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

Euen

Euen to thy death? He muſt not ſerue his will,
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduiſe,
As my thoughts ſerue; thou ſhalt not be vnwiſe
To leaue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands
Of theſe rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,
Paſſe to *Phæacia*; where thy auſtere *Fate*,
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.
Take here this Tablet, with this riband ſtrung,
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hung;
By whoſe eternall vertue, neuer feare
To ſuffer thus againe, nor periſh here.
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;
But caſt it farre off from the Continent,
And then thy perſon farre aſhore preſent.
Thus gaue ſhe him the Tablet; and againe
(Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd paſt ſight the Maine.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ſighd at this; and ſtucke
In the conceit of ſuch faire-ſpoken Lucke:
And ſaid; Alas, I muſt ſuſpect euen this;
Leſt any other of the Deities
Adde ſleight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me
To leaue my veſſell, and ſo farre off ſee
The ſhore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare
Will I obey her: but to me appeare
Theſe counſels beſt; as long as I perceiue
My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue
The helpe ſhe may affoord me; but abide,
And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be tride.
When ſhe is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miracle can
Paſt neare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.
While this diſcourſe emploid him, *Neptune* raiſd
A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that ſeiſd
Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;
As when the violent winds together take
Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them euery way;
So his long woodſtacke, *Neptune* ſtrooke aſtray.
Then did *Vlyſſes* mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horſe,
To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypſos* gift.
When putting ſtrait, *Leucotheas* Amulet
About his necke; he all his forces ſet
To ſwim; and caſt him proſtrate to the ſeas.
When powrefull *Neptune* ſaw the ruthleſſe preaſe
Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:
So, now feele ils enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

Vlyſſes ſtil ſuſpi-cious of faire fortunes.

Neptuni in V. lyſſem incle-mentia.

Till

Till to your *Ioue*-lou'd Ilanders you row.
But my mind ſayes, you will not ſo auoid
This laſt taske too, but be with ſufferance cloid.
This ſaid; his rich-man'd horſe he mou'd; and reacht
His houſe at *Ægas*. But *Minerua* fetcht
The winds from ſea; and all their wayes but one
Bard to their paſſage; the bleake *North* alone
She ſet to blow; the reſt, ſhe charg'd to keepe
Their rages in; and bind themſelues in ſleepe.
But *Boreas* ſtill flew high, to breake the ſeas,
Till *Ioue*-bred *Ithacus*, the more with eaſe,
The nauigation-skild *Phæacian* States
Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,
At length eſcaping. Two nights yet, and daies,
He ſpent in wreſtling with the ſable ſeas;
In which ſpace, often did his heart propoſe
Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* roſe,
And threw the third light from her orient haire;
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;
Not one breath ſtirring. Then he might deſcrie
(Raiſd by the high ſeas) cleare, the land was nie.
Simile. And then, looke how to good ſonnes that eſteeme
Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,
Felt in ſome ſickneſſe, that hath held him long
Downe to his bed; and with affections ſtrong,
Waſted his bodie; made his life his lode;
As being inflicted by ſome angrie God)
When on their praires, they ſee deſcend at length
Health from the heauens, clad all in ſpirit and ſtrength;
The ſight is precious: ſo, ſince here ſhould end
Vlyſſes toiles; which therein ſhould extend
Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)
And on which, long for him, *Diſeaſe* did tire.
And then beſides, for his owne ſake to ſee
The ſhores, the woods ſo neare; ſuch ioy had he,
As thoſe good ſonnes for their recouerd Sire.
Then labourd feete and all parts, to aſpire
To that wiſht Continent; which, when as neare
He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;
He heard a ſound beate from the ſea-bred rocks,
Againſt which gaue a huge ſea horrid ſhocks,
That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and ſome;
With which were all things hid there; where no roome
Of fit capacitie was for any port;
Nor (from the ſea) for any mans reſort;
The ſhores, the rocks, and cliffes ſo prominent were.
O (ſaid *Vlyſſes* then) now *Iupiter*
Hath giuen me ſight of an vnhop't for ſhore,

(Though

(Though I haue wrought theſe ſeas ſo long, ſo ſore)
Of reſt yet, no place ſhewes the ſlendreſt prints;
The rugged ſhore ſo briſtl'd is with flints:
Againſt which, euery way the waues ſo flocke;
And all the ſhore ſhewes as one eminent rocke.
So neare which, tis ſo deepe, that not a ſand
Is there, for any tired foote to ſtand:
Nor flie his death-faſt following miſeries,
Leſt if he land, vpon him fore-right flies
A churliſh waue, to cruſh him gainſt a Cliffe;
Worſe then vaine rendring, all his landing ſtrife.
And ſhould I ſwim to ſeeke a hauen elſewhere,
Or land, leſſe way-beate; I may iuſtly feare
I ſhall be taken with a gale againe,
And caſt a huge way off into the Maine.
And there, the great Earth-ſhaker (hauing ſeene
My ſo neare landing; and againe, his ſpleene
Forcing me to him) will ſome Whale ſend out,
(Of which a horrid number here about,
His *Amphitrite* breeds) to ſwallow me.
I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie
He treds my ſteps. While this diſcourſe he held;
A curſt Surge, gainſt a cutting rocke impeld
His naked bodie, which it gaſht and tore;
And had his bones broke, if but one ſea more
Had caſt him on it. But * ſhe prompted him, *Pallas.*
That neuer faild; and bad him no more ſwim
Still off and on; but boldly force the ſhore,
And hug the rocke, that him ſo rudely tore.
Which he, with both hands, ſigh'd and claſpt; till paſt
The billowes rage was; which ſcap't; backe, ſo faſt
The rocke repulſt it, that it reft his hold,
Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.
And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home
Amidſt the ſoft ſea; and neare rough land come
For ſhelter gainſt the ſtormes that beate on her
At open ſea, as ſhe abroad doth erre)
A deale of grauill, and ſharpe little ſtones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones: *Per aſperiora vitare letum.*
So he forc't hither, (by the ſharper ill,
Shunning the ſmoother) where he beſt hop't, ſtill
The worſt ſucceeded: for the cruell friend,
To which he clingd for ſuccour, off did rend
From his broad hands, the ſoken fleſh ſo ſore,
That off he fell, and could ſuſtaine no more.
Quite vnder water fell he; and, paſt Fate,
Hapleſſe *Vlyſſes*, there had loſt the ſtate
He held in life; if (ſtill the grey-eyd Maid,

His

His wiſedome prompting) he had not aſſaid
Another courſe; and ceaſt t'attempt that ſhore;
Swimming, and caſting round his eye, t'explore
Some other ſhelter. Then, the mouth he found
Of faire *Callicoes* flood; whoſe ſhores were crownd
With moſt apt ſuccors: Rocks ſo ſmooth, they ſeemd
Poliſht of purpoſe: land that quite redeemd
With breathleſſe couerts, th'others blaſted ſhores.
The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:
King of this Riuer! heare; what euer name
Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame
My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is
To all the euer-liuing Deities,
What erring man ſoeuer ſeekes their aid.
To thy both flood and knees, a man diſmaid
With varied ſufferance ſues. Yeeld then ſome reſt
To him that is thy ſuppliant profeſt.
This (though but ſpoke in thought) the Godhead heard;
Her Current ſtrait ſtaid; and her thicke waues cleard
Before him, ſmooth'd her waters; and iuſt where
He praid, halfe drownd; entirely ſau'd him there.
Then forth he came, his both knees faltring; both
His ſtrong hands hanging downe; and all with froth
His cheeks and noſthrils flowing. Voice and breath
Spent to all vſe; and downe he ſunke to Death.
The ſea had ſoakt his heart through: all his vaines,
His toiles had rackt, t'a labouring *womans paines.
Dead weatie was he. But when breath did find
A paſſe reciprocall; and in his mind,
His ſpirit was recollected: vp he roſe,
And from his necke did th'Amulet vnloſe,
That *Ino* gaue him; which he hurld from him
To ſea. It ſounding fell; and backe did ſwim
With th'ebbing waters; till it ſtrait arriu'd,
Where *Inos* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.
Then kiſt he th'humble earth; and on he goes,
Till bulruſhes ſhewd place for his repoſe;
Where laid, he ſigh'd, and thus ſaid to his ſoule:
O me, what ſtrange perplexities controule
The whole skill of thy powres, in this euent?
What feele I? if till Care-nurſe Night be ſpent,
I watch amidſt the flood; the ſeas chill breath,
And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:
So low brought with my labours. Towards day,
A paſſing ſharpe aire euer breathes at ſea.
If I the pitch of this next mountaine ſcale,
And ſhadie wood; and in ſome thicket fall
Into the hands of Sleepe: though there the cold

*Q'ſus of oliua: á partu doleo.

May well be checkt; and healthfull ſlumbers hold
Her ſweete hand on my powres; all care allaid,
Yet there will beaſts deuoure me. Beſt appaid
Doth that courſe make me yet; for there, ſome ſtriſe,
Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.
Which, though empaird, may yet be freſh applied,
Where perill, poſſible of eſcape is tried.
But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,
To Indiſcretion, addes Impietie.
Thus to the woods he haſted; which he found
Not farre from ſea; but on farre-ſeeing ground;
Where two twin vnder-woods, he enterd on;
With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrowne:
Through which, the moiſt force of the loud-voic't wind,
Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phœbus* ſhin'd;
Nor ſhowre beate through; they grew ſo one in one;
And had, by turnes, their powre t'exclude the Sunne.
Here enterd our *Vlyſſes*; and a bed
Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance ſpred
With all his ſpeed. Large he made it; for there,
For two or three men, ample Couerings were;
Such as might ſhield them from the *Winters* worſt;
Though * ſteele it breath'd; and blew as it would burſt.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ioyd, that euer day
Shewd ſuch a ſhelter. In the midſt he lay,
Store of leaues heaping high on euery ſide.
And as in ſome out-field, a man doth hide
A kindld brand, to keepe the ſeed of fire;
No neighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire
Seru'd with ſelfe ſtore; he elſe would aske of none;
But of his fore-ſpent ſparks, rakes th'aſhes on:
So this out-place, *Vlyſſes* thus receiues;
And thus nak't vertues ſeed, lies hid in leaues.
Yet *Pallas* made him ſleepe, as ſoone as men
Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.
And all that all his labours could compriſe,
Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

A metaphoricall Hyperbole, expreſſing the Winters extremitie of ſharpneſſe.

Simile.

Finis libri quinti Hom. Odyſſ.

I THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

MInerua *in a viſion ſtands*
Before Nauſicaa; *and commands*
She to the flood her weeds ſhould beare,
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.
Nauſicaa *her charge obayes;*
And then with other virgins playes.
Their ſports make wak't Vlyſſes *riſe;*
Walke to them, and beſeech ſupplies
Of food and clothes. His naked ſight
Puts th'other Maids, afraid, to flight.
Nauſicaa *onely boldly ſtayes,*
And gladly his deſire obayes.
He (furniſht with her fauours ſhowne)
Attends her, and the reſt, to Towne.

Another.

Zyla. *Here Oliue leaues*
T'hide ſhame, began.
The Maide receiues
The naked man.

υπνου τε καματου αρημενον. Somno & labore afflictus. *Sleep (καταχηστικας) for the want of ſleepe.*

THE much-ſuſtaining, patient, heauenly Man,
Whom *Toile* and **Sleepe* had worne ſo weake and wan;
Thus wonne his reſt. In meane ſpace *Pallas* went
To the *Phæacian* citie; and deſcent
That firſt did broad *Hyperias* lands diuide,
Neare the vaſt *Cyclops*, men of monſtrous pride.
That preyd on thoſe *Hyperians*, ſince they were
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there
Diuine *Nauſithous* dwelt not; but aroſe,
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres diſpoſe:
Farre from ingenious Art-inuenting men.
But there did he erect a Citie then.
Firſt, drew a wall round; then he houſes builds;
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields
Laſtly diuiding. But he (ſtoopt by Fate)
Diu'd to th'infernals: and *Alcinous* ſate
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,
Commanding counſels. His houſe held the reach
Of grey *Mineruas* proiect; to prouide,
That great-ſould *Ithacus* might be ſupplide

With

With all things fitting his returne. She went
Vp to the chamber, where the faire *deſcent
Of great *Alcinous* ſlept. A maid, whoſe parts
In wit and beautie, wore diuine deſerts.
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore
Did ſeeme to lighten; ſuch a gloſſe it bore
Betwixt the poſts: and now flew ope, to find
The Goddeſſe entrie. Like a puft of wind
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,
Figure, and manners. But aboue the head
Of bright *Nauſicaa*, did *Pallas* tred
The ſubtle aire; and put the perſon on
Of *Dymas* daughter; from compariſon
Exempt in buſineſſe Nauall. Like his ſeed,
Minerua lookt now; * whom one yeare did breed,
With bright *Nauſicaa*; and who had gaind
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:
Nauſicaa! why bred thy mother one
So negligent, in rites ſo ſtood vpon
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.
When, rich in all attire, both thou ſhouldſt be,
And garments giue to others honoring thee,
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name
Growes amongſt men for theſe things; they enflame
Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,
Let's to the riuer, and repurifie
Thy wedding garments: my ſocietie
Shall freely ſerue thee, for thy ſpeedier aid,
Becauſe thou ſhalt no more ſtand on the Maid.
The beſt of all *Phæacia* wooe thy *Grace*,
Where thou wert bred, and ow'ſt thy ſelfe a race.
Vp, and ſtirre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;
Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,
To beare in ſtate. It ſuites thy high-borne blood;
And farre more fits thee, then to foote ſo farre;
For far from towne thou knowſt the Bath-founts are.
This ſaid; away blue-eyd *Minerua* went
Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,
That beares in endleſſe being, the deified kind;
That's neither ſouc't with ſhowres, nor ſhooke with wind;
Nor chilld with ſnow; but where *Serenitie* flies,
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,
Giue the delights of bleſſed *Deitie* praiſe.

Nauſicaa.

Intending Dymas daughter.

Olympus deſcribed.

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,
When ſhe had all that might excite her, ſaid.
Strait roſe the louely Morne, that vp did raiſe
Faire-veild *Nauſicaa*; whoſe dreame, her praiſe
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time ſpent
To giue the rapture of her viſion vent,
To her lou'd parents: whom ſhe found within.
Her mother ſet at fire, who had to ſpin
A Rocke, whoſe tincture with ſea-purple ſhin'd;
Her maids about her. But ſhe chanc't to find
Her Father going abroad: to Counſell calld
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhald
Her ſmotherd boſome was. Lou'd Sire (ſaid ſhe)
Will you not now command a Coach for me?
Stately and complete? fit for me to beare
To waſh at flood, the weeds I cannot weare
Before repurified? Your ſelfe it fits
To weare faire weeds; as euery man that ſits
In place of counſell. And fiue ſonnes you haue;
Two wed; three Bachelors; that muſt be braue
In euery dayes ſhift, that they may go dance;
For theſe three laſt, with theſe things muſt aduance
Their ſtates in mariage: and who elſe but I
Their ſiſter, ſhould their dancing rites ſupply?
This generall cauſe ſhe ſhewd; and would not name
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for ſhame.
He vnderſtood her yet; and thus replide:
Daughter! nor theſe, nor any grace beſide,
I either will denie thee, or deferre,
Mules, nor a Coach, of ſtate and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go; my ſeruants ſhall
Serue thy deſires, and thy command in all.
The ſeruants then (commanded) ſoone obaid;
Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't
A maund of victles, varied well in taſte,
And other iunkets. Wine ſhe likewiſe filld
Within a goat-skin bottle, and diſtilld
Sweete and moiſt oile into a golden Cruſe,
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vſe;
To ſoften their bright bodies, when they roſe
Clenſd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes
Th'obſerued Maid: takes both the ſcourge and raines;
And to her ſide, her handmaid ſtrait attaines.
Nor theſe alone, but other virgins grac't
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;
Nauſicaa ſcourgd to make the Coach Mules runne;

This familiar & neare wanton cariage of Nauſicaa to her father, ioyned with that virgin modeſtie expreſt in her after, is much praiſed by the graueſt of Homers expoſitors; with her fathers louing allowance of it; knowing her ſhamefaſtnes and iudgement, would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inſerted, not as if this were more worthy the obſeruation then other euery where ſtrewd flowers of precept; but becauſe this more generally pleaſing ſubiect, may perhaps finde more fitneſſe for the ſtay of moſt Readers.

That

That neigh'd, and pac'd their vſuall ſpeed; and ſoone,
Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer ſide;
Where Baths for all the yeare, their vſe ſupplide.
Whoſe waters were ſo pure, they would not ſtaine;
But ſtill ran faire forth; and did more remaine
Apt to purge ſtaines; for that purg'd ſtaine within,
Which, by the waters pure ſtore, was not ſeen.
These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue
Vp to the gulphie riuers ſhore, that gaue
Sweet graſſe to them. The maids from Coach then tooke
Their cloaths, and ſteept them in the ſable brooke.
Then put them into ſprings, and trod them cleane,
With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,
Who ſhould haue ſooneſt, and moſt cleanly done.
When hauing throughly cleanſd, they ſpred them on
The floods ſhore, all in order. And then, where
The waues the pibbles waſht, and ground was cleare,
They bath'd themſelues; and all with glittring oile,
Smooth'd their white skins: refreſhing then their toile
With pleaſant dinner, by the riuers ſide.
Yet ſtill watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.
Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nauſicae*
With other virgins, did at ſtool-ball play;
Their ſhoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nauſicae (with the wriſts of Ivory)
The liking ſtroke ſtrooke; ſinging firſt a ſong;
(As cuſtome orderd) and amidſt the throng,
Made ſuch a ſhew; and ſo paſt all was ſeene;
As when the Chaſt-borne, Arrow-louing Queene, *Simile.*
Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer
Spartan Taygetus, whoſe tops farre diſcouer;
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;
Or ſwift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *Ioues* faire race
(The field Nymphs) ſporting. Amongſt whom, to ſee
How farre *Diana* had prioritie
(Though all were faire) for fairneſſe; yet of all,
(As both by head and forhead being more tall)
Latona triumpht; ſince the dulleſt ſight,
Might eaſly iudge, whom her paines brought to light;
Nauſicaa ſo (whom neuer husband tam'd),
Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.
But when they now made homewards, and araid;
Ordring their weeds, diſorderd as they plaid;
Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerua* thought,
What meanes to wake *Vlyſſes*, might be wrought,
That he might ſee this louely ſighted maid,
Whom ſhe intended, ſhould become his aid:
Bring him to Towne; and his returne aduance.

The pietie and wiſedome of the Poet was ſuch, that (agreeing with the ſacred letter) not the leaſt of things he makes come to paſſe, ſine Numinis prouidentia. As Spond well notes of him

Her meane was *this, (though thought a ſtool-ball chance)
The Queene now (for the vpſtroke) ſtrooke the ball
Quite wide off th'other maids; and made it fall
Amidſt the whirlpooles. At which, out ſhriekt all;
And with the ſhrieke, did wiſe *Vlyſſes* wake:
Who, ſitting vp, was doubtfull who ſhould make
That ſodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus ſtriu'd:
On what a people am I now arriu'd?
At ciuill hoſpitable men, that feare
The Gods? or dwell iniurious mortals here?
Vniuſt, and churliſh? like the female crie
Of youth it ſounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,
On tops of hils? or in the founts of floods?
In herbie marſhes? or in leauy woods?
Or are they high-ſpoke men, I now am neare?
Ile proue, and ſee. With this, the wary Peere
Crept forth the thicket; and an Oliue bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did beſtow
In couert of his nakedneſſe; and then,
Simile. Put haſtie head out: Looke how from his den,
A mountaine Lion lookes, that, all embrewd
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;
(Bold of his ſtrength) goes on; and in his eye,
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey
On ſheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;
His belly charging him; and he muſt part
Stakes with the Heardſ-man, in his beaſts attempt,
Euen where from rape, their ſtrengths are moſt exempt:
So wet, ſo weather-beate, ſo ſtung with *Need*,
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,
Vlyſſes was to force forth his acceſſe,
Though meerly naked; and his ſight did preſſe
The eyes of ſoft-haird virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them: the hard paſſe
He had at ſea, ſtucke by him. All in flight
The Virgins ſcatterd, frighted with this ſight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but *Nauſicaa* fled; but ſhe faſt ſtood:
Pallas had put a boldneſſe in her breſt;
And in her faire lims, tender *Feare* compreſt.
And ſtill ſhe ſtood him, as reſolu'd to know
What man he was; or out of what ſhould grow
His ſtrange repaire to them. And here was he
Put to his wiſedome; if her vitgin knee,
He ſhould be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,
In humbleſt ſuppliance, if he might obtaine
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Her

Her grace to ſhew and guide him to the Towne.
The laſt, he beſt thought, to be worth his owne,
In weighing both well: to keepe ſtill aloofe,
And giue with ſoft words, his deſires their proofe;
Leſt preſſing ſo neare, as to touch her knee,
He might incenſe her maiden modeſtie.
This faire and fil'd ſpeech then, ſhewd this was he.
Let me beſeech (O Queene) this truth of thee;
Are you of mortall, or the deified race? *Vlyſſes to Nauſicaa.*
If of the Gods, that th'ample heauens embrace;
I can reſemble you to none aboue,
So neare as to the chaſt-borne birth of *Ioue*,
The beamie *Cynthia*. Her you full preſent,
In grace of euery God-like lineament;
Her goodly magnitude; and all th'addreſſe
You promiſe of her very perfectneſſe.
If ſprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;
Thrice bleſt are both the authors of your birth;
Thrice bleſt your brothers, that in your deſerts,
Muſt, euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;
To ſee ſo like the firſt trim of a tree,
Your forme adorne a dance. But moſt bleſt, he
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage
Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;
And decke his houſe with your commanding merit.
I haue not ſeene a man of ſo much ſpirit.
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer ſee,
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.
T'enioy your ſight, doth *Admiration* ſeiſe
My eies, and apprehenſiue faculties.
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men
Arriu'd, that renderd me moſt wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a Palme, whoſe iſſue ſweld
About *Apollos Phane*; and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none
Of all her Syluane iſſue ſo adorn'd:
Into amaze my very ſoule was turnd,
To giue it obſeruation; as now thee
To view (O Virgin) a ſtupiditie
Paſt admiration ſtrikes me; ioynd with feare
To do a ſuppliants due, and preaſe ſo neare,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it ſtrange;
For one of freſh and firmeſt ſpirit, would change
T'embrace ſo bright an obiect. But, for me,
A cruell habite of calamitie,
Prepar'd the ſtrong impreſſion thou haſt made:
For this laſt Day did flie Nights twentith ſhade

Since I, at length, eſcapt the fable ſeas;
When in the meane time, th'vnrelenting preaſe
Of waues and ſterne ſtormes, toſt me vp and downe,
From th'Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne
My wracke on this ſhore; that perhaps I may
My miſeries vary here: for yet their ſtay,
I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before
Theſe late afflictions, it hath lent me ſtore.
O Queene, daine pitie then, ſince firſt to you
My Fate importunes my diſtreſſe to vow.
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,
And neighbour Citie, I haue ſeene or knowne.
The Towne then ſhew me; giue my nakednes
Some ſhroud to ſhelter it, if to theſe ſeas,
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to clenſe.
God giue you, in requitall, all th'amends
Your heart can wiſh: a husband, family,
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,
More ſweet, more worthy is, then firme conſent
Of man and wife, in houſhold gouernment.
It ioyes their wiſhers well; their enemies wounds;
But to themſelues, the ſpetiall good redounds.

Nauſicaa to Vlyſſes.

She anſwerd: Stranger! I diſcerne in thee,
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I ſee,
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,
That Induſtry nor wiſedome make endude
Men with thoſe gifts, that make them beſt to th'eie;
Ioue onely orders mans felicitie.
To good and bad, his pleaſure faſhions ſtill,
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,
Of which, thou muſt be patient, as he, free.
But after all thy wandrings, ſince thy way,
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,
As being expoſde to our cares to relieue;
Weeds, and what elſe, a humane hand ſhould giue,
To one ſo ſuppliant, and tam'd with woe;
Thou ſhalt not want. Our Citie, I will ſhow;
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,
And all this kingdome, the *Pheacians* owne.
And (ſince thou ſeemdſt ſo faine, to know my birth;
And mad'ſt a queſtion, if of heauen or earth)
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name
Alcinous is; that in the powre and frame
Of this Iles rule, is ſupereminent.
Thus (paſſing him) ſhe to the Virgins went.
And ſaid: Giue ſtay, both to your feet and fright;
Why thus diſperſe ye, for a mans meere ſight?

Eſteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long ſince
Made vſe to prey vpon our Citizens?
This man, no moiſt man is; (nor watriſh thing,
That's euer flitting; euer rauiſhing
All it can compaſſe; and, like it, doth range
In rape of women; neuer ſtaid in change)
This man is truly *manly, wiſe, and ſtaid;
In ſoule more rich; the more to ſenſe decaid.
Who, nor will do, nor ſuffer to be done,
Acts leud and abiect; nor can ſuch a one
Greete the *Phæacians*, with a mind enuious;
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.
Beſides, diuided from the world we are;
The outpart of it; billowes circulare
The ſea reuoluing, round about our ſhore;
Nor is there any man, that enters more
Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought
From other countries. This man, minding nought
But his reliefe: a poore vnhappie wretch,
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.
Him now we muſt prouide for; from *Ioue* come
All ſtrangers, and the needie of a home.
Who any gift, though ne're ſo ſmall it be,
Eſteeme as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore Virgins, giue the ſtranger food,
And wine; and ſee ye bath him in the flood;
Neare to ſome ſhore, to ſhelter moſt enclin'd;
To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.
Not onely rugged making th'outward skin,
But by his thin powres, pierceth parts within.
This ſaid; their flight in a returne they ſet;
And did *Vlyſſes* with all grace entreate:
Shewd him a ſhore, wind-proofe, and full of ſhade:
By him a ſhirt, and vtter mantle laid.
A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;
Bad waſh; and all things as *Nauſicaa* bad.
Diuine *Vlyſſes* would not vſe their aid;
But thus beſpake them: Euery louely maid,
Let me entreate to ſtand a litle by;
That I alone the freſh flood may apply,
To cleanſe my boſome of the ſea-wrought brine.
And then vſe oile; which long time did not ſhine
On my poore ſhoulders. Ile not waſh in ſight
Of faire-haird maidens. I ſhould bluſh outright,
To bathe all bare by ſuch a virgin light.
They mou'd, and muſde, a man had ſo much grace;
And told their Miſtris, what a man he was.
He cleanſd his broad-foild-ſhoulders; backe and head

δημος βροτος. Cui vitalis vel ſenſualis humiditas ineſt, *βροτος ἀ βρεω*; vt dicamus quaſi *βρυτος. i. ὑγρος*, quod nihil ſit magis fluxum quam homo. *ἀνηρ* virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus. *Nor are thoſe affirmed to be men;* qui ſeruile quidpiam & abiectum faciunt; vel, facere ſuſtinent: *according to this of Herodotus in Polymn.* πολλοι μεν ἀνθρωποι εισι, ὀλιγοι δ' ἀνδρες. *Many, mens formes ſuſtaine, but few are men.*

According to an other tranſlator: Ab Ioue nam ſupplex pauper, procedit & holpes: Res breuis, at chara eſt, Magni quoque muneris inſtar. *Which I cite to ſhew his good when he keepes him to the Originall; and neare in any degree expounds it.*

Vlyſſes modeſtie to the Virgins.

He taught their youths modeſtie, by his aged iudgment. As receiuing the cuſtome of maids then vſed to that entertainment of men: notwithſtanding the modeſtie of that age, could not be

Yet

corrupted inwardly, for those outward kind obseruations of guests and strangers, and was therefore priuiledged. It is easie to auoide shew: and those that most curiously auoid the outward construction, are euer most tainted with the inward corruption. Simile.

Yet neuer tam'd. But now, had fome and weed,
Knit in the faire curles. Which dissolu'd; and he
Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charitie,
The vntoucht virgin shewd in his attire,
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,
More then before, into his sparkling eies;
His late soile set off, with his soone fresh guise.'
His locks (clensd) curld the more; and matcht (in power
To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.
And as a workman, that can well combine
Siluer and gold; and make both striue to shine;
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerua* too,
Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,
In strife of eminence; when worke sets forth
A worthy soule, to bodies of such worth;
No thought reprouing th'act, in any place;
Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* liueliest grace:
So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,
From head to shoulders; and ashore did seate
His goodly presence. To which, such a guise
He shewd in going, that it rauisht eies.
All which (continude) as he sate apart;

Nausicaas admiration of Vlysses.

Nausicaas eye strooke wonder through her heart;
Who thus bespake her consorts: Heare me, you
Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)
Treds not our country earth, against the will
Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.
He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.
I would to heauen, my husband were no worse;
And would be calld no better; but the course
Of other husbands pleasd to dwell out here:
Obserue and serue him, with our vtmost cheare.
She said; they heard, and did. He drunke and eate
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate
A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now
Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:
Had horse to Chariot ioynd; and vp she rose:
Vp chear'd her gueſt, and said: Gueſt, now dispose
Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see
My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be
Of our *Phæacian* State. At all parts then,
Obserue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain;
Though I need vsher you with no aduice,
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.
While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;
So long (in these maids guides) directly beare
Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,

For

For cauſe that after comes: to which, this more
Be my induction) you ſhall then ſoone end
Your way to Towne; whoſe Towres you ſee aſcend
To ſuch a ſteepneſſe. On whoſe either ſide,
A faire Port ſtands; to which is nothing wide
An enterers paſſage: on whoſe both hands ride
Ships in faire harbors; which, once paſt, you win
The goodly market place, (that circles in
A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious ſtone,
And paſſing ample) where munition,
Gables, and maſts men make, and poliſht oares;
For the *Phæacians* are not conquerors
By bowes nor quiuers; Oares, maſts, ſhips they are,
With which they plow the ſea, and wage their warre.
And now the cauſe comes, why I leade the way,
Not taking you to Coach. The men that ſway
In worke of thoſe tooles, that ſo fit our State,
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late
Worke in the market place; and thoſe are they
Whoſe bitter tongues I ſhun; who ſtrait would ſay,
(For theſe vile vulgars are extreamly proud,
And fouly languag'd) What, is he allowd
To coach it with *Nauſicaa*? ſo large ſet,
And fairely faſhiond? where were theſe two met?
He ſhall be ſure her husband. She hath bene
Gadding in ſome place; and (of forraine men,
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home
In her owne ſhip. He muſt, of force, be come
From ſome farre region; we haue no ſuch man.
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran
On ſome wiſht husband) out of heauen, ſome God
Dropt in her lap; and there lies ſhe at rode,
Her complete life time. But, in ſooth, if ſhe
Ranging abroad, a husband ſuch as he,
Whom now we ſaw, laid hand on; ſhe was wiſe,
For none of all our Nobles, are of priſe
Enough for her: he muſt beyond-ſea come,
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,
Yet ſhe will none. Thus theſe folks will conferre
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this diſgrace.
And this would be reproches to my fame;
For euen my ſelfe, iuſt anger would enflame,
If any other virgin I ſhould ſee
(Her parents liuing) keepe the companie
Of any man; to any end of loue,
Till open Nuptials ſhould her act approue.

The Cities deſcription ſo far forth as may in part, induce her promiſt reaſon, why ſhe tooke not Vlyſſes to coach with her.

And

And therefore heare me gueſt; and take ſuch way,
That you your ſelfe may compaſſe, in your ſtay,
Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.
We ſhall, not farre out of our way to Towne,
A neuer-felld Groue find, that Poplars crowne;
To *Pallas* ſacred, where a fountaine flowes;
And round about the Groue, a Medow growes;
In which, my Father holds a Mannor houſe;
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a ſhout.
There ſtay, and reſt your foote paines; till full out
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may gueſſe
We are arriu'd, and enter our acceſſe
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on
For our *Phæacian* State; where, to be ſhowne
My Fathers houſe, deſire. Each infant there
Can bring you to it; and your ſelfe will cleare
Diſtinguiſh it from others: for no ſhowes,
The Citie buildings make; compar'd with thoſe
That King *Alcinous* ſeate doth celebrate.
In whoſe roofes, and the Court, (where men of ſtate,
And ſuiters ſit and ſtay) when you ſhall hide:
Strait paſſe it, entring further: where abide
My Mother, with her withdrawne houſwiferies;
Who ſtill ſits in the fire-ſhine, and applies
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous ſhow:
Her Chaire plac't gainſt a Pillar: all arow
Her maids behind her ſet; and to her here,
My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where
He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.
This view once paſt; for th'end of your abode,
Addreſſe ſuite to my Mother; that her meane,
May make the day of your redition ſeene.
And you may frolicke ſtrait, though farre away
You are in diſtance from your wiſhed ſtay.
For if ſhe once be won to wiſh you well,
Your *Hope* may inſtantly your Paſport ſeale;
And thenceforth ſure abide to ſee your friends,
Faire houſe, and all, to which your heart contends.

Not without ſome little note of our omniſufficient Homers generall touch of the leaſt fitneſſe lying in his way, may this courtly diſcretion he deſcribes in Nauſicaa, be obſerued, if you pleaſe.

This ſaid; ſhe vſde her ſhining ſcourge, and laſht
Her Mules, that ſoone the ſhore left, where ſhe waſht;
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.
Which yet * ſhe temperd ſo; and vſde her ſcourge
With ſo much skill; as not to ouer-vrge
The foote behind; and make them ſtraggle ſo,
From cloſe ſocietie. Firme together go

Vlyſſes and her maids. And now the Sunne
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne
The neuer-feld, and ſound-exciting wood,
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good
Vlyſſes reſted; and to *Pallas* praid:
Heare me, of Goate-kept *Ioue*, th'vnconquerd Maid;
Now throughly heare me; ſince in all the time
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime
Thy far-off eares; when noiſefull *Neptune* toſt
Vpon his watry briſſels, my imboſt
And rock-torne body: heare yet now, and daine
I may of the *Phæacian* State obtaine
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and ſhe heard:
By no meanes yet (expoſde to ſight) appear'd,
For feare t'offend her Vnkle; the ſupreme
Of all the *Sea-Gods; whoſe wrath ſtill extreme
Stood to *Vlyſſes*; and would neuer ceaſe,
Till with his Country ſhore, he crownd his peace.

More of our Poets curious and ſweet pietie.

Neptune.

Finis libri ſexti Hom. Odyſſ.

K THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

NAuſicaa *arriues at Towne;*
And then Vlyſſes. *He makes knowne*
His ſuite to Arete: *who, view*
Takes of his veſture; which ſhe knew;
And asks him, from whoſe hands it came.
He tels, with all the hapleſſe frame
Of his affaires, in all the while,
Since he forſooke Calypſos *Ile.*

Another.

'Hλα. *The honord minds,*
And welcome things,
Vlyſſes *finds,*
In Scherias *Kings.*

THus praid the wiſe, and God-obſeruing Man.
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan
Acceſſe to Towne; and the renowmed Court,
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,
She ſtaid her Coach; and round about her came
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)
Who yet diſdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;
But tooke from *Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.
And ſhe aſcends her chamber; where puruaid
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid
Eurymeduſa, th'*Aperæan* borne;
And brought by ſea, from *Apera*, t'adorne
The Court of great *Alcinous*; becauſe
He gaue to all, the bleſt *Phæacians* lawes;
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in ſpeech, acquir'd
The peoples eares. To one then ſo admir'd,
Eurymeduſa was eſteemd no worſe,
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurſe
To Ivory-armd *Nauſicaa*; gaue heate
To all her fires, and dreſt her priuie meate.
Then roſe *Vlyſſes*, and made way to Towne;
Which ere he reacht, a mightie miſt was throwne
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,
Leſt in the ſway of enuies popular,
Some proud *Phæacian* might foule language paſſe,
Iuſtle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Hæc fuit illius ſæculi ſimplicitas: nam vel fraternus quoque Amor, tantus fuit, vt libenter hanc redeunti chariſſimæ ſorori, operam præſtiterint. Spond.

Entring

Entring the louely Towne yet: through the cloud
Pallas appeard; and like a yong wench ſhowd
Bearing a pitcher; Stood before him ſo,
As if obiected purpoſely to know
What there he needed; whom he queſtiond thus:
Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore diſtreſt
Meere ſtranger here; know none I may requeſt,
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:
Strange Father; I will ſee you ſatisfied
In that requeſt: my Father dwels, iuſt by
The houſe you ſeeke for; but go ſilently;
Nor aske, nor ſpeake to any other; I
Shall be enough to ſhew your way: the men
That here inhabite, do not entertain
With ready kindneſſe, ſtrangers; of what worth
Or ſtate ſoeuer: nor haue taken forth
Leſſons of ciuill vſage, or reſpect
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres
Of ſwift ſhips building) top the watry towres:
And *Ioue* hath giuen them ſhips, for ſaile ſo wrought,
They cut a fether, and command a thought.
This ſaid; ſhe vſherd him; and after, he
Trod in the ſwift ſteps of the Deitie.
The free-ſaild ſea-men could not get a ſight
Of our *Vlyſſes*, yet: though he foreright,
Both by their houſes and their perſons paſt:
Pallas about him, ſuch a darkneſſe caſt,
By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cauſe to ſtare.
He wonderd, as he paſt, to ſee the Ports;
The ſhipping in them; and for all reſorts,
The goodly market ſteds; and Iles beſide
For the *Heroes*; walls ſo large and wide;
Rampires ſo high, and of ſuch ſtrength withall;
It would with wonder, any eye appall.
At laſt they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* ſaid:
Now, honourd ſtranger; I will ſee obaid
Your will, to ſhew our Rulers houſe; tis here;
Where you ſhall find, Kings celebrating cheare;
Enter amongſt them; nor admit a feare;
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;
Though man nor place, he euer ſaw before.
You firſt ſhall find the Queene in Court, whoſe name
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the ſame
That was the King her Spouſe: their Pedigree
I can report: the great Earth-ſhaker, he
Of *Peribœa*, (that her ſex out-ſhone,

Vlyſſes. à Minerua in ædes Alcinoi perducitur, ſeptus nebula.

νεὸς ὠκείης ὄρνις
naues veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio.

Arete the wife of Alcinous.

And yongeſt daughter was, t'*Eurymedon*;
Who of th'vnmeaſur'd-minded Giants, ſwaid
Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid
Of men ſo impious, with cold death; and died
Himſelfe ſoone after) got the magnified
In mind, *Nauſithous*; who the kingdomes ſtate
First held in ſupreame rule. *Nauſithous* gat
Rhexenor, and *Alcinous*, now King:
Rhexenor (whoſe ſeed did no male fruite ſpring;
And whom the ſiluer-bow-glac't *Phœbus* ſlue
Yong in the Court) his ſhed blood did renew
In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouſe
To him that rules the kingdome, in this houſe,
And is her Vnkle; King *Alcinous*.
Who honors her, paſt equall. She may boaſt
More honor of him, then the honord moſt
Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;
How many more ſoeuer, Realmes affoord,
That keepe houſe vnder husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honors her, then her bleſt ſtore
Of gracious children. All the Citie caſt
Eyes on her, as a Goddeſſe; and giue taſte
Of their affections to her, in their praires,
Still as ſhe decks the ſtreets. For all affaires,
Wrapt in contention, ſhe diſſolues to men.
Whom ſhe affects, ſhe wants no mind to deigne
Goodneſſe enough. If her heart ſtand inclin'd
To your diſpatch; hope all you wiſh to find;
Your friends, your longing family, and all,
That can within your moſt affections fall.
This ſaid; away the grey-eyd Goddeſſe flew
Along th'vntamed ſea. Left the louely hew,
Scheria preſented. Out flew *Marathon*,
And ample-ſtreeted *Athens* lighted on.
Where, to the houſe that caſts ſo *thicke a ſhade,
Of *Erectheus*; ſhe ingreſſion made.
Vlyſſes, to the loftie-builded Court
Of King *Alcinous*, made bold reſort;
Yet in his heart caſt many a thought, before
The brazen pauement of the rich Court, bore
His enterd perſon. Like heauens two maine Lights,
The roomes illuſtrated, both daies and nights.
On euery ſide ſtood firme a wall of braſſe,
Euen from the threſhold to the inmoſt paſſe;
Which bore a roofe vp, that all Saphire was;
The brazen threſholds both ſides, did enfold
Siluer Pilaſters, hung with gates of gold;
Whoſe Portall was of ſiluer; ouer which

For the more perſpicuitie of this pedigree, I haue here ſet down the Diagrã, as Spondanus hath it.
Neptune begat Nauſithous of Peribœa.
By Nauſithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot
By Rhexenor, Arete the wife of her vnkle Alcinous.
The honor of Arete (or vertue) alleg.
πουνος ſpiſſus:
The Court of Alcinous.

A golden Corniſh did the front enrich.
On each ſide, Dogs of gold and ſiluer fram'd,
The houſes Guard ſtood; which the Deitie (*lam'd)
With knowing inwards had inſpir'd; and made, *Vulcan.*
That *Death* nor *Age*, ſhould their eſtates inuade.
Along the wall, ſtood euery way a throne;
From th'entry to the Lobbie: euery one,
Caſt ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of ſtate.
Beneath which, the *Phæacian* Princes ſate
At wine and food; and feaſted all the yeare.
Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night
Gaue through the houſe, each honourd Gueſt, his light.
And (to encounter feaſt with houſwifry)
In one roome fiftie women did apply
Their ſeuerall tasks. Some, apple-colourd corne
Ground in faire Quernes; and ſome did ſpindles turne.
Some worke in loomes: no hand, leaſt reſt receiues;
But all had motion, apt, as Aſpen leaues.
And from the weeds they woue, (ſo faſt they laid,
And ſo thicke thruſt together, thred by thred)
That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)
Did with his moiſture, in light dewes diſtill.
As much as the *Phæacian* men exceld
All other countrimen, in Art to build
A ſwift-ſaild ſhip: ſo much the women there,
For worke of webs, paſt other women were.
Paſt meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they vnderſtood
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.
Without the Hall, and cloſe vpon the Gate,
A goodly Orchard ground was ſituate,
Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led
A loftie Quickſet. In it flouriſhed
High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore;
Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more } Hortus Alcinoi memorabilis.
Moſt vſefull Plants, did there produce their ſtore.
Whoſe fruits, the hardeſt Winter could not kill;
Nor hoteſt Summer wither. There was ſtill
Fruite in his proper ſeaſon, all the yeare.
Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blaſts that were
Of varied tempers: theſe, he made to beare
Ripe fruites: theſe bloſſomes: Peare grew after Peare;
Apple ſucceeded apple; Grape, the Grape;
Fig after Fig came; *Time* made neuer rape,
Of any daintie there. A ſpritely vine
Spred here his roote; whoſe fruite, a hote ſun-ſhine
Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.
Here, ſome were gathering; here, ſome preſſing ſeene.

A large-allotted ſeuerall, each fruite had;
And all th'adornd grounds, their apparance made,
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,
To the preciſeſt order he could claime.
Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one
Powrd out a winding ſtreame, that ouer-runne
The grounds for their vſe chiefly: th'other went
Cloſe by the loftie Pallace gate; and lent
The Citie his ſweet benefit: and thus
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ſtood a while at gaze;
But (hauing all obſeru'd) made inſtant pace
Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,
And Captaines of *Phæacia*; with Cups crownd,
Mercurie. Offring to ſharp-eyd **Hermes*: to whom, laſt
They vſde to ſacrifiſe; when *Sleepe* had caſt
His inclination through their thoughts. But theſe,
Vlyſſes paſt; and forth went; nor their eies
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* ſtopt the light
With miſts about him; that, vnſtaid, he might
Firſt to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,
Preſent his perſon; and, of both them, ſhe
(By *Pallas* counſell) was to haue the grace
Of foremoſt greeting. Therefore his embrace,
He caſt about her knee. And then off flew
The heauenly aire that hid him. When his view,
With ſilence and with *Admiration* ſtrooke
The Court quite through: but thus he ſilence broake:
Diuine *Rhexenors* offſpring, *Arete*;
Areten, Vlyſſes ſupplex orat. To thy moſt honourd husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours haue diſtreſt,
Is come for comfort; and to euery gueſt:
To all whom, heauen vouchſafe delightſome liues;
And after, to your iſſue that ſuruiues,
A good reſignement of the Goods ye leaue;
With all the honor that your ſelues receiue
Amongſt your people. Only this of me,
Is the Ambition; that I may but ſee
(By your vouchſaft meanes; and betimes vouchſaft)
My country earth; ſince I haue long bin left
To labors, and to errors, barrd from end;
And farre from benefit of any friend.
He ſaid no more; but left them dumbe with that;
Went to the harth, and in the aſhes ſat,
Aſide the fire. At laſt their ſilence brake;
And *Echineus*, th'old *Heroe* ſpake.
A man that all *Phæacians* paſt in yeares,
And in perſwaſiue eloquence, all the Peeres;

Knew

Knew much, and vſde it well; and thus ſpake he:
Alcinous! it ſhewes not decently;
Nor doth your honor, what you ſee, admit;
That this your gueſt, ſhould thus abiectly ſit:
His chaire the earth; the harth his cuſhion;
Aſhes, as if appoſde for food: a Throne
Adornd with due rites, ſtands you more in hand
To ſee his perſon plac't in; and command
That inſtantly your Heralds fill in wine;
That to the God that doth in lightnings ſhine,
We may do ſacrifice: for he is there,
Where theſe his reuerend ſuppliants appeare.
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,
To ſup the ſtranger. All theſe would haue ſhowd
This fit reſpect to him; but that they ſtay
For your precedence, that ſhould grace the way.
When this had added to the well-inclin'd,
And ſacred order of *Alcinous* mind;
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he ſeiſd;
And from the aſhes, his fair perſon raiſd;
Aduanc't him to a well-adorned Throne;
And from his ſeate raiſd his moſt loued ſonne,
(*Laodamas*, that next himſelfe was ſet)
To giue him place. The handmaid then did get
An Ewre of gold, with water fild; which plac't
Vpon a Caldron, all with ſiluer grac't)
She powrd out on their hands. And then was ſpred
A Table, which the Butler ſet with bread;
As others ſeru'd with other food, the boord;
In all the choiſe, the preſent could affoord.
Vlyſſes, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;
The King the Herald calld: *Pontonous*!
Serue wine through all the houſe; that all may pay
Rites to the Lightner, who is ſtill in way
With humble ſuppliants; and them purſues,
With all benigne, and hoſpitable dues.
Pontonous, gaue act to all he willd,
And hony-ſweetneſſe-giuing-minds-*wine filld;
Diſpoſing it in cups for all to drinke.
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke
Fit for due ſacrifice; *Alcinous* ſaid:
Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Pheacians* leade;
And you our Counſellors; that I may now
Diſcharge the charge, my mind ſuggeſts to you,
For this our gueſt: Feaſt paſt, and this nights ſleepe;
Next morne (our Senate ſummond) we will keepe
Iuſts, ſacred to the Gods; and this our Gueſt
Receiue in ſolemne Court, with fitting Feaſt:

Echineus to Alcinous.

The word that beares this long Epithete, is tranſlated only dulce: which ſignifies more.
μελιηδεα οἰνον ακιρτα:
Vinum quod mellea dulcedine, animum perfundit, & oblectat.

Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand
Of our deduction; his naturall land
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;
And that ſoone giuen him; how farre hence diſſite
Soeuer it can be) he may aſcend;
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,
Aſcent to his Countries ſhore. Or other want; fit meanes to that aſcent.
What, after, auſtere Fates, ſhall make th'euent
Of his lifes thred (now ſpinning, and began
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)
Euſtathius will haue this compariſon of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops, to proceede out of the inueterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cauſe (as is before ſaid) of their remoue from their country, & with great endeuour labors the approbation of it: but (vnder his peace) from the purpoſe: for the ſence of the Poet is cleer, that the Cyclops & Giants being in part the iſſue of the Gods, and yet afterward their deſiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profeſſe) Antinous (out of bold amd manly reaſon, euen to the face of one that might haue bin a God, for the paſt manly appearãce he made there) would tell him, and the reſt in him, that if they graced thoſe Cyclops with their open appearance, that thogh deſcended from them, durſt yet denie them; they might much more do them the honor of their open preſence that adored them.
He muſt endure in all kinds. If ſome God,
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;
And other things will thinke vpon then we;
The Gods wils ſtand: who euer yet were free
Of their appearance to vs; when to them
We offerd Hecatombs, of fit eſteem.
And would at feaſt ſit with vs; euen where we
Orderd our Seſſion. They would likewiſe be
Encountrers of vs, when in way, alone
About his fit affaires, went any one.
Nor let them cloke themſelues in any care,
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,
As are the *Cyclops*; or the impious race,
Of earthy *Giants*, that would heauen outface.
Vlyſſes anſwerd; Let ſome other doubt
Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I
Should ſhadow in this ſhape, a Deitie.
I beare no ſuch leaſt ſemblance; or in wit,
Vertue, or perſon. What may well befit
One of thoſe mortals, whom you chiefly know,
Beares vp and downe, the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;
Of whoſe mones I ſit, in the moſt degree;
And might ſay more; ſuſtaining griefes that all
The Gods conſent to: no one twixt their fall
And my vnpitied ſhoulders, letting downe
The leaſt diuerſion. Be the grace then ſhowne,
To let me taſte your free-giuen food, in peace:
Through greateſt griefe, the belly muſt haue eaſe.
Worſe then an enuious belly, nothing is.
It will command his ſtrict Neceſſities,
Of men moſt grieu'd in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not giue their kind,
A deſperate wound. When moſt with cauſe I grieue,
It bids me ſtill, Eate man, and drinke, and liue;
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill
I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.

But

But this eaſe is but forc't, and will not laſt,
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;
And therefore let me wiſh you would partake
In your late purpoſe; when the Morne ſhall make
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace
My country earth: though I be ſtill thruſt at,
By ancient ils; yet make me but ſee that;
And then let life go. When (withall) I ſee
My high-rooft large houſe, lands and family.
This, all approu'd; and each, willd euery one;
Since he hath ſaid ſo fairly; ſet him gone.
Feaſt paſt, and ſacrifice; to ſleepe, all vow
Their eies at eithers houſe. *Vlyſſes* now,
Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,
The all-lou'd *Arete*. The handmaids then
The veſſell of the Banquet, tooke away.
When *Arete* ſet eye on his array;
Knew both his out, and vnderweed, which ſhe
Made with her maids; and muſde by what meanes he
Obtaind their wearing: which ſhe made requeſt
To know; and wings gaue to theſe ſpeeches: Gueſt!
Firſt let me aske, what, and from whence you are? *Arete to Vlyſſes.*
And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at ſeas?
And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*
To this, thus anſwerd: Tis a paine (O Queene) *Vlyſſes to Arete.*
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;
Of which, the Gods haue opened ſtore in me;
Yet your will muſt be ſeru'd: Farre hence, at ſea,
There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygias* name;
Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,
Faire-haird *Calypſo* liues: a Goddeſſe graue,
And with whom, men, nor Gods, ſocietie haue.
Yet I (paſt man vnhappie) liu'd alone,
By heau'ns wrath forc't) her houſe companion.
For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleft
My ſhip in twaine; and farre at blacke ſea left
Me and my ſouldiers; all whoſe liues I loſt.
I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was toſt
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue
Me and my wracke, on th'Ile, in which doth dwell
Dreadfull *Calypſo*; who exactly well
Receiu'd and nouriſht me; and promiſe made,
To make me deathleſſe: nor ſhould Age inuade
My powres with his deſerts, through all my dayes.
All mou'd not me; and therefore, on her ſtayes,

Seuen

Seuen yeares ſhe made me lie: and there ſpent I
The long time; ſteeping in the miſerie
Of ceaſleſſe teares, the Garments I did weare
From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,
(Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)
She gaue prouokt way to my wiſht remoue;
And in a many-ioynted ſhip, with wine,
(Daintie in ſauour) bread, and weeds diuine;
Sign'd with a harmleſſe and ſweet wind, my paſſe.
Then, ſeuenteene dayes at ſea, I homeward was;
And by the eighteenth, the darke hils appeard,
That your Earth thruſts vp. Much my heart was cheard;
(Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;
To ſhew I yet, had agonies extreame,
To put in ſufferance: which th'Earth-ſhaker ſent;
Croſſing my way, with tempeſts violent;
Vnmeaſur'd ſeas vp-lifting: nor would giue
The billowes leaue, to let my veſſell liue
The leaſt time quiet: that euen ſigh'd to beare
Their bitter outrage: which, at laſt, did teare
Her ſides in peeces, ſet on by the winds.
I yet, through-ſwomme the waues, that your ſhore binds,
Till wind and water threw me vp to it;
When, coming forth, a ruthleſſe billow ſmit
Againſt huge rocks, and an acceſleſſe ſhore
My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,
And ſwom till I was ſalne vpon a flood,
Whoſe ſhores, me thought, on good aduantage ſtood,
For my receit: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.
And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.
Then the diuine Night came; and tredding Earth,
Cloſe by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.
Within a thicket I repoſde; when round
I ruffld vp ſalne leaues in heape; and found
(Let fall from heauen) a ſleepe interminate.
And here, my heart (long time excruciate)
Amongſt the leaues I reſted all that night;
Euen till the morning and meridian light.
The Sunne declining then; delightſome ſleepe,
No longer laid my temples in his ſteepe;
But forth I went, and on the ſhore might ſee
Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie
She ſhin'd aboue them; and I praid to her:
And ſhe, in diſpoſition did prefer
Nobleſſe, and wiſedome, no more low then might
Become the goodneſſe of a Goddeſſe height.
Nor would you therefore hope (ſuppoſde diſtreſt
As I was then, and old) to find the leaſt

Of

Of any *Grace* from her; being yonger farre.
With yong folkes, Wiſedome makes her commerce rare.
Yet ſhe in all abundance did beſtow,
Both wine (that makes the *blood in humanes grow)
And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue
The weeds to me, which now ye ſee me haue.
This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.
Alcinous anſwerd: Gueſt! my daughter knew
Leaſt of what moſt you giue her; nor became
The courſe ſhe tooke, to let, with euery Dame,
Your perſon lackey; nor hath with them brought
Your ſelfe home to; which firſt you had beſought.
O blame her not (ſaid he) Heroicall Lord;
Nor let me heare, againſt her worth, a word.
She faultleſſe is; and wiſht I would haue gone
With all her women home: but I alone
Would venture my receit here; hauing feare
And reuerend aw of accidents that were
Of likely iſſue: both your wrath to moue,
And to inflame the common peoples loue,
Of ſpeaking ill: to which they ſoone giue place;
We men are all a moſt ſuſpicious race.
My gueſt (ſaid he) I vſe not to be ſtird
To wrath too raſhly; and where are preferd
To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;
The nobleſt euer ſhould the moſt preuaile.
Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,
That (were you ſtill as now, and could but runne
One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,
And be my ſon-in-law; ſtill vowd to leade
Your reſt of life here. I, a houſe would giue,
And houſhold goods; ſo freely you would liue,
Confin'd with vs: but gainſt you will, ſhall none
Containe you here; ſince that were violence done
To *Ioue* our Father. For your paſſage home,
That you may well know, we can ouercome
So great a voyage; thus it ſhall ſucceed:
To morrow ſhall our men take all their heed
(While you ſecurely ſleepe) to ſee the ſeas
In calmeſt temper; and (if that will pleaſe)
Shew you your Country and your houſe ere night;
Though farre beyond *Eubœa* be that ſight.
And this *Eubœa* (as our ſubiects ſay,
That haue bin there, and ſeene) is farre away
Fartheſt from vs, of all the parts they know.
And made the triall, when they helpt to row
The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*; to giue him view
Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their ſpeeds did ſhew

* αἷμα οἶνος, Vinum calefaciendi vim habens.

In

(In that far-off *Eubœa*) the ſame day
They ſet from hence; and home made good their way,
With eaſe againe, and him they did conuay.
Which, I report to you, to let you ſee
How ſwift my ſhips are; and how matchleſſy
My yong *Phæacians*, with their oares preuaile,
To beate the ſea through, and aſſiſt a ſaile.
This cheard *Vlyſſes*; who in priuate praid:
I would to *Ioue* our Father, what he ſaid,
He could performe at all parts; he ſhould then
Be glorified for euer; and I gaine
My naturall Country. This diſcourſe they had;
When faire-armd *Arete*, her handmaids bad
A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie
With cloaths; the Couering Tapeſtrie;
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Waſtcoates too,
To weare for more warmth. What theſe had to do,
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;
They mou'd *Vlyſſes* for his reſt; and ſaid:
Come Gueſt, your Bed is fit; now frame to reſt.
Motion of ſleepe, was gracious to their Gueſt;
Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid
The ſounding *Portico*. The King tooke reſt
In a retir'd part of the houſe; where dreſt
The Queene her ſelfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;
And by her Lord, repoſde her reuerend head.

Finis libri ſeptimi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

The Argvment.

THe Peeres of the Phæacian *State,*
A Councell call, to conſolate
Vlyſſes, *with all meanes for Home.*
The Councell to a Banquet come,
Inuited by the king: which done;
Aſſaies for hurling of the ſtone,
The Youths make with the ſtranger king.
Demodecus, *at feaſt, doth ſing*
Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.
And after, ſings the entercourſe
*Of Acïs about th'*Epæan *Horſe.*

Another.

Θnla. *The Councels frame,*
At fleete applied;
In ſtrifes of Game,
Vlyſſes *tried.*

NOw when the Roſie-fingerd morne aroſe;
The ſacred powre *Alcinous* did diſpoſe
Did likewiſe riſe; and like him, left his Eaſe,
The Cittie-racer *Laertiades.*
The Councell at the Nauie was deſign'd;
To which *Alcinous*, with the ſacred mind,
Came firſt of all. On poliſht ſtones they ſate
Neare to the Nauie. To increaſe the ſtate,
Minerua tooke the heralds forme on her
That ſeru'd *Alcinous*; ſtudious to prefer
Vlyſſes Suite for home. About the towne
She made quicke way; and fild with the renowne
Of that deſigne, the eares of euery man:
Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phæacenſian!*
And men of Councell: all haſte to the Court;
To heare the ſtranger that made late reſort
To king *Alcinous*: long time loſt at Sea;
And is in perſon, like a Deitie.
This, all their powres ſet vp; and ſpirit inſtild;
And ſtraight the Court and ſeats, with men were fild.
The whole State wonderd at *Laertes* Son
When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

Pallas like the Herald.

A ſupernaturall, and heauenly dreſſe;
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlineſſe
In breaſt, and ſhoulders; that he might appeare
Gracious, and graue, and reuerend; and beare
A perfect hand on his performance there,
In all the trials they reſolu'd t'impoſe.
All met; and gatherd in attention cloſe;
Alcinous thus beſpake them: Dukes, and Lords;
Heare me digeſt, my hearty thoughts in words:
This Stranger here whoſe trauels found my Court;
I know not; nor can tell if his reſort
From Eaſt or Weſt comes: But his ſuite is this;
That to his Countrey earth we would diſmis
His hither-forced perſon; and doth beare
The minde to paſſe it vnder euery Peere:
Whom I prepare, and ſtirre vp; making knowne
My free deſire of his deduction.
Nor ſhall there euer, any other man
That tries the goodneſſe *Phæacenſian*,
In me, and my Courts entertainement; ſtay
Mourning for paſſage, vnder leaſt delay.
Come then; A ſhip into the ſacred ſeas,
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our preaſe;
Chuſe two and fiftie Youths; of all, the beſt
To vſe an oare. All which, ſee ſtraight impreſt;
And in their Oare-bound ſeates. Let others hie
Home to our Court; commanding inſtantly
The ſolemne preparation of a feaſt;
In which, prouiſion may for any gueſt
Be made at my charge. Charge of theſe low things,
I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,
Conſort me home; and helpe with grace to vſe
This gueſt of ours: no one man ſhall refuſe.
Some other of you, haſte, and call to vs
The ſacred ſinger, graue *Demodocus*;
To whom hath God giuen, ſong that can excite
The heart of whom he liſteth with delight.
This ſaid, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent
Their free attendance; and with all ſpeede, went
The herald for the ſacred man in ſong.
Youths two and fiftie; choſen from the throng
Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd ſeas ſhore;
Where come; they lancht the ſhip: the Maſt it bore
Aduanc't, ſailes hoiſed; euery ſeate, his Ore
Gaue with a lether thong: the deepe moiſt then
They further reacht. The drie ſtreets flowd with men;
That troup't vp to the kings capacious Court.
Whoſe *Porticos*, were chok't with the reſort:

Alcinous exhorts the Phæacians to the beliefe of Vlyſſes.

Whoſe

Whoſe wals were hung with men: yong, old, thruſt there,
In mighty concourſe; for whoſe promiſt cheere
Alcinous ſlue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:
Two crook-hancht Beeues; which flead, and dreſt, diuine
The ſhow was of ſo many a iocund Gueſt
All ſet together, at ſo ſet a feaſt.
To whoſe accompliſht ſtate, the Herald then
The louely Singer led; Who paſt all mean
The Muſe affected; gaue him good, and ill;
His eies put out; but put in ſoule at will.
His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't
With ſiluer ſtuds, and gainſt a Pillar plac't;
Where, as the Center to the State, he reſts;
And round about, the circle of the Gueſts.
The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head
His ſoundfull harpe hung: to whoſe height, he led
His hand for taking of it downe at will.
A Boord ſet by, with food; and forth did fill
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his deſire.
The reſt then, fell to feaſt; and when the fire
Of appetite was quencht: the Muſe inflam'd
The ſacred Singer. Of men highlieſt fam'd,
He ſung the glories; and a Poeme pend,
That in applauſe, did ample heauen aſcend.
Whoſe ſubiect was, the ſterne contention
Betwixt *Vlyſſes*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;
As, at a banket, ſacred to the Gods
In dreadfull language, they expreſt their ods.
When *Agamemnon*, ſat reioyc't in ſoule
To heare the Greeke Peeres iarre, in termes ſo foule;
For *Augur Phœbus*, in preſage had told
The king of men, (deſirous to vnfold
The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone
In heauenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of ſtone,)
That then the end, of all griefes ſhould begin,
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with ſtrife to winne
That wiſht concluſion) in her kings ſhould iarre;
And pleade, if force, or wit muſt end the warre.
This braue contention did the Poet ſing;
Expreſſing ſo the ſpleene of either king;
That his large purple weede, *Vlyſſes* held
Before his face, and eies; ſince thence diſtilld
Teares vncontaind; which he obſcur'd, in feare
To let th'obſeruing Preſence, note a teare.
But when his ſacred ſong the meere Diuine
Had giuen an end; a Goblet crownd with wine
Vlyſſes (drying his wet eies) did ſeiſe;
And ſacrifiſde to thoſe Gods that would pleaſe

Demodocus Poeta.

The contention of Achilles and Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſi mouetur fletus.

The continued pietie of Vlysses through all places, times, and occasions.

T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renowme his wit.
His teares then staid. But when againe began
(By all the kings desires) the mouing man;
Againe *Vlysses*, could not chuse but yeeld
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none
(Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)
Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His vtterance of it; and would haue it held
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:
Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;
In all kinds our approu'd actiuity;
That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know
In his returne: that we, as little owe
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led
The Peeres and people, troup't vp to their head:
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinne;
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought
That did the Princes: and what they would see
With admiration, with his companie
They wisht to honour. To the place of Game
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,
Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroue,
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.

Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities: their names seeme to vsurpe their faculties therein.

Vp rose *Acroneus*, and *Ocyalus*;
Elatreus, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyalus*;
Nauteus, *Eretmeus*, *Thoon*, *Proreus*;
Pontæus, and the strong *Amphialus*,
Sonne to *Tectonides*, *Polinius*.

All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas.

Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;
In action like the homicide of warre.
Naubolides, that was for person farre
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;
Nor any thought improue; *Laodamas*.
Vp *Anabesinæus* then arose;
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;
Were *Halius*, and fore-praisde *Laodamas*;
And *Clytonæus*, like a God in grace.

As Acroneus, ſũma ſeu extrema Nauis pars. Ocyalus velox in mari. Elatreus, or Ελατηρ ελατηρος, *Remex, &c.*

These

Theſe firſt the foote-game tride; and from the liſts
Tooke ſtart together. Vp the duſt, in miſts
They hurld about; as in their ſpeede, they flew;
But *Clytoneus*, firſt, of all the crew
A Stiches length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld
The priſe, and praiſe, his glorious ſpeed arriu'd.
Next, for the boiſtrous wreſtling Game they ſtriu'd;
At which, *Euryalus*, the reſt outſhone.
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow ſtone
Elatreus exceld. At buffets, laſt,
Laodamas, the kings faire ſonne ſurpaſt.
When all had ſtriu'd in theſe aſſaies their fill;
Laodamas ſaid; Come friends; let's proue what skill
This Stranger hath attaind to, in our ſport;
Me thinks, he muſt be of the actiue ſort.
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit ſhoulders ſhow,
That *Nature* diſpoſition did beſtow
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.
But ſowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,
Makes *Time* the more ſeene. Nor imagine I,
A worſe thing to enforce debilitie,
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're ſo ſtrong
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood
With what you queſtion. In the midſt then ſtood
Renowm'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;

Laodamas vrgeth Vlyſſes to their ſports.

Come (ſtranger Father) and aſſaie with vs
Your powrs in theſe contentions: If your ſhow
Be anſwerd with your worth, tis fit that you
Should know theſe conflicts: nor doth glorie ſtand
On any worth more, in a mans command,
Then to be ſtrenuous, both of foote and hand:
Come then, make proofe with vs; diſcharge your mind
Of diſcontentments: for not farre behind
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;
And men, and all things. Why (ſaid he) doſt thou
Mocke me *Laodamas*! and theſe ſtrifes bind
My powrs to anſwer? I am more inclind
To cares, then conflict. Much ſuſtaind I haue;
And ſtill am ſuffering. I come here to craue
In your aſſemblies, meanes to be diſmiſt,
And pray, both Kings, and ſubiects to aſſiſt.

The word is πομπη *ſignifiing*: deductio. qua tranſuehendum curamus eum qui nobiſcum aliquandiu eſt verſatus.

Euryalus vpbraids Vlyſſes.

Euryalus, an open brawle began;
And ſaid: I take you Sir, for no ſuch man
As fits theſe honord ſtrifes. A number more
Strange men there are, that I would chuſe before.
To one that loues to lie a ſhip-boord much;

Or is the Prince of ſailours; or to ſuch
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde
But freight, and paſſage, and a foreright winde;
Or to a victler of a ſhip: or men
κερδέων ἀρπαλέων. That ſet vp all their powrs for rampant Gaine,
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wreſtler, or of qualitie
Fit for contentions noble; you abhor
From worth of any ſuch competitor.
Vlyſſes angry. *Vlyſſes* (frowning) anſwerd; Stranger! farre
Thy words are from the faſhions regular
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guiſe
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.
ἀτάσθαλος Damnorum magnorum auctor. I ſee, the Gods to all men, giue not all
Manly addiction; wiſedome; words that fall
(Like dice) vpon the ſquare ſtill. Some man takes
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes
That fault of forme vp, with obſeru'd repaire
Of pleaſing ſpeech: that makes him held for faire;
That makes him ſpeake ſecurely: makes him ſhine
In an aſſembly, with a grace diuine.
Men take delight, to ſee how euenly lie
His words aſteepe, in honey modeſtie.
Another then, hath faſhion like a God;
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:
And ſuch art thou. A perſon faire is giuen;
But nothing elſe is in thee, ſent from heauen.
For in thee lurkes, a baſe, and earthy ſoule
And t'haſt compelld me, with a ſpeech moſt foule
To be thus bitter. I am not vnſeene
In theſe faire ſtrifes, as thy words ouerweene:
But in the firſt ranke of the beſt I ſtand.
At leaſt, I did, when youth and ſtrength of hand
Made me thus confident: but now am worne
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne
To beare all anguiſh. Sufferd much I haue.
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue
Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all
My waſte in ſufferance: what yet may fall
In my performance, at theſe ſtrifes Ile trie;
Thy ſpeech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.
This ſaid; with robe, and all, he graſpt a ſtone,
A little grauer then was euer throwne
By theſe *Pheacians*, in their wreſtling rout;
More firme, more maſſie; which (turnd round about)
He hurried from him, with a hand ſo ſtrong
It ſung, and flew: and ouer all the throng
(That at the others markes ſtood) quite it went:

Yet

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing ſpent
The force that draue it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.
And, farre paſt all the markes of all the reſt
His wing ſtole way. When *Pallas* ſtraight impreſt
A marke at fall of it; reſembling then
One of the nauy-giuen *Phæacian* men;
And thus aduanc't *Vlyſſes*: One, (though blinde)
(O ſtranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde;
For not amidſt the rout of markes it fell,
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;
And ſtand in all ſtrifes: no *Phæacian* here,
This bound, can either better or come nere.
Vlyſſes ioyd, to heare that one man yet
Vſde him benignly; and would Truth abet
In thoſe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,
You ſhall (and ſtraight I thinke) haue one ſuch more;
And one beyond it too. And now, whoſe Core
Stands ſound, and great within him (ſince ye haue
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue
The Gueſt ye tempted, with ſuch groſſe diſgrace:
At wreſtling, buffets, whirlbat, ſpeed of race.
At all, or either, I except at none,
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one
I will not challenge, in my forced boaſt,
And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Hoſt.
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?
Vnwiſe he is, and baſe, that will contend
With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;
And takes all edge off, from his owne ſought grace.
None elſe except I here; nor none deſpiſe;
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name
Am I vnskilld in; (reckon any game
Of all that are, as many as there are
In vſe with men) for Archerie I dare
Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe
Ile make the firſt foe with mine arrow ſtoupe;
Though, with me ne're ſo many fellowes bend
Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;
Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow
Still my ſuperiour; when we Greekes would ſhow
Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy:*
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,
I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old
None now aliue, ſhall witneſſe me ſo bold
To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe;

He names Laodamas onely for all the other brothers; ſince in his exception, the others enuies were curbd: for brothers either are or ſhould be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calles his hoſt, being eldeſt ſon to Alcinous: the heire being euer the yong maſter; nor might he conueniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, ſince he ſtood not in competition at theſe contentions.

Oechalian, *Eurittus*, *Hercules*;
Who with their bowes, durſt with the Gods contend.
And therefore caught *Eurytus* ſoone his end.
Nor di d at home, in age, a reuerend man;
Apollo. But by the Great incenſed *Delphian*
Was ſhot to death, for daring competence
With him, in all an Archers excellence.
A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man
Shall ſhoote a ſhaft. How at a race I can
Beſtirre my feete; I onely yeeld to Feare,
And doubt to meete with my ſuperiour here.
So many ſeas, ſo too much haue miſuſde
My lims for race; and therefore haue diffuſde
A diſſolution through my loued knees.
The ingenuous and roiall ſpeech of Alcinous to Vlyſſes. This ſaid, he ſtilld all talking properties;
Alcinous onely anſwerd: O my Gueſt
In good part take we, what you haue bene preſt
With ſpeech to anſwer. You would make appeare
Your vertues therefore, that will ſtill ſhine where
Your onely looke is. Yet muſt this man giue
Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue
In ſort of mortals (whence ſo ere he ſprings
That iudgement hath to ſpeake becoming things)
That will depraue your vertues. Note then now
My ſpeech, and what, my loue preſents to you;
That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,
(Mindfull of our worth) what deſeruings *Ioue*
Hath put on our parts likewiſe; in remoue
From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace
Kinde, and perpetuall. We muſt needs giue place
To other Countreymen; and freely yeeld
We are not blameleſſe, in our fights of field;
Buffets, nor wreſtlings: but in ſpeede of feete;
And all the Equipage that fits a fleete,
We boaſt vs beſt. For table euer ſpred
With neighbour feaſts, for garments varied;
For *Poeſie*, *Muſique*, *Dancing*, *Baths*, and *Beds*.
And now, *Phæacians*, you that beare your heads
And feete with beſt grace, in enamouring dance;
Enflame our gueſt here; that he may aduance
Our worth paſt all the worlds, to his home friends;
As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends
Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs
That flie a race beſt. And ſo, all affaires,
At which we boaſt vs beſt; he beſt may trie;
As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and Poeſie.
Some one, with inſtant ſpeede to Court retire,

And fetch *Demodocus*, his ſoundfull lyre.
This ſaid, the God-grac't king, and quicke reſort
Pontonous made, for that faire harpe, to Court.
Nine of the lot-chuſde publique Rulers roſe,
That all in thoſe contentions did diſpoſe;
Commanding a moſt ſmooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people, in faire game, aſide.
Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonous*;
And in the midſt, tooke place *Demodocus*.
About him then ſtood foorth, the choiſe yong men,
That on mans firſt youth, made freſh entrie then:
Had Art to make their naturall motion ſweete
And ſhooke a moſt diuine dance from their feete;
That twinckld Star-like; mou'd as ſwift, and fine,
And beate the aire ſo thinne, they made it ſhine.
Vlyſſes wonderd at it; but amazd
He ſtood in minde, to heare the dance ſo phras'd.
For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did ſing,
The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with Battailes king;
As firſt they cloſely mixt, in t'houſe of fire.
What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his deſire;
Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while
The Sunne their mixture ſaw; and came, and told.
The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold
Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;
And in his ſhrewd mind, deepe ſtuffe did inuent.
His mightie Anuile, in the ſtocke he put;
And forg'd a net, that none could looſe, or cut;
That when it had them, it might hold them faſt.
Which, hauing finiſht, he made vtmoſt haſte
Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wowd:
And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all beſtrowd
The bed, and bed-poſts: all the beame aboue
That croſt the chamber; and a circle ſtroue,
Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.
And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,
The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God
Could ſet his eie on it: a ſleight ſo odde,
His Art ſhewd in it. All his craft beſpent
About the bed: he faind, as if he went
To well-built *Lemnos*; his moſt loued towne,
Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne
To golden-bridle-vſing *Mars*; who kept
No blinde watch ouer him: but, ſeeing ſtept
His riuall ſo aſide, he haſted home
With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue ſtung; who was come
New from the Court of her moſt mightie Sire.

μεμαρυγατο δε μ
μαρμαρυγη ſignifies ſplendor vibrans. a twinckd ſplendor: μαρμαρυσσειν Vibrare veluti radios ſolares.

Ayre rarefied turns fire.

The matter whereof none can ſee.

χρυσολωτος Αρης.

Mars enterd; wrung her hand; and the retire
Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and ſaid;
Now (*Loue*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid
Was *Venus* with it; and afreſh aſſaid
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and ſtraight
About them 'clingd, the artificiall ſleight
Of moſt wiſe *Vulcan*; and were ſo enſnar'd,
That neither they could ſtirre their courſe prepar'd,
In any lim about them; nor ariſe.
And then they knew, they could no more diſguiſe
Their cloſe conueiance; but lay, forc't, ſtone ſtill.
Backe ruſht the Both foote cook't; but ſtraight in skill,
From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went
To any *Lemnos*; but the ſure euent
Left *Phœbus* to diſcouer, who told all.
Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;
Stood in the Portall, and cried out ſo hie;
That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie
Vulcans complaint. And euery other deathleſſe God (ſaid he)
Come all, and a ridiculous obiect ſee;
And yet not ſufferable neither; Come,
And witneſſe, how when ſtill I ſtep from home,
(Lame that I am) *Ioues* daughter doth profeſſe
To do me all the ſhamefull offices;
Indignities, deſpites, that can be thought;
And loues this all-things-making-come to nought
Since he is faire forſooth; foote-ſound, and I
Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;
And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,
Who ſhould not get, if mocke me, with my halt.
But ſee how faſt they ſleepe, while I, in mone,
Am onely made, an idle looker on.
One bed their turne ſerues; and it muſt be mine;
I thinke yet, I haue made their ſelfe-loues ſhine.
They ſhall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:
Nor will they ſleepe together, I beleeue
With too hote haſte againe. Thus both ſhall lie
In craft, and force; till the extremitie
Of all the dowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine
A dogged ſet-fac't Girle, that will not ſtaine
Her face with bluſhing, though ſhe ſhame her head)
He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.
While this long ſpeech was making, all were come
To *Vulcans* wholie-brazen-founded home.
Earth-ſhaking *Neptune*; vſefull *Mercurie*,
And far-ſhot *Phœbus*. No She Deitie
For ſhame, would ſhow there: all the giue-good Gods

Stood

ſtood in the Portall; and paſt periods
Gaue length to laughters; all reioyc't to ſee
That which they ſaid; that no impietie
Finds good ſucceſſe at th'end. And now (ſaid one)
The ſlow outgoes the ſwift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne
To be the ſloweſt of the Gods; outgoes
Mars the moſt ſwift; And this is that, which growes
To greateſt iuſtice; that Adulteries ſport
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other ſort,
(And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,
That ſound limbs turning lame; the lame, * reſtore.
This ſpeech amongſt themſelues they entertaind
When *Phœbus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind
Would'ſt thou be *Hermes*, to be thus diſcloſde?
Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?
He ſoone gaue that an anſwer: O (ſaid he
Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.
Though thrice ſo much ſhame; nay, though infinite
Were powrd about me; and that euery light
In great heauen ſhining, witneſt all my harmes,
So golden *Venus* ſlumberd in mine Armes.
The Gods againe laught; euen the watry ſtate
Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate
Was ſtill for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire
He would diſſolue him; offering the deſire
He made to *Ioue*, to pay himſelfe; and ſaid,
All due debts, ſhould be, by the Gods repaid.
Pay me, no words (ſaid he) where deeds lend paine;
Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.
How ſhall I binde you in th'Immortals ſight
If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?
Vulcan (ſaid he) if *Mars* ſhould flie, nor ſee
Thy right repaid, it ſhould be paid by me:
Your word, ſo giuen, I muſt accept (ſaid he)
Which ſaid; he looſd them: *Mars* then ruſht from skie
And ſtoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity
For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* ſtate
Where, She a *Groue*, ne're cut, hath conſecrate:
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath
An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,
And with immortall Balms beſmooth her skin;
Fit for the bliſſe, Immortals ſolace in;
Deckt her in to-be-ſtudied attire,
And apt to ſet beholders hearts on fire.
This ſung the ſacred Muſe, whoſe notes and words
The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.
Vlyſſes, much was pleaſed, and all the crew:
This would the king haue varied with a new.

* *Intending the ſound of footes, when they outgoe the ſoundeſt.*

This is τὸ, τὰ μικρὰ, μεγάλως &c. *Parua magne dicere; graue ſententce out of lighteſt vapor.*

And pleasing measure; and performed by
Two, with whom none would striue in dancerie.
And those, his sonnes were; that must therefore dance
Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,
Without the words; And this sweete couple, was
Yong *Halius*, and diuine *Laodamas*:
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,
And then danc't backe; the other (capring hie)
Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;
And vp againe aduanc't it; and so found
The other, cause of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be
His turne to catch; and serue the other still.
When they had kept it vp to eithers will;
They then danc't ground tricks; oft mixt hand in hand;
And did so gracefully their change command;
That all the other Youth that stood at pause,
With deafning shouts, gaue them the great applause.

Vlysses to Alcinous.

Then said *Vlysses*; O past all men here
Cleare, not in powre, but in desert as clere,
You said your dancers, did the world surpasse;
And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.
This wonne *Alcinous* heart; and equall prise
He gaue *Vlysses*; saying; Matchlesse wise
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our guest;
And therefore let our hospitable best
In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I
Exist, as Crowne to all: let instantly
Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold
This our assembly; be all fetcht, and giuen;
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heauen
One guest may enter. And that nothing be
Left vnperformd, that fits his dignity;
Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himselfe, with words and gifts; since past our rate
He gaue bad language. This did all commend
And giue in charge; and euery king did send
His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*
(Answering for his part) said; *Alcinous*!
Our chiefe of all; since you command, *I* will
To this our guest, by all meanes reconcile;
And giue him this entirely mettald sword:
The handle massie siluer; and the bord

That

That giues it couer, all of Ivorie,
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.
This put he ſtrait into his hand, and ſaid:
Frolicke, O Gueſt and Father; if words, fled,
Haue bene offenſiue; let ſwift whirlwinds take,
And rauiſh them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wifes ſight good to thee; in quicke retreate
To all thy friends, and beſt-lou'd breeding ſeate;
Their long miſſe quitting with the greater ioy;
In whoſe ſweet, vaniſh all thy worſt annoy.
And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (ſaid he)
Which heauen confirme, with wiſht felicitie.
Nor euer giue againe deſire to thee,
Of this ſwords vſe, which with affects ſo free,
In my reclaime, thou haſt beſtowd on me.
This ſaid; athwart his ſhoulders he put on
The right faire ſword; and then did ſet the Sunne.
When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)
Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;
Which his faire ſonnes tooke; and from the reſort
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne,
Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouerſhone
In King *Alcinous* command) aſcended:
Whom he, to paſſe as much in gifts contended;
And to his Queene, ſaid: Wife! ſee brought me here
The faireſt Cabinet I haue; and there
Impoſe a well-cleanſd, in, and vtter weed;
A Caldron heate with water, that with ſpeed
Our Gueſt well bath'd, and all his gifts made ſure,
It may a ioyfull appetite procure
To his ſucceeding Feaſt; and make him heare
The Poets *Hymne*, with the ſecurer eare.
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory alwaies deare; and ſacrifiſe
With it at home, to all the Deities.
Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to ſet on
A well-fiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;
Cleare water powr'd in, flame made ſo entire,
It gilt the braſſe, and made the water fire.
In meane ſpace, from her chamber brought the Queene
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)
She put the garments, and the gold beſtowd
By that free State: and then, the other vowd
By her *Alcinous*, and ſaid: Now Gueſt
Make cloſe and faſt your gifts, leſt when you reſt
A ſhip-boord ſweetly, in your way you meet

Some loſſe, that leſſe may make your next ſleepe ſweet.
This when *Vlyſſes* heard; all ſure he made;
Encloſde and bound ſafe; for the ſauing trade,
The Reuerend for her wiſedome (*Circe*) had
In foreyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing; which reioyc't his heart.
For ſince he did with his *Calypſo* part,
He had no hote baths. None had fauourd him;
Nor bin ſo tender of his kingly lim.
But all the time he ſpent in her abode,
He liu'd reſpected, as he were a God.
Cleanſd then and balmd; faire ſhirt, and robe put on;
Freſh come from bath, and to the Feaſters gone;
Nauſicaa, that from the Gods hands tooke
The ſoueraigne beautie of her bleſſed looke,
Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,
And through her eye, her heart was ouercome
Nauſicaa enflamed with Vlyſſes With admiration of the Port impreſt
In his aſpect; and ſaid: God ſaue you Gueſt!
Be chearfull, as in all the future ſtate,
Your home will ſhew you, in your better Fate.
But yet, euen then, let this rememberd be,
Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.
The varied in all counſels gaue reply:
Nauſicaa! flowre of all this Empery!
So *Iunos* husband, that the ſtrife for noiſe
Makes in the clouds, bleſſe me with ſtrife of Ioyes,
In the deſir'd day, that my houſe ſhall ſhow,
As I, as I to a Goddeſſe, there ſhall vow,
To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;
Which Ile acknowledge euery houre I liue.
This ſaid; *Alcinous* plac't him by his ſide;
Then tooke they feaſt, and did in parts diuide
The ſeuerall diſhes; filld out wine, and then
ιερηγραυλδη, Poetam cuius hominibus digna eſt ſocietas. The ſtriu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,
And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*
Was brought in by the good *Pontonous*.
In midſt of all the gueſts, they gaue him place,
Againſt a loftie Pillar; when, this grace
The grac't with wiſedome did him. From the Chine
That ſtood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,
(Being farre the daintieſt ioynt) mixt through with fat,
He caru'd to him, and ſent it where he ſat,
By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:
Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;
Say, I ſalute him; and his worth embrace.
Poets deſerue paſt all the humane race,
Reuerend reſpect and honor; ſince the Queene

Of knowledge, and the ſupreme worth in men
(*The Muſe*) informes them; and loues all their race.
This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace
Receiu'd encourag'd: which, when feaſt was ſpent,
Vlyſſes amplified to this aſcent:
Demodocus! I muſt preferre you farre,
Paſt all your ſort; if, or the *Muſe* of warre,
Ioues daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks reſpects)
Or if the Sunne, that thoſe of *Troy* affects.
For I haue heard you, ſince my coming, ſing
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired ſtring.
How much our ſufferance was; how much we wrought;
How much the actions roſe to, when we fought.
So liuely forming, as you had bin there;
Or to ſome free relator, lent your eare.
Forth then, and ſing the woodden horſes frame,
Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of ſleight,
Vlyſſes brought into the Cities height;
When he had ſtuft it with as many men,
As leueld loftie *Ilion* with the Plaine.
With all which, if you can as well enchant,
As with expreſſion quicke and elegant,
You ſung the reſt; I will pronounce you cleare,
Inſpir'd by God, paſt all that euer were.
This ſaid; euen ſtird by God vp, he began;
And to his Song fell, paſt the forme of man;
Beginning where, the Greeks a ſhip-boord went,
And euery Chiefe, had ſet on fire his Tent.
When th'other Kings, in great *Vlyſſes* guide,
In *Troys* vaſt market place, the horſe did hide:
From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilion* drew
The dreadfull Engine. Where (ſate all arew)
Their Kings about it: many counſels giuen,
How to diſpoſe it. In three waies were driuen
Their whole diſtractions: firſt, if they ſhould feele
The hollow woods heart, (ſearcht with piercing ſteele)
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)
Deiect it headlong; or, that counterfet,
So vaſt and nouell, ſet on ſacred fire;
Vowd to appeaſe each angerd Godheads ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, ſaw,
They then ſhould haue reſolu'd: th'vnalterd law
Of Fate preſaging; that *Troy* then ſhould end,
When th'hoſtile horſe, ſhe ſhould receiue to friend;
For therein ſhould the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.
He ſung beſides, the Greeks eruption

From thoſe their hollow crafts; and horſe forgone;
And how they made *Depopulation* tred
Beneath her feete, ſo high a Cities head.
In which affaire, he ſung in other place,
Vlyſſes. That of that ambuſh, ſome man elſe did race
As by the diuine fury directly inſpired ſo, for Vlyſſes glory. The *Ilion* Towres, then **Laertiades*;
But here he *ſung, that he alone did ſeiſe
(With *Menelaus*) the aſcended roofe
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like proofe
Made of his valour: a moſt dreadfull fight,
Daring againſt him. And there vanquiſht quite,
In litle time (by great *Mineruas* aid)
All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.
This the diuine Expreſſor, did ſo giue
Both act and paſſion, that he made it liue;
And to *Vlyſſes* facts did breathe a fire,
In that the ſlaughters he made were expreſt ſo liuely. So *deadly quickning, that it did inſpire
Old death with life; and renderd life ſo ſweet,
And paſſionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pitie his owne crueltie,
And put into that ruth, ſo pure an eie
Of humane frailtie; that to ſee a man
Could ſo reuiue from Death; yet no way can
Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade
τεῖτο Of τακτικὸς, τακω, *Metaph. ſignifying*, conſumo, tabeſco. In *teares, his feeling braine ſwet: for in things
That moue paſt vtterance, teares ope all their ſprings.
Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,
More true interpreters of all, then teares.
Simile. And as a Ladie mournes her ſole-lou'd Lord,
That falne before his Citie, by the ſword,
Fighting to reſcue from a cruell Fate,
His towne and children; and, in dead eſtate
Yet panting, ſeeing him; wraps him in her armes,
Weeps, ſhriekes, and powres her health into his armes;
Lies on him, ſtriuing to become his ſhield
From foes that ſtill aſſaile him; ſpeares impeld
Through backe and ſhoulders; by whoſe points embrude,
They raiſe and leade him into ſeruitude,
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame
Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame
With miſerable ſufferanc: So this King,
Of teare-ſwet anguiſh, op't a boundleſſe ſpring:
Nor yet was ſeene to any one man there,
But King *Alcinous*, who ſate ſo neare,
He could not ſcape him: ſighs (ſo chok't) ſo brake
From all his tempers, which the King did take
Both note, and graue reſpect of, and thus ſpake:

Heare

Heare me, *Phæacian* Counſellers and Peeres;
And ceaſſe, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares
Are not delighted with his ſong; for, euer
Since the diuine Muſe ſung, our Gueſt hath neuer
Containd from ſecret mournings. It may fall,
That ſomething ſung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,
As touching his particular. Forbeare;
That *Feaſt* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;
And we may cheare our Gueſt vp; tis our beſt,
In all due honor. For our reuerend Gueſt,
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His loue hath added to our Feſtiuall.
A Gueſt, and ſuppliant too; we ſhould eſteeme
Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame
He hath a ſoule; or touch but at a mind
Deathleſſe and manly; ſhould ſtand ſo enclin'd.
Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,
(Lou'd Gueſt) what euer we ſhall aske of it.
It now ſtands on your honeſt ſtate to tell;
And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,
What of your parents, and the Towne that beares
Name of your natiue; or of forreiners
That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.
There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;
Noble nor baſe; but had one from his birth;
Impoſde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,
People, and citie, owne you? Giue to know:
Tell but our ſhips all, that your way muſt ſhow;
For our *ſhips know th'expreſſed minds of men;
And will ſo moſt intentiuely retaine
Their ſcopes appointed, that they neuer erre;
And yet vſe neuer any man to ſtere:
Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.
They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their ſpeed.
And there will ſet them. For you cannot name
A Citie to them; nor fat Soile, that *Fame*
Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,
And will flie to them, though they ebbe and flow,
In blackeſt clouds and nights; and neuer beare
Of any wracke or rocke, the ſlendreſt feare.
But this I heard my Sire *Nauſithous* ſay
Long ſince, that *Neptune* ſeeing vs conuay
So ſafely paſſengers of all degrees,
Was angry with vs; and vpon our ſeas,
A well-built ſhip we had (neare habor come,
From ſafe deduction of ſome ſtranger home)
Made in his flitting billowes, ſticke ſtone ſtill;
And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,

This παραδοξία or affirmation of miracles, how impoſſible ſoeuer in theſe times aſſured, yet in thoſe ages they were neither abſurd nor ſtrãge. Thoſe inanimate things hauing (it ſeemd) certain Genij, in whoſe powers, they ſuppoſed, their ſhips faculties. As others haue affirmed Okes to haue ſence of hearing: and ſo the ſhip of Argos was ſaid to haue a Maſt made of Dodonean Oke, that was vocall, and could ſpeake.

With ſhade caſt round about it. This report,
Intending his father Nauſithous. The old *King made; in which miraculous ſort,
If God had done ſuch things, or left vndone;
At his good pleaſure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate vs; both whence you errd;
And to what Clime of men would be transferrd;
With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are;
If rude, vniuſt, and all irregular;
Or hoſpitable, bearing minds that pleaſe
The mightie Deitie. Which one of theſe
You would be ſet at, ſay; and you are there;
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare
The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you ſo?
The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do
Deſtine deſtruction; that from thence may riſe
A Poeme to inſtruct poſterities.
Fell any kinſman before *Ilion*?
Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare ſonne?
Whom next our owne blood, and ſelfe-race we loue?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue
A knowing ſoule, and no vnpleaſing thing?
Since ſuch a good one, is no vnderling
To any brother: for, what fits true friends,
True wiſedome fits true friends. True wiſedome is, that blood and birth tranſcends.

Finis libri octaui Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses *here, is firſt made knowne;*
Who tels the ſterne contention,
His powres did gainſt the Cicons *trie;*
And thence to the Lotophagie
Extends his conqueſt: and from them,
Aſſayes the Cyclop Polypheme;
And by the crafts, his wits apply,
He puts him out his onely eye.

Another.

Iſla. *The ſtrangely fed*
Lotophagie.
The Cicons *fled.*
The Cyclops *eye.*

Lyſſes thus reſolu'd the Kings demands.
Alcinous! (in whom this Empire ſtands)
You ſhould not of ſo naturall right diſherit
Your princely feaſt, as take from it the ſpirit.
To heare a Poet, that in accent brings
The Gods breſts downe; and breathes them as he ſings, *He begins where Alcinous commanded Demodocus to end.*
Is ſweet, and ſacred; nor can I conceiue,
In any common weale, what more doth giue
Note of the iuſt and bleſſed Empery,
Then to ſee *Comfort* vniuerſally
Cheare vp the people. When in euery roofe,
She giues obſeruers a moſt humane proofe
Of mens contents. To ſee a neighbours Feaſt
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breaſt
Of the diuine Muſe; men in order ſet;
A *wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate; οἰνοχόος.
Set cloſe to gueſts, that are to vſe it skilld;
The Cup-boords furniſht; and the cups ſtill filld.
This ſhewes (to my mind) moſt humanely faire.
Nor ſhould you, for me, ſtill the heauenly aire,
That ſtirrd my ſoule ſo; for I loue ſuch teares,
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,
With repetitions of what heauen hath done;
And breake from heartie apprehenſion
Of God and goodneſſe, though they ſhew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me ſtill,

To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,
To ſerue your pleaſure; that, to ouer-flow
My teares with ſuch cauſe, may by ſighs be driuen;
Though ne're ſo much plagu'd, I may ſeeme by heauen.
And now my name; which, way ſhall leade to all
My miſeries after: that their ſounds may fall
Through your eares alſo; and ſhew (hauing fled
So much affliction) firſt, who reſts his head
In your embraces; when (ſo farre from home)
I knew not where t'obtaine it reſting roome.
I am *Vlyſſes Laertiades*;
The feare of all the world for policies;
For which, my facts as high as heauen reſound.
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths moſt renownd:
All ouer-ſhadow'd with the * Shake-leafe hill
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whoſe neare confines fill
Ilands a number, well inhabited,
That vnder my obſeruance taſte their bread.
Dulichius, *Samos*, and the-full-of-*food
Zacynthus, likewiſe grac't with ſtore of wood.
But *Ithaca*, (though in the ſeas it lie)
Yet lies ſhe ſo aloft, ſhe caſts her eye
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.
Farre Norward ſituate; and (being lent
But litle fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)
With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurſe of Name.
Nor could I ſee a Soile, where ere I came,
More ſweete and wiſhfull. Yet, from hence was I
Withheld with horror, by the Deitie
Diuine *Calypſo*, in her cauie houſe;
Enflam'd to make me her ſole Lord and Spouſe.
Circe Ææa too, (that knowing Dame,
Whoſe veines, the like affections did inflame)
Detaind me likewiſe. But to neithers loue,
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;
Nothing ſo ſweete is as our countries earth,
And ioy of thoſe, from whom we claime our birth.
Though roofes farre richer, we farre off poſſeſſe,
Yet (from our natiue) all our more, is leſſe.
To which, as I contended, I will tell
The much-diſtreſt-conferring-facts, that fell
By *Ioues* diuine preuention; ſince I ſet,
From ruin'd *Troy*, my firſt foote in retreat.
From *Ilion*, ill winds caſt me on the Coaſt
The *Cicons* hold; where I emploid mine hoaſt
For *Iſmarus*, a Citie, built iuſt by
My place of landing; of which, *Victory*

Made

* στοιβαλλων. quatientem ſeu agitantem frondes.

quędam quibus corpus alitur & vita ſuſtentatur vnà appellantur.

Amor patriæ.

Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,
Slue all the men, and did their wiues remit,
With much ſpoile taken; which we did diuide,
That none might need his part. I then applide
All ſpeed for flight: but my command therein,
(Fooles that they were) could no obſeruance win
Of many ſouldiers, who with ſpoile fed hie,
Would yet fill higher; and exceſſiuely
Fell to their wine; gaue ſlaughter on the ſhore,
Clouen-footed beeues and ſheepe, in mightie ſtore.
In meane ſpace, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;
When, of their neareſt dwellers, inſtantly
Many and better ſouldiers made ſtrong head,
That held the Continent, and managed
Their horſe with high skill: on which they would fight,
When fitteſt cauſe ſeru'd; and againe alight,
(With ſoone ſeene vantage) and on foote contend.
Their concourſe ſwift was, and had neuer end;
As thicke and ſodaine twas, as flowres and leaues
Darke Spring diſcouers, when ſhe *Light receaues.
And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*
To alter vs vnhappie; which, euen ſtroue
To giue vs ſuffrance. At our Fleet we made
Enforced ſtand; and there did they inuade
Our thruſt-vp Forces: darts encountred darts,
With blowes on both ſides: either making parts
Good vpon either, while the Morning ſhone,
And ſacred *Day* her bright increaſe held on;
Though much out-matcht in number. But as ſoone
As *Phœbus* Weſtward fell, the *Cicons* wonne
Much hand of vs; ſixe proued ſouldiers fell
(Of euery ſhip) the reſt they did compell
To ſeeke of *Flight* eſcape from *Death* and *Fate*.

After Night, in the firſt of the Morning.

Thence (ſad in heart) we ſaild: and yet our State
Was ſomething chear'd; that (being ouer-matcht ſo much
In violent number) our retreate was ſuch,
As ſau'd ſo many. Our deare loſſe the leſſe,
That they ſuruiu'd; ſo like for like ſucceſſe.
Yet left we not the Coaſt, before we calld
Home to our country earth, the ſoules exhald,
Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.
Thrice calld we on them, by their ſeuerall name,
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *North*,
Cloud-gathering *Ioue*, a dreadfull ſtorme calld forth
Againſt our Nauie; couerd ſhore and all,
With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurld here and there
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,

The ancient cuſtome of calling home the dead.

In

In three, in foure parts, all their ſailes; and downe
Driuen vnder hatches were we, preſt to drowne.
Vp ruſht we yet againe; and with tough hand
(Two daies, two nights entoild) we gat nere land;
Labours and ſorrowes, eating vp our minds.
The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds
We maſts aduanc't, we white ſailes ſpred, and ſate.
Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,
Our eaſe and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;
Had not, by chance, a ſodaine North-wind fetcht,
With an extreame ſea, quite about againe,
Our whole endeuours; and our courſe conſtraine
To giddie round; and with our bowd ſailes greete
Dreadfull *Maleia*; calling backe our fleete,
As farre forth as *Cythæra*. Nine dayes more,
Aduerſe winds toſt me; and the tenth, the ſhore,
Where dwell the bloſſome-fed *Lotophagie*,
I fetcht: freſh water tooke in; inſtantly
Fell to our food aſhip-boord; and then ſent
Two of my choice men to the Continent,
(Adding a third, a Herald) to diſcouer,
What ſort of people were the Rulers ouer
The Lotophagie. The land next to vs. Where, the firſt they met,
Were the *Lotophagie*; that made them eate
Their Country diet; and no ill intent,
Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euent,
To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate
Their daintie viands; they did quite forget
(As all men elſe, that did but taſte their feaſt)
Both country-men and country; nor addreſt
Any returne, t'informe what ſort of men
Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,
Abode themſelues there; and eate that food euer.
I made out after; and was faine to ſeuer
Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreate;
That ſtriu'd, and wept, and would not leaue their meate
For heauen it ſelfe. But, dragging them to fleete;
I wrapt in ſure bands, both their hands and feete,
And caſt them vnder hatches; and away
Commanded all the reſt, without leaſt ſtay;
Leſt they ſhould taſte the *Lote* too; and forget
With ſuch ſtrange raptures, their deſpiſde retreate.
All then aboord, we beate the ſea with Ores;
And ſtill with ſad hearts ſaild by out-way ſhores;
Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race
The idle Cyclops. Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that neuer ſow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor vſe a Plow;
But truſt in God for all things; and their earth,

(Vn-

(Vnſowne, vnplowd) giues euery of-ſpring birth,
That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines
That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;
And *Ioue* ſends ſhowres for all: no counſels there,
Nor counſellers, nor lawes; but all men beare
Their heads aloft on mountaines, and thoſe ſteepe,
And on their tops too: and there, houſes keepe
In vaultie Caues; their houſholds gouernd all
By each mans law, impoſde in ſeuerall;
Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.
None for another caring. But there ſtood
Another litle Ile, well ſtor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie
The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.
Mens want it ſufferd; but the mens ſupplies,
The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.
Goates beyond number, this ſmall Iland breeds,
So tame, that no acceſſe diſturbs their feeds.
No hunters (that the tops of mountaines ſcale,
And rub through woods with toile) ſeeke them at all.
Nor is the ſoile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;
Nor euer in it any ſeed was ſowd.
Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,
In braue Vermilion prow-deckt ſhips; nor wrights
Vſefull and skilfull, in ſuch works, as need
Perfection to thoſe trafficks, that exceed
Their naturall confines: to flie out and ſee
Cities of men; and take in, mutually
The preaſe of others; To themſelues they liue,
And to their Iland, that enough would giue
A good inhabitant; and time of yeare
Obſerue to all things Art could order there.
There, cloſe vpon the ſea, ſweet medowes ſpring,
That yet of freſh ſtreames want no watering
To their ſoft burthens: but of ſpeciall yeeld,
Your vines would be there; and your common field,
But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare
A loftie harueſt when you came to ſheare.
For paſſing fat the ſoile is. In it lies
A harbor ſo opportune, that no ties,
Halſers, or gables need; nor anchors caſt.
Whom ſtormes *put in there, are with ſtay embrac't;
Or to their full wils ſafe; or winds aſpire
To Pilots vſes their more quicke deſire.
At entry of the hauen, a ſiluer foord
Is from a rock-impreſſing fountaine powr'd,
All ſet with ſable Poplars; and this Port
Were we arriu'd at, by the ſweet reſort

The deſcriptions of all theſe countries, haue admirable allegories, beſides their artly and pleaſing relation.

Of

Of ſome God guiding vs: for twas a night
So gaſtly darke, all Port was paſt our ſight,
Clouds hid our ſhips, and would not let the Moone
Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,
By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore
That then was vp, ſhou'd waues againſt the ſhore,
That then to an vnmeaſur'd height put on.
We ſtill at ſea eſteemd vs, till alone
Our fleet put in it ſelfe. And then were ſtrooke
Our gatherd ſailes: our reſt aſhore we tooke,
And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,
We roſe, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.
The *Nymphs*, *Ioues* daughters, putting vp a heard
Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard
My fellow ſouldiers. To our Fleet we flew;
Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew
Our ſelues in three parts out; when, by the grace
That God vouch-ſaft, we made a gainfull chace.
Twelue ſhips we had, and euery ſhip had nine
Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.
Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was ſet,
We ſate and feaſted; pleaſant wine and meate,
Plenteouſly taking; for we had not ſpent
Our ruddie wine aſhip-boord: ſupplement
Of large ſort, each man to his veſſell drew,
When we the ſacred Citie ouerthrew,
That held the *Cicons*. Now then ſaw we neare,
The *Cyclops* late-praiſd Iland; and might heare
The murmure of their ſheepe and goates; and ſee
Their ſmokes aſcend. The Sunne then ſet, and we
(When Night ſucceeded) tooke our reſt aſhore.
And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,
I calld my friends to councell; charging them
To make ſtay there, while I tooke ſhip and ſtreame,
With ſome aſſociates; and explor'd what men
The neighbour Ile held: if of rude diſdaine,
Churliſh and tyrannous, or minds bewraid
Pious and hoſpitable. Thus much ſaid,
I boorded, and commanded to aſcend
My friends and ſouldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ſhip. They boorded, ſate, and beate
The old ſea forth, till we might ſee the ſeate,
The greateſt *Cyclop* held for his abode;
Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode
Of ſhips that toucht there; thicke with Lawrels ſpred,
Where many ſheepe and goates lay ſhadowed:
And neare to this, a Hall of torne-vp ſtone,
High built with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;

And

And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept houſe,
A man in ſhape, immane, and monſterous,
Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord
Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;
His mind, his body anſwering. Nor was he
Like any man, that food could poſſibly
Enhance ſo hugely; but (beheld alone)
Shewd like a ſteepe hils top, all ouergrowne
With trees and brambles; litle thought had I
Of ſuch vaſt obiects. When, arriu'd ſo nie;
Some of my lou'd friends, I made ſtay aboord,
To guard my ſhip; and twelue with me I ſhor'd,
The choice of all. I tooke beſides along,
A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and ſtrong,
That *Maro* did preſent; *Euantheus* ſonne,
And Prieſt to *Phœbus*; who had manſion
In *Thracian Iſmarus* (the Towne I tooke)
He gaue it me; ſince I (with reuerence ſtrooke,
Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)
Freed all of violence. Amidſt a wood
Sacred to *Phœbus*, ſtood his houſe; from whence
He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;
Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd
Of maſſie ſiluer. But his gift, moſt fam'd,
Was twelue great veſſels, filld with ſuch rich wine,
As was incorruptible, and diuine.
He kept it as his iewell, which none knew
But he himſelfe, his wife, and he that drew.
It was ſo ſtrong, that neuer any filld
A cup, where that was but by drops inſtilld,
And drunke it off; but twas before allaid
With twentie parts in water; yet ſo ſwaid
The ſpirit of that litle, that the whole,
A ſacred odour breath'd about the boll.
Had you the odour ſmelt, and ſent it caſt,
It would haue vext you to forbeare the taſte.
But then (the taſte gaind too) the ſpirit it wrought,
To dare things high, ſet vp an end my thought.
Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,
And in a good large knapſacke, victles ſtore;
And longd to ſee this heape of fortitude,
That ſo illiterate was, and vpland rude,
That lawes diuine nor humane he had learnd.
With ſpeed we reacht the Cauerne, nor diſcernd
His preſence there. His flocks he fed at field.
Entring his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld
Our admiration: ſhelues with cheeſes heapt;
Sheds ſtuft with Lambs and Goates, diſtinctly kept;

Vinum Maroneum memorabile.

Diſtinct the biggeſt; the more meane diſtinct;
Diſtinct the yongeſt. And in their precinct
(Proper and placefull) ſtood the troughs and pailes,
In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,
Set vp a creaming: in the Euening ſtill,
All ſcouring bright, as deaw vpon the hill.
Then were my fellowes inſtant to conuay
Kids, cheeſes, lambs, aſhip-boord; and away
Saile the ſalt billow. I thought beſt, not ſo,
But better otherwiſe; and firſt would know,
What gueſt-gifts he would ſpare me. Little knew
My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view
Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For ſuch bold vſage: we were bold enough,
In what I ſufferd; which was there to ſtay;
Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.
There ſate we, till we ſaw him feeding come,
And on his necke a burthen lugging home,
Moſt highly huge of Sere-wood; which the pile
That fed his fire, ſupplide all ſupper while.
Downe by his den he threw it; and vp roſe
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we cloſe
Withdrew our ſelues, while he into a Caue
Of huge receit, his high-fed cattell draue,
All that he milkt; the males he left without
His loftie roofes, that all beſtrowd about
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke
He lift aloft, that damd vp to his flocke,
The doore they enterd: twas ſo hard to wield,
That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,
(Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were
Proportion'd to them) could not ſtirre it there.
Thus, making ſure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,
And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dreſſe,
His halfe milke vp for cheeſe, and in a preſſe
Of wicker preſt it; put in bolls the reſt,
To drinke, and eate, and ſerue his ſupping feaſt.
All works diſpatcht thus; he began his fire;
Which blowne, he ſaw vs; and did thus enquire:
Ho! Gueſts! what are ye? whence ſaile ye theſe ſeas?
Trafficke, or roue ye? and like theeues oppreſſe
Poore ſtrange aduenturers; expoſing ſo
Your ſoules to danger, and your liues to wo?
This vttерd he; when Feare from our hearts tooke
The very life; to be ſo thunder-ſtrooke
With ſuch a voice, and ſuch a monſter ſee.
But thus I anſwerd: Erring *Grecians* we,

From

From *Troy* were turning homewards; but by force
Of aduerſe winds, in far-diuerted courſe,
Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude ſeas toſt,
(As *Ioue* decreed) are caſt vpon this Coaſt.
Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* ſonne)
We boaſt our ſelues the ſouldiers; who hath wonne
Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow
So great a Citie, and to ruine ſo,
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our proſtrate boſomes; forc't with praires to trie,
If any hoſpitable right, or Boone
Of other nature, (ſuch as haue bin wonne
By lawes of other houſes) thou wilt giue.
Reuerence the Gods, thou greatſt of all that liue.
We ſuppliants are; and hoſpitable *Ioue*
Poures wreake on all, whom praires want powre to moue:
And with their plagues, together will prouide,
That humble Gueſts ſhall haue their wants ſupplide.
He cruelly anſwerd: O thou foole (ſaid he)
To come ſo farre, and to importune me
With any Gods feare, or obſerued loue;
We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;
Nor other Bleſt ones; we are better farre.
To *Ioue* himſelfe, dare I bid open warre;
To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I pleaſe.
But tell me: where's the ſhip, that by the ſeas
Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare;
Informe me quickly. Theſe his temptings were.
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;
And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind
(Thruſt vp from Sea, by him that ſhakes the Shore)
Had daſht our ſhips againſt his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in peeces, cloſe vpon his Coaſt;
And we from high wracke ſau'd; the reſt were loſt.
He anſwerd nothing; but ruſht in, and tooke
Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and ſtrooke
Their braines againſt it. Like two whelps they flew
About his ſhoulders; and did all embrew
The bluſhing earth. No mountaine Lion tore
Two Lambs ſo ſternly; lapt vp all their gore,
Guſht from their torne-vp bodies; lim by lim,
(Trembling with life yet) rauiſht into him.
Both fleſh and marrow-ſtuffed bones he eate,
And euen th'vncleanſed entrails made his meate.
We weeping, caſt our hands to heauen, to view,
A ſight ſo horrid. Deſperation flew
With all our after liues, to inſtant death,
In our belceu'd deſtruction. But when breath,

This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory & theirs for Troyes ſacke, with the pietie of ſuppliants receit, to him that was ſo barbarous and impious, muſt be intended ſpoken by Vlyſſes, with ſuppoſition that his hearers wold note, ſtill as he ſpake, how vaine they would ſhew to the Cyclops: who reſpected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit againſt Troy, or the Gods themſelues. For otherwiſe, the ſerious obſeruatiõ of the words (though good & graue, if ſpoken to another) want their intentional ſharpneſſe and life.

The fury of his appetite had got,
Becauſe the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte;
Mans fleſh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,
Till neare chokt vp, was all the paſſe for aire.
Along his den, amongſt his cattell, downe
He ruſht, and ſtreakt him. When my mind was growne
Deſperate, to ſtep in; draw my ſword, and part
His boſome, where the ſtrings about the heart
Circle the Liuer, and adde ſtrength of hand.
But that raſh thought, More ſtaid, did countermand;
For there we all had periſht, ſince it paſt
Our powres to lift aſide a log ſo vaſt,
As barrd all outſcape; and ſo ſigh'd away
The thought all Night, expecting actiue Day.
Which come, he firſt of all, his fire enflames,
Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams
Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,
With manly haſte, diſpatcht his houſwifery.
Then to his Breakfaſt, to which, other two
Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go
His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by
The churliſh barre, and cloſde it inſtantly;
For both thoſe works, with eaſe, as much he did,
As you would ope and ſhut your Quiuer lid.
With ſtormes of whiſtlings then, his flocks he draue
Vp to the mountaines; and occaſion gaue
For me to vſe my wits; which to their height,
I ſtriu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might
By ſome meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now
Affoord a full eare to my neediеſt vow.
This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay
Cloſe by his milk-houſe, which was now in way
To drie, and ſeaſon; being an Oliue tree
Which late he feld; and being greene, muſt be
Madē lighter for his manage. Twas ſo vaſt,
That we reſembl'd it to ſome fit Maſt,
To ſerue a ſhip of burthen, that was driuen
With twentie Ores; and had a bigneſſe giuen,
To beare a huge ſea. Full ſo thicke, ſo tall
We iudg'd this club; which I, in part, hewd ſmall,
And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue
Amongſt my ſouldiers, to take downe, and ſhaue;
Which done, I ſharpn'd it at top, and then
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,
Within a naſtie dunghill reeking there,
Thicke, and ſo moiſt, it iſſude euery where.
Then made I lots caſt, by my friends to trie,
Whoſe fortune ſeru'd to dare the bor'd out eie

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall
On foure I wiſht to make my aid, of all;
And I, the fift made, choſen like the reſt.
Then came the Euen; and he came from the feaſt
Of his fat cattell; draue in all; nor kept
One male abroad: if, or his memory ſlept
By Gods direct will; or of purpoſe was
His driuing in of all then, doth ſurpaſſe
My comprehenſion. But he cloſde againe
The mightie barre; milkt, and did ſtill maintaine
All other obſeruation, as before.
His worke, all done; two of my ſouldiers more,
At once he ſnatcht vp; and to ſupper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did preſent
A boll of wine, with theſe words: *Cyclop!* take
A boll of wine from my hand, that may make
Way for the mans fleſh thou haſt eate; and ſhow
What drinke our ſhip held; which in ſacred vow,
I offer to thee; to take ruth on me
In my diſmiſſion home. Thy rages be
Now no more ſufferable. How ſhall men
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou rageſt, and eatſt vp their race.
He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently ioyd
To taſte the ſweet cup; and againe employd
My flagons powre; entreating more, and ſaid:
Good Gueſt, againe affoord my taſte thy aid;
And let me know thy name; and quickly now;
That in thy recompence I may beſtow
A hoſpitable gift on thy deſert;
And ſuch a one as ſhall reioyce thy heart;
For to the *Cylops* too, the gentle Earth
Beares generous wine; and *Ioue* augments her birth,
In ſtore of ſuch, with ſhowres. But this rich wine,
Fell from the riuer that is meere diuine,
Of *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. This againe
I gaue him; and againe; nor could the foole abſtaine,
But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce
Had wrought vpon his ſpirit; I then gaue vſe
To fairer language; ſaying: *Cylop!* now
As thou demandſt, Ile tell thee my name; do thou
Make good thy hoſpitable gift to me;
My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.
He anſwerd, as his cruell ſoule became:
No-Man! Ile eate thee laſt of all thy friends;
And this is that, in which ſo much amends

Homer

I vowd to thy deſeruings; thus ſhall be
My hoſpitable gift, made good to thee.
This ſaid; he vpwards fell; but then bent round
His fleſhie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)
Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out
My wine, with mans fleſh gobbets, like a ſpout;
When loded with his cups, he lay and ſnor'd.
And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd
The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.
Confirmd my fellowes minds, leſt *Feare* ſhould let
Their vowd aſſay, and make them flie my aid.
Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid
Amidſt the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;
And glowd extremely, though twas greene; (which got
From forth the cinders) cloſe about me ſtood
My hardie friends: but that which did the good,
Was Gods good inſpiration, that gaue
A ſpirit beyond the ſpirit they vſde to haue:
Who tooke the Oliue ſparre, made keene before,
And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,
Bent to the top cloſe; and helpt poure it in,
Simile. With all my forces: And as you haue ſeene
A ſhip-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft
Thruſts at the *Augurs* Froofe; works ſtill aloft;
And at the ſhanke, helpe others; with a cord
Wound round about, to make it ſooner bor'd;
All plying the round ſtill: So into his eye,
The firie ſtake, we labourd to imply.
Out guſht the blood that ſcalded; his eye-ball
Thruſt out a flaming vapour, that ſcorcht all
His browes and eye-lids; his eye-ſtrings did cracke,
As in, the ſharpe and burning rafter brake.
Simile. And as a Smith to harden any toole,
(Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole
The red-hote ſubſtance, that ſo feruent is,
It makes the cold waue ſtrait to ſeethe and hiſſe:
So ſod, and hizd his eye about the ſtake.
He roar'd withall; and all his Cauerne brake
In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flie,
Diſperſt in corners. He from forth his eie,
The fixed ſtake pluckt: after which, the blood
Flowd freſhly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his houill. Out he then did crie
For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernes by,
Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;
Who hearing how impetuouſly he yelld,
Ruſht euery way about him; and enquir'd,
What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

Such

Such horrid clamors; and in ſacred Night,
To breake their ſleepes ſo? Askt him, if his fright
Came from ſome mortall, that his flocks had driuen?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?
He anſwerd from his den; By craft, nor might,
No man hath giuen me death. They then ſaid right;
If no man hurt thee, and thy ſelfe alone;
That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.
And what great *Ioue* inflicts, no man can flie;
Pray to thy Father yet, *a Deitie;
And proue, from him, if thou canſt helpe acquire.
Thus ſpake they, leauing him. When all on fire,
My heart with ioy was; that ſo well my wit,
And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did ſplit;
And groning vp and downe, he groping tride,
To find the ſtone, which found, he put aſide;
But in the doore ſate, feeling if he could
(As his ſheepe iſſude) on ſome man lay hold;
Eſteeming me a foole, that could deuiſe
No ſtratageme to ſcape his groſſe ſurpriſe.
But I, contending what I could inuent,
My friends and me, from death ſo imminent,
To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woue,
(Life being the ſubiect) and did this approue;
Fat fleecie Rams, moſt faire, and great, lay there,
That did a *burthen like a Violet beare.
Theſe (while this learn'd in villanie did ſleepe)
I yokt with Oſiers cut there, ſheepe to ſheepe;
Three in a ranke; and ſtill the mid ſheepe bore
A man about his belly: the two more,
Marcht on his each ſide for defence. I then,
Chuſing my ſelfe the faireſt of the den,
His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't
His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me faſt
With both my hands, arm'd with as faſt a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the Morning ſhin'd;
Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad
His male-flocks firſt: the females, vnmilkt ſtood
Bleating and braying; their full bags ſo ſore,
With being vnemptied; but their ſhepheard more,
With being vnſighted; which was cauſe, his mind
Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)
The backs felt as they paſt, of thoſe male dams:
(Groſſe foole) beleeuing, we would ride his Rams.
Nor euer knew, that any of them bore
Vpon his belly, any man before.
The laſt Ram came to paſſe him, with his wooll,
And me together, loded to the full:

*Neptune.

Wooll of a violet colour.

For there did I hang: and that Ram he ſtaid;
And me withall had in his hands; my head
Troubl'd the while, not cauſleſly, nor leaſt.
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beaſt!
Why laſt art thou now? thou haſt neuer vſde
To lag thus hindmoſt: but ſtill firſt haſt bruſde
The tender bloſſome of a flowre; and held
State in thy ſteps, both to the flood and field:
Firſt ſtill at Fold, at Euen; now laſt remaine?
Doeſt thou not wiſh I had mine eye againe,
Which that abhord man *No-Man* did put out,
Aſſiſted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he
Muſt not eſcape my wreake ſo cunningly.
I would to heauen thou knewſt, and could but ſpeake,
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake
His braine about my Caue, ſtrewd here and there,
To eaſe my heart of thoſe foule ils, that were
Th'inflictions of a man, I priſde at nought.
Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought
A litle from his hold) my ſelfe firſt loſde,
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and diſpoſde,
His ſtrait-leggd fat fleece-bearers ouer land,
Euen till they all were in my ſhips command;
And to our lou'd friends, ſhewd our praid-for ſight,
Eſcap't from death. But for our loſſe, outright
They brake in teares; which with a looke I ſtaid,
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;
And vp we all went; ſate, and vſde our Ores,
But hauing left as farre the ſauage ſhores,
As one might heare a voice; we then might ſee
The *Cyclop* at the hauen; when inſtantly
I ſtaid our Ores, and this inſultance vſde:
Vlyſſes inſults ouer the Cyclop. *Cyclop!* thou ſhouldſt not haue ſo much abuſde
Thy monſtrous forces, to oppoſe their leaſt,
Againſt a man immartiall, and a gueſt;
And eate his fellowes: thou mightſt know there were
Some ils behind (rude ſwaine) for thee to beare;
That feard not to deuoure thy gueſts, and breake
All lawes of humanes: *Ioue* ſends therefore wreake,
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more
His burning furie; when the top he tore
From off a huge Rocke; and ſo right a throw
Made at our ſhip, that iuſt before the Prow,
It ouerflew and fell: miſt Maſt and all
Exceeding litle; but about the fall,
So fierce a waue it raiſd, that backe it bore
Our ſhip ſo farre, it almoſt toucht the ſhore.

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)
I ſnatcht vp, thruſt hard, and ſo ſet vs gone
Some litle way; and ſtrait commanded all
To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall
Againe on our confuſion. But a ſigne,
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,
In all performance. When we off were ſet,
(Then firſt, twice further) my heart was ſo great,
It would againe prouoke him: but my men
On all ſides ruſht about me, to containe;
And ſaid: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke
A man ſo rude; that with ſo dead a ſtroke,
Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the ſea thruſt backe
Our ſhip ſo farre; and neare hand forc't our wracke?
Should he againe, but heare your voice reſound,
And any word reach; thereby would be found
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,
Cruſh peece-meale vs, quite ſplit our ſhip and all;
So much dart weilds the monſter. Thus vrg'd they
Impoſſible things, in feare; but I gaue way
To that wrath, which ſo long I held depreſt,
(By great *Neceſsitie* conquerd) in my breſt.
Cyclop! if any aske thee, who impoſde
Th'vnſightly blemiſh that thine eye encloſde;
Say that *Vlyſſes* (old *Laertes* ſonne,
Whoſe ſeate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne
Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.
At this, he braid ſo loud, that round about
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;
And ſaid: O beaſt! I was premoniſht faire,
By aged Prophecie, in one that was
A great, and good man; this ſhould come to paſſe;
And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,
Surnam'd *Eurymedes* (that ſpent with vs
His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed
In all preſage of *Truth*) ſaid all this deed,
Should this euent take; author'd by the hand
Of one *Vlyſſes*; who I thought was mand
With great and goodly perſonage; and bore
A vertue anſwerable: and this ſhore
Should ſhake with weight of ſuch a conqueror,
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,
That brought ſupply to all; and with his wine,
Put out the flame, where all my light did ſhine.
Come, land againe, *Vlyſſes*! that my hand,
May Gueſt-rites giue thee; and the great command,
That *Neptune* hath at ſea, I may conuert

Vlyſſes continued inſolēce, no more to repeate what he ſaid to the Cyclop, then to let his hearers know Epitheres, and eſtimation in the world.

To the deduction, where abides thy heart,
With my ſollicitings; whoſe Sonne I am;
And whoſe fame boaſts to beare my Fathers name.
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire
Can ſoone repoſe in it the viſuall fire,
At his free pleaſure; which no powre beſide
Can boaſt: of men, or of the Deifide.
I anſwerd: Would to God I could compell
Both life and ſoule from thee; and ſend to hell
Thoſe ſpoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then
Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.
Polyphems imprecation againſt Vlyſſes.
Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*; both his hands
To ſtarre-borne heauen caſt: O thou that all lands
Girdſt in thy ambient Circle; and in aire
Shak'ſt the curld Treſſes of thy Saphire haire;
If I be thine, or thou maiſt iuſtly vant,
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant
That this *Vlyſſes* (old *Laertes* ſonne,
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne
Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,
That, and the ſight of his faire roofes and friends,
Be fatall to him; let him that Amends
For all his miſeries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,
Till all his ſouldiers quite are caſt away
In others ſhips. And when, at laſt, the day
Of his ſole-landing, ſhall his dwelling ſhow,
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.
Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;
And all his praire, to euery ſyllable heard.
But then a Rocke, in ſize more amplified
Then firſt, he rauiſht to him; and implied
A diſmall ſtrength in it; when (wheeld about)
He ſent it after vs; nor flew it out
From any blind aime; for a litle paſſe
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:
With which the ſea, our ſhip gaue backe vpon,
And ſhrunke vp into billowes from the ſtone;
Our ſhip againe repelling, neare as neare
The ſhore as firſt. But then our Rowers were
(Being warnd, more armd) and ſtronglier ſtemd the flood
That bore backe on vs, till our ſhip made good
The other Iland; where our whole Fleet lay;
In which our friends lay mourning for our ſtay;
And euery minute lookt when we ſhould land.
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the ſand;
The *Cyclops* ſheepe diuiding, that none there

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,
By all my friends, made all my portion,
Aboue all others; and I made him then,
A *ſacrifice for me, and all my men,
To cloud-compelling *Ioue*, that all commands.
To whom I burnd the Thighs: but my ſad hands,
Receiu'd no grace from him; who ſtudied how
To offer, men and fleete to *Ouerthrow*.
All day, till Sun-ſet yet, we ſate and eate;
And liberall ſtore tooke in, of wine and meate.
The Sunne then downe, and place reſign'd to ſhade,
We ſlept; Morne came, my men I raiſd, and made
All go aboord; weigh Anker, and away.
They boorded, ſate and beate the aged ſea;
And forth we made ſaile; ſad for loſſe before,
And yet had comfort, ſince we loſt no more.

No occaſion let paſſe to Vlyſſes ſtietie, in our Poets ſingular wit and wiſedome.

Finis libri noni Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes *now relates to vs,*
The grace he had with AEolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And giues Vlyſſes; *all but one,*
Which Zephyre *was; who filld alone*
Vlyſſes *ſailes. The Bag once ſeene*
(While he ſlept) by Vlyſſes *men;*
They thinking, it did gold incloſe;
To find it, all the winds did loſe.
Who backe flew to their guard againe.
Forth ſaild he; and did next attaine
To where the Læſtrigonians *dwell.*
Where he eleuen ſhips loſt; and fell
On the AEæan *coaſt; whoſe ſhore*
He ſends Eurylochus *t'explore,*
Diuiding with him halfe his men:
Who go, and turne no more againe;
(All ſaue Eurylochus, *to ſwine*
By Circe *turnd.) Their ſtayes encline*
Vlyſſes *to their ſearch; who got*
Of Mercurie *an Antidote,*
(Which Moly *was) gainſt* Circes *charmes,*
And ſo auoids his ſouldiers harmes.
A yeare with Circe *all remaine,*
And then their natiue formes regaine.
On vtter ſhores, a time they dwell,
While Ithacus *deſcends to hell.*

Another.

Καττα. *Great* AEolus
And Circe, *friends,*
Finds Ithacus;
And Hell deſcends.

TO the *Æolian* Iland we attaind,
That ſwumme about ſtill on the ſea; where raign'd
The God-lou'd *Æolus Hippotydes.*
A wall of ſteele it had; and in the ſeas,
A waue-beat-ſmooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.
Twelue children, in his houſe imperiall,
Were borne to him: of which, ſixe daughters were,
And ſixe were ſonnes, that youths ſweet flowre did beare.

His

His daughters, to his ſonnes he gaue, as wiues;
Who ſpent in feaſtfull comforts all their liues;
Cloſe ſeated by their Sire, and his graue Spouſe.
Paſt number were the diſhes, that the houſe
Made euer ſauour; and ſtill full the Hall;
As long as day ſhin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaſte wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed
Moſt richly furniſht; and this life they led.
We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of theſe;
Where, a whole moneths time; all things that might pleaſe
The King vouchſaf't vs. Of great *Troy* enquir'd,
The *Grecian* fleete, and how the *Greekes* retir'd:
To all which, I gaue anſwer, as behou'd.
The fit time come; when I diſmiſſion mou'd;
He nothing would denie me, but addreſt
My paſſe with ſuch a bountie, as might beſt
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold
Within an Oxe hide, flead at nine yeares old,
All th'airie blaſts, that were of ſtormie kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds; *Iupiter.*
And gaue him powre, to raiſe and to aſſwage;
And theſe he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.
Which in a glittering ſiluer band I bound
And hung vp in my ſhip: encloſd ſo round,
That no egreſſion, any breath could find.
Onely he left abroad the Weſterne wind;
To ſpeede our ſhips and vs, with blaſts ſecure.
But our ſecurities, made all vnſure:
Nor could he conſummate our courſe alone,
When all the reſt had got egreſſion.
Which thus ſucceeded. Nine whole daies and nights
We ſaild in ſafetie; and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might deſcrie:
So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I
(Being ouerwatcht) into a fatall ſleepe:
For I would ſuffer no man elſe to keepe
The foote that rul'd my veſſels courſe; to leade
The faſter home. My friends then Enuy fed, *πρύμνας*
About the bag I hung vp; and ſuppoſde, *He calles the Sterne, the foote of the ſhip.*
That gold, and ſiluer, I had there encloſde,
As gift from *Æolus*. And ſaid, O heauen!
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen
To our Commander? Whatſoeuer coaſt
Or towne, he comes to, how much'he engroſt
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from *Troy*?
We the ſame voiage went; and yet enioy
In our returne, theſe emptie hands for all.
This bag now, *Æolus* was ſo liberall

Homer 13624c

To make a Gueſt-gift to him. Let vs trie
Of what conſiſts, the faire-bound Treaſurie;
And how much gold, and ſiluer it containes.
Ill counſaile, preſent approbation gaines.
" They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;
When inſtant tempeſt did our veſſell take,
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew
Our abſent Countrey. Vp amazd I flew,
And deſperate things diſcourſt; if I ſhould caſt
My ſelfe to ruine in the ſeas; or taſte
Amongſt the liuing more mone, and ſuſtaine?
Silent, I did ſo; and lay hid againe
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke
My ſhips, backe to *Æolia*: my men ſtrooke
With woe enough. We pumpt and landed then;
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)
I tooke a Herald to me, and away
Went to the Court of *Æolus*; Where they
Were feaſting ſtill: he, wife and children ſet
Together cloſe. We would not (at their meate)
Thruſt in; but humbly on the threſhold ſat.
He then, amazd, my preſence wonderd at;
And calld to me: *Vlyſſes*! how, thus backe
Art thou arriu'd here? what foule ſpirit brake
Into thy boſome to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deduction, curious
Giuen thee before; to reach thy ſhore and home:
Did it not like thee? I (euen ouercome
With worthy ſorrow) anſwerd: My ill men
Haue done me miſchiefe; and to them hath bene
My ſleepe th'vnhappie motiue. But do you
(Deareſt of friends) daigne ſuccour to my vow:
Your powres command it. Thus endeuord I
With ſoft ſpeech to repaire my miſery.
The reſt, with ruth, ſat dumbe: but thus ſpake he;
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worſt of all that breathe; it fits not me
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expoſe.
Away, and with thee go, the worſt of woes,
That ſeek'ſt my friendſhip, and the Gods thy foes.
Thus he diſmiſt me, ſighing; foorth we ſaild,
At heart afflicted: and now wholy faild
The minds my men ſuſtaind: ſo ſpent they were
With toiling at their oares; and worſe did beare
Their growing labours; that they cauſd their grought,
By ſelfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought
To ſee their Countrey more. Six nights and daies
We ſaild; the ſeuenth, we ſaw faire *Lamos* raiſe

Her

Her loftie Towres (The *Læſtrigonian* State)
That beares her Ports, ſo farre diſterminate.
Where * Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home
Is calld out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad; and then goes he to ſleepe,
The other iſſuing. He whoſe turne doth keepe
The Night obſeruance, hath his double hire;
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd
At twice the Daies ward; ſince the charge thats laid
Vpon the Nights-man (beſides breach of ſleepe)
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,
The other ſheepe. But when the hauen we found,
(Exceeding famous; and enuirond round
With one continuate rocke: which, ſo much bent,
That both ends almoſt met; ſo prominent
They were; and made, the hauens mouth paſſing ſtreight)
Our whole fleete, in we got; in whole receipt
Our Ships lay anchord cloſe: nor needed we
Feare harme on any * ſtaies; *Tranquillitie*
So purely ſate there: that waues great, nor ſmall
Did euer riſe to any height at all.
And yet would I, no entrie make; but ſtaid
Alone without the hauen; and thence ſuruaid
From out a loftie watch-towre raiſed there,
The Countrie round about: nor any where
The worke of man or beaſt, appeard to me;
Onely a ſmoke from earth breake, I might ſee.
I then made choice of two; and added more,
A Herald for aſſociate, to explore
What ſort of men liu'd there. They went, and ſaw
A beaten way, through which, carts vſde to draw
Wood from the high hils, to the Towne; and met
A maid without the Port; about to get
Some neare ſpring-water. She, the daughter was
Of mightie *Læſtrigonian*, *Antiphas*:
And to the cleare ſpring, cald *Artacia*, went;
To which the whole Towne, for their water ſent.
To her they came, and askt who gouernd there?
And what the people, whom he orderd were?
She anſwerd not, but led them through the Port,
As making haſte, to ſhew her fathers Court.
Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.
Who ruſht abroad; and from the Counſaile place
Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphas*.
Who (deadly minded) ſtraight he ſnatcht vp one,
And fell to ſupper. Both the reſt were gone;

This place ſuffers different conſtruction, in all the Commentors, (in which all erre from the mind of the Poet: as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approue) eſpecially about ἐγγὺς γὰρ νυκτὸς, &c. Prope enim noctis & diei ſunt viæ; (or ſimiliter which ἐγγὺς ſignifies) which they will haue to be vnderſtood, that the daies in that region are long and the nights ſhort; where Hom. intends, that the Equinoctiall is there: (for how elſe is the courſe of day and night neare or equall?) But therefore the nights-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other: and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were ſo long, why ſhould the nights man, be preferred in wages?

** For being caſt on the ſtaies, as ſhips are by weather.*

Antiphas walking there.

And to the fleete came. *Antiphas*, a crie
Draue through the Citie; (which heard,) inſtantly
This way, and that, innumerable ſorts,
Not men, but Gyants, iſſued through the Ports;
And mightie flints from rocks tore; which they threw
Amongſt our ſhips; through which, an ill noiſe flew,
Of ſhiuerd ſhips, and life-expiring men,
That were, like fiſhes, by the monſters ſlaine,
And borne to ſad feaſt. While they ſlaughterd theſe,
That were engag'd in all th'aduantages,
The cloſe-mouth'd, and moſt dead-calme hauen could giue;
I (that without lay) made ſome meanes to liue;
My ſword drew; cut my gables; and to oares
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, thoſe ſhores
Let flie amongſt vs, we made haſte to flie;
My men, cloſe working, as men loth to die.
My ſhip flew freely off; but theirs that lay
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way
Through theſe ſterne fates, that had engag'd them there.
Forth our ſad remnant ſaild; yet ſtill retaind,
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,
Then to the Ile *Ææa* we attaind;
Where faire-haird, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;
Æætas ſiſter, both by Dame and Sire;
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire;
And *Perſe*, whom *Oceanus* begat.
The ſhip-fit Port here, ſoone we landed at:
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,
We lay here pining in the fatall ſpights
Of toile and ſorrow. But the next third day
When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way
I made out of my ſhip; my ſword and lance
Tooke for my ſurer guide; and made aduance
Vp to a proſpect, I aſſay to ſee
The works of men; or heare mortalitie
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height
Rough and right hardly acceſſible; I might
Behold from *Circes* houſe (that in a groue
Set thicke with trees, ſtood; a bright vapor moue.
I then grew * curious in my thought to trie
Some fit enquirie; when ſo ſpritely flie
I ſaw the yeallow ſmoke. But my diſcourſe,
A firſt retiring to my ſhip gaue force
To giue my men their dinner, and to ſend,
(Before th'aduenture of my ſelfe) ſome friend.
Being neare my ſhip; of one ſo deſolate
Some God had pittie, and would recreate
My woes a little, putting vp to me

* μερμαίρω Curioſe cogito.
* αἰθόπα καπνὸν. αἰθοψ ſignifying rutilus: *by reaſon of the fire mixt with it.* Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur.

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallie,
Iuſt in my way it ſelfe, to taſte a flood)
Was then deſcending: the Sunne heate had ſure
Importun'd him, beſides the temperature
His naturall heate gaue. Howſoeuer, I
Made vp to him, and let my Iauelin flie,
That ſtrooke him through the mid-part of his chine;
And made him (braying) in the duſt confine
His flying forces. Forth his ſpirit flew;
When I ſtept in, and from the deaths wound drew
My ſhrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-vp Oſiers, did imply,
A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete
I made together, in a ſure league meete;
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd
The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd
A good part on my lance: for elſe, I could
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould
(Ioynd with one ſhoulder) ſuch a deathfull lode.
And ſo, to both my ſhoulders, both hands ſtood
Needfull aſſiſtents: for it was a Deare
Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming ſomething neare
Where rode my ſhips) I caſt it downe, and rer'd
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,
In note particular, and ſaid; See friends,
We will not yet to *Plutos* houſe, our ends
Shall not be haſtend, though we be declind
In cauſe of comfort; till the day deſign'd
By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine laſts in our ſhip; lets ſpirit our blood
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.
This ſaid; they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon
With admiration, the huge bodied beaſt;
And when their firſt-ſeru'd eyes, had done their feaſt;
They waſht, and made a to-be-ſtriu'd-for meale,
In * point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venzons ſtore,
We added wine till we could wiſh no more.
Sunne ſet, and darkneſſe vp; we ſlept, till light
Put darkneſſe downe: and then did I excite
My friends to * counſaile, vttering this: Now, friends,
Affoord vnpaſſionate eare; though ill Fate lends,
So good cauſe to your paſſion; no man knowes
The reaſon whence, and how, the darkneſſe growes;
The reaſon, how the Morne is thus begunne:
The reaſon, how the Man-enlightning Sunne
Diues vnder earth: the reaſon how againe
He reres his golden head. Thoſe counſailes then

* σχεδία δαίτος. *The whole end of this counſaile was to perſwade his ſouldiers to explore thoſe parts: which he knew would proue a moſt vnpleaſing motion to them: for their fellowes terrible entertainement with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to ſay, with this long circumſtance: implying a neceſſitie of that ſeruice, and neceſſary reſolution to adde the triall of the euent, to their other aduentures,*

That paſſe our comprehenſion, we muſt leaue
To him that knowes their cauſes; and receaue
Direction from him, in our acts, as farre
As he ſhall pleaſe to make them regular;
And ſtoope them to our reaſon. In our ſtate,
What then behoues vs? Can we eſtimate
With all our counſailes, where we are? or know
(Without inſtruction, paſt our owne skils) how
(Put off from hence) to ſtere our courſe the more?
I thinke we can not. We muſt then explore
Theſe parts for information; in which way
We thus farre are: laſt Morne I might diſplay
(From off a high-raiſd cliffe) an Iland lie
Girt with th'vnmeaſur'd Sea; and is ſo nie
That in the midſt I ſaw the ſmoke ariſe
Through tufts of trees. This reſts then to aduiſe,
Who ſhall explore this. This ſtrooke dead their hearts,
Remembring the moſt execrable parts
That *Læſtrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:
And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellowes braid
Betwixt his iawes; which mou'd them ſo; they cried.
But idle teares, had neuer wants ſupplied.
I, in two parts diuided all; and gaue
To either part his Captaine: I muſt haue
The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we ſhooke,
(Put in a caske together,) which of vs
Should leade th'attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.
He freely went; with two and twenty more:
All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore
The ſame wet badge, of weake humanity.
Circes houſe. Theſe, in a dale, did *Circes* houſe deſcrie;
Of bright ſtone built, in a conſpicuous way:
Before her gates; hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;
Which with her virtuous drugs, ſo tame ſhe made;
That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade
With any violence; but all aroſe;
Their huge long tailes wagd; and in fawnes would cloſe,
Simile. As louing dogs, when maſters bring them home
Relicks of feaſt; in all obſeruance, come
And ſooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;
All gueſts, ſtill bringing, ſome ſcraps for their hounds:
So, on theſe men, the Wolues, and Lyons rampt;
Their horrid paws ſet vp. Their ſpirits were dampt
To ſee ſuch monſtrous kindneſſe; ſtaid at gate,
And heard within, the Goddeſſe eleuate
A voice diuine, as at her web, ſhe wrought,
Subtle, and glorious, and paſt earthly thought;

As all the houſwiferies of Deities are.
To heare a voice, ſo rauiſhingly rare;
Polites (one exceeding deare to me,
A Prince of men; and of no meane degree
In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whoſe mind
Diſcreete cares all wayes, vſde to turne, and wind)
Was yet ſurpriſd with it; and ſaid; O friends,
Some one abides within here, that commends
The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;
As ſhe ſome web wrought; or her ſpindles twine
She cheriſht with her ſong: the pauement rings
With imitation of the tunes ſhe ſings;
Some woman, or ſome Goddeſſe tis; Aſſay
To ſee with knocking. Thus ſaid he; and they
Both knockt, and calld; and ſtraight her ſhining gates
She opened, iſſuing: bade them in, to cates.
Led, and (vnwiſe) they follow'd; all, but one
Which was *Eurylochus*; who ſtood alone
Without the gates; ſuſpicious of a ſleight;
They enterd, ſhe made ſit; and her deceit
She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;
Set hearby honey, and the delicate
Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheeſe;
But harmefull venoms, ſhe commixt with theſe;
That made their Countrey vaniſh from their thought.
Which, eate; ſhe toucht them, with a rod that wrought
Their transformation, farre paſt humane wunts;
Swines ſnowts, ſwines bodies, tooke they, briſtles, grunts;
But ſtill retaind the ſoules they had before;
Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.
She ſhut them ſtraight in ſties; and gaue them meate
Oke-maſt, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,
Groueling like ſwine on earth, in fowleſt ſort.
Eurylochus, ſtraight haſted the report
Of this his fellowes moſt remorcefull fate.
Came to the ſhips; but ſo excruciate
Was with his woe; he could not ſpeake a word:
His eyes ſtood full of teares; which ſhew'd how ſtor'd,
His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;
Askt what had chanc't him, earneſtly deſir'd
He would reſolue vs. At the laſt, our eyes,
Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:
And out his griefe burſt thus; You willd; we went
Through thoſe thicke woods you ſaw; when, a deſcent
Shew'd vs a faire houſe, in a lightſome ground,
Where (at ſome worke) we heard a heauenly ſound
Breath'd from a Goddeſſe, or a womans breſt:
They knockt, ſhe op't her bright gates; each, her gueſt

πάντ' ἴσασι
Cuius animus curas prudentes verſat.

Seeing them, he thought of his fellowes.

Her faire inuitement made: nor would they ſtay,
(Fooles that they were) when ſhe once led the way.
I enterd not, ſuſpecting ſome deceit.
When all together vaniſht; nor the ſight
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye
Could any way diſcouer. Inſtantly,
Vlyſſes mou'd for his ſouldiers. Eurylochus. (My ſword, and bow reacht) I bad ſhew the place,
When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,
Do not thy ſelfe loſe; nor to that aboad
Leade others raſhly; both thy ſelfe, and all
Thou ventur'ſt thither, I know well, muſt fall
In one ſure ruine: with theſe few then flie;
We yet may ſhunne the others deſtinie.
I anſwerd him: *Eurylochus*! ſtay thou
And keepe the ſhip then; eate and drinke: I now
Will vndertake th'aduenture; there is cauſe
In great *Neceſsities* vnalterd lawes.
This ſaid, I left both ſhip and ſeas; and on
Along the ſacred vallies all alone
Went in diſcouery: till at laſt I came
Where, of the maine-medcine-making Dame
I ſaw the great houſe: where, encounterd me,
Vlyſſes encounters Mercurie. The golden-rod-ſuſtaining *Mercurie*;
Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in
A yong mans likeneſſe, of the firſt-flowr'd chin,
Whoſe forme hath all the grace, of one ſo yong:
He firſt cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,
And ſaid; Thou no-place-finding-for repoſe;
Whither, alone, by theſe hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foote? Th'art entring *Circes* houſe,
Where, (by her medcines, blacke, and ſorcerous)
Thy ſouldiers all are ſhut, in well-armd ſties,
And turnd to ſwine. Art thou arriu'd with priſe
Fit for their ranſomes? Thou com'ſt out no more
If once thou enterſt. Like thy men before
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;
And ſaue thee in her ſpite: receiue of me
This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;
Enter her roofes; for th'art to all proofe charm'd
Againſt the ill day: I will tell thee all
Her banefull counſaile. With a feſtiuall
Sheele firſt receiue thee; but will ſpice thy bread
With flowrie poyſons: yet vnaltered
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy
Stands moſt approu'd, gainſt all her Sorcery.
Which, thus particularly ſhunne: When ſhe
Shall with her long rod ſtrike thee; inſtantly

Draw

Draw from thy thigh thy ſword; and ſlie on her
As to her ſlaughter. She, (ſurpriſde with feare
And loue) at firſt, will bid thee to her bed;
Nor ſay the Goddeſſe nay; that welcomed
Thou maiſt with all reſpect be; and procure
Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make ſure
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the bleſſed Gods, aſſurance make
Of all they promiſe: that no preiudice
(By ſtripping thee of forme, and faculties)
She may ſo much as once attempt on thee.
This ſaid, he gaue his Antidote to me;
Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all
The vertue of it: With what Deities call
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impoſe
For name to it. The roote is hard to looſe
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*
Vp to immenſe *Olympus*, gliding by
The ſyluan Iland. I, made backe my way
To *Circes* houſe: my mind, of my aſſay
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I ſtaid
And cald: ſhe heard, and her bright doores diſplaid;
Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract
With ſome diſtraction. In a Throne ſhe plac't
My welcome perſon. Of a curious frame
Twas, and ſo bright; I ſate as in a flame.
A foote-ſtoole added. In a golden boule
She then ſubornd a potion: in her ſoule,
Deformd things thinking: for amidſt the wine
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:
Which when ſhe ſaw I had deuourd; ſhe then,
No more obſeru'd me with her ſoothing vaine;
But ſtrooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,
Bad; out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.
I drew my ſword, and charg'd her, as I ment
To take her life. When out ſhe cri'd, and bent
Beneath my ſword, her knees; embracing mine;
And (full of teares) ſaid, Who? of what high line
Art thou the iſſue? whence? what ſhores ſuſtaine
Thy natiue Citie? I amaz'd remaine
That drinking theſe my venomes, th'art not turnd.
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd
In other likeneſſe; if it once had paſt
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taſte.
All but thy ſelfe, are brutiſhly declind:
Thy breaſt holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

The herbe Moly which with Vlyſſes whole Narration, hath in chiefe an Allegoricall expoſition. Notwithſtanding I ſay with our Spondanus, Credo in hoc vaſto mundi ambitu extare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis: adeo, vt ne quidé iſta quæ ad tranſformanda corpora pertiner, iure è mundo eximi poſſit, &c

Thou

Thou canſt be therefore, none elſe but the man
Of many virtues : *Ithacenſian*,
Deepe-ſoul'd *Vlyſſes* : who, I oft was told,
By that ſlie God, that beares the rod of gold,
Was to arriue here, in retreat from *Troy*.
Sheath then thy ſword, and let my bed enioy
So much a man; that when the bed we proue,
We may beleeue in one anothers loue.
I then : O *Circe*, why entreat'ſt thou me
To mixe in any humane league with thee;
When thou, my friends haſt beaſts turnd: and thy bed
Tenderſt to me; that I might likewiſe leade
A beaſts life with thee; ſoftn'd, naked ſtript;
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be ſteept.
I neuer will aſcend thy bed, before
I may affirme; that in heauens ſight you ſwore
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.
I ſaid; ſhe ſwore : when, all the oath-rites ſaid,
I then aſcended her adorned bed;
But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids ſeru'd her there;
That daughters to her ſiluer fountaines were,
To her bright-ſea-obſeruing ſacred floods;
And to her vncut conſecrated woods.
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of ſtate;
And did, with ſilkes, the foote-pace, conſecrate.
Another, ſiluer tables ſet before
The pompous Throne; and golden diſhes ſtore
Seru'd in with ſeuerall feaſt. A third fild wine;
The fourth brought water, and made fewell ſhine
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of braſſe.
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was
Diſperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;
That might my late, heart-hurting ſorrowes checke
With the refreſhing ſweetneſſe; and, for that,
Men ſometimes, may be ſomething delicate.
Bath'd, and adorn'd; ſhe led me to a Throne
Of maſſie ſiluer; and of faſhion
Exceeding curious. A faire foote-ſtoole ſet;
Water appoſde, and euery ſort of meate
Set on th'elaborately poliſht boord.
She wiſht my taſte emploid; but not a word
Would my eares taſte, of taſte : my mind had food
That muſt digeſt; eye meate would do me good.
Circe (obſeruing, that I put no hand
To any banquet; hauing countermand
From weightier cares; the light cates could excuſe)
Bowing her neare me; theſe wing'd words did vſe:

Why

Why ſits *Vlyſſes*, like one dumbe? his mind
Leſſening with languors? Nor to food enclind;
Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare
Of more illuſion? You muſt needs forbeare
That wrongfull doubt, ſince you haue heard me ſweare.
O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,
Awd with the rights of true humanitie,
That dares taſte food or wine; before he ſees
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taſte the comfort of your wine;
Diſſolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine
And ſhew me here, my honord friends, like men.
This ſaid, ſhe left her Throne, and tooke her rod;
Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,
Like ſwine of nine yeares old. They oppoſite ſtood;
Obſerv'd their brutiſh forme; and look't for food;
When, with another medicine, (euery one
All ouer ſmeer'd) their briſtles all were gone,
Produc't by malice of the other bane;
And euery one, afreſh, lookt vp a man.
Both yonger then they were; of ſtature more;
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.
All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry
Of pleaſing mourning, flew about ſo hie,
The horrid roofe reſounded; and the Queene
Her ſelfe, was mou'd, to ſee our kinde ſo keene.
Who bad me now; bring ſhip and men aſhore;
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and reſtore
My ſelfe to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine
In all my men; whoſe violent ioy to ſee
My ſafe returne, was paſſing kindly free
Of friendly teares, and miſerably wept.
You haue not ſeene yong Heiffers (highly kept;
Filld full of daiſies at the field, and driuen
Home to their houels; all ſo ſpritely giuen
That no roome can containe them; but about,
Bace by the Dams, and let their ſpirits out
In ceaſſeleſſe bleating) of more iocund plight
Then my kind friends, euen crying out with ſight
Of my returne ſo doubted. Circl'd me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Diſpoſde their rapt minds, as if there they ſaw
Their naturall Countrie, cliffie *Ithaca*;
And euen the roofes where they were bred and borne.
And vowd as much, with teares: O your returne
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countrie to vs, and our naturall home.
But what vnhappie fate hath reft our friends?
I gaue vnlookt for anſwer; That amends
Made for their mourning, bad them firſt of all,
Our ſhip aſhore draw; then in Cauerns ſtall
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall priſe;
And then (ſaid I) attend me, that your eies,
In *Circes* ſacred houſe, may ſee each friend,
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.
They ſoone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;
Who needes would ſtay them all; and counſelld thus;
O wretches! whither will ye? why are you
Fond of your miſchiefs? and ſuch gladneſſe ſhow
For *Circes* houſe; that will tranforme ye all
To Swine, or Wolues, or Lions? Neuer ſhall
Our heads get out; if once within we be,
But ſtay compelld by ſtrong *Neceſſitie*.
So wrought the *Cyclop*, when t'his caue, our friends
This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiſcretion. I, for this
Thought with my ſword (that deſperate head of his
Hewne from his necke) to gaſh vpon the ground
His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound
In neare alliance to him. But the reſt
With humble ſuite containd me, and requeſt,
That I would leaue him, with my ſhip alone;
And to the ſacred Pallace leade them on.
I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would ſtay,
From their attendance on me: Our late fray
Strooke to his heart ſo. But meane time, my men,
In *Circes* houſe, were all, in ſeuerall baine
Studiouſly ſweetn'd, ſmugd with oile, and deckt
With, in, and outweeds: and a feaſt ſecret
Seru'd in before them: at which, cloſe we found
They all were ſet, cheer'd, and carouſing round.
When (mutuall ſight had, and all thought on) then
Feaſt was forgotten; and the mone againe
About the houſe flew, driuen with wings of ioy.
But then ſpake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:
I know my ſelfe, what woes by ſea, and ſhore,
And men vniuſt, haue plagu'd enough before
Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feaſt as long;
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as ſtrong,
As when ye firſt forſooke your Countrie earth.
Ye now fare all, like exiles; not a mirth
Elaſht in amongſt ye, but is quencht againe
With ſtill-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine
Of your diſtreſſes, ſhould (me thinke) be now

φρασαντο τε πασ-
τα.
Commemora-
bantque omnia.
Intending all their miſeries, eſcapes, and meetings:

Be-

Benumb with ſufferance. We did well allow
Her kind perſwaſions; and the whole yeare ſtaid
In varied feaſt with her. When, now arraid
The world was with the Spring; and orbie houres
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,
The moneths abſolu'd in order; till the daies
Had runne their full race, in *Apollos* raies;
My friends rememberd me of home; and ſaid,
If euer Fate would ſigne my paſſe; delaid
It ſhould be now no more. I heard them well;
Yet that day, ſpent in feaſt, till darkneſſe fell;
And ſleepe, his virtues, through our vapours ſhed.
When I aſcended, ſacred *Circes* bed;
Implor'd my paſſe; and her performed vow
Which now, my ſoule vrg'd; and my ſouldiers now
Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.
All theſe I told her; and ſhe anſwerd theſe;
Much-skilld *Vlyſſes Laertiades*!
Remaine no more, againſt your wils with me:
But take your free way: onely this muſt be
Perform'd before you ſtere your courſe for home;
You muſt the way to *Pluto* ouercome;
And ſterne *Perſephone*, to forme your paſſe,
By th'aged *Theban* Soule *Tireſias*;
The dark-browd Prophet: whoſe ſoule yet can ſee
Clearely, and firmely: graue *Perſephone*,
(Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone
Might ſing *Truths* ſolide wiſedome, and not one
Proue more then ſhade, in his compariſon.
This broke my heart; I ſunke into my bed;
Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted
With light, nor life. But hauing now expreſt
My paines enough to her, in my vnreſt,
That ſo I might prepare her ruth; and get
All I held fit, for an affaire ſo great;
I ſaid; O *Circe*, who ſhall ſtere my courſe
To *Plutos* kingdome? Neuer ſhip had force
To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,
Said, Seeke no guide, raiſe you your Maſt, and hoice
Your ſhips white ſailes; and then, ſit you at peace;
The freſh North ſpirit, ſhall waft ye through the ſeas.
But, hauing paſt th'*Ocean*, you ſhall ſee;
A little ſhore, that to *Perſephone*
Puts vp a conſecrated wood; where growes,
Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits ſoone looſe:
Caſt anchor in the gulphes: and go, alone
To *Plutos* darke houſe, where, to *Acheron*
Cocytus runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton:*

Cocytus borne of *Styx*, and where a Rocke
Of both the met floods, beares the roring ſhocke,
The darke *Heroe*, (great *Tireſias*)
Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious paſſe)
Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;
And powre (to all that are deceaſt) in it
A ſolemne ſacrifice. For which; firſt take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:
Then ſweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;
And laſtly, adde to theſe, the whiteſt flowre:
Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,
Offerings a number: and when thou ſhalt tread
The *Ithacenſian* ſhore; to ſacrifice
A Heifer neuer tam'd, and moſt of priſe;
A pyle of all thy moſt-eſteemed goods
Enflaming to the deare ſtreames of their bloods:
And, in ſecret Rites, to *Tireſias* vow
A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow
With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:
When the all-calling nation of the dead
Thou thus haſt praid to; offer on the place,
A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face
To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy ſelfe aſide
The floods ſhore walking. And then, gratified
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceaſt,
Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addreſt
See then the offering that thy fellowes ſlew;
Flayd, and impoſde in fire; and all thy Crew,
Pray to the ſtate of either Deitie,
Graue Pluto, and ſeuere *Perſephone*.
Then draw thy ſword, ſtand firme; nor ſuffer one
Of all the faint ſhades, of the dead and gone,
T'approch the blood, till thou haſt heard their king,
The wiſe *Tireſias*: who, thy offering
Will inſtantly do honour: thy home wayes,
And all the meaſure of them, by the ſeas
Amply vnfolding. This the Goddeſſe told;
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,
Suruaid the vaſt world; by whoſe orient light,
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;
Her owne hands putting on, both ſhirt and weede,
Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,
An ornament that glitterd like a flame:
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongſt my ſouldiers; rouſd them all from ſleepe;
And bad them now; no more obſeruance keepe
Of eaſe, and feaſt; but ſtraight, a ſhipboard fall,
For now the Goddeſſe had inform'd me all:

αλυτα εθνεα νεκρων *Which is expounded* Inclyta examina mortuorum. *But* αλυτος, *is the Epithete of Pluto; and by Analogie belongs to the dead,* quod ad ſe omnes adnocet.

Their

Their noble ſpirits agree'd; nor yet ſo cleare
Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there
His heedleſſe life left: he was yongeſt man
Of all my company, and one that wanne
Leaſt fame for armes; as little for his braine;
Who (too much ſteept in wine, and ſo made faine;
To get refreſhing by the coole of ſleepe;
Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;
And they as high in tumult of their way)
Sodainly wak't, and (quite out of the ſtay
A ſober mind had giuen him) would deſcend
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end
Fell from the very roofe; full pitching on
The deareſt ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;
Which (quite diſſolu'd,) let looſe his ſoule to hell.
I, to the reſt; and *Circes* meanes did tell
Of our returne (as croſſing cleane the hope
I gaue them firſt) and ſaid; You thinke the ſcope
Of our endeuours now, is ſtraight for home,
No: *Circe* otherwiſe deſign'd; whoſe doome
Enioynd vs firſt, to greet the dreadfull houſe
Of *Auſtere Pluto*, and his glorious ſpouſe;
To take the counſaile of *Tireſias*
(The reuerend *Theban*) to direct our paſſe.
This brake their hearts, and griefe made teare their haire
But griefe was neuer good, at great affaire.
It would haue way yet. We went wofull on
To ſhip and ſhore, where, was arriu'd as ſoone
Circe vnſeene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,
Binding for ſacrifice; and as ſhe came
Vaniſht againe, vnwitneſt by our eyes;
Which grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our ſacrifice;
For who would ſee God, loath to let vs ſee?
This way, or that bent; ſtill his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysſes *way to Hell appeares;*
Where he, the graue Tireſias *heares;*
Enquires his owne, and others fates.
His mother ſees, and th'after ſtates,
In which, were held, by ſad Deceaſe
Heroes, *and* Heroeſſes;
A number, that at Troy *wag'd warre;*
As Aiax *that was ſtill at iarre*
With Ithacus, *for th'armes he loſt;*
And with the great Achilles *Ghoſt.*

Another.

Λαμβδα. Vlyſſes *here*
Inuokes the dead;
The liues appeare,
Hereafter led.

They mourn'd the euent before they knew it.

ARriu'd now at our ſhip; we lancht, and ſet
Our Maſt vp, put forth ſaile; and in did get
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our ſailes, we went;
My wayward fellowes mourning now th'euent.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind;
Circe, (the excellent vtterer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring conſorts with, that was
Both ſpeed, and guide to our aduenturous paſſe.
All day our ſailes ſtood to the winds; and made
Our voiage proſprous. Sunne then ſet, and ſhade
All wayes obſcuring: on the bounds we fell
Of deepe *Oceanus*; where people dwell
Whom a perpetuall cloud obſcures outright:
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends neuer light;
Nor when he mounts the ſtar-ſuſtaining heauen;
Nor when he ſtoopes earth, and ſets vp the Euen:
But Night holds fixt wings, fetherd all with Banes,
Aboue thoſe moſt vnbleſt *Cimmerianes.*
Here drew we vp our ſhip: our ſheepe with-drew;
And walkt the ſhore till we attaind the view
Of that ſad region *Circe* had foreſhow'd;
And then the ſacred offerings, to be vow'd,
Eurylochus, and *Perſimedes* bore.
When I, my ſword drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;
Which with the liquid ſacrifice, we crown'd
Firſt, honey mixt with wine; then, ſweete wine neate;
Then water powr'd in; laſt the flowre of wheate.
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,
And vowd, when I the barren ſoile ſhould tread
Of cliffie *Ithaca*; amidſt my hall
To kill a Heifer, my cleare beſt of all,
And giue in offering: on a Pile compoſd
Of all the choiſe goods, my whole houſe encloſd.
And to *Tireſias*, himſelfe, alone
A ſheepe cole-blacke, and the ſelecteſt one
Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,
The ſacred nation, that ſuruiue with Death,
My prayrs, and vowes, had done deuotions fit;
I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit
Bereft their liues. Out guſht the ſable blood;
And round about me, fled out of the flood,
The Soules of the deceaſt. There cluſter'd then,
Youths, and their wiues, much ſuffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,
By timeleſſe death, and greene their ſorrowes were.
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did ſtalke;
And threw vnmeaſur'd cries, about their walke;
So horrid that a bloodleſſe feare ſurpriſde,
My daunted ſpirits. Straight then, I aduiſde
My friends to flay the ſlaughter'd ſacrifice;
Put them in fire, and to the Deities;
Sterne *Pluto*, and *Perſephone*, apply
Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,
My well-edg'd ſword; ſtept in, and firmely ſtood
Betwixt the preaſe of ſhadowes, and the blood;
And would not ſuffer any one to dip
Within our offring, his vnſolide lip;
Before *Tireſias*, that did all controule.
The firſt that preaſt in, was *Elpenors* ſoule;
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs; ſince we ſwet
With other vrgent labours. Yet his ſmart,
I wept to ſee; and ru'd it from my heart;
Enquiring how, he could before me be,
That came by ſhip? He mourning, anſwerd me:
In *Circes* houſe; the ſpite ſome Spirit did beare;
And the vnſpeakable good licour there
Hath bene my bane. For being to deſcend
A ladder much in height; I did not tend

My way well downe; but forwards made a proofe
To tread the rounds; and from the very roofe
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made
My ſoule thus viſite this infernall ſhade.
And here, by them that next thy ſelfe are deare,
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one
Gaue food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne
At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)
Do not depart by ſtealth, and leaue me thus,
Vnmourn'd, vnburied: leſt neglected I
Bring on thy ſelfe, th'incenſed Deitie.
I know, that ſaild from hence, thy ſhip muſt touch
On th'Ile *Æa*; where vouchſafe thus much
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt inſtantly,
Beſtow on me, thy royall memory;
To this grace; that my body, armes and all,
May reſt conſum'd in firie funerall.
And on the fomie ſhore, a Sepulchre
Erect to me; that after times may heare
Of one ſo hapleſſe. Let me theſe implore;
Miſenus apud Virgilium, ingenti mole, &c. And fixe vpon my Sepulcher, the Ore
With which aliue, I ſhooke the aged ſeas;
And had, of friends, the deare ſocieties.
I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill
And execute to th'vtmoſt point, his will;
And, all the time, we ſadly talkt; I ſtill
My ſword aboue the blood held; when aſide
The Idoll of my friend, ſtill amplified
His plaint, as vp and downe, the ſhades he err'd.
Then, my deceaſed mothers Soule appeard;
Faire daughter of *Antolicus*, the Great;
Graue *Anticlea*, Whom, when forth I ſet
For ſacred *Ilion*, I had left aliue.
Her ſight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue
My note of her deceaſſe: and yet, not ſhe
(Though in my ruth, ſhe held the higheſt degree)
Would I admit to touch the ſacred blood;
Till from *Tireſias*, I had vnderſtood
What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,
Tireſias to Vlyſſes. *Theban Tireſias* ſoule; and in his hand
Suſtaind a golden Scepter, knew me well;
And ſaid; O man vnhappy, why to hell
Admitſt thou darke arriuall; and the light.
The Sunne giues, leau'ſt; to haue the horrid ſight
Of this blacke region, and the ſhadowes here?
Now ſheath thy ſharpe ſword; and the pit forbeare.
That I the blood may taſte; and then relate
The truth of thoſe acts, that affect thy Fate.

I ſheath'd my ſword; and left the pit, till he
The blacke blood taſting, thus inſtructed me;
Renoum'd *Vlyſſes*! all vnaskt, I know
That all the cauſe of thy arriuall now,
Is to enquire thy wiſht retreate, for home:
Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;
Since *Neptune* ſtill will his oppoſure trie,
With all his laid-vp anger, for the eye
His lou'd Sonne loſt to thee. And yet through all
Thy ſuffring courſe, (which muſt be capitall)
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends
Thou wilt containe; when thy acceſſe aſcends
The three-forckt Iland, hauing ſcap't the ſeas;
(Where ye ſhall find fed, on the flowrie leas,
Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;
To whom are all things, as well heard as ſhowne:
And neuer dare, one head of thoſe to ſlay;
But hold, vnharmefull on, your wiſhed way)
Though through enough affliction; yet ſecure
Your Fates ſhall land ye. But *Preſage* ſaies ſure,
If once ye ſpoile them; ſpoile to all thy friends;
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iuſtice ends
Short of thy ſelfe; it ſhall be long before,
And that length, forc't out, with inflictions ſtore:
When, loſing all thy fellowes, in a ſaile
Of forreigne built (when moſt thy Fates preuaile
In thy deliuerance) thus th'euent ſhall ſort;
Thou ſhalt find ſhipwracke, raging in thy Port:
Proud men, thy goods conſuming; and thy Wife
Vrging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.
But all theſe wrongs, *Reuenge* ſhall end to thee;
And force, or cunning, ſet with ſlaughter, free
Thy houſe of all thy ſpoilers. Yet againe,
Thou ſhalt a voyage make; and come to men
That know no Sea; nor ſhips, nor oares, that are
Wings to a ſhip; nor mixe with any fare,
Salts ſauorie vapor. Where thou firſt ſhalt land,
This cleare-giuen ſigne, ſhall let thee vnderſtand,
That there thoſe men remaine: aſſume aſhore,
Vp to thy roiall ſhoulder, a ſhip oare;
With which, when thou ſhalt meete one on the way,
That will, in Countey admiration, ſay
What doſt thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that ſhore decke
With ſacred Rites to *Neptune*: ſlaughter there
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for ſtrength doth beare
The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.
And, coming home, vpon thy naturall ſhore,

Men that neuer eate ſalt with their foode.

Giue pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods
(Degrees obſeru'd). And then the *Periods*
Of all thy labors, in the peace ſhall end
Of eaſie death; which ſhall the leſſe extend
His paſſion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,
Shall chance in onely-earneſt-pray-vow'd age:
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;
Thy ſubiects round about thee, rich and bleſt:
And here hath *Truth* ſumm'd vp, thy vitall reſt.
I anſwerd him; We will ſuppoſe all theſe
Decreed in Deity; let it likewiſe pleaſe
Tireſias to reſolue me, why ſo neare
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare;
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchſafe her Sonne?
Doth ſhe not know me? No (ſaid he) nor none
Of all theſe ſpirits, but my ſelfe alone;
Knowes any thing, till he ſhall taſte the blood;
But whomſoeuer, you ſhall do that good,
He will the truth, of all you wiſh, vnfold;
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.
Thus ſaid the kingly ſoule, and made retreate,
Amidſt the inner parts of *Plutos* Seate,
When he had ſpoke thus, by diuine inſtinct:
Still I ſtood firme, till to the bloods precinct
My mother came, and drunke; and then ſhe knew,
I was her Sonne; had paſſion to renew
Her naturall plaints; which thus ſhe did purſew:
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliue,
This deadly-darkſome region vnderdiue?
Twixt which, and earth, ſo many mighty ſeas,
And horrid currents, interpoſe their preaſe?
Oceanus, in chiefe; which none (vnleſſe
More helpt then you) on foote now can tranſgreſſe.
A well built ſhip he needs, that ventures there:
Com'ſt thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to erre
All this time with thy ſouldiers? Nor haſt ſeene,
Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queene?
I anſwerd; That a neceſſary end
To this infernall ſtate, made me contend;
That from the wiſe *Tireſias Theban* Soule,
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:
For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had ſet;
But (miſhaps ſuffering) err'd from Coaſt to Coaſt;
Euer ſince firſt, the mighty *Gracian* hoaſt
Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*;
And I, his follower, to ſet warre vpon

γηρᾳ ὑπὸ λιπαρῷ. *Which all tranſlate* ſenectute ſub molli. *The Epethete* λιπαρῷ, *not of* λιπαρὸς, viz. pinguis; *or* λιπαρὸς, pinguiter. *But* λιπαρὸς *ſignifying* flagitanter orando *To which, pious age is euer altogether addicted.*

The

The rapefull *Troyans*: and ſo praid ſhe would
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfould,
That forc't her thither: if ſome long diſeaſe;
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes pleaſe,
(*Diana*, enuious of moſt eminent Dames)
Had made her th'obiect of her deadly aimes?
My Fathers ſtate, and ſonnes, I ſought; if they
Kept ſtill my goods? or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In powre of ſafe returne, or if my ſtore
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne?
If ſhe, her firſt mind held; or had bene wonne
By ſome chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed?
All this ſhe anſwerd; that *Affliction* fed
On her blood ſtill at home; and that to griefe,
She all the dayes, and darkneſſe, of her life,
In teares, had conſecrate. That none poſſeſt
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th'intereſt
My ſonne had in it; ſtill he held in peace.
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increaſe
Spent in his ſubiects good; adminiſtring lawes
With iuſtice, and the generall applauſe
A king ſhould merit; and all calld him king.
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;
And ſhun'd the Citie: vſde no ſumptuous beds;
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;
But, in the Winter, ſtrew'd about the fire
Lay with his ſlaues in aſhes; his attire
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made ſhadows moſt abound,
His couch with falne leaues, made vpon the ground:
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull ſtate,
Increaſing, as he faded, for my Fate.
And now, the part of age, that irkſome is
Lay ſadly on him. And that life of his,
She led, and periſht in; not ſlaughterd by
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;
Nor, by diſeaſe inuaded, vaſt, and foule
That waſts the body, and ſends out the ſoule
With ſhame and horror: onely in her mone,
For me, and my life; ſhe conſum'd her owne.
She thus; when I, had great deſire to proue
My armes, the circle, where her ſoule did moue;
Thrice prou'd I, thrice ſhe vaniſht, like a ſleepe;
Or fleeting ſhadow, which ſtrooke much more deepe
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why
She would my Loue to her embraces flie;

And

And not vouchſafe, that euen in hell we might,
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,
And giue *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?
Proſerpina or Perſephone. Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill
Of euery ſufferance (which her office is)
Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?
O Sonne (ſhe anſwerd) of the race of men
The moſt vnhappy; our moſt equall Queene,
Will mocke no ſolide armes, with empty ſhade;
Nor ſuffer empty ſhades, againe t'inuade
Fleſh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire
Of his laſt dues; that, ſoone as ſpirits expire,
And leaue the white bone, are his natiue right;
When, like a dreame, the ſoule aſſumes her flight.
The light then, of the liuing, with moſt haſte
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taſte
Of this ſtate is enough; and all this life,
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.
The old Heroeſſes appeare to Vlyſſes. This ſpeech we had; when now repair'd to me
More female ſpirits; by *Perſephone*,
Driuen on before her. All t'heroes wiues
And daughters, that, led there their ſecond liues,
About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before
I let them altogether taſte the gore;
For then would all haue bene diſperſt, and gone,
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one
Let taſte the pit: my ſword drawne from my Thy
And ſtand betwixt them made; when, ſeuerally
All told their ſtockes. The firſt that quencht her fire,
Tyro, Was *Tyro*, iſſu'd of a noble Sire.
She ſaid ſhe ſprong from pure, *Salmoneus* bed;
And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Æolus* did wed.
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,
Who much the moſt faire ſtreame, of all floods mou'd.
Neare whoſe ſtreames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,
Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:
Like to a hill; the blew, and Snakie flood
Aboue th'immortall, and the mortall ſtood;
And hid them both; as both together lay,
Iuſt where his current, falles into the Sea.
Her virgine waſt, diſſolu'd, ſhe ſlumberd then;
But when the God had done the worke of men,
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he ſaid;
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round
(Becauſe the Gods loues, muſt in fruite abound)
My loue ſhall make (to cheere thy teeming mones)

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and ſee
That, though of more ioy yet, I ſhall be free;
Thou doſt not tell, to glorifie thy birth:
Thy Loue is *Neptune* ſhaker of the earth.
This ſaid; he plung'd into the ſea, and ſhe
(Begot with child by him) the light let ſee
Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became
In *Ioues* great miniſtrie, of mighty fame.
Pelias, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,
Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne
Rul'd ſandy *Pylos*. To theſe, iſſue more
This Queene of women to her husband bore:
Aeſon, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,
That for his fight on horſebacke, ſtoopt to none.
Next her, I ſaw admir'd *Antiope* — *Antiope like Tyro.*
Aſopus daughter; who (as much as ſhe
Boaſted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)
Boaſted to ſlumber in the armes of *Ioue*:
And two Sonnes likewiſe, at one burthen bore,
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:
Amphion, and faire *Zethus*; that firſt laid
Great *Thebes* foundations; and ſtrong wals conuaid
About her turrets, that ſeuen Ports encloſde.
For though the *Thebans*, much in ſtrength repoſde,
Yet had not they, the ſtrength to hold their owne,
Without the added aides, of wood, and ſtone.
Alcmena, next I ſaw; that famous wife — *Alcmena.*
Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life
Gaue to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,
That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increaſe.
I ſaw beſides, proud *Creons* daughter there, — *Megara.*
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare
With *Ioues* great Sonne; who neuer field did try,
But bore to him, the flowre of victory.
The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I ſaw, — *Epicaſta the mother of Oedipus.*
Faire *Epicaſta*; that beyond all law,
Her owne Sonne maried, ignorant of kind;
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)
His mother wedded, and his father ſlew;
Whoſe blind act, heauen expoſde at length to view:
And he, in all-lou'd *Thebes*, the ſupreame ſtate
With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To *Plutos* darke houſe, from the lothed light;
Beneath a ſteepe beame, ſtrangl'd with a cord;
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,
As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.

Then

Chloris. Then ſaw I *Chloris*, that did ſo excell
In anſwering beauties, that each part had all;
Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not ſmall,
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.
She was of all *Amphions* ſeed, the flowre:
(*Amphion*, calld *Iaſides*, that then
Ruld ſtrongly, *Myniaan Orchomen*)
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;
Becauſe her beauties Empire ouerſhone.
She brought her wiſe-awd husband, *Neleus*,
Neſtor, much honord; *Peryclimenus*,
And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with ſoueraigne vertues grac't;
But after, brought a daughter that ſurpaſt;
Rare-beautied *Pero*, ſo for forme exact;
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,
And drew them ſuiters to her. Which her Sire
Tooke vantage of; and (ſince he did aſpire
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd
Of Oxen, which the common fame ſo rer'd,
Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man ſhould be
His *Peros* husband, that from *Phylace*,
Thoſe neuer-yet-driuen Oxen, could not driue:
Yet theſe; a ſtrong hope held him to atchieue;
Becauſe a Prophet that had neuer err'd,
Had ſaid, that onely he ſhould be prefer'd
To their poſſeſſion. But the equall Fate
Of God, withſtood his ſtealth: inextricate
Impriſoning Bands; and ſturdy churliſh Swaines
That were the Heardſmen; who withheld with chaines
The ſtealth attempter: which was onely he
That durſt abet the Act with Prophecie;
None elſe would vndertake it; and he muſt:
The king would needs, a Prophet ſhould be iuſt;
But when ſome daies and moneths, expired were,
And all the *Houres* had brought about the yeare;
The Prophet, did ſo ſatisfie the king
(*Iphiclus*; all his cunning queſtioning)
That he enfranchiſde him; and (all worſt done)
Ioues counſaile made, th'all-ſafe concluſion.

Leda, Then ſaw I *Leda*; (linkt in nuptiall chaine
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, ſhe did ſuſtaine
Sonnes much renowm'd for wiſedome; *Caſtor* one,
That paſt, for vſe of horſe, compariſon;
And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whirlbat fight;
Both theſe, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light
Of life inſpir'd them; After which, they found

Such

Such grace with *Ioue*, that both liu'd vnder ground,
By change of daies: life ſtill did one ſuſtaine,
While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,
The liuing dying; both, of one ſelfe date,
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.
Iphemedia, after *Læda* came, *Iphemdia.*
That did deriue from *Neptune* too, the name
Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:
Life yet made ſhort their admirations;
Who God-oppoſed *Otus* had to name,
And *Ephialtes*, farre in ſound of Fame.
The prodigall Earth ſo fed them, that they grew
To moſt huge ſtature; and had faireſt hew
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen
Abroad in breadth, and ſprung nine fathomes hie.
They threatn'd to giue battell to the skie,
And all th'Immortals. They were ſetting on
Oſſa vpon *Olympus*; and vpon
Steepe *Oſſa*, leauie *Pelius*, that euen
They might a high-way make, with loftie heauen.
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd
Till they were Striplings. But *Ioues* Sonne depriu'd
Their lims of life; before th'age that begins
The flowre of youth; and ſhould adorne their chins.
Phædra and *Procris*, with wiſe *Minos* flame, *Phædra and Procris.*
(Bright *Ariadne*) to the offring came.
Whom whilom *Theſeus* made his priſe from *Crete*;
That *Athens* ſacred ſoile, might kiſſe her feete.
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;
Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre
Detain'd his homeward haſte; where (in her Phane,
By *Bacchus* witneſt) was the fatall wane
Of her prime Glorie. *Mæra*, *Clymene*, *Mæra and Clymene.*
I witneſt there; and loth'd *Eryphile*;
That honour'd *gold more, then ſhe lou'd her Spouſe. *Amphiaraus was her husband: whō ſhe betrayd to his ruine at Thebes, for gold taken of Adraſtus her brother.*
But all th'*Heroeſſes* in *Plutos* houſe,
That then encounterd me, exceeds my might
To name or number; and *Ambroſian* Night
Would quite be ſpent; when now the formall houres,
Preſent to *Sleepe*, our all-diſpoſed powres.
If at my ſhip, or here, my home-made vow,
I leaue for fit grace, to the Gods and you.
This ſaid; the ſilence his diſcourſe had made,
With pleaſure held ſtill, through the houſes ſhade.
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this ſpeech began:
Phæacians! how appeares to you this man?
So goodly perſon'd, and ſo matcht with mind?

My gueſt he is; but all you ſtand combin'd,
In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then
With careleſſe haſte diſmiſſe him: nor the maine
Of his diſpatch, to one ſo needie, maime;
The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iuſt claime
To goods enow. This ſpeech, the oldeſt man
Of any other *Phæacenſian*,
The graue *Heroe*, *Echineus* gaue
All approbation; ſaying: Friends! ye haue
The motion of the wiſe Queene; in ſuch words,
As haue not miſt the marke; with which, accords
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,
In word and worke, muſt be our rule. He thus;
And then *Alcinous* ſaid: This then muſt ſtand,
If while I liue, I rule in the command
Of this well-skild-in-Nauigation State.
Endure then (Gueſt) though moſt importunate
Be your affects for home. A litle ſtay
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,
Your due deduction asks; but Principall
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:
Alcinous! the moſt duly glorified,
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares ſtay;
So all the while, your preparations riſe,
Venuſtè & falſè dictum. As well in gifts, as *time: ye can deuiſe
No better wiſh for me; for I ſhall come
Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;
And dearer to my people: in whoſe loues,
The richer euermore the better proues.
He anſwerd: There is argude in your ſight,
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like Prollers or Impoſtors; of which crew,
The gentle blacke Earth feeds not vp a few;
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praiſe, nor vſe: you moue our eies
With forme; our minds with matter, and our eares
With elegant oration; ſuch as beares,
A muſicke in the orderd hiſtorie
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,
With ſweeter ſtraines hath vſde to ſing to vs,
All the *Greeke* ſorrowes, wept out in your owne.
But ſay; of all your worthy friends, were none
Obiected to your eyes; that *Conſorts* were
To *Ilion* with you? and ſeru'd deſtinie there?
This Night is paſſing long, vnmeaſur'd: none
Of all my houſhold would to bed yet: On,

Relate

Relate theſe wondrous things. Were I with you;
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the diuine *Aurora* ſhewd her head,
I ſhould in no night reliſh thought of bed.
Moſt eminent King, (ſaid he) *Times*, all muſt keepe;
There's time to ſpeake much, time as much to ſleepe.
But would you heare ſtill, I will tell you ſtill,
And vtter more, more miſerable ill,
Of Friends then yet, that ſcap't the diſmall warres,
And periſht homewards, and in houſhold iarres.
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaſte *Queene,
No ſooner made theſe Ladie-ghoſts vnſeene,
(Here and there flitting) but mine eie-ſight wonne
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* ſonne)
Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,
That in *Ægyſthus* houſe, endur'd their ends,
With his ſterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,
He knew me inſtantly; and forth a flood
Of ſpringing teares guſht. Out he thruſt his hands,
With will t'embrace me; but their old commands,
Flowd not about him; nor their weakeſt part.
I wept to ſee; and mon'd him from my heart.
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!
What ſort of cruell death, hath renderd ſlaine
Thy royall perſon? *Neptune*, in thy Fleete?
Heauen, and his helliſh billowes making meete,
Rowſing the winds? Or haue thy men by land
Done thee this ill; for vſing thy command,
Paſt their conſents, in diminution
Of thoſe full ſhares, their worths by lot had wonne,
Of ſheepe or oxen? or of any towne?
In couetous ſtrife, to make their rights, thine owne,
In men or women priſoners? He replied:
By none of theſe, in any right, I died;
But by *Ægyſthus*, and my murtherous wife,
(Bid to a banquet at his houſe) my life
Hath thus bene reft me: to my ſlaughter led,
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.
So miſerably fell I; and with me,
My friends lay maſſacred: As when you ſee
At any rich mans nuptials, ſhot, or feaſt,
About his kitchin, white-tooth'd ſwine lie dreſt.
The ſlaughters of a world of men, thine eies,
Both priuate, and in preaſe of enemies,
Haue perſonally witneſt; but this one,
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:
To ſee how ſtrewd about our Cups and Cates,
As Tables ſet with Feaſt, ſo we with Fates,

Here he begins his other relation, Proſerpina.

All gaſht and ſlaine, lay; all the floore embrude
With blood and braine. But that which moſt I ru'd,
Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* ſeed,
Caſſandra breath'd; whom, ſhe that wit doth feed
With banefull crafts, falſe *Clytemneſtra* ſlew,
Cloſe ſitting by me; vp my hands I threw
From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my ſword,
Gaue wretched life vp. When the moſt abhord,
By all her ſexes ſhame, forſooke the roome;
Nor daind (though then ſo neare this heauie home)
To ſhut my lips, or cloſe my broken eies.
Nothing ſo heapt is with impieties,
As ſuch a woman, that would kill her Spouſe,
That maried her a maid. When to my houſe
I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,
To children, maids, and ſlaues. But ſhe (in th'Art
Of onely miſchiefe heartie) not alone
Caſt on her ſelfe, this foule aſperſion;
But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords
Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.
Alas (ſaid I) that *Ioue* ſhould hate the liues
Of *Atreus* ſeed, ſo highly for their wiues.
For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;
For dangerous abſence, thine ſent thee to hell.
For this, (he anſwerd) Be not thou more kind
Then wiſe to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind
Let words expreſſe to her. Of all ſhe knowes,
Curbs for the worſt ſtill, in thy ſelfe repoſe.
But thou by thy wifes wiles, ſhalt loſe no blood;
Exceeding wiſe ſhe is, and wiſe in good.
Icarius daughter, chaſte *Penelope*,
We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we
Forſooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her breſt,
Her firſt child ſucking. Who, by this houre, bleſt,
Sits in the number of ſuruiuing men.
And his bliſſe, ſhe hath, that ſhe can containe;
And her bliſſe, thou haſt, that ſhe is ſo wiſe;
For, by her wiſedome, thy returned eies
Shall ſee thy ſonne; and he ſhall greete his Sire,
With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes, my ſonnes deare ſight;
And, as from me, will take from him the light;
Before ſhe addes one iuſt delight to life;
Or her falſe wit, one truth that fits a wife.
For her ſake therefore, let my harmes aduiſe;
That though thy wife be neere ſo chaſte and wiſe,
Yet come not home to her in *open view,
With any ſhip, or any perſonall ſhew.

This aduice he followed at his coming home.

But

But take close shore disguisde: nor let her know;
For tis no world, to trust a woman now.
But what sayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet suruiue,
In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth liue
In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle? yet I see
Diuine *Orestes* is not here with me.'
I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* sonne:
Enquire of me? who yet arriu'd where none
Could giue to these newes any certaine wings?
And tis absurd, to tell vncertaine things.
Such sad speech past vs; and as thus we stood,
With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;
Achilles and *Patroclus* Soule appear'd;
And his Soule, of whom neuer ill was heard,
The good *Antilochus*: and the Soule of him,
That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,
Excepting the vnmatcht *Æacides*,
Illustrous *Aiax*. But the first of these,
That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
Was * *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily *Achilles.*
His state here taking) said: Vnworthy breath!
What act, yet mightier, imagineth
Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend
These vnder regions: where the dead mans end,
Is to be lookt on? and his fooliish shade?
I answerd him: I was induc'd t'inuade
These vnder parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)
To visite wise *Tiresias*, for aduice
Of vertue to direct my voyage home
To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come
To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;
And so liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood
In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)
Hast equald all, that euer yet haue wonne
The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.
In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I see
Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,
To a renewd life of command beneath;
So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.
This comfort of him, this encounter found;
Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;
I rather wish, to liue in earth a Swaine, *Achilles of the next life.*
Or serue a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine
Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)
Of all the dead, sway the Imperiall thone.
But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;
If he goes on, in first fights of the field;

Or lurks for ſafetie in the obſcure Rete?
Or of my Father, if thy royall eare
Hath bene aduertiſde, that the *Phthian* Throne,
He ſtill commands, as greateſt *Myrmidon?*
Or that the *Phthian* and *Theſſalian* rage,
(Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)
Deſpiſe his Empire? Vnder thoſe bright rayes,
In which, heauens feruour hurles about the dayes;
Muſt I no more ſhine his reuenger now;
Such as of old, the *Ilion* ouerthrow
Witneſt my anger: th'vniuerſall hoaſt,
Sending before me, to this ſhadie Coaſt,
In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now reſort,
(But for ſome ſmall time) to my Fathers Court;
In ſpirit and powre, as then: thoſe men ſhould find
My hands inacceſſible; and of fire, my mind,
That durſt, with all the numbers they are ſtrong,
Vnſeate his honour, and ſuborne his wrong.
This pitch ſtill flew his ſpirit, though ſo low;
And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,
Of blameleſſe *Peleus*, any leaſt report;
But of your ſonne, in all the vtmoſt ſort,
I can informe your care with truth; and thus:

Vlyſſes report of Neoptolemus the ſon of Achilles.

From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,
By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Greeks*; where he
Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie
Retir'd to councell; and our youth to fight.
In councell ſtill (ſo firie was *Conceit*,
In his quicke apprehenſion of a cauſe)
That firſt he euer ſpake; nor paſt the lawes
Of any graue ſtay, in his greateſt haſt.
None would contend with him, that counſeld laſt;
Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Neſtor*, he and I
Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,
On his opinion. In our fights, the preaſe
Of great or common, he would neuer ſeaſe;
But farre before fight euer. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was ſlaughterer
Of many a braue man, in moſt dreadfull fight.
But one and other, whom he reft of light,
(In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,
Nor giue in number. The particular fame,
Of one mans ſlaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;
Eurypilus Telephides he was,

This place (and a number more) is moſt miſerably miſtaken by all tranſlators and commentors.

That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls
Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſhewd like * whales,
Rampir'd about him. *Neoptolemus*
Set him ſo ſharply, for the ſumptuous

Fauours

Fauours of Miſtreſſes, he ſaw him weare;
For paſt all doubt, his beauties had no peere,
Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,
And that was *Memnon*, *Tithons* Sun-like ſonne.
Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a taſt
Giue of his eminence. How farre ſurpaſt
His ſpirit in priuate; where he was not ſeene;
Nor glorie could be ſaid, to praiſe his ſpleene;
This cloſe note, I excerpted. When we ſate
Hid in *Epæus* horſe; no Optimate
Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope
And ſhut the * Stratageme, but I. My ſcope
To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a ſtreight
Of ſo much danger; much the better might
Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,
I ſhifted place ſtill; when, in ſome I ſmokt
Both priuie tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.
In him yet, not a ſoft conceit of theirs,
Could all my ſearch ſee, either his wet eies
Plied ſtill with wipings; or the goodly guiſe,
His perſon all waies put forth; in leaſt part,
By any tremblings, ſhewd his toucht-at heart.
But euer he was vrging me to make
Way to their ſally; by his ſigne to ſhake
His ſword hid in his ſcabberd; or his Lance
Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,
His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th'euent,
(High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent
To his faire ſhip, with priſe and treaſure ſtore:
Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,
Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of cloſe-fought ſword,
Whoſe wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft affoord;
Which he (though fought) miſt, in warres cloſeſt wage;
In cloſe fights; Mars doth neuer fight, but rage.
This made the ſoule of ſwift *Achilles* tred
A March of glorie, through the herbie meade;
For ioy to heare me ſo renowme his Sonne;
And vaniſht ſtalking. But with paſſion
Stood th'other Soules ſtrooke: and each told his bane.
Onely the ſpirit * *Telamonian*
Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie
I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie*
Of all a Court of warre, pronounc't it mine,
And *Pallas* ſelfe. Our priſe were th'armes diuine,
Of great * *Æacides*; propoſde t'our fames
By his bright * Mother, at his funerall Games.
I wiſh to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;
Since for thoſe Armes, ſo high a head, ſo ſoone

The horſe ab illa ſaid.

Aiax the ſonne of Telamon.

Achilles.
Thetis.

The baſe earth couerd. *Aiax*, that of all
The hoaſt of *Greece*, had perſon capitall,
And acts as eminent; excepting his,
Whoſe armes thoſe were; in whom was nought amiſſe.
I tride the great Soule with ſoft words, and ſaid:
Aiax! great ſonne of *Telamon*; arraid
In all our glories! what? not dead reſigne
Thy wrath for thoſe curſt Armes? The Powres diuine,
In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;
In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.
We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,
Iupiter. In ſentence, any, but * *Saturnius* doome;
In whoſe hate, was the hoaſt of *Greece* become
A very horror. Who expreſt it well,
In ſigning thy Fate, with this timeleſſe Hell.
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)
Repreſſe thy great mind, and thy flamie ſpirit;
And giue the words I giue thee, worthy eare.
All this, no word drew from him; but leſſe neare
The ſterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;
And glid along the Riuer of the dead.
Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue ſpoke;
Since I to him. But my deſires were ſtrooke
With ſight of other Soules. And then I ſaw
Minos, that miniſtred to *Death* a law;
Minos. And *Ioues* bright ſonne was. He was ſet, and ſwaid
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade
A ſort of others, ſet about his Throne,
In *Plutos* wide-door'd houſe; when ſtrait came on,
Orion. Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,
The heards of thoſe beaſts he had ſlaughterd here,
In deſart hils on earth. A Club he bore,
Entirely ſteele, whoſe vertues neuer wore.
Tityus. *Tityus* I ſaw: to whom the glorious Earth
Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappie birth;
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pauement lay
His ample limbs; that ſpred in their diſplay,
Nine Acres compaſſe. On his boſome ſat
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,
Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;
And each by turnes, the concrete entraile breakes,
(As Smiths their ſteele beate) ſet on either ſide.
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide
His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,
Offer them off: but ſuffers by command,
Of th'angrie Thunderer; offring to enforce,
His loue *Latona* in the cloſe recourſe,

She

She vſde to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,
Smooth *Panopæus*. I ſaw likewiſe ſtand,
Vp to the chin, amidſt a liquid lake,
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not ſlake
His burning thirſt. Oft as his ſcornfull cup,
Th'old man would taſte; ſo oft twas ſwallowd vp;
And all the blacke earth to his feete deſcried;
Diuine powre (plaguing him) the lake ſtill dried.
About his head, on high trees, cluſtering, hung
Peares, Apples, Granets, Oliues, euer yong;
Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,
Of other burthen; whoſe alluring ſtore,
When th'old Soule ſtriu'd to pluck, the winds from ſight,
In gloomie vapours, made them vaniſh quite.
There ſaw I *Siſyphus*, in infinite mone, *Siſyphus.*
With both hands heauing vp a maſſie ſtone;
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,
To wreſt vp to a mountaine top, his freight;
When preſt to reſt it there (his nerues quite ſpent)
Downe ruſht the deadly Quarrie: the euent
Of all his torture, new to raiſe againe;
To which, ſtrait ſet his neuer-reſted paine.
The ſweate came guſhing out from euery Pore;
And on his head a ſtanding miſt he wore;
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of duſt
Were raiſd about it. Downe with theſe was thruſt,
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*. *Hercules.*
But his firme ſelfe, did no ſuch Fate oppreſſe;
He feaſting liues amongſt th'immortall States;
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himſelfe, made mates,
In heauenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Ioues* deare race,
And *Iunos*; whom the golden Sandals grace.
About him flew the clamors of the dead,
Like Fowles; and ſtill ſtoopt cuffing at his head.
He, with his Bow, like Night, ſtalkt vp and downe;
His ſhaft ſtill nockt; and hurling round his frowne,
At thoſe vext houerers, aiming at them ſtill;
And ſtill, as ſhooting out, deſire to ſtill.
A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his breſt;
The Thong all gold, in which were formes impreſt,
Where *Art* and Miracle, drew equall breaths,
In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.
Who wrought that worke, did neuer ſuch before;
Nor ſo diuinely will do euer more.
Soone as he ſaw, he knew me; and gaue ſpeech:
Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wiſedomes reach;
And yet vnhappie wretch; for in this heart,
Of all exploits atchieu'd by thy deſert,

Thy

Thy worth but works out ſome ſiniſter Fate.
As I in earth did. I was generate
By *Ioue* himſelfe; and yet paſt meane, oppreſt
By one my farre inferiour; whoſe proud heſt,
Impoſde abhorred labours, on my hand.
Of all which, one was, to deſcend this Strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke
An act that *Danger* could make deeper ſinke;
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,
Of ſleight and wiſedome, as of downe-right powre,
Both ſtoopt, and raiſd, and made me Conquerour.
This ſaid; he made deſcent againe as low
As *Plutos* Court; when I ſtood firme; for ſhow
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;
And might perhaps haue ſeene my wiſh of more;
(As *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd
Rare ſight of theſe; the rank-ſoul'd multitude
In infinite flocks roſe; venting ſounds ſo rude,
That pale *Feare* tooke me, leſt the *Gorgons* head
Ruſht in amongſt them; thruſt vp, in my dread,
By grim *Perſephone*. I therefore ſent
My men before to ſhip; and after went.
Where, boorded, ſet, and lancht; th'Ocean waue,
Our Ores and forewinds, ſpeedie paſſage gaue.

Finis libri vndecimi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

HE ſhewes from Hell his ſafe retreate,
To th'Ile Ææa, Circes *ſeate.*
And how he ſcapt the Sirens *calls.*
With th'erring Rockes, and waters falls,
That Scylla *and* Charybdis *breake.*
The Sunnes ſtolne Herds; and his ſad wreake,
Both of Vlyſſes *ſhip and men,*
His owne head ſcaping ſcarce the paine.

Another.

MV. *The Rockes that errd;*
The Sirens *call;*
The Sunnes ſtolne Herd;
The ſouldiers fall.

OVr Ship now paſt the ſtreights of th'Ocean flood;
She plowd the broad ſeas billowes; and made good,
The Ile *Ææa*, where the *Pallace* ſtands
Of th'early Riſer, with the roſie hands,
Actiue Aurora; where ſhe loues to dance;
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.
When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,
And trod our ſelues the reſaluted ſand:
Found on the ſhore, fit reſting for the Night;
Slept, and expected the celeſtiall light.
Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame;
I ſent my men to *Circes* houſe before,
To fetch deceaſt *Elpenor* to the ſhore.
Strait ſwelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees;
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies
To our dead friend. (Whoſe Corſe conſum'd with fire,
And honourd Armes: whoſe Sepulcher entire;
And ouer that, a Columne raiſd) his Ore,
Curiouſly caru'd (to his deſire before)
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.
Nor was our ſafe aſcent from hell, conceald
From *Circes* knowledge; nor ſo ſoone reueald,
But ſhe was with vs, with her bread and food,
And ruddie wine, brought by her ſacred brood

Reditur ab inferis ad Circen.

Elpenor tumulatur.

Of

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midſt ſhe ſtood,
And thus ſaluted vs: Vnhappie men,
That haue (inform'd with all your ſences) bene
In *Plutos* diſmall manſion. You ſhall die
Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,
In her faire armes, holds; ſhall but once deceaſe.
But eate and drinke out all conceit of theſe;
And this day dedicate to food and wine;
The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next ſhall ſhine
The chearfull Morning; you ſhall proue the ſeas.
Your way, and euery act ye muſt addreſſe,
My knowledge of their order ſhall deſigne:
Leſt with your owne bad counſels, ye encline
Euents as bad againſt ye; and ſuſtaine
By ſea and ſhore, the wofull ends that raigne
In wilfull actions. Thus did ſhe aduiſe;
And, for the time, our Fortunes were ſo wiſe,
To follow wiſe directions. All that day
We ſate and feaſted. When his lower way,
The Sunne had enterd; and the *Euen*, the hie:
My friends ſlept on their Gables; ſhe and I,
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,
By her well ſorted) did to ſleepe conuert
Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall
In our affaire, ſhe askt; I told her all.
To which ſhe anſwerd: Theſe things thus tooke end:
And now to thoſe that I informe, attend:
Which (you remembring) God himſelfe ſhall be,
The bleſſed author of your memorie.

Circe præſagit futura pericula.

– Firſt, to the *Sirens* ye ſhall come, that taint
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whoſoeuer ſhall

Sirenarum deſcriptio.

(For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call
Of any *Siren*: he will ſo deſpiſe
Both wife and children, for their ſorceries,
That neuer home turnes his affections ſtreame;
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.
The *Sirens* will ſo ſoften with their ſong,
(Shrill, and in ſenſuall appetite ſo ſtrong)
His looſe affections, that he giues them head.
And then obſerue: They ſit amidſt a meade;
And round about it runnes a hedge or wall
Of dead mens bones: their witherd skins and all,
Hung all along vpon it; and theſe men
Were ſuch as they had fawnd into their Fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Saile by them therefore; thy companions
Before hand cauſing to ſtop euery eare

With

With ſweete ſoft waxe ſo cloſe; that none may heare
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you
(If you affect it) open eare allow
To trie their motion: but preſume not ſo
To truſt your iudgement; when your ſenſes go
So looſe about you; but giue ſtraight command
To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,
Sure to the Maſt; that you may ſafe approue
How ſtrong in inſtigation to their loue
Their rapting tunes are. If ſo much they moue,
That, ſpite of all your reaſon, your will ſtands
To be enfranchiſde, both of feete and hands;
Charge all your men before, to ſleight your charge,
And reſt ſo farre, from fearing to enlarge,
That much more ſure they bind you. When your friends
Haue outſaild theſe: the danger that tranſcends
Reſts not in any counſaile to preuent;
Vnleſſe your owne mind, finds the tract and bent
Of that way, that auoids it. I can ſay
That in your courſe, there lies a twofold way;
The right of which, your owne, taught, preſent wit
And grace diuine, muſt prompt. In generall yet
Let this informe you: Neare theſe *Sirens* ſhore
Moue two ſteepe Rocks; at whoſe feete, lie and rore
The blacke ſeas cruell billowes: the bleſt Gods
Call them the Rouers. Their abhord abods
No bird can paſſe: no not the **Doues*, whoſe feare
Sire *Ioue* ſo loues, that they are ſaid to beare
Ambroſia to him; can their rauine ſcape;
But one of them, falles euer to the rape
Of thoſe ſlie rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another ſtill
Adds to the reſt; that ſo may euer fill
The ſacred number. Neuer ſhip could ſhunne
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men
To vtter ruine. For the ſeas retaine
Not onely their outragious æſture there;
But fierce aſſiſtents, of particular feare,
And ſupernaturall miſchiefe, they expire;
And thoſe are whirlewinds of deuouring fire
Whisking about ſtill. *Th' Argiue* ſhip, alone

πελειας τρηρωνας. Columbæ timidæ. *What theſe Doues were, and the whole minde of this place: the Great Macedon asking Chiron Amphipolites, he anſwered, They were the Pleiades or ſeuen Stares. One of which (beſides his proper imperfection, of being αμυδρος. i. adeo exilis, vel ſubobſcurus, vt vix appareat) is vtterly obſcured or let by theſe Rocks. Why then, or how, Ioue ſtill ſupplied the loſt one, that the number might be full: Athenæus falles to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall ſeptenary number, though there appeared but ſixe. But how lame and loathſome theſe Prozers ſhew in their affected expoſitions of the Poeticall Minde, this and an hundred others, ſpent in meere preſumptuous gueſſe at this inacceſſible Poet; I hope will make plaine enough to the moſt enuious of any thing done, beſides their owne ſet cenſures, and moſt arrogant ouer weenings. In the 23. of the Iliads, (being ϛ) at the Games celebrated at Patroclus funerals, they tied to the top of a Maſt,* πελειαν τρηρωνα, timidam Columbam, *to ſhoote at for a game: ſo that (by theſe great mens aboueſaid expoſitions,) they ſhot at the Pleiades.*

πᾶσι πασιμέλεσσι, &c. Nauis omnibus Curæ: *the ſhip that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our Critickes will needs reſtraine,* omnib⁹ heroib⁹ Poetis omnibus, vel Hiſtoricis, *whe nthe care of all mans preſeruatiõ is affirmed to be the freight of it: as if Poets and Hiſtorians comprehended all things, when I ſcarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewiſe is garbige good enough for the monſter. Nor wil I tempt our ſpic't conſciences with expreſſing the diuine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirme any good of poore Poeſie, ſince no man gets any goods by it. And notwithſtanding many of our bird-eyd ſtarters at prophanation are for nothing ſo afraid of it, as that leſt their galled conſciences (ſcarce beleeuing the moſt re-*

(Which bore the * care of all men) got her gone,
Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps euen ſhe
Had wrackt at thoſe Rocks; if the Deitie
That lies by *Ioues* ſide, had not lent her hand
To their tranſmiſſion; ſince the man that mann'd
In chiefe that voyage, ſhe, in chiefe did loue.
Of theſe two ſpitefull Rocks, the one doth ſhoue
Againſt the height of heauen, her pointed brow.
A blacke cloud binds it round, and neuer ſhow
Lends to the ſharp point: not the cleare blew skie
Lets euer view it. Not the *Sommers* eye;
Not feruent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end
Could euer skale it; or if vp, deſcend.
Though twenty hands and feete he had for hold:
A poliſht ice-like glibneſſe doth enfold
The rocke ſo round, whoſe midſt, a gloomie cell
Shrowds, ſo farre Weſtward, that it ſees to hell.
From this, keepe you as farre, as from his bow
An able yong man can his ſhaft beſtow.
For here, the * whuling *Scylla*, ſhrowds her face:
That breaths a voice, at all parts, no more baſe
Then are a newly-kitn'd kitlings cries;
Her ſelfe a monſter yet, of boundleſſe ſiſe;
Whoſe ſight would nothing pleaſe a mortals eies;
No nor the eyes of any God, if he
(Whom nought ſhould fright) fell foule on her; and ſhe
Her full ſhape ſhew'd. Twelue foule feete beare about
Her ougly bulke. Sixe huge long necks lookt out
Of her ranke ſhoulders: euery necke, doth let
A ghaſtly head out: euery head; three ſet
Thicke thruſt together, of abhorred teeth;
And euery tooth ſtucke with a ſable death.
She lurkes in midſt of all her denne; and ſtreakes
From out a ghaſtly whirle-poole, all her necks;
Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fiſh ſhe falles;

all truth, in approbation of their liues) ſhould be rubbed with the confirmation of it, euen in theſe contemned vanities (as their impieties pleaſe to call them,) which by much more learned and pious then themſelues, haue euer bene called the raptures of diuine inſpiration By which, Homo ſupra humanam naturam erigitur, & in Deum tranſit, Plat.

* δεινον λελακυια. &c. Grauiter vociferans; *as all, moſt vntruly tranſlate it. As they do in the next verſe, theſe words* σκυλλαξ & νεογιλης Catuli Leonis. *No Lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation.* δεινον λελακυια, *ſignifying* indignam, diſſimilem, or horribilem vocem edens: *But in what kind* horribilem? *Not for the grauitie or greatneſſe of her voice, but for the vnworthy or diſproportionable ſmall whuling of it: ſhe being in the vaſt frame of her body, as the very words* πλῶρ κακόν *ſignifie,* monſtrum ingens: *whoſe diſproportion and deformitie, is too Poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered, for fat and flat Prozers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poets words ſerue their comprehenſion; and therefore they adde of their owne,* λαχνο, *from whence* λελακυια *is derived, ſignifying* crepo, or ſtridulè clamo. *And* σκυλλαξ & νεογιλης, *is to be expounded* catuli nuper or recens nati, *not* Leonis. *But thus they botch and abuſe the incomparable expreſſor: Becauſe they knew not how otherwiſe to be monſtrous enough themſelues, to helpe out the Monſter. Imagining ſo huge a great body, muſt needs haue a voice as huge: and then would not our Homer haue likened it to a Lions whelps voyce, but to the Lions owne: and all had bene much too little, to make a voyce anſwerable to her hugeneſſe. And therefore found our inimitable maſter, a new way to expreſſe her monſtrous diſproportion: performing it ſo, as there can be* nihil ſupra. *And I would faine learne of my learned Detractor, that will needs haue me onely tranſlate out of the Latine, what Latine tranſlation telles me this? or what Grecian hath euer found this and a hundred other ſuch? Which may be ſome poore inſtance, or prooſe of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two ſimple Poems, but not a ſillable further will my ſillie ſpirit preſume.*

And

And vp ruſh Dolphins, Dogfiſh; ſomewhiles, Whales,
got within her, when her rapine feeds;
For euer-groning *Amphitrite* breeds
About her whirlepoole, an vnmeaſur'd ſtore;
No Sea-man euer boaſted touch of ſhore
That there toucht with his ſhip; but ſtill ſhe fed
Of him, and his. A man for euery head
Spoiling his ſhip of. You ſhall then deſcrie
The other humbler Rocke, that moues ſo nie,
Your dart may mete the diſtance. It receaues
A huge wilde Fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaues;
Beneath whoſe ſhades, diuine *Charybdis* ſits
Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits
She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,
All, vp ſhe belches; banefull to ſuſtaine.
When ſhe is drinking, dare not neare her draught,
For not the force of *Neptune*, (if once caught)
Can force your freedome. Therefore in your ſtrife
To ſcape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life
To row neare *Scylla*; for ſhe will but haue
For her ſixe heads, ſixe men; and better ſaue
The reſt, then all, make offerings to the waue.
This Neede ſhe told me of my loſſe, when I
Deſir'd to know, if that *Neceſsitie*
(When I had ſcap't *Charybdis* outrages)
My powres might not reuenge; though not redreſſe?
She anſwerd: O vnhappy! art thou yet
Enflam'd with warre? and thirſt to drinke thy ſwet?
Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will?
She, deathleſſe is, and that immortall ill
Graue, harſh, outragious, not to be ſubdu'd,
That men muſt ſuffer till they be renew'd.
Nor liues there any virtue that can flie
The vicious outrage of their crueltie.
Shouldſt thou put Armes on, and approch the Rocke;
I feare, ſixe more muſt expiate the ſhocke.
Sixe heads, ſixe men aske ſtill. Hoiſe ſaile, and flie;
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratis* crie
(Great *Scyllas* Mother, who, expoſde to light
That bane of men;) and ſhe will do ſuch right
To thy obſeruance, that ſhe, downe will tread
Her daughters rage; nor let her ſhew a head.
From thenceforth then, for euer paſt her care;
Thou ſhalt aſcend, the Ile *Triangulare*;
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;
And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head
In euery herd feed; and their herds are ſeuen;
And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.

Homer 13624c

Increaſe they yeeld not, for they neuer die;
There euery ſhepherdeſſe, a Deitie.
Faire *Phaethuſa*, and *Lempetie*,
The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.
Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame
Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame
Still yong *Neera*; who (brought forth and bred)
Farre off diſmiſt them; to ſee duly fed
Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.
Theſe herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie
Ye leaue, as ſacred things, vntoucht; and on
Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through ſome ſufferance) you yet ſafe ſhall land
In wiſhed *Ithaca*. But if impious hand
You lay on thoſe herds to their hurts: I then
Preſage ſure ruine, to thy ſhip and men.
If thou eſcap'ſt thy ſelfe, extending home
Thy long'd for landing; thou ſhalt loded come
With ſtore of loſſes, moſt exceeding late,
And not conſorted with a ſaued mate.
This ſaid; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* roſe;
She, her way went, and I did mine diſpoſe
Vp to my ſhip; weigh'd Anchor, and away.
When reuerend *Circe*; helpt vs to conuaie
Our veſſell ſafe, by making well inclind
A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;
With which ſhe filld our ſailes, when, fitting all
Our Armes cloſe by vs; I did ſadly fall
To graue relation, what concernd in Fate
My friends to know, and told them that the ſtate
Of our affaires ſucceſſe, which *Circe* had
Preſag'd to me alone, muſt yet be made
To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:
That ſince their liues and deaths were left to fall
In their elections; they might life elect,
And giue what would preſerue it, fit effect.
I firſt inform'd them, that we were to flie
The heauenly-ſinging *Sirens* harmony,
And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I
Had charge to heare their ſong; but fetterd faſt
In bands, vnfauor'd, to th'erected Maſt;
From whence, if I ſhould pray; or vſe command
To be enlarg'd; they ſhould with much more band
Containe my ſtruglings. This I ſimply told
To each particular; nor would withold
What moſt enioyn'd mine owne affections ſtay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t'obay.
In meane time, flew our ſhips; and ſtraight we fetcht

The *Sirens* Ile; a ſpleeneleſſe wind, ſo ſtretcht
Her wings to waft vs, and ſo vrg'd our keele.
But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele
The leaſt gaſpe of it: it was ſtriken dead,
And all the Sea, in proſtrate ſlumber ſpread:
The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew
My friends to worke; ſtrooke ſaile, together drew,
And vnder hatches ſtowd them: ſat, and plied
Their poliſht oares; and did in curls diuide
The white-head waters. My part then came on;
A mighty waxen Cake, I ſet vpon;
Chopt it in fragments, with my ſword; and wrought
With ſtrong hand, euery peece, till all were ſoft.
The great powre of the Sunne, in ſuch a beame
As then flew burning from his Diademe,
To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,
I ſtopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply
My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Maſt
With other halſers, made me ſoundly faſt.
Then tooke they ſeate; and forth our paſſage ſtrooke;
The fomie Sea, beneath their labour ſhooke.
Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;
The *Sirens* ſoone tooke note, without our noice;
Tun'd thoſe ſweete accents, that made charmes ſo ſtrong;
And theſe learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* ſong:

Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praiſe;
That doſt ſo high, the Grecian *glory raiſe;*
Vlyſſes! *ſtay thy ſhip; and that ſong heare*
That none paſt euer, but it bent his eare:
But left him rauiſh, and inſtructed more
By vs, then any, euer heard before.
For we know all things whatſoeuer were
In wide Troy *labour'd; whatſoeuer there*
The Grecians *and the* Troians *both ſuſtain'd;*
By thoſe high iſſues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatſoeuer, all the earth can ſhow
T'informe a knowledge of deſert, we know.

This they gaue accent in the ſweeteſt ſtraine
That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.
When, my conſtrain'd heart, needs would haue mine eare
Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.
To which end I commanded, with all ſigne
Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine
Had powre to ſtirre) my friends to riſe, and giue
My limbs free way. They freely ſtriu'd to driue
Their ſhip ſtill on. When (farre from will to loſe)
Eurylochus, and *Perimedes* roſe
To wrap me ſurer; and oppreſt me more

13624c Homer

With many a halſer, then had vſe before.
When, rowing on, without the reach of ſound;
My friends vnſtopt their eares; and me, vnbound;
And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe
Freſh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine
Of mighty billows, and a ſmoke aſcend:
A horrid murmure hearing. Euery friend
Aſtoniſht ſat: from euery hand, his oare
Fell quite forſaken: with the diſmall Rore
Where all things there made Echoes, ſtone ſtill ſtood
Our ſhip it ſelfe: becauſe the ghaſtly flood
Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:
I, through the ſhip went, labouring vp and downe
My friends recouerd ſpirits. One by one
I gaue good words, and ſaid: That well were knowne
Theſe ills to them before: I told them all;
And that theſe could not proue, more capitall
Then thoſe the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in; yet
My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counſailes, ſet
Their freedomes open. I could not beleeue
But they rememberd it, and wiſht them giue
My equall care, and meanes, now equall truſt:
The ſtrength they had, for ſtirring vp, they muſt
Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid
His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid
To ſcape euen that death. In particular then
I told our Pylot, that paſt other men
He, moſt muſt beare firme ſpirits; ſince he ſwaid
The Continent, that all our ſpirits conuaid
In his whole guide of her. He ſaw there boile
The fierie whirlpooles; that to all our ſpoile
Incloſde a Rocke: without which, he muſt ſtere,
Or all our ruines ſtood concluded there.
All heard me, and obaid; and little knew
That, ſhunning that Rocke, ſixe of them ſhould rue
The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd
The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,
To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare
Would then haue robd all, of all care to ſtere;
Or ſtirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:
When they, and all, had died an idle death.
But then, euen I forgot to ſhunne the harme
Circe forewarnd: who willd I ſhould not arme,
Nor ſhew my ſelfe to *Scylla*, leſt in vaine
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe
But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:
Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke
That Rockie *Scylla* would haue firſt appear'd,

And taken my life, with the friends I feard.
From thence yet, no place could afford her ſight;
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,
And ranſackt all waies. I then tooke a ſtreight
That gaue my ſelfe, and ſome few more receipt
Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we ſaw
How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw
The brackiſh ſea vp, which, when all abroad
She ſpit againe out: neuer Caldron ſod
With ſo much feruor, fed with all the ſtore
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore
With troubl'd waters: round about the tops
Of all the ſteepe crags, flew the fomy drops.
But, when her draught, the ſea and earth diſſunderd,
The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and ſhe thunderd;
Farre vnder ſhore, the ſwart ſands naked lay.
Whoſe whole ſterne ſight, the ſtartl'd blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes beſtowd thus, to our ruines feare;
Sixe friends had *Scylla* ſnatcht out of our keele,
In whom, moſt loſſe, did force and virtue feele.
When looking to my ſhip, and lending eye
To ſee my friends eſtates, their heeles turnd hie,
And hands caſt vp, I might diſcerne; and heare
Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were
To try me in their laſt extremities.
And as an Angler, medcine for ſurpriſe
Of little fiſh, ſits powring from the rocks,
From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;
And then with his long Angle, hoiſts them hie
Vp to the Aire; then ſleightly hurles them by,
When, helpleſſe ſprauling on the land they lie:
So eaſely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt
My wofull friends; and ſo vnhelpt, entrapt
Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;
Who in their tortures, deſperate of eſcape;
Shriekt as ſhe tore; and vp, their hands to me
Still threw for ſweete life. I did neuer ſee
In all my ſufferance ranſacking the ſeas,
A ſpectacle ſo full of miſeries.
Thus hauing fled theſe rocks (theſe cruell dames
Scylla, *Charybdis*.) where the king of flames
Hath offerings burnd to him; our ſhip put in
The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne
The Epithete, *Faultleſſe*: where the broad of head
And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,
With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
Set in my ſhip, mine eare reacht, where we rod

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate
Of fleecie ſheepe; that in my memories ſeate
Put vp the formes, that late had bene impreſt
By dread *Ææan Circe*; and the beſt
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban* Seer;
The wiſe *Tireſias*, who was graue decreer
Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one
In chiefe he vrg'd; that I ſhould alwaies ſhunne
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.
When, (ſad at heart for our late loſſe) I praid
My friends to heare fit counſaile, (though diſmaid
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me
By *Circes*, and *Tireſias* Prophecie;
That I ſhould flie the Ile, where was ador'd
The Comfort of the world: for ills, abhorr'd
Were ambuſht for vs there; and therefore, willd
They ſhould put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd
Their tender ſpirits; when *Eurylochus*
A ſpeech that vext me vtter'd; anſwering thus:
Cruell *Vlyſſes*! Since thy nerues abound
In ſtrength, the more ſpent; and no toyles confound
Thy able lims, as all beate out of ſteele;
Thou ableſt vs to, as vnapt to feele
The teeth of *Labor*, and the ſpoile of *Sleepe*,
And therefore ſtill, wet waſt vs in the deepe;
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to ſtrow
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight
Of winds that ruine ſhips, are bred in Night.
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,
If ſuddainly ſhould ruſh out th'angry breath
Of *Notus*, or the eager-ſpirited Weſt?
That cuffe ſhips, dead; and do the Gods their beſt!
Serue black Night ſtill, with ſhore, meate, ſleepe, and eaſe;
And offer to the *Morning* for the ſeas.
This all the reſt approu'd; and then knew I
That paſt all doubt, the diuell did apply
His ſlaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.
But all that might containe them, I aſſaid:
A ſacred oath, on all their powres I laid;
That if with herds, or any richeſt flocks
We chanc't t'encounter; neither ſheepe, nor Oxe
We once ſhould touch; nor (for that conſtant ill
That followes folly) ſcorne aduice, and kill:
But quiet ſit vs downe, and take ſuch food
As the immortall *Circe* had beſtowd.
They ſwore all this, in all ſeuerſt ſort;

And then we ancord, in the winding Port;
Neare a freſh Riuer, where the longd-for ſhore
They all flew out to; tooke in victles ſtore;
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loſſe by *Scylla*; weeping till they ſlept.
In *Nights* third part; when ſtars began to ſtoope;
The Cloud-aſſembler, put a Tempſt vp.
A boiſtrous ſpirit he gaue it; draue out all
His flocks of clouds; and let ſuch darkneſſe fall,
That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driuen;
For, with his clouds, he thruſt out *Night* from heauen.
At *Morne*, we drew our ſhips into a caue;
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phœbus* cattaile draue;
Faire dancing Roomes had, and their ſeates of State.
I vrg'd my friends then, that to ſhunne their Fate,
They would obſerue their oath; and take the food
Our ſhip afforded; nor attempt the blood
Of thoſe faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; becauſe they were,
That dreadfull Gods, that all could ſee, and heare.
They ſtood obſeruant, and in that good mind
Had we bene gone: but ſo aduerſe the wind
Stood to our paſſage, that we could not go.
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow
Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread
Stood out amongſt them; ſo long, not a head
Of all thoſe Oxen, fell in any ſtrife
Amongſt thoſe ſtudents for the gut, and life.
But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:
Neceſsitie compell'd them then, to ſtray
In rape of fiſh, and fowle: what euer came
In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;
And (making to a cloſe *Retreate*, repaire
Free from, both friends, and winds) I waſht my hands,
And all the Gods beſought, that held commands
In liberall heauen; to yeeld ſome meane to ſtay
Their deſperate hunger; and ſet vp the way
Of our returne reſtraind. The Gods, in ſteed
Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;
A deedleſſe ſleepe, did on my lids diſtill,
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.
For, whiles I ſlept, there wak't no meane to curb
Their headſtrong wants; which he that did diſturb
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe
To all the reſt in counſaile to their griefe;
Knew well, and of, my preſent abſence tooke

His fit aduantage; and their iron ſtrooke
At higheſt heate. For (feeling their deſire
In his owne Entrailes, to allay the fire
That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way
To that affection: Heare what I ſhall ſay,
(Though words will ſtanch no hunger) euery death
To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,
You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die
The Death of *Famine*, is a miſerie
Paſt all Death loathſome. Let vs therefore take
The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make
To all the Deathleſſe that in broad heauen liue;
And, in particular, vow, if we arriue
In naturall *Ithaca*, to ſtrait erect
A Temple to the haughtie in aſpect;
Rich, and magnificent, and all within
Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.
If yet, he ſtands incenſt, ſince we haue ſlaine
His high-browd herd; and therefore will ſuſtaine
Deſire to wracke our ſhip: he is but one;
And all the other Gods, that we attone
With our diuine Rites, will their ſuffrage giue
To our deſign'd returne, and let vs liue.
If not; and all take part, I rather craue
To ſerue with one ſole Death, the yawning waue;
Then, in a deſert Iland, lie and ſterue;
And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obſerue.
All cried, He counſailes nobly; and all ſpeed
Made to their reſolute driuing. For the feed
Of thoſe coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:
Had place, cloſe by our ſhips. They tooke the liues
Of ſence, moſt eminent. About their fall
Stood round, and to the States celeſtiall
Made ſolemne vowes: But, other Rites, their ſhip
Could not afford them; they did therefore ſtrip
The curld-head Oke, of freſh yong leaues, to make
Supply of ſeruice for their Barly cake.
And, on the ſacredly enflam'd, for wine
Powrd pureſt water; all the parts diuine
Spitting, and roſting: all the Rites beſide
Orderly vſing. Then did light diuide
My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire
Made neare my ſhip; I met the delicate ayre
Their roſt exhal'd. Out inſtantly I cried;
And ſaid, O *Ioue*, and all ye Deified,
Ye haue oppreſt me with a cruell ſleepe;
While ye conferd on me, a loſſe as deepe
As *Death* deſcends to. To themſelues, alone

My

My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done
A deed ſo impious, (I ſtand well aſſur'd)
That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.
Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,
Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;
Ambaſſadreſſe, t'informe him, that my men
Had ſlaine his Oxen. Heart-incenſed then;
He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the reſt
Both euer liuing, and for euer bleſt.)
Vlyſſes impious men, haue drawne the blood
Of thoſe my Oxen, that it did me good
To looke on, walking, all my ſtarrie round;
And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd
Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;
Dis, and the Dead, adorning with my light.
The Cloud-herd anſwerd; Son! thou ſhalt be ours,
And light thoſe mortals, in that Mine of flowres;
My red hote flaſh, ſhall graſe but on their ſhip,
And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.
This by *Calypſo*, I was told, and ſhe
Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.
Come to our ſhip; I chid, and told by name
Each man, how impiouſly he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were ſlaine:
When ſtraight the Gods, fore-went their following paine
With dire Oſtents. The hides, the fleſh had loſt,
Crept, all before them. As the fleſh did roſt
It bellowd like the Oxe it ſelfe, aliue.
And yet my ſouldiers, did their dead Beeues driue
Through all theſe Prodigies, in daily feaſts.
Sixe daies they banqueted, and ſlue freſh beaſts,
And when the ſeuenth day, *Ioue* reduc't the wind
That all the moneth rag'd; and ſo in did bind
Our ſhip, and vs; was turnd, and calm'd; and we
Lancht, put vp Maſts; Sailes hoiſed, and to Sea.
The Iland left ſo farre; that land no where;
But onely ſea, and skie, had powre t'appeare;
Ioue fixt a cloud aboue our ſhip; ſo blacke
That all the ſea it darkned. Yet from wracke
She ranne a good free time: till from the Weſt
Came *Zephyre* ruffling forth; and put his breaſt
Out, in a ſinging tempeſt; ſo moſt vaſt,
It burſt the Gables, that made ſure our Maſt;
Our Maſts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,
Ruſht to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne
The maine Maſt, paſt his fall; paſht all his Skull,
And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.
Off from the Sterne, the Sterneſman, diuing fell,

And

And from his ſinews, flew his Soule to hell.
Together, all this time, *Ioues* Thunder chid;
And through, and through the ſhip, his lightning glid:
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld
With naſty ſulphur; and her men were killd:
Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mews ſwumme about,
And there the date of their returne was out.
I toſt from ſide to ſide ſtill, till all broke
Her Ribs were with the ſtorme: and ſhe did choke
With let-in Surges; for, the Maſt torne downe;
Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne
Left little vndiſſolu'd. But to the Maſt
There was a lether Thong left; which I caſt
About it, and the keele; and ſo ſat toſt
With banefull weather, till the Weſt had loſt
His ſtormy tyranny. And then aroſe
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;
For backe againe his blaſts expelld me, quite
On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*
I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I
At *Scyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on theſe,
I ſaw *Charybdis*, ſupping vp the ſeas;
And had gone vp together, if the tree
That bore the wilde figs, had not reſcu'd me;
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hic
Chambring vpon it, did as cloſe imply
My breſt about it, as a Reremouſe could:
Yet, might my feete, on no ſtub faſten hold
To eaſe my hands: the roots were crept ſo low
Beneath the earth; and ſo aloft did grow
The far-ſpred armes, that (though good height I gat)
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat
I therefore ſtill muſt cling; till vp againe
She belcht my Maſt, and after that, amaine
My keele came tumbling: ſo at length it chanc't,
To me, as to a Iudge; that long aduanc't
To iudge a ſort of hote yong fellowes iarres,
At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;
When, glad, he riſeth, and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releaſt with ioyes my woes,
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.
To which (my hand, now looſd; and now, my heele)
I altogether, with a huge noiſe, dropt;
Iuſt in her midſt fell, where the Maſt was propt;
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.
God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her ſands
Let *Scylla* ſee me; for I then had died

That

That bitter death, that my poore friends ſupplied.
Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night
In th'Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright
And right renoum'd *Calypſo*, I was caſt
By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't
With *Loue*, and feaſts. But why ſhould I relate
Thoſe kind occurrents? I ſhould iterate
What I in part, to your chaſte Queene and you
So late imparted. And for me to grow
A talker ouer of my tale againe,
Were paſt my free contentment to ſuſtaine.

Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

Opus nouem dierum.

Σων θεᾶ.

Homer

Homer

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses (*shipt, but in the Euen,*
With all the Presents he was giuen;
And sleeping then) is set, next Morne
In full scope of his wisht returne:
And treads vnknown his Country shore;
Whose search, so many winters wore.
The Ship (returning, and arriu'd
Against the City) is deprin'd
Of Forme; And all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune *to a stone.*
Vlysses (*let to know the Strand*
Where the Phæacians *made him Land*)
Consults with Pallas, *for the life*
Of euery Weer of his Wife.
His Gifts, she hides within a Caue;
And him, into a man more Graue:
All hid in wrinkles, crooked, gray,
Transform'd; who so, goes on his way.

Another.

No. Phæacia
Vlysses *sonnes:*
Whom Ithaca
Vnwares, receaues.

HE said; And silence all their Tongues contain'd
(In admiration) when with pleasure chain'd
Their eares had long bene to him. At last brake
Alcinous silence; and in this sort spake
To th' *Ithacensian, Laertes* Sonne:
O *Ithacus!* (How euer ouer-runne
With former sufferings in your way for home)
Since 'twas, at last, your happy Fate to come
To my high-roost, and Brasse-foundation'd house:
I hope, such speede, and passe auspicious
Our Loues shall yeeld you, that you shall no more
VVander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.
You then, whoeuer, that are euer grac'st
VVith all choise of authoriz'd power, to tast

Such wine with me, as warmes the ſacred Rage;
And is an Honorarie giuen to Age.
With which, ye likewiſe, heare Diuinely ſing
(In Honors praiſe) the Poet of the King:
I moüe, by way of my command, to this;
That where, in an elaborate Chiſt, there lies
A Preſent for our Gueſt: Attires of price;
And Gold, engrauen with infinite deuice:
I wiſh that each of vs ſhould adde beſide
A Tripod, and a Caldron, amplified
With ſize, and Mettall of moſt rate, and great.
For we (in counſaile of taxation, met)
Will from our Subiects, gaine their worth againe;
Since 'tis vnequall one man ſhould ſuſtaine
A charge ſo waighty, being the grace of all;
VVhich, borne by many, is a waight but ſmall.
Thus ſpake *Alcinous*, and pleas'd the reſt;
VVhen each man cloſ'd, with home, & ſleep, his feaſt.
But when the colour-giuing light aroſe;
All, to the Ship, did * all their ſpeeds diſpoſe;
And wealth (ỳ * honeſt men makes) brought with them.
All which; euen he, that wore the Diadem
Stow'd in the Ship himſelfe, beneath the ſeats
The Rowers ſate in; ſtooping, leſt their lets
In any of their labors, he might proue.
Then home he turn'd: and after him, did moue
The whole aſſembly to expected Feaſt.
Amongſt whom, he a ſacrifice addreſt,
And ſlue an Oxe, to weather-wielding *Ioue*;
Beneath whoſe Empire, all things are, and moue.
The thighs then roſting, they made glorious chere,
Delighted highly; and amongſt them there,
The honor'd of the people vſ'd his voice,
Diuine *Demodocus*. Yet through this choice
Of Cheere, and Muſicke, had *Vlyſſes* ſtill
An Eye directed to the Eaſterne hill,
To ſee Him riſing, that illuſtrates all.
For now into his minde, a fire did fall
Of thirſt for home: And as in hungry vow
To needfull food, a man at fixed Plow;
(To whom, the black Oxe all day long hath turn'd
The ſtubborne fallowes vp; his ſtomacke burn'd
VVith empty heate, and appetite to food;
His knees afflicted with his ſpirit-ſpent blood)
At length the long-expected Sun-ſet ſees;
That he may ſit to foode, and reſt his knees:
So, to *Vlyſſes*, ſet the friendly light
The Sun affoorded, with as wiſh't a ſight.

VVho

*γερουσιος ορνυς. quod pro Honorario ſenibus datur *And becauſe the worde ſo Engliſht, hath no other to expreſſe it, ſounding well, & helping our Language, it is here vſde.*

**Intending in chiefe the Senators, with euery man's addition of gift.*

* ἐυπωρα χαλκον, Bene-honeſtos-faciens-es.

VVho, ſtraight beſpake, that Ore-affecting State:
But did in chiefe, his ſpeech appropriate
To him by Name, that with their Rule was crown'd.
Alcinous? Of all men, moſt renown'd,
Diſmiſſe me, with as ſafe paſſe, as you vow;
(Your offering paſt) and may the Gods to you
In all contentment, vſe as full a hand:
For now, my landing heere, and ſtay ſhall ſtand
In all perfection with my hearts deſire;
Both my ſo ſafe deduction to aſpire,
And louing gifts; which, may the Gods to me,
As bleſt in vſe make, as your acts are free:
Euen to the finding firme, in loue, and life,
VVith all deſir'd euent, my friends, and wife.
VVhen, as my ſelfe ſhall liue delighted there;
May you, with your wiues, reſt as happy here:
Your Sonnes and Daughters (in particular State)
With euery vertue rendred conſummate:
And, in your generall Empire, may ill neuer
Approch your Land; but good your good quit euer.
This, all applauded, and all ioyntly cried;
Diſmiſſe the Stranger: he hath dignified
With fit ſpeech, his diſmiſsion. Then the King
Thus charg'd the Herrald: Fill for offering
A bowl of wine: which through the whol large houſe
Diſpoſe to all men; that propitious,
Our Father *Ioue* made, with our prayers; we may
Giue home our Gueſt, in full and wiſhed way.
This ſaid; *Pontonous* commixt a Bowle
Of ſuch ſweete wine, as did delight the ſoule:
VVhich making ſacred to the bleſſed Gods,
That hold in broad heauen their ſupreame abodes;
God-like *Vlyſſes*, from his chaire aroſe,
And in the hands of th'Empreſſe, did impoſe
The all-round Cup: To whom (faire ſpoke) he ſaide;
Reioyce, O Queene, and be your ioyes repaide
By heauen, for me, till age and death ſucceede;
Both which, inflict their moſt vnwelcome neede,
On Men and Dames, alike. And, firſt (for me)
I muſt from hence, to both: Liue you heere free;
And euer may, all liuing bleſsings ſpring;
Your ioy in Children, Subiects, and your King.
This ſaide, diuine *Vlyſſes* tooke his way:
Before whom, the vnalterable ſway
Of King *Alcinous* virtue, did command
A Heralds fit attendance to the Strand
And Ship appointed. VVith him, likewiſe went
Handmaids, by *Aretes* iniunction ſent.

Vlyſſes to Alcinous.

Alcinous to the Herrald.

Vlyſſes to Arete.

One bore an Out and In-weede, faire and ſweete;
The other an embroider'd Cabinet:
The third, had Bread to beare, and ruddy wine;
All which, (at Sea, and Ship arriu'd) reſigne,
Their Freight confer'd. VVith faire attendants then,
The ſheets and bedding of the Man of men,
VVithin a Cabin of the hollow Keele,
Spred, and made ſoft; that ſleepe might ſweetly ſeele
His reſtfull eyes; He enter'd, and his Bed,
In ſilence, tooke. The Rowers ordered
Themſelues in ſeuerall ſeates: and then ſet gone
The Ship; the Gable from the hollow ſtone
Diſſolu'd, and weigh'd vp: Altogether, cloſe
Then beate the Sea. His lids, in ſweete repoſe
Sleepe bound ſo faſt, it ſcarſe gaue way to breath;
The ſound ſleepe of Vyſſes. Inexcitable, moſt deare, next of all to death.
Similitude. And as amids a faire field, foure braue horſe
Before a Chariot, ſtung into their courſe
With feruent laſhes of the ſmarting Scourge;
That all their fire blowes high; and makes them vrge
To vtmoſt ſpeede, the meaſure of their ground:
So bore the Ship aloft, her fiery Bound;
About whom ruſht the billowes, blacke, and vaſt;
In which the Sea-roares burſt. As firme as faſt
She ply'd her Courſe yet: Nor her winged ſpeede,
The Faulcou gentle, could for pace, exceede.
So cut ſhe through the waues, and bore a Man,
Euen with the Gods, in counſailes; that began
And ſpent his former life, in all miſeaſe:
Battailes of men, and rude waues of the Seas;
Yet now, ſecurely ſlept, forgetting all.
And when heauens brighteſt ſtar, that firſt doth call
The early morning out, aduanc't her head;
Then, neere to *Ithaca*, the Billow-bred
Phæacian Ship approch't. There is a Port,
The deſcription of Phorcys Hauen. That th'aged Sea-God *Phorcys* makes his Fort:
Whoſe earth, the *Ithacenſian* people owne.
In which, two Rockes inacceſſible, are growne
Farre forth into the Sea; vvhoſe each ſtrength binds
The boiſtrous waues in, from the high-flowne winds;
On both the out-parts ſo, that all within
The well-built Ships, that once their harbour win
In his calme boſome; without Anchor, reſt
Safe, and vnſtir'd. From forth the hauens high creſt,
Branch the well-brawn'd armes of an Oliue tree.
Beneath which, runs a Caue, from all Sun free;
Coole, and delightſome: Sacred to th'acceſſe
Of Nymphs, whoſe ſur-names are the *Naiades*:

In

In which, flew humming Bees; in which lay throwne
Stone cups, Stone veſſels, Shittles, all of ſtone;
With which, the *Nymphs* their purple Mantles woue:
In whoſe contexture, Art and wonder ſtroue.
In which, pure Springs perpetually ran;
To which, two entries were: the one for man,
(On which the North breath'd:)th'other, for the gods
(On which, the South:) and that, bore no abodes
For earthy men: But onely deathleſſe feete
Had there free way. This Port, theſe men thoght meet
To Land *Vlyſſes*; being the firſt, they knew.
Drew then, their Ship in: but no further drew
Then halfe her bulke reach't: by ſuch cunning hand
Her courſe was manag'd. Then her men tooke land;
And firſt, brought forth *Vlyſſes*: Bed, and all
That richly furniſht it; he ſtill in thrall
Of all-ſubduing ſleepe. Vpon the ſand
They ſet him ſoftly downe; and then, the Strand
They ſtrew'd with all the goods he had, beſtow'd
By the renown'd *Phæacians*; ſince he ſhow'd
So much *Minerua*. At the Oliue roote
They drew them then in heape, moſt far from foote
Of any Trauailer: leaſt, ere his eyes
Reſum'd their charge, they might be others prize.
  Theſe, then turn'd home: nor was the ſeas ſupreme
Forgetful of his threats, for *Polypheme*
Bent at diuine *Vlyſſes*: yet would proue
(Ere their performance) the decree of *Ioues*
  Father! No more the Gods ſhall honor me,
Since men deſpiſe me; and thoſe men that ſee
The * Light, in Linage of mine owne lou'd race.
I vow'd *Vlyſſes*, ſhould before the grace
Of his returne, encounter woes enow
To make that purchaſe deare: yet, did not vow
Simply againſt it, ſince thy Brow had bent
To his reduction; in the fore-conſent
Thou hadſt vouchſaf't it: yet before, my minde
Hath full powre on him; the *Phæacians* finde
Their owne minds ſatisfaction, with his Paſſe:
So farre from ſuffering, what my pleaſure was;
That eaſe, and ſoftneſſe, now is habited
In his ſecure breſt: and his careleſſe head,
Return'd in peace of ſleepe to *Ithaca*.
The Braſſe and Gold of rich *Phæacia*
Rocking his Temples. Garments richly wouen;
And worlds of Prize more, then was euer ſtrouen
From all the conflicts he ſuſtain'd at *Troy*,
If ſafe, he ſhould his full ſhare there, inioy.

Neptune *to* Iupiter.
* *The* Phæacians *were deſcended Originally frō* Neptune.

Iupiter to Neptune.

The Showre-diſſoluer anſwerd: VVhat a ſpeech
Hath paſt thy Pallate, O thou great in Reach
Of wrackfull Empire? Farre the Gods remaine
From ſcorne of thee: For, 'twere a worke of paine,
To proſecute, with ignonimies, One
That ſwaies our ableſt, and moſt ancient Throne.
For men; If any ſo beneath in power,
Neglect thy high will: now, or any houre
That moues heereafter; take reuenge to thee;
Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleaſure free.

Neptune to Iupiter.

VVhy then (ſaid he) thou blacker of the fumes
That dimme the Sun; my licenſt power reſumes
Act from thy ſpeech: but I obſerue ſo much,
And feare thy pleaſure, that I dare not touch
At any inclination of mine owne,
Till thy conſenting influence be knowne.
But now; this curious-built *Phæacian* Ship,
Returning from her Conuoy, I will ſtrip
Of all her fleeting matter; and to ſtone
Transforme and fixe it (iuſt when ſhe hath gone
Her full time home; and iets before their preaſe
In all her trim) amids the Sable Seas.
That they may ceaſe to conuoy ſtrangers ſtill,
VVhen they ſhall ſee, ſo like a mighty Hill
Their glory ſticke before their Cities grace,
And my * hands caſt a maske before her face.

* αμφικαλυψω, Superinjicio aliquid, tanquam tegmen ſeu operimentum.

O friend, (ſaid *Ione*) it ſhewes to me the beſt
Of al earths obiects; that their whole preaſe, dreſt
In all their wonder; neere their Towne ſhall ſtand
And ſtare vpon a Stone, ſo neere the Land,
So like a Ship, and dam vp all their lights,
As if a Mountaine interpoſde their ſights.
VVhen *Neptune* heard this, he for *Scheria* went,
VVhence the *Phæacians* tooke their firſt deſcent.
VVhich when he reacht, and in her ſwifteſt pride,
The water-treader, by the Cities ſide
Came cutting cloſe; cloſe he came ſwiftly on;
Tooke her in violent hand, and to a Stone
Turnd all her ſyluane ſubſtance. All below,
Firmd her with Rootes, & left her. This ſtrange ſhow
VVhen the *Phæacians* ſaw, they ſtupid ſtood,
And askt each other, who amids the flood
Could fixe their Ship ſo, in her full ſpeed home?
And quite tranſparant, make her bulke become?
Thus talkt they; but were farre from knowing how

Alcinous tels his people how the Ship became a Stone.

Theſe things had iſſue. VVhich their King did ſhow,
And ſaide; O friends, the ancient Propheſies
My Father told to me, to all our eyes

Are

Are now in proofe: he ſaide, the time would come,
VVhen *Neptune*, for our ſafe conducting home
All ſorts of Strangers (out of enuy fir'd)
Would meete our faireſt Ship as ſhe retir'd;
And all the goodly Shape, and ſpeed we boſt,
Should like a Mountaine ſtand before vs loſt,
Amids the mouing waters; which we ſee
Perform'd in full end to our prophe ſie.
Heare then my counſaile, and obey me then:
Renounce henceforth our conuoy home of men;
Who euer ſhall heereafter greete our Towne.
And to th'offended Deities Renowne;
Twelue choſen Oxen let vs ſacred make,
That he may pitty vs: and from vs take
This ſhady Mouutaine. They, in feare, obaide;
Slew all the Beeues, and to the Godhead praide:
The Dukes and Princes, all enſphearing round
The ſacred Altar. While whoſe Tops were croun'd,
Diuine *Vlyſſes* (on his Countries breſt
Laid bound in ſleepe) now roſe out of his reſt:
Nor (being ſo long remou'd) the Region knew.
(Beſides which abſence yet) *Minerua* threw
A cloud about him; to make ſtrange the more
His ſafe arriuall: leſt, vpon his Shore
He ſhould make knowne his face, and vtter all
That might preuent, th'euent that was to fall.
VVhich ſhe prepar'd ſo well, that not his wife
(Preſented to him) ſhould perceiue his life:
No Citizen, no Friend; till righteous Fate
Vpon the vvooers wrongs, were conſummate.
Through which cloud, all things ſhow'd now to the King
Of forreign faſhion. The enflowred Spring,
Amongſt the Trees there. The perpetuall waues;
The Rockes, that did more high their foreheads raiſe
To his Rapt eye, then naturally they did:
And all the Hauen, in which a man ſeem'd hid
From winde, & weather, when ſtorms loudeſt chid.
He therefore, being riſen, ſtood and viewd
His countrey earth: which (not pereeiu'd) he rew'd:
And, ſtriking with his hurld-downe hands his Thyes,
He mourn'd, and ſaide: O me! Againe where lyes
My deſart way? To wrongfull men, and rude?
And with no Lawes of humane right indu'de?
Or are they humane, and of holy minds?
What fits my deede with theſe ſo many kinds
Of goods late giuen? VVhat, with my ſelfe, wil floods
And Errors do? I would to God, theſe Goods
Had reſted with their Owners: and that I

Had

Had falne on Kings of more Regality,
To grace out my returne; that lou'd indeed,
And would haue giuen me Conſorts of fit ſpeed
To my diſtreſſes ending! But, as now
All knowledge flyes me, where I may beſtow
My labour'd purchaſe. Heere they ſhall not ſtay,
Leſt what I car'd for, others make their prey.
O Gods! I ſee, the great *Pheacians* then
VVere not all iuſt, and vnderſtanding men;
That land me elſewhere then their vants pretended:
Aſſuring me, my countrey ſhould ſee ended
My miſeries told them: yet now, eate their vants.
O Ioue! great Guardian of poore Suppliants,
That others ſees, and notes too; ſhutting in
All in thy plagues, that moſt preſume on Sin,
Reuenge me on them. Let me number now
The goods they gaue, to giue my minde to know
If they haue ſtolne none, in their cloſe retreat.
The goodly Caldrons then, and Tripods (ſet
In ſeuerall rankes from out the heape) he told.
His rich wrought garments too, and all his Gold:
And nothing lack't; and yet this Man did mourne,
The but ſuppoſd miſſe of his home returne.
And, creeping to the ſhore, with much complaint;

Minerua *like a Shepheard (ſuch as Kings ſonnes vſde at thoſe times to be) appears to Vlyſſes.*

Minerua, (like a Shepheard, yong, and quaint,
As King ſonnes are: a double Mantle caſt
A'thwart his Shoulders, his faire goers grac'ſt
With fitted ſhooes; and in his hand, a Dart)
Appear'd to him, whoſe ſight reioyc't his hart.
To whom he came, and ſaide: O Friend? Since firſt
I meete your ſight heere: Be all good, the worſt
That can ioyne our encounter: Fare you Faire;
Nor with aduerſe minde, welcome my repaire:
But guard theſe goods of mine, and ſuccour me.
As to a God, I offer prayers to thee,
And low acceſſe make, to thy loued knee.
Say truth, that I may know, what countrey then?
What commune people liue heere? And what men?
Some famous Iſle is this? Or giues it vent
(Being neere the Sea) to ſome rich Continent?

Pallas *to* Vlyſſes.

She anſwer'd; Stranger, what ſo ere you are;
Y'are either fooliſh, or come paſſing farre,
That know not this Iſle, and make that doubt, troble;
For 'tis not ſo exceedingly ignoble,
But paſſing many know it: and ſo many,
That, of all Nations, there abides not any,
From where the *Morning* riſes, and the *Sun*;
To where the *Euen*, and *Night* their courſes run,

But

But know this countrey. Rocky 'tis, and rough;
And ſo, for vſe of horſe vnapt enough:
Yet, with *ſad Barrenneſſe not much infeſted,
Since clowds are heere in frequent raines digeſted,
And flowry dewes. The compaſſe is not great;
The little yet, well fild with wine, and wheat.
It feeds a Goat, and Oxe well; being ſtill
Water'd with floods, that euer ouer-fill
VVith heauens continual ſhowers: and woodded ſo,
It makes a Spring of all the kindes that grow.
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name
Of this Dominion, makes acceſſe by Fame,
From this extreame part of *Achaia*,
As farre as *Ilion*; and 'tis *Ithaca*.
This ioy'd him much, that ſo vnknowne a Land,
Turn'd to his countrey. Yet ſo wiſe a hand
He carried, euen of this ioy, flowne ſo hye,
That other end he put to his reply,
Then ſtraight to ſhew that ioy, and lay abrode
His life to Strangers. Therefore, he beſtowd
A veile on *Truth*: For euermore did winde
About his boſome, a moſt crafty minde,
VVhich thus his words ſhew'd. I haue farre at Sea,
In ſpacious *Crete*, heard ſpeake of *Ithaca*;
Of which, my ſelfe (it ſeemes) now reach the ſhore,
VVith theſe my Fortunes; whoſe whole value more
I left in *Crete* amongſt my children there;
From whence I flye, for being the ſlaughterer
Of royall *Idomens* moſt loued Son,
Swift-foote *Orſilochus*, that could out-run
Profeſt men for the race. Yet him I ſlue,
Becauſe he would depriue me of my due
In *Troian* prize: for which, I ſuffer'd ſo
(The rude waues piercing) the redoubled wo
Of minde and body, in the warres of men:
Nor did I gratifie his Father then
VVith any ſeruice; But, as well as he,
Sway'd in command of other Souldiery.
So, with a friend withdrawne, we way-laide him,
VVhen gloomy Night, the cope of heauen did dim,
And no man knew. But we (lodg'd cloſe) he came,
And I put out, to him, his vitall flame.
VVhoſe ſlaughter, hauing author'd with my ſword,
I inſtant flight made; and ſtraight fell aboord
A Ship of the renown'd *Phœnician* State;
VVhen prayer, and pay, at a ſufficient rate
Obtain'd my Paſſe, of men in her command:
VVhom I inioyn'd to ſet me on the land

* Αυτως, Ie. *Velut triſtia, Ieiunaq; natura.*

VVhat Vlyſſes to Pallas.

Of *Pylos*, or of *Elis*, the diuine,
VVhere the *Epeyans* in great Empire ſhine.
But force of weather check't that courſe to them,
Though (loath to faile me) to their moſt extreme
They ſpent their willing pow'rs. But, forc't frõ thence,
VVe err'd, and put in heere, with much expence
Of Care and Labour: and in dead of Night,
VVhen no man there, ſeru'd any appetite,
So much as with the Memory of food,
Though our eſtates exceeding Needy ſtood.
But, going aſhore, we lay; when gentle ſleepe
My weary pow'rs inuaded: and from Ship,
They fetching theſe my Riches, with iuſt hand
About me laide them: while vpon the ſand
Sleepe bound my ſenſes; and for *Sydon*, they
(Put off from hence) made ſaile: while heere I lay,
Left ſad alone. The Goddeſſe laught, and tooke
His hand in hers; and with another looke,
(Aſſuming then the likeneſſe of a Dame,
Louely and goodly, expert in the frame
Of vertuous Huſwiferies) ſhe anſwerd thus.

Pallas to Vlyſſes.

He ſhould be paſsing ſlie, and couetous
* Of ſtealth, in mens deceits, that coted thee,
In any craft; though any God ſhould be
Ambitious to exceede in ſubtilty.
Thou ſtill-wit-varying wretch! Inſatiate
In ouer-reaches: Not ſecure thy ſtate
Without theſe wiles? Though on thy Natiue ſhore
Thou ſetſt ſafe footing? But vpon thy ſtore
Of falſe words, ſtill ſpend? That euen from thy byrth
Haue bene thy beſt friends? Come: our either worth
Is knowne to either: Thou, of Men, art far
(For words and counſailes) the moſt ſingular;
But I, aboue the Gods, in both, may boſt
My ſtill-tried Faculties. Yet thou haſt loſt
The knowledge euen of me: the ſeede of *Ioue*,
Pallas Athenia; that haue ſtill out-ſtroue
In all thy Labors, their extremes; and ſtood
Thy ſure guard euer: making all thy good,
Knowne to the good *Phæacians*, and receiu'd.
And now againe, I greete thee, to ſee weau'd
Freſh Counſailes for thee: and will take on me
The cloſe reſeruing of theſe goods for thee,
VVhich the renown'd *Phæacian* States beſtow'd
At thy deduction homewards; Onely mou'd
VVith my, both ſpirit and counſell. All which grace
I now will amplifie, and tell what caſe
Thy houſhold ſtands in; vttering all thoſe paines,

* ἐπικλοπος, *furandi auidus.*

Σχετλιε ποι κ λομητα. *varia & multiplicia habens conſilia.*

That

That, of meere need, yet ſtill muſt racke thy vaines;
Do thou then freely beare; Nor one word giue
To Man nor Dame, to ſhew thou yet doſt liue:
But ſilent, ſuffer ouer all againe
Thy ſorrowes paſt; and beare the wrongs of Men.
Goddeſſe (ſaid he) vniuſt men, and vnwiſe,
That author iniuries, and vanities; *Vlyſſes to Pallas.*
By vanities and wrongs, ſhould rather be
Bound to this ill-abearing deſtiny,
Then iuſt, and wiſe men. VVhat delight hath heauen,
That liues vnhurt it ſelfe, to ſuffer giuen
Vp to all domage, thoſe poore few that ſtriue
To imitate it? and like the Deities liue?
But where you wonder, that I know you not
Through all your changes; that skill is not got
By ſleight or Art: ſince thy moſt hard-hit face,
Is ſtill diſtinguiſht by thy free-giuen grace.
And therefore truly to acknowledge thee
In thy encounters, is a maiſtery
In men moſt knowing. For to all men, thou
Tak'ſt ſeuerall likeneſſe. All men thinke they know
Thee in their wits. But, ſince thy ſeeming view
Appeares to all; and yet thy truth, to few:
Through all thy changes, to diſcern thee right,
Askes chiefe Loue to thee; and inſpired light.
But this, I ſurely know; that ſome yeares paſt,
I haue beene often with thy preſence grac'ſt,
All time the ſonnes of *Greece* wag'd warre at *Troy*:
But when Fates full houre, let our ſwords enioy
Our vowes, in ſacke of *Priams* lofty Towne:
Our Ships all boorded; and when God had blowne
Our Fleete in ſunder, I could neuer ſee
The ſeede of *Ioue*; Nor once diſtinguiſh thee
Boording my Ship, to take one woe from me.
But onely in my proper ſpirit inuolu'd,
Err'd, here and there quite ſlaine; til heauen diſſolu'd
Me, and my ill: which chanc't not, till thy grace
By open ſpeech confirm'd me; in a place
Fruitfull of people: where, in perſon, thou
Didſt giue me guide, and all their City ſhow;
And that was the renown'd *Pheacian* earth.
Now then; euen by the author of thy Birth,
Vouchſafe my doubt the Truth (for farre it flies
My thoughts; that thus ſhould fall into mine eies
Conſpicuous *Ithaca*: but feare I touch
At ſome farre Shore; and that thy wit is ſuch,
Thou doſt delude me) Is it ſure the ſame
Moſt honor'd earth, that beares my countries name?

I ſee (ſayd ſhe) thou wilt be euer thus,
In euery worldly good, incredulous.
And therefore, haue no more the power, to ſee
Fraile life more plagu'd with infelicity;
In one ſo eloquent, ingenious wiſe.
Another man, that ſo long miſeries
Had kept from his lou'd home; and thus return'd
To ſee his houſe, wife, children; would haue burn'd
In headlong luſt to viſit. Yet t'enquire,
VVhat ſtates they hold, affects not thy deſire,
Till thou haſt tried: If in thy wife, there be
A Sorrow, waſting dayes, and nights for thee,
In Louing teares: That then the ſight may proue
A full reward, for eithers mutuall Loue.
But I would neuer, credit in you both
Leaſt cauſe of ſorrow; but well knew, the troth
Of this thine owne returne: though all thy Friends,
I knew, as well, ſhould make returnleſſe ends.
Yet would not croſſe mine Vnkle *Neptune* ſo
To ſtand their ſafegard; ſince ſo high did go
His wrath, for thy extinction of the eye
Of his lou'd ſonne. Come then, Ile ſhew thee why
I call this Iſle, thy *Ithaca*; To ground
Thy credit on my words: This hauen is own'd
By th'aged Sea god *Phorcys*: in whoſe Brow,
This is the Oliue with the ample bow;
And heere cloſe by, the pleaſant-ſhaded Caue,
That to the Fount-Nymphs, th'*Ithacenſians* gaue
As Sacred to their pleaſures. Heere doth run
The large, and couer'd den, where thou haſt done
Hundreds of Offerings to the *Naiades*.
Here, Mount *Nerytus* ſhakes his curled Treſſe
Of ſhady woods. This ſayd, ſhe cleer'd the clowd
That firſt deceyu'd his eyes; and all things ſhow'd
His countrey to him. Glad he ſtood with ſight
Of his lou'd Soile; and kiſt it, with delight.
And inſtantly, to all the Nymphs hee paide
(With hands held vp to heauen) theſe vowes, & ſaid.
Ye *Nymphs* the *Naiades*, great ſeed of *Ioue*:
I had conceite, that neuer more ſhould moue
Your ſight, in theſe ſpheres of my erring eyes;
And therefore, in the fuller Sacrifice
Of my hearts gratitude; Reioyce, till more
I pay your Names, in Offerings, as before.
VVhich heere I vow; If *Ioues* benigne deſcent
(The mighty Pillager) with life conuent
My perſon home; and to my ſau'd deceaſe,
Of my lou'd ſonnes ſight, adde the ſweet increaſe.

Be confident (ſaide *Pallas*) nor oppreſſe
Thy ſpirits with care of theſe performances;
But theſe thy fortunes, let vs ſtraight repoſe
In this diuine Caues boſome, that may cloſe
Reſerue their value; and we then may ſee
How beſt to order other acts to thee.
Thus entred ſhe the light-excluding Caue;
And through it, ſought ſome inmoſt nooke to ſaue
The Gold, the great Braſſe, & robes richly wrought,
Giuen to *Vlyſſes*. All which, in he brought;
Laid downe in heape; and ſhe impoſ'd a ſtone
Cloſe to the cauernes mouth. Then ſat they on
The ſacred Oliues roote, conſulting how
To act th'inſulting wooers ouerthrow.
VVhen *Pallas* ſaide; Examine now the means
That beſt may lay hand on the impudence
Of thoſe proud wooers: that haue now three yeares
Thy Rooſes rule ſwai'd; and bene bold Offerers
Of ſuite, and gifts, to thy renowned wife;
VVho for thy abſence, all her deſolate life,
Diſſolues in teares till thy deſir'd returne.
Yet all her wooers, while ſhee thus doth mourne
She holds in hope; and euery one affords
(In fore-ſent meſſage) promiſe. But her words
Beare other vtterance then her heart approues.
O Gods (ſaid *Ithacus*) it now behoues
My Fate to end me, in the ill deceaſſe
That *Agamemnon* vnderwent, vnleſſe
You tell me, and in time, their cloſe intents.
Aduiſe then meanes, to the reueng'd euents
VVe both reſolue on. Be thy ſelfe ſo kinde
To ſtand cloſe to me; and but ſuch a minde
Breath in my boſome, as when th'*Ilion* Towres
VVe tore in Cinders. O if equall powres
Thou wouldſt enflame, amids my Nerues as then,
I could encounter with three hundred men:
Thy onely ſelfe (great Goddeſſe) had to friend,
In thoſe braue ardors thou wer't wont t'extend.
I will be ſtrongly with thee, (anſwer'd ſhe)
Nor muſt thou faile, but do thy part with me.
VVhen both whoſe pow'rs cõbine, I hope the bloods
And braines of ſome of theſe that waſte thy goods
Shall ſtrew thy goodly Pauements. Ioyne we then:
I firſt will render thee vnknowne to men.
And on thy ſolid Lineaments, make dry
Thy now ſmooth skin. Thy bright-brown curles imply
In hoary mattings: thy broad ſhoulders cloath

In ſuch a cloake, as euery eye ſhall loath.
Thy bright eyes, bleare and wrinkle: and ſo change
Thy forme at all parts, that thou ſhalt be ſtrange
To all the VVooers; thy yong ſonne, and wife.
But, to thy Herdſman firſt preſent thy life;
That guards thy Swine, and wiſheth well to thee;
That loues thy ſonne, and wife *Penelope*.
Thy ſearch ſhall finde him, ſet aſide his Heard,
That are with taſt-delighting Acornes rear'd:
And drinke the darke-deepe water of the Spring
Bright *Arethuſa*; the moſt nouriſhing
Raiſer of Heards. There ſtay, and (taking ſeate
Aſide thy Heardſman) of the whole State, treate
Of home occurrents; while I make acceſſe
Σπάρτην ἐς κλειτὴν ἐλεύσομαι ἠῢ γυναικῶν
To faire-dame breeding *Sparta*: for regreſſe
Of lou'd *Telemachus*: who went in queſt
Of thy lou'd fame; and liu'd the welcome Gueſt
Of *Menelaus*. The much-knower ſaide:
Why wouldſt not thou (in whoſe graue breſt is bred
The Art to order all acts) tell in this
His error to him? Let thoſe yeares of his
Amids the rude ſeas wander, and ſuſtaine
The woes there raging? while vnworthy men
Deuoure his fortunes? Let not care extend
Thy heart for him (ſaide ſhe) my ſelfe did ſend
His perſon in thy ſearch, to ſet his worth
(By good fame blowne) to ſuch a diſtance forth.
Nor ſuffers he, in any leaſt degree
The griefe you feare: but all variety
That Plenty can yeeld, in her quietſt fare,
In *Menelaus* Court, doth ſit and ſhare.
In whoſe returne from home, the VVooers yet
Lay bloudy ambuſh; and a Ship haue ſet
To Sea, to intercept his life before
He touch againe his births attempted ſhore.
All which, my thoughts ſay, they ſhall neuer do,
But rather, that the earth ſhall ouergo
Some one at leaſt, of theſe Loue-making men;
By which thy goods, ſo much empaire ſuſtain.
Thus vſing certaine ſecret words to him,
She toucht him with her rod; and euery lim
VVas hid all ouer with a wither'd skin:
His bright eies, blear'd; his brow curles, white & thin;
And all things did an aged man preſent.
Then (for his owne weeds) Shirt and coat, all rent;
Tann'd, and all footied, with noiſome ſmoke,
She put him on; and ouer all, a cloke

Made

Made of a Stags huge hide: of which was worne
The haire quite off. A Scrip all patcht and torne,
Hung by a cord, oft broke, and knit againe,
And with a ſtaffe did his old limbes ſuſtaine.
Thus hauing both conſulted of th'euent,
They parted both: and forth to *Sparta* went
The gray-ey'd Goddeſſe, to ſee all things done
That appertain'd to wiſe *Vlyſſes* ſonne.

The End of the Thirteenth Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses *meets amids the Field*
His Swaine Eumæus; *who doth yeild*
Kinde Gueſt-rites to him; and relate
Occurrents of his wrong'd eſtate.

Another.

ϰῖ { Vlyſſes *faines*, *for his true Good:* *His pious Swaines faith vnderſtood.* }

BVt he, the rough way tooke from forth the Port,
Through woods, and hill tops, ſeeking the reſort
Where *Pallas* ſaid, diuine *Eumæus* liu'd:
Who, of the fortunes that were firſt atchieu'd
By God-like *Ithacus*, in houſhold rights,
Had more true care, then all his * Proſylites.
He found him ſitting in his Cottage dore;
VVhere he had raiſ'd to euery ayry Blore,
A Front of great height; and in ſuch a place,
That round ye might behold: of circular grace
A walke ſo wound about it: which the Swain
(In abſence of his farre-gone Soueraine)
Had built himſelfe, without his Queenes ſupply,
Or old *Laertes*; to ſee ſafely lye
His houſed herd. The inner part, he wrought
Of ſtones, that thither his owne labors brought;
Which with an hedge of Thorn he fenc't about,
And compaſt all the hedge, with pales cleft out
Of ſable Oake; that here and there he fixt
Frequent and thicke. VVithin his yard, he mixt
Twelue Sties to lodge his Heard; and euery Sty
Had roome and vſe, for fifty Swine to lye.
But thoſe were females all. The male Swine ſlept
VVithout doores euer. Nor was their Herd kept

Faire,

* προσυλος; materiæ adhærens: Item, qui rebus Mundanis deditus eſt.

Faire like the Females, ſince they ſuffer'd ſtill
Great diminution: he being forc't to kill
And ſend the fatteſt to the dainty Feaſts,
Affected by th'vngodly wooing gueſts.
Their number therefore, but three hundred were,
And ſixty: By them, Maſtiues as auſtere
As ſauage beaſts, lay euer. Their fierce ſtraine
Bred by the Herdſman; a meere Prince of Men:
Their number, foure. Himſelfe was then appli'de
In cutting forth a faire-hew'd Oxes hide,
To fit his feete with ſhooes. His ſeruants held
Guard of his Swine. Three, here and there, at field;
The fourth, he ſent to City with a Sow,
VVhich muſt of force be offer'd to the Vow,
The VVoowers made to all ſaciety:
To ſerue which, ſtill they did thoſe Offrings ply.
The Fate-borne-Dogs-to-Barke, tooke ſodaine view
Of *Odyſſæus*; and vpon him flew
VVith open mouth. He (cunning, to appall
A fierce Dogs fury) from his hand let fall
His ſtaffe to earth; and ſat him careleſſe downe.
And yet to him had one foule wrong bene ſhowne
VVhere moſt his Right lay; had not inſtantly
The Herdſman let his hide fall; and his cry
(VVith frequent ſtones, flung at the dogges) repeld
This way, and that, their eager courſe they held:
VVhen through the entry paſt, he thus did mourne.
O Father! How ſoone, had you neere bene torne
By theſe rude Dogges? whoſe hurt had branded me
VVith much neglect of you? But Deity
Hath giuen ſo many other ſighes, and cares
To my attendant ſtate: that well vnwares
You might be hurt for me: for heere I lie
Grieuing and mourning for the Maieſtie
That God-like wonted to be ruling heere;
Since now, I fat his Swine, for others cheere:
VVhere he, perhaps, err's hungry vp and downe,
In Countries, Nations, Cities, all vnknowne.
If any where he liues yet; and doth ſee
The Sunnes ſweet beames. But (Father) follow mee,
That (cheer'd with wine and foode) you may diſcloſe
From whence you truly are; and all the woes
Your age is ſubiect to. This ſaid, he led
Into his Cottage; and of Oſiers, ſpred
A thickned hurdle; on whoſe top, he ſtrow'd
A wilde Goats ſhaggy skin; and then beſtow'd
His owne Couch on it, that was ſoft and great.
Vlyſſes ioy'd, to ſee him ſo entreat

υλακομορος
Ad latrandũ fato quodam Natus.

Eumeus to Vlyſſes.

Homer

His vncouth Preſence; ſaying, *Ioue* requite,
And all th'immortall Gods, with that delight
Thou moſt defir'ſt, thy kinde receite of me;
O Friend, to humane Hoſpitality.
Eumæus anſwer'd: Gueſt? If one much wurſe
Arriu'd here then thy ſelfe; it were a curſe
To my poore meanes, to let a Stranger taſt
Contempt, for fit food. Poore men, and vnplac'ſt
In free ſeats of their owne; are all from *Ioue*
Commended to our entertaining Loue.
But poore is th'entertainment I can giue;
Yet free, and louing. Of ſuch men as liue
The liues of ſeruants, and are ſtill in feare
Where yong Lords gouerne; this is all the cheare
They can affoord a Stranger. There was One
That vſde to manage, this now deſart Throne:
To whom the Gods deny returne; that ſhow'd
His curious fauour to me, and beſtow'd
Poſſeſsions on me: A moſt wiſhed wife,
A houſe, and portion; and a Seruants life,
Fit for the gift a gracious King ſhould giue:
VVho ſtill tooke pains himſelfe; & God made thriue
His perſonall endeuour: and to me,
His worke the more increaſt; in which you ſee
I now am conuerſant. And therefore much
His hand had help't me, had heauens wil beene ſuch,
He might haue heere growne old. But he is gone,
And would to God the whole ſucceſſion
Of *Hellen* might go with him; ſince for her
So many men di'de: whoſe Fate did confer
My Liege to *Troy*, in *Agamemnons* grace;
To ſpoile her People, and her Turrets race.
This ſaid, his coate to him, he ſtreight did gird;
And to his Sties went, that contain'd his Herd.
From whence, he tooke out two, ſlew both, and eut
Both fairely vp. A fire enflam'd, and put
To ſpit the ioynts; which roaſted well, he ſet
VVith ſpit and all to him, that he might eat
From thence his food, in all the ſindging heat.
Yet dreg'd it firſt with Flowre: Then fil'd his Cup
VVith good ſweet wine; Sate then, & cheard him vp.
Eate now (my gueſt) ſuch leane Swine, as are meate
For vs poore Swaines: The fat, the wooers eate.
In whoſe minds, no ſhame, no remorſe doth moue:
Though well they know, the bleſt Gods doe not loue
Vngodly actions; but reſpect the right,
And in the workes of pious men, delight.
But theſe are worſe then impious; for thoſe

That vow t'iniuſtice, and profeſſe them foes
To other Nations, enter on their Land;
And *Iupiter* (to ſhew his puniſhing hand
Vpon th'inuaded, for their pennance then)
Giues fauour to their foes (thorugh wicked men)
To make their prey on them; who, hauing freight
Their ſhips with ſpoile enough, weigh ancor ſtreight;
And each man to his houſe; (and yet euen theſe,
Doth powrefull feare, of Gods iuſt vengeance ſeize
Euen for that prize, in which they ſo reioyce)
But theſe men, knowing (hauing heard the voyce
Of God, by ſome meanes) that ſad Death hath reft
The Ruler heere; will neuer ſuffer left
Their vniuſt wooing of his wife, nor take
Her often anſwere: and their owne Roofes make
Their fit retreats: But (ſince vncheck't, they may)
They therefore wil, make ſtill his goods their pray,
Without all ſpare, or end. There is no day,
Nor night ſent out from God, that euer they
Prophane with one beaſts blood, or onely two,
But more make ſpoile of: and the wrongs they do
In meates exceſſe; to Wine as well extend;
VVhich as exceſſiuely, their ryots ſpend:
Yet ſtill leaue ſtore. For ſure his meanes were great;
And no *Heroe*, that hath choiſeſt ſeate
Vpon the fruitfull neighbour Continent;
Or in this Iſle it ſelfe, ſo opulent
Was, as *Vlyſſes*: No, not twenty ſuch
Put altogether, did poſſeſſe ſo much.
VVhoſe Herds and Flockes Ile tell to euery Head: *Vlyſſes wealth.*
Vpon the Continent, he daily fed
Twelue Herds of Oxen; No leſſe, Flockes of Sheepe;
As many Herds of Swine. Stals, large and ſteepe,
And equall ſort of Goats: which Tenants there,
And his owne Sheepherds kept. Then fed he here,
Eleuen faire ſtalles of Goats; whoſe food hath yeilde
In the extreame part of a neighbor Field.
Each Stall, his Herdſman hath: An honeſt Swaine,
Yet euery one, muſt euery day ſuſtaine
The load of one Beaſt, (the moſt fat, and beſt
Of all the Stall-fed) to the VVoers Feaſt.
And I (for my part) of the Swine I keepe
(VVith foure more Herdſmen) euery day, help ſteep
The VVooers appetites, in blood of one,
The moſt ſelect, our choiſe can fall vpon.
To this; *Vlyſſes* gaue good eare, and fed;
And drunke his wine; and vext; and raviſhed
His food for meere vexation. Seeds of ill

Vlyſſes inuenſt againſt the wooers, with newes of their ſpoyle.

His

His Stomacke ſow'd, to heare his goods go ſtill
To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,
And Stomacke fed to ſatisfaction:
He drunke a full Bowle, all of onely wine,
And gaue it to the Guardian of his Swine:
Who tooke it, and reioyc't. To whom he ſaid;
O Friend, who is it that (ſo rich) hath paid
Price for thy ſeruice? Whoſe commended pow'r,
Thou ſayſt (to grace the *Græcian* Conquerour)
At *Ilion* periſht? Tell me; it may fall
I knew ſome ſuch. The great God knowes, and all
The other deathleſſe Godheads: if I can
(Farre hauing trauail'd) tell of ſuch a man.
Eumæus anſwer'd: Father, neuer one
Of all the Strangers that haue touch't vpon
This Coaſt with his lifes Newes, could euer yet
Of Queene, or lou'd ſonne, any credit get.
Theſe Trauailers for cloathes, or for a meale;
At all aduentures, any lye will tell.
Nor do they trade for truth: not any man
That ſaw the people *Ithacenſian*,
Of all their ſort; and had the Queenes ſupplies,
Did euer tell her any newes, but lies.
She graciouſly receiues them yet; enquires
Of all ſhe can: and all, in teares expires.
It is th'accuſtom'd Law, that women keepe,
Their husbands, elſewhere dead, at home to weepe.
But do thou, quickly Father, forge a Tale;
Some Coat, or cloake, to keepe thee warme withall,
Perhaps ſome one may yeeld thee: But for him,
Vultures and Dogges, haue torne from euery lim
His porous skin; and forth his ſoule is fled:
His coarſe at Sea, to Fiſhes forfeited:
Or on the Shore, lies hid in heapes of ſand;
And there hath he his ebbe: his Natiue Strand
With friends teares flowing. But to me, paſt all
VVere teares created: For I neuer ſhall
Finde ſo humane a royall Mayſter more;
VVhat euer Sea, I ſeeke; what euer Shore.
Nay, to my Father, or my Mothers loue
Should I returne; by whom, I breath and moue,
Could I ſo much ioy offer; nor theſe eyes
(Though my deſires ſuſtaine extremities
For their ſad abſence) would ſo faine be bleſt
VVith ſight of their liues, in my natiue Neſt,
As with *Vlyſſes* dead: in whoſe laſt reſt,
(O friend) my ſoule ſhall loue him. Hee's not here,
Nor do I name him like a Flatterer.

But as one thankfull for his Loue and care
To me a poore man; in the rich ſo rare.
And be he paſt all ſhores, where Sun can ſhine,
I will inuoke him as a ſoule diuine.
O Friend (ſayd he) to ſay, and to beleeue
He cannot liue, doth too much licenſe giue
To incredulity. For (not to ſpeake
At needy randon; but my breath to breake
In ſacred Oath) *Vlyſſes* ſhall returne.
And when his ſight recomforts thoſe that mourne;
In his owne roofes; then giue me cloake, and cote,
And garments worthy of a man of note.
Before which, though neede vrg'd me neuer ſo,
Ile not receiue a thred, but naked go.
No leſſe I hate him then the gates of hell,
That pooreneſſe can force, an vntruth to tell.
Let *Ioue* then (heauens chiefe God) iuſt witnes beare;
And this thy hoſpitable Table heere;
Together with vnblam'd *Vlyſſes* houſe,
In which I finde receipt ſo gracious;
VVhat I affirm'd of him ſhall all be true.
This inſtant yeare, thine eyes euen heere ſhall view
Thy Lord *Vlyſſes*. Nay, ere this moneths end
(Return'd full home) he ſhall reuenge extend
To euery one, whoſe euer deed hath done
VVrong to his wife, and his illuſtrous Sonne.
O Father (he replied) ile neither giue
Thy newes reward; nor doth *Vlyſſes* liue.
But come; enough of this; let's drinke and eate,
And neuer more his memory repeate.
It greeues my heart to be remembred thus
By any one, of one ſo glorious.
But ſtand your oath, in your aſſertion ſtrong,
And let *Vlyſſes* come, for whom I long:
For whom his wife; for whom his aged Sire;
For whom his Son, conſumes his God-like fire;
VVhoſe chance I now muſt mourne, and euer ſhall.
VVhom when the Gods had brought to be as tall
As any vpright plant: and I had ſaide,
He would amongſt a Court of men haue ſwaide
In counſailes; and for forme, haue bene admir'd
Euen with his Father: ſome God miſinſpir'd,
Or man tooke from him, his owne equall minde;
And paſt him for the *Pylian* Shore, to finde
His long-loſt Father. In returne from whence,
The Wooers pride, way-layes his innocence;
That, of diuine *Areeſius*, all the race
May fade to *Ithaca*, and not the grace

Of any Name, left to it. But leaue we
His ſtate, howeuer: if ſurpriz'd he be,
Or if he ſcape. And may *Saturnius* hand
Protect him ſafely to his natiue Land.
Do you then (Father) ſhew your griefes, and cauſe
Of your arriuall heere; nor breake the Lawes
That Truth preſcribes you: but relate your name,
And of what race you are: your Fathers fame,
And natiue Cities: Ship and men vnfold,
That to this Iſle conuaid you: ſince I hold
Your heere arriuall, was not all by ſhore;
Nor that your feete, your aged perſon bore.
He anſwer'd him; Ile tell all ſtrictly true,
If time, and foode, and wine enough acrue
Within your roofe to vs: that freely we
May ſit and banquet: Let your buſineſſe be
Diſcharg'd by others. For, when all is done,
I can not eaſily, while the yeare doth runne
His circle round, run ouer all the woes,
Beneath which (by the courſe the Gods diſpoſe)
My ſad age labours. Firſt, Ile tell you then;
From ample *Crete* I fetch my Natiue ſtraine;
My Father wealthy: whoſe houſe, many a life
Brought forth and bred beſides, by his true wife.
But me; a Bond-maid bore; his Concubine:
Yet tender'd was I, as his lawfull line
By him; of whoſe race, I my life profes.
Caſtor, his name; ſurnam'd *Hylacides*.
A man, in fore-times, by the *Cretan* State,
For goods, good children, and his fortunate
Succeſſe in all acts; of no meane eſteem.
But death-conferring Fates, haue baniſht him
To *Pluto's* kingdome. After whom, his ſons
By Lots diuided his poſſeſſions;
And gaue me paſſing little; yet beſtow'd
A houſe on me: to which, my vertues woo'd
A wife from rich mens roofes; nor was borne low,
Nor laſt in fight, though all Nerues faile me now.
But I ſuppoſe, that you by thus much ſeene,
Know by the ſtubble, what the Corne hath bene.
For, paſt all doubt; affliction paſt all meane
Hath brought my age on: but, in ſeaſons paſt,
Both *Mars* and *Pallas*, haue with boldneſſe grac'ſt;
And Fortitude my fortunes; when I chuſ'd
Choiſe men for ambuſh, preſt to haue produc'd
Ill to mine enemies; my too ventrous ſpirit,
Set neuer death before mine eyes, for merit.
But (farre the firſt aduanc't ſtill) ſtill I ſtrooke

Dead

Dead with my Lance, whoeuer ouertooke
My ſpeed of foot. Such was I then for warre.
But ruſticke actions, euer fled me farre,
And houſhold thrift, which breeds a famous race.
In Ore-driuen Ships, did I my pleaſures place:
In Battailes, light Darts, Arrowes. Sad things all,
And into others thoughts, with horror fall.
But what God put into my minde: to me
I ſtill eſteem'd as my felicity.
As men, of ſeuerall Mettals are addreſt;
So, ſeuerall formes are in their ſoules impreſt.
Before the ſonnes of *Greece*, ſet foot in *Troy*,
Nine times, in Chiefe, I did Command enioy
Of Men and Ships, againſt our forreigne foe;
And all I fitly wiſh't, ſucceeded ſo.
Yet, after this, I much exploit atchieu'd;
VVhen ſtraight, my houſe in all poſſeſsions thriu'd.
Yet after that, I great, and Reuerend grew
Amongſt the *Cretans*: till the Thunderer drew
Our Forces out, in his foe-*Troy* decrees.
A hatefull ſeruice, that diſſolu'd the knees
Of many a Soldier. And to this was I
And famous *Idomene*, enioyn'd t'apply
Our ſhips and pow'rs. Nor was there to be heard
One reaſon for deniall; ſo prefer'd
Was the vnreaſonable peoples rumor.
Nine yeares we therefore fed the martiall humor;
And in the tenth (de-peopling *Priams* Towne)
We ſail'd for home. But God had quickly blowne
Our Fleete in peeces; and to wretched mee,
The Counſailor *Ione*, did much miſhap decree.
For, onely one month, I had leaue t'enioy
My wife, and children; and my goods t'employ.
But, after this, my minde for *Egypt* ſtoode;
VVhen nine faire ſhips, I rig'd forth for the flood:
Mann'd them with noble ſouldiers: all things fit
For ſuch a voyage, ſoone were won to it.
Yet ſixe dayes after, ſtaid my friends in feaſt;
VVhile I, in banquets to the Gods, addreſt
Much ſacred matter for their ſacrifice.
The ſeauenth, we boorded; and the Northerne skies
Lent vs a franke, and paſſing proſperous gale,
Fore which, we bore as free and eaſie ſaile,
As we had back't a full and frolicke tide;
Nor felt one Ship misfortune for her pride;
But ſafe we ſat, our Sailors and the winde
Conſenting in our conuoy. VVhen heauen ſhin'de
In ſacred radiance of the fift faire day:

To ſweetly-water'd *Egypt* reach't our way,
And there we anchor'd: where I charg'd my men
To ſtay aboord, and watch. Diſmiſſing then
Some ſcouts, to get the hill-tops, and diſcouer,
They (to their owne intemperance giuen ouer)
Straight fell to forrage the rich fields; and thence
Enforce both wiues and infants, with th'expence
Of both their bloods. When ſtraight the rumor flew
Vp to the City: (which heard) vp they drew
By daies firſt breake; and all the field was fild
VVith foot & horſe; whoſe Armes did all things gild.
And then the Lightning-louing Deity, caſt
A foule flight on my ſoldiers: nor ſtood faſt
One man, of all. About whom Miſchiefe ſtood,
And with his ſtern ſteele, drew in ſtreames the blood,
The greater part fed in their diſſolute vaines:
The reſt were ſau'd, and made enthralled Swaines,
To all the baſeſt vſages there bred.
And then, euen *Ioue* himſelfe ſupplyed my head
VVith ſauing counſaile; (though I wiſht to dye,
And there in *Egypt*, with their ſlaughters lye,
So much griefe ſeiz'd me) but *Ioue* made me yeild;
Diſhelme my head, take from my necke, my ſhield:
Hurle from my hand my Lance, and to the troop
Of horſe, the King led, inſtantly made vp;
Embrace, and kiſſe his knees; whom pitty wun
To giue me ſafety, and (to make me ſhun
The peoples outrage, that made in amaine,
All ioyntly fir'd, with thirſt to ſee me ſlaine)
He tooke me to his Chariot, weeping home;
Himſelfe with feare of *Ioues* wrath ouercome,
VVho yeelding ſoules receiues; and takes moſt ill
All ſuch as well may ſaue, yet loue to kill.
Seuen yeares I ſoiourn'd heere, and treaſure gat
In good abundance of th'Egyptian ſtate:
For all would giue. But when th'eight yeare began:
Ἀφῆς ἀπατηλεὸς δῶς, τρωκτὴς. A knowing Fellow (that would gnaw a man
Like to a Vermine, with his helliſh braine,
And many an honeſt ſoule, euen quicke had ſlaine;
VVhoſe name was *Phœnix*) cloſe accoſted me:
And with inſinuations, ſuch as he
Practiſ'd on others, my conſent he gain'd
To go into *Phœnicia*; where remain'd
His houſe, and liuing. And with him I liu'd
A compleat yeare. But, when were all arriu'd
The months and daies: and that the yeare againe
VVas turning round; and euery ſeaſons raigne
Renew'd vpon vs; we for *Lybia* went:

VVhen

VVhen (ſtill inuenting crafts to circumuent)
He made pretext, that I ſhould onely go
And helpe conuey his freight; but thought not ſo:
For his intent was, to haue ſold me there,
And made good gaine, for finding me a yeare.
Yet him I follow'd, though ſuſpecting this:
For, being aboord his Ship, I muſt be his
Of ſtrong Neceſsity. She ran the flood
(Driuen with a Northerne gale, right free, and good)
Amids the full ſtreame, full on *Crete*. But then,
Ioue plotted death to him, and all his men.
For (put off quite from *Crete*, and ſo farre gone
That Shore was loſt; and we ſet eye on none:
But all ſhew'd heauen and ſea) aboue our Keele
Ioue pointed right, a cloud as blacke as hell:
Beneath which, all the ſea hid; and from whence
Ioue thunder'd, as his hand would neuer thence.
And thicke into our Ship, he threw his flaſh:
That 'gainſt a Rocke, or Flat, her Keele did daſh
VVith headlong Rapture. Of the ſulphure all
Her bulke did ſauour; and her men let fall
Amids the Surges: on which, all lay toſt
Like Sea-guls, round about her ſides, and loſt.
And ſo, God tooke, all home-returne from them.
But *Ioue* himſelfe (though plung'd in that extream)
Recouer'd me, by thruſting on my hand
The Ships long Maſt. And (that my life might ſtand
A little more vp) I embrac't it round;
And on the rude windes, that did ruines ſound,
Nine dayes we houer'd. In the tenth blacke night
A huge Sea caſt me on *Theſprotia's* height:
VVhere the Heroe *Phidon*, that was chiefe
Of all the *Theſprotes*; gaue my wracke reliefe,
VVithout the price of that redemption
That *Phœnix* fiſh't for. VVhere the Kings lou'd ſon
Came to me; tooke me by the hand, & led
Into his Court; my poore life ſurffetted
VVith cold and labour: and becauſe my wrack
Chanc't on his Fathers Shore: he let not lack
My plight; or coate, or cloake, or any thing
Might cheriſh heate in me. And heere the King,
Said, he receiu'd *Vlyſſes* as his Gueſt;
Obſeru'd him Friend-like; and his courſe addreſt
Home to his country: ſhewing there to me
Vlyſſes goods. A very Treaſurie
Of Braſſe, & Gold, & Steele of curious frame.
And to the tenth ſucceſſion of his name
He laid vp wealth enough, to ſerue beſide

ελελιχθων, qui terram rapido motu concutit.

απριατης, ſine emptionis ſeu redemptionis precio.

In that Kings houſe; ſo hugely amplified
His treaſure was. But from his Court, the King
Affirm'd him ſhip't, for the *Dodonean* Spring:
To heare, from out the high-hair'd Oake of *Ioue*,
Counſaile from him: for meanes to his remoue
To his lou'd country, whence ſo many a yeare
He had bene abſent; If he ſhould appeare
Diſguiſd, or manifeſt: and further ſwore
In his mid Court, at Sacrifice, before
Theſe very eyes; that he had ready there
Both Ship and Souldiers, to attend and beare
Him to his country. But before; it chanc't
That a *Theſprotean* Ship, was to be lanch't
For the much-corne-renown'd *Dulichian* Land:
In which, the King gaue to his men command
To take, and bring me vnder tender hand
To King *Acaſtus*. But, in ill deſigne
Of my poore life, did their deſires combine;
So farre forth, as might euer keepe me vnder
In fortunes hands, and teare my ſtate in ſunder.
And when the water-treader, farre away
Had left the Land: then plotted they the day
Of my long ſeruitude; and tooke from me
Both coate and cloake, and all things that might be
Grace in my habit; and in place, put on
Theſe tatter'd rags, which now you ſee vpon
*At Sunne ſet. My wretched boſom. When heauens light took *ſea,
They fetcht the Field-workes of faire *Ithaca*;
And in the arm'd Ship, with a wel-wreath'd cord
They ſtreightly bound me, and did all disbord
To ſhore to ſupper, in contentious rout.
Yet ſtraight, the Gods themſelues, tooke from about
My preſſed limbes the bands, with equall eaſe;
And I (my head in rags wrapt) tooke the Seas,
Deſcending by the ſmooth ſterne; vſing then
My hands for Oares; and made from theſe bad men
Long way, in little time. At laſt, I fetcht
A goodly Groue of Okes; whoſe Shore I recht,
And caſt me proſtrate on it. When they knew
My thus-made-ſcape, about the Shores they flew:
But (ſoone not finding) held it not their beſt
To ſeeke me further; but return'd to reſt
Aboord their Veſſell. Me, the Gods lodg'd cloſe,
Conducting me into the ſafe repoſe
A good mans ſtable yeelded. And thus, Fate
This poore houre added, to my liuing date.
O wretch of Gueſts (ſaid he) thy Tale hath ſtirr'd
My minde to much ruth: both how thou haſt err'd

And

And ſuffer'd hearing, in ſuch good parts ſhowne:
But what thy chang'd relation would make knowne
About *Vlyſſes*; I hold neither true,
Nor will beleeue: and what need'ſt thou purſue
A Lye ſo raſhly? Since he ſure is ſo
As I conceiue; for which, my skill ſhall go.
The ſafe returne my King lackes, cannot be;
He is ſo enuied of each Deity,
So cleere, ſo cruelly. For not in *Troy*
They gaue him end; nor let his Corpſe enioy
The hands of Friends (& well they might haue done,
He manag'd armes to ſuch perfection;
And ſhould haue had his Sepulcher, and all;
And all the Greekes to grace his Funerall:
And this had giuen a glory to his Son
Through all times future.) But his head is run
Vnſeene, vnhonor'd, into *Harpies* mawes.
For my part, Ile not meddle with the cauſe:
I liue a ſeparate life, amongſt my Swine;
Come at no Towne for any need of mine;
Vnleſſe the * circularly witted Queene
(When any farre-come gueſt, is to be ſeene
That brings her newes) commands me bring a Brawn;
About which (all things being in queſtion drawne,
That touch the King) they ſit; and ſome are ſad
For his long abſence. Some againe, are glad
To waſte his goods vnwreak't; all talking ſtill.
But, as for me, I nouriſh't little will
T'enquire or queſtion of him: ſince the man
That faign'd himſelfe, the fled *Etolian*,
For ſlaughtering one, (through many Regions ſtraid)
In my Stall (as his diuerſory) ſtaide.
VVhere well entreating him; he told me then,
Amongſt the *Cretans*, with King *Idomen*,
He ſaw *Vlyſſes*; at his Ships repaire,
That had bene bruſh't with the enraged aire:
And that, in Summer, or in Autumne, ſure
VVith all his braue friends, and rich furniture,
He would be heere: and nothing ſo, nor ſo.
But thou, an old man, taught with ſo much wo
As thou haſt ſuffer'd, to be ſeaſon'd true,
And brought by his fate; do not heere purſue
His gratulations, with thy cunning Lies.
Thou canſt not ſoake ſo through my Faculties.
For I did neuer, either honor thee
Or giue thee loue, to bring theſe tales to me.
But in my feare of Hoſpitable *Ioue*
Thou didſt to this paſſe, my affections moue.

You ſtand exceeding much incredulous,
(Reply'd *Vlyſſes*) to haue witneſt thus
My word, and Oath; yet yeeld no truſt at all.
But make we now a couenant here, and call
The dreadfull Gods to witneſſe, that take ſeat
In large *Olympus*: if your Kings retreat
Proue made, euen hither; you ſhall furniſh me
With cloake, and coate, and make my paſſage free
For Ioue'd *Dulichius*. If (as fits my vow)
Your King returne not; let your ſeruants throw
My old limbes headlong, from ſome rock moſt hye,
That other poore men may take feare to lye.
The Herdſman, that had gifts in him diuine,
Replied; O Gueſt, how ſhal this Fame of mine
And honeſt vertue, amongſt men, remaine
Now, and heereafter, without worthy ſtaine;
If I, that led thee to my Houell heere,
And made thee fitting hoſpitable cheere,
Should after kill thee; and thy loued minde
Force from thy bones? Or how ſhould ſtand enclin'd
With any Faith, my will t'importune *Ioue*
In any prayer heereafter, for his loue?
Come, now 'tis ſupper's houre; and inſtant haſt
My men wil make home: when our ſweet repaſt
Wee'le taſte together. This diſcourſe they held
In mutuall kinde; when from a neighbor field,
His Swine and Swine-herds came; who in their coats
Incloſd their Herds for ſleepe: which, mighty throats
Laid out in entring. Then, the God-like Swaine
His men enioyn'd thus: Bring me to be ſlaine
A chiefe Swine female, for my ſtranger Gueſt:
VVhen, altogether we wil take our Feaſt,
Refreſhing now our ſpirits, that all day take
Paines in our Swines good: who may therfore make
For our paines with them all, amends with one;
Since others eate our Labors, and take none?
This ſaid; his ſharpe ſteele hew'd down wood, & they
A paſsing fat Swine hal'd out of the Sty,
Of fiue yeares old, which to the fire they put.
VVhen firſt, *Eumæus* from the Front did cut
The ſacred haire, and caſt it in the fire;
Then, pray'd to heauen: for ſtil, before deſire
VVas ſeru'd with food, in their ſo rude abods,
Not the poore Swine-herd would forget the Gods.
Good ſoules they bore, how bad ſoeuer were
The habits, that their bodies parts did beare.
VVhen all, the deathleſſe Deities beſought,
That wiſe *Vlyſſes* might be ſafely brought

Home,

Home, to his houſe; then with a logge of Oke
Left lying by (high lifting it) a ſtroke
He gaue ſo deadly, it made life expire.
Then cut the reſt, her throat; and all in fire
They hid and findg'd her: cut her vp, and then,
The Maiſter tooke the office from the men,
VVho on the Altar did the parts impoſe
That ſeru'd for ſacrifice: beginning cloſe
About the belly; thorough which he went,
And (all the chiefe fat gathering) gaue it vent
(Part dreg'd with Flowre) into the ſacred flame;
Then cut they vp the ioynts, and roaſted them:
Drew all from ſpit, and ſeru'd in diſhes all.
Then roſe *Eumæus*, (who was General
In skill to guide each act, his fit euent)
And (all, in ſeuen parts cut) the firſt part went
To ſeruice of the Nymphs, and *Mercury*;
To whoſe names, he did Rites of piety
In vowes particular; and all the reſt
He ſhar'd to euery one: but his lou'd Gueſt
He grac't with all the Chine; and of that King
To haue his heart chear'd, ſet vp euery ſtring.
VVhich he obſeruing ſaide; I would to *Ioue*
(*Eumæus*) thou liu'dſt in his worthy loue
As great as mine; that giu'ſt to ſuch a gueſt
As my poore ſelfe, of all thy goods the beſt.
Eumæus anſwer'd; Eate, vnhappy wretch,
And to what heere is, at thy pleaſure reach.
This I haue; this thou want'ſt: thus God will giue,
Thus take away; in vs, and all that liue.
To his wil's equall center, all things fall;
His minde he muſt haue, for he can do all.
Thus hauing eate, and to his wine deſcended;
Before he ſeru'd his owne thirſt, he commended
The firſt vſe of it, in fit ſacrifice
(As of his meate) to all the Deities.
And to the City-racers hand, applide
The ſecond cup; whoſe place was next his ſide:
Meſaulius did diſtribute the meate,
(To which charge, was *Eumæus* ſolely ſet
In abſence of *Vlyſſes*; by the Queene
And old *Laertes*) and this man had beene
Bought by *Eumæus*, with his faculties,
Employ'd then in the *Taphian* Merchandiſe.
But now; to food appoſde, and order'd thus,
All fell. Deſire ſuffic'd, *Meſaulius*
Did take away. For bed then next they were,
All throughly ſatisfied with compleat cheare.

Θεος δ' ε το μεν δ' υσει, το δ' ε σσει.

δυνατα γαρ παντα.

Vlyſſes.

Ζεφυρος αιεν ερυδηοι.

The night then came; ill, and no Taper ſhind:
Ioue rain'd her whole date. Th'euer watry wind
Zephyre blew lowd; and *Laertiades*
(Approuing kinde *Eumæus* carefulnes
For his whole good) made farre about aſſay,
To get ſome caſt-off Caſſocke (leaſt he lay
That rough night cold) of him, or any one
Of thoſe his ſeruants: when he thus begun.
Heare me *Eumæus*, and my other friends;
Ile vſe a ſpeech that to my glory tends:
Since I haue drunke wine paſt my vſuall guiſe;
Strong Wine commands the Foole, and moues the wiſe;
Moues and impels him too, to ſing and dance,
And breake in pleaſant laughters; and (perchance)
Preferre a ſpeech too, that were better in.
But when my ſpirits, once to ſpeake begin,
I ſhall not then diſſemble. Would to heauen,
I were as yong, and had my forces driuen
As cloſe together, as when once our powres
VVe led to ambuſh, vnder th'*Ilion* Towres:
VVhere *Ithacus*, and *Menelaus* were
The two Commanders; when it pleaſ'd them there
To take my ſelfe for third; when to the Towne
And lofty wals we led, we couch't cloſe downe
All arm'd, amids the Oſiers, and the Reeds,
Which oftentimes th'ore-flowing Riuer feeds.
The cold night came; and th'Icy Northerne gale
Blew bleake vpon vs: after which, did fall
A ſnow ſo cold, it cut, as in it beate
A frozen water; which was all concrete
About our Shields like Criſtall. All made faine
(Aboue our armes) to cloathe, and cloathe againe.
And ſo we made good ſhift (our ſhields beſide
Clapt cloſe vpon our cloathes) to reſt and hide
From all diſcouery. But I (poore foole)
Left my weeds with my men, becauſe ſo coole
I thought it could not proue: which thoght, my pride
A little ſtrengthen'd; being loth to hide
A goodly glittering garment I had on.
And ſo I follow'd with my ſhield alone,
And that braue weed. But when the night nere ended
Her courſe on earth, and that the ſtarres deſcended,
I iog'd *Vlyſſes* (who lay paſſing neare)
And ſpake to him, that had a nimble eare;
Aſſuring him, that long I could not lye
Amongſt the liuing; for the feruencie
Of that ſharpe night would kill me; ſince as then,
My euill Angell, made me with my men

Leaue

Leaue all weeds, but a fine one. But I know
'Tis vaine to talke; here wants all remedy now.
This ſaid; he bore that vnderſtanding part
In his prompt ſpirit, that ſtill ſhow'd his Art
In Fight and counſell; ſaying (in a word,
And that low whiſper'd) Peace, leaſt you afford
Some Greeke, note of your ſoftnes. No word more;
But made as if his ſterne auſterity, bore
My plight no pitty. Yet (as ſtill he lay
His head repoſing on his hand) gaue way
To this inuention; Heare me friends, a Dreame
(That was of ſome celeſtiall light a beame)
Stood in my ſleepe before me: prompting me
VVith this fit notice: we are farre (ſaide he)
From out our Fleet. Let one go then, and try
If *Agamemnon* wil affoord ſupply
To what we now are ſtrong. This ſtirr'd a ſpeed
In *Thoas* to th'affaire. VVhoſe purple weede
He left for haſt. VVhich then I tooke, and lay
In quiet after, til the dawne of day.
This ſhift *Vlyſſes* made for one in neede;
And would to heauen, that youth ſuch ſpirit did feed
Now in my Nerues; and that my ioynts were knit,
VVith ſuch a ſtrength, as made me then held fit
To leade men with *Vlyſſes*. I ſhould then
Seeme worth a weed, that fit's a herdſmans men:
For two reſpects, to gaine a thankfull frend;
And to a good mans neede, a good extend.
O Father (ſaid *Eumæus*) thou haſt ſhowne
Good cau ſe for vs, to giue thee good renowne:
Not vſing any word, that was not freed
From all leaſt ill. Thou therefore, ſhalt not need
Or coate, or other thing, that aptly may
Beſeeme a wretched ſuppliant, for deſtray
Of this nights neede. But when her golden throne
The Morne aſcends, you muſt reſume your owne:
For, heere you muſt not dreame of many weeds,
Or any change at all. VVe ſerue our needs,
As you do yours: One backe, one coate. But when
Vlyſſes loued ſonne returnes, he then
Shal giue you coat and caſſocke; and beſtow
Your perſon where, your heart and ſoule is now.
This ſaid, he roſe, made neere the fire his bed,
VVhich all with Goats and Sheep-skins, he beſpred.
All which, *Vlyſſes* with himſelfe did line.
VVith whom, beſides, he chang'd a gabberdine,
Thicke lin'd, and ſoft; which ſtil he made his ſhift,
VVhen he would dreſſe him gainſt the horrid drift

Of Tempeſt; when deepe winters ſeaſon blowes.
Nor pleaſde it him to lye there with his Sowes,
But while *Vlyſſes* ſlept there: and cloſe by
The other yonkers, he abroad would ly,
And therefore arm'd him. VVhich ſet cheerefull fare
Before *Vlyſſes* heart; to ſee ſuch care
Of his goods taken; how farre off ſoeuer
His fate, his perſon, and his wealth ſhould ſeuer.
Firſt then; a ſharpe edg'd ſword, he girt about
His well-ſpred ſhoulders; and (to ſhelter out
The ſharpe VVeſt wind that blew) he put him on
A thick-lin'd Iacket; and yet caſt vpon
All that, the large hide of a Goat, well fed.
A Lance then tooke he, with a keene ſteele head,
To be his keepe-off, both 'gainſt Men and Dogges:
And thus went he to reſt, with his male Hogges,
That ſtill abroad lay, vnderneath a Rocke:
Shield to the North-winds euer eager ſhocke.

The End of the Fourteenth Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

MInerua, *to his Natiue ſeate*
Exhorts Vlyſſes *ſoones retreate,*
In Bed, and waking. He receiues
Gifts of Atrides; *and ſo leaues*
The Spartan *Court. And, going aboord*
Doth fauourable way affoord
To Theoclymenus; *that was*
The Argiue *Augure, and ſought paſſe;*
Fled for a ſlaughter he had done.
Eumæus *tels* Laertes *ſon,*
How he became his Fathers Man;
Being ſold by the Phœnician
For ſome agreed on Faculties;
From forth the Syrian Iſle, made priſe.
Telemachus *arriu'd at home,*
Doth to Eumæus *Cottage come.*

Another.

O { *From* Sparta's *ſtraind* / *makes ſafe acceſſe* / *To his owne Land* / Vlyſſides. }

IN *Lacedæmon*, large, and apt for dances;
Athenian Pallas, her acceſſe aduances
Vp to the great in ſoule, *Vlyſſes* ſeed,
Suggeſting his returne, now fit for deed.
She found both him, and *Neſtors* noble ſon
In bed; in front of that faire Manſion:
Neſtorides ſurpriz'd with pleaſing ſleepe.
But, on the watch *Vlyſſes* ſonne did keepe,
Sleepe could not enter: cares did ſo excite
His ſoule, through all the ſolitary night,
For his lou'd Father. To him (neere) ſhe ſaid:
Telemachus! Tis time that now were ſtaid
Thy forreigne trauailes; ſince thy goods are free
For thoſe proud men, that all will eate from thee:
Diuide thy whole poſſeſſions, and leaue
Thy too-late preſence nothing to receiue.

εὐρυχόρον Λακεδαίμονα
In qua ampli vt pulchri chori duci poſsit, vel ducuntur: *which the vulgar tranſlation turne therefore,* latam, ſeu amplam.

In-

Incite the ſhrill-voic't *Menelaus* then,
To ſend thee to thy Natiue ſeat agen;
VVhile thou mayſt yet finde in her honor ſtrong
Thy blameleſſe Mother, gainſt thy Father's wrong.
For both the Father, and the Brothers to
Of thy lou'd Mother, will not ſuffer ſo
Extended any more, her widdowes bed;
But make her now, her richeſt wooer wed,
Eurymachus: who chiefly may augment
Her gifts, and make her ioynture eminent.
And therefore haſt thee; leaſt in thy deſpight,
Thy houſe ſtand empty of thy Natiue right.
For well thou know'ſt what mind a woman beares,
The houſe of him, who euer ſhe endeares
Her ſelfe in Nuptials to: ſhe ſees encreaſt,
The yſſue of her firſt lou'd Lord deceaſt,
Forgotten quite, and neuer thought on more.
In thy returne then, the re-counted ſtore
Thou find'ſt reſeru'd; to thy moſt truſted Maid
Commit in guard, till heauens pow'rs haue puruaid
A wife in vertue, and in beauties grace
Of fit ſort for thee, to ſupply her place.
And this note more Ile giue thee; which repoſe
In ſure remembrance: The beſt ſort of thoſe,
That woo thy Mother, watchfull ſcouts addreſſe,
Both in the ſtreights of th' *Ithacenſian* Seas,
And duſty *Samos*; with intent t'inuade
And take thy life, ere thy returne be made.
VVhich yet, I thinke will faile: and ſome of them
That waſte thy fortunes, taſte of that extream
They plot for thee. But keepe off farre from ſhore,
And day and night ſaile: for, a fore-right blore
VVho euer of th' Immortals, that vow guard
And ſcape to thy returne, will ſee prepar'd.
As ſoone as thou arriu'ſt, diſmiſſe to Towne
Thy Ship and Men: and firſt of all, make downe
To him that keepes thy Swine, and doth conceiue
A tender care to ſee thee well ſuruiue.
There ſleepe; and ſend him to the Towne, to tell
The chaſt *Penelope*, that ſafe and well
Thou liu'ſt in his charge; and that *Pylos* ſands
The place contain'd, from whence thy perſon Lands.
Thus ſhe, to large *Olympus*, made aſcent.
VVhen, with his heele, a little touch he lent
To *Neſtors* ſon; whoſe ſleepes ſweet chain's he loſde;
Bad riſe, and ſee in Chariot incloſde
Their one-hoou'd horſe; ỳ they might ſtrait bee gone.
No ſuch haſte (he replied) night holds her throne,

And

And dims all way, to courſe of Chariot.
The Morne will ſoone get vp. Nor ſee forgot
The gifts with haſt, that will, I know, be rich;
And put into our Coach with gracious ſpeech,
By Lance-fam'd *Menelaus*. Not a Gueſt
Shall touch at his houſe, but ſhall ſtore his breſt
With fit mind of an hoſpitable man,
To laſt as long as any daylight can
His eyes re-comfort; in ſuch gifts as he
Will proofes make of his hearty royalty.
He had no ſooner ſaid; but vp aroſe
Aurôra, that the Golden hils repoſe.
And *Menelaus* (good at martiall cries)
From *Hellens* bed raiſde, to his Gueſt applies
His firſt apparance. VVhoſe repaire made knowne
T'*Vlyſſes* lou'd ſonne: On, his robe was throwne
About his gracious body: his cloake caſt
Athwart his ample ſhoulders; and in haſt
Abroad he went; and did the King accoſt.
Atrides, guarded with heauens deified hoſte; *Telemachus to Menelaus.*
Grant now remiſſion to my Natiue right:
My minde now vrging mine owne houſes ſight. *Menel. anſwere*
Nor will I ſtay (ſaide he) thy perſon long,
Since thy deſires to go, are growne ſo ſtrong.
I ſhould my ſelfe be angry to ſuſtein
The like detention, vrg'd by other men.
Who loues a gueſt paſt Meane, paſt Meane will hate;
The Meane in all acts, beares the beſt eſtate.
A like ill 'tis, to thruſt out ſuch a gueſt,
As would not go; as to detaine the reſt.
VVe ſhould a gueſt loue, while he loue's to ſtay,
And when he like's not, giue him louing way.
Yet ſuffer ſo, that we may gifts impoſe
In Coach to thee. VVhich ere our hands encloſe,
Thine eies ſhall ſee; leſt elſe, our loues may gloſe.
Beſides, Ile cauſe our women to prepare
VVhat our houſe yeelds; and meerely ſo much fare
As may ſuffiſe for health. Both, well will do;
Both for our honor, and our profit to.
And ſeruing ſtrength with food, you after may
As much earth meaſure, as wil match the day.
If you will turne your courſe from ſea, and go
Through *Greece* and *Argos*: (that my ſelfe may ſo
Keepe kinde way with thee) Ile ioyne horſe, & guide
T'our humane Cities. Nor vngratifide
VVill any one remit vs: ſome one thing
VVill each preſent vs, that along may bring
Our paſſe with loue; and proue our vertues blaz'd:

136240 Homer

A Caldron or a Tripod, richly braz'd.
Two Mules; a bowle of Gold, that hath his price
Heightn'd with Emblemes of ſome rare deuice.
ἄλεσσον, poculum emblematis, & cælaturis ornatum.
The wiſe Prince anſwer'd: I would gladly go
Home, to mine owne; and ſee that gouern'd ſo
That I may keepe, what I for certaine hold.
Not hazard that, for onely hop't for Gold:
I left behind me, none, ſo all wayes fit
To giue it guard; as mine owne truſt with it.
Beſides, in this broad courſe which you propoſe;
My Father ſeeking; I my ſelfe may loſe.
VVhen this, the ſhrill-voic't *Menelaus* heard;
He charg'd his Queene and Maids, to ſee prepar'd
Breakfaſt, of what the whole houſe held for beſt.
To him, roſe *Eteoneus* from his reſt;
VVhoſe dwelling was not farre off from the Court;
And his attendance, his command did ſort,
VVith kindling fires, and furth'ring all the roſt,
In act of whoſe charge heard, no time he loſt.
Himſelfe then, to an odorous roome deſcended,
VVhom *Megapenthe*, and his Queene attended.
Come to his treaſury; a two-ear'd cup
He chuſde of all, and made his Sonne beare vp
A Siluer bowle. The Queene then taking ſtand
Aſide her Chiſt; where (by her owne faire hand
Lay Veſts, of all hues wrought) She tooke out one
Moſt large, moſt Artfull: chiefly faire; and ſhone
Like to a Star; and lay of al, the laſt.
Then through the houſe, with eithers gift they paſt;
VVhen to *Vlyſſes* ſonne, *Atrides* ſaid:
Menelaus to Telemachus,
Telemachus: ſince ſo entirely ſwaid
Thy thoghts are, with thy vow'd return, now tender'd;
May *Iuno's* thundring husband, ſee it render'd
Perfect at all parts; action anſwering thought.
Of all the rich gifts, in my treaſure, ſought
I giue thee heere, the moſt in grace, and beſt.
A Bowle, but Siluer; yet the brims compreſt
VVith Gold; whoſe fabricke his deſert doth bring
From *Vulcans* hand. Preſented by the King
And great *Heroe* of *Sydonia's* State;
VVhen at our parting he did conſummate
His whole houſe keeping. This do thou command.
This ſaid; he put the round Bowle in his hand;
And then, his ſtrong ſon *Megapenthe* plac't
The Siluer cup before him; amply grac't
VVith worke, and luſter. *Hellen* (ſtanding by;
And in her hand, the Robe, her huſwifery)
His name remembring, ſaid: And I preſent

Lord

(Lou'd ſonne) this gift to thee; the Monument
Of the ſo-many-loued *Hellens* hands:
VVhich, at the knitting of thy Nuptiall bands
Preſent thy wife. In meane ſpace, may it ly
By thy lou'd Mother; but to me apply
Thy pleaſure in it. And thus, take thy way
To thy faire houſe, and Countries wiſhed ſtay.
Thus gaue ſhe to his hands, the veile; and he,
The acceptation author'd ioyfully.
Which in the Chariots Chiſt, *Piſiſtratus*
Plac't with the reſt, and held miraculous.
The yellow-headed King then, led them all,
To ſeates and Thrones plac't, in his ſpacious Hall.
The Hand-maid, water brought, and gaue it ſtream
From out a faire and golden Ewre to them.
From whoſe hands, to a ſiluer Caldron, fled
The troubl'd waue. A bright boord then ſhe ſpred:
On which, another reuerend Dame ſet bread:
To which, more ſeruants, ſtore of victuals ſeru'd.
Eteonæus was the man that keru'd;
And *Megapenthe* fil'd them all their wine.
All fed, and dranke; till all felt care decline
For thoſe refreſhings. Both the Gueſts did go
To horſe, and coach; and forth the *Portico*
A little iſſu'd: When the yellow King
Brought wine himſelfe: that, with an Offering
To all the Gods, they might their iourney take.
He ſtood before the Gods; and thus he ſpake.
Farewell yong Princes: to graue *Neſtors* eare
This ſalutation from my gratitude, beare:
That I profeſſe in all our *Ilion* warres
He ſtood, a carefull Father to my cares.
To him the wiſe *Vlyſſides*, replied:
VVith all our vtmoſt ſhall be ſignified
(*Ioue*-kept *Atrides*) your right royall will:
Aud would to God, I could as wel fulfill
Mine owne mindes gratitude, for your free grace;
In telling to *Vlyſſes*, in the place
Of my returne; in what accompliſh't kind
I haue obtain'd the office of a friend
At your deſeruings: whoſe faire end you crowne
With gifts ſo many; and of ſuch renowne.
His wiſh, that he might finde in his retreat
His Father ſafe return'd (to ſo repeat
The Kings loue to him) was ſaluted thus;
An Eagle roſe; and in her Seres did truſſe
A Gooſe, all white, & huge: A houſhold one,
VVhich, men and women (crying out vpon)

Purſu'd: but ſhe (being neere the gueſts) her flight
Made on their right hand; and kept ſtill fore-right
Before their horſes: which obſeru'd by them,
The ſpirits in all their minds tooke ioyes extream;
Neſtors ſonne to Menelaus VVhich *Neſtors* ſon thus queſtion'd: *Ioue*-kept King,
His Ironicall queſtion continuing ſtill Homers Character of Menelaus. Yeild your graue thoughts, if this oſtentfull thing
(This Eagle, and this Gooſe) touch vs, or you?
He put to ſtudy, and not knowing how
To giue fit anſwer; *Hellen* tooke on her
Th'oſtents ſolution, and did this prefer.
Hellen diſſolues the Oſtent. Heare me, and I will play the Prophets part,
As the immortals caſt it in my heart;
And (as I thinke) will make the true ſenſe knowne:
As this *Ioues* Bird, from out the Mountaines flowne
(VVhere was her Arie; and whence roſe her race)
Truſt vp this Gooſe, that from the houſe did graſe;
So ſhall *Vlyſſes* (coming from the wilde
Of Seas and ſufferings) reach, vnreconcil'd
His Natiue home: where euen this houre he is:
And on thoſe houſe-fed woo'rs, thoſe wrongs of his,
VVill ſhortly wreake, with all their miſeries.
Telem. to Helen O (ſaid *Telemachus*) if *Saturnian Ioue*,
To my deſires, thy deare preſage approue;
VVhen I arriue, I will performe to thee
My daily vowes, as to a Deity.
This ſaid; he vſde his ſcourge vppon the horſe,
That through the City freely made their courſe
To Field; and all day, made that firſt ſpeed, good.
But when the Sun-ſet, and *Obſcurenes* ſtood
In each mans way; they ended their acceſſe
At *Pheras*, in the houſe of *Diocles*,
Sonne to *Orſilochus*, *Alpheus* ſeede;
VVho gaue them gueſt-rites: and ſleeps naturall need
They that night ſeru'd there. VVhen *Aurora* roſe,
They ioyn'd their horſe: tooke coach, and did diſpoſe
Their courſe for *Pylos*; whoſe high City, ſoon
They reach't. Nor would *Telemachus* be woon
To *Neſtors* houſe: and therefore order'd thus
His ſpeech to *Neſtors* ſon, *Piſiſtratus*;
Telem to Piſiſt. How ſhall I win thy promiſe to a grace
That I muſt aske of thee? we both imbrace
The names of Bed-fellowes; and in that name
VVill glory as an Adiunct of our fame:
Our Fathers friendſhip: our owne equall age;
And our ioynt trauaile, may the more engage
Our mutuall concord. Do not then aſſay
(My God-lou'd friend) to leade me from my way,
To my neere Ship; but take a courſe direct

And

And leaue me there; leaſt thy old Sires reſpect
(In his *deſire to loue me) hinder ſo
My way for home, that haue ſuch need to go.
This ſaid; *Neſtorides* held all diſcourſe
In his kinde ſoule, how beſt he might enforce
Both promiſe and performance; which, at laſt
He vow'd to venture; and directly caſt
His horſe about, to fetch the Ship and Shore.
Where, come: His frends moſt louely gifts, he bore
Aboord the Ship; and in her hin-deck plac't
The vaile that *Hellens* curious hand had grac't;
And *Menelaus* Gold: and ſaid, Away;
Nor let thy men, in any leaſt date, ſtay:
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell
The old Duke, you are paſt: for paſſing well
I know his minde, to ſo exceed all force
Of any pray'r; That he wil ſtay your courſe:
Himſelfe make hither, All your courſe call backe;
And when he hath you, haue no thought to racke
Him from his bounty; and to let you part
Without a Preſent: but be vext at heart
With both our pleadings; if we once but moue
The leaſt repreſſion of his fiery loue. (on
Thus took he coach: his faire-man'd ſteeds ſcourg'd
Along the *Pylian* City: and anon
His Fathers Court reacht. While *Vlyſſes* Sonne
Bad boord, and arme; which with a thought was done.
His Rowers ſet, and he rich Odors firing
In his hin-decke; for his ſecure retiring
To great * *Athenia*: To his Ship came flying
A Stranger, and a Prophet; as relying
On wiſhed paſſage: hauing newly ſlaine
A man at *Argos*: yet his Races vaine
Flow'd from *Melampus*; who in former date
In *Pylos* liu'd, and had a huge eſtate.
But fled his countrey; and the puniſhing hand
Of great-ſoul'd *Neleus*, in a forreigne Land
From that moſt famous Mortall; hauing held
A world of riches: nor could be compeld
To render reſtitution in a yeare.
In meane ſpace, liuing as cloſe priſoner
In Court of *Phylacus*: and for the ſake
Of *Neleus* daughter, mighty cares did take;
Together with a greeuous Languor ſent
From graue * *Erynnis*, that did much torment
His vexed conſcience; yet his lifes expence
He ſcapt, and draue the loud-voic't Oxen thence,
To breed-ſheepe *Pylos*; bringing vengeance thus

Ἱέμενος φι-
λέειν.
Cupiens dili-
gere.

*Pallas.

*One of the Fu-
ries of hell.

Her ſoule demerit, to great *Neleus*;
And to his Brothers houſe reduc't his wife:
Who yet from *Pylos*, did remoue his life
For feed-horſe *Argos*; where his Fate ſet downe
A dwelling for him: and in much renowne
Made gouerne many *Argiues*: where, a Spouſe
He tooke to him, and built a famous houſe.
There had he borne to him *Antiphates*,
And forcefull *Mantius*. To the firſt of theſe
VVas great *Oiclæus* borne: *Oiclæus* gate
Amphiaraus, that the popular State
Had all their health in: whom, euen from his heart
Ioue lou'd; and *Phœbus* in the whole deſert
Of friendſhip hel'd him. Yet not bleſt ſo much
That Ages threſhold, he did euer touch:
His wife betraid him for money. But loſt his life, by*Female bribery.
Yet two ſonnes author'd his poſterity;
Alcinaon, and renown'd *Amphilochus*.
Mantius had yſſue; *Polyphidius*,
And *Clytus*: But *Aurora* rauiſh't him,
For excellence of his admired lim;
And intereſted him amongſt the Gods.
His Brother knew, mens good and bad abods
The beſt of all men; after the deceaſe
Of him that periſh't in vnnaturall peace
At ſpacious *Thebes*. *Apollo* did inſpire
His knowing ſoule with a Propheticke fire.
VVho (angry with his Father) tooke his way
To *Hypereſia*; where (making ſtay)
He propheſied to all men; and had there
A Sonne call'd *Theoclymenus*; who here
Came to *Telemachus*; and found abord
Himſelfe at Sacrifice; whom in a word
Theoclymenus to Telemachus He thus ſaluted: O Friend, ſince I finde
Euen heere at Ship, a ſacrificing minde
Informe your actions: By your ſacrifice;
And by that worthy choiſe of Deities,
To whom you offer: by your ſelfe, and all,
Theſe men that ſerue your courſe maritimall;
Tell one that askes, the truth: Nor giue it gloſe,
Both who, and whence you are? From what ſeed roſe
Your royall perſon? And what Cities Tow'rs
Hold habitation, to your parents pow'rs?
He anſwer'd: Stranger! The ſure truth is this;
Telemachus to Theoclymenus I am of *Ithaca*; my Father is
(Or was) *Vlyſſes*: but auſtere death, now
Takes his ſtate from him; whoſe euent to know,
(Himſelfe being long away) I ſet forth thus

With ſhip and ſouldiers: *Theoclymenus*,
As freely ſaid; And I to thee am fled
From forth my country; for a man ſtrooke dead
By my vnhappy hand: who was with me
Of one ſelfe-Tribe; and of his pedigree
Are many Friends and Brothers: and the ſway
Of *Achiue* Kindred, reacheth farre away.
From whom (becauſe I feare their ſpleenes ſuborne
Blood, and blacke fate againſt me (being borne
To be a wandrer among forreigne men)
Make thy faire ſhip, my reſcue; and ſuſtein
My life from ſlaughter. Thy deſeruings may
Performe that mercy: and to them I pray.
Nor will I barre (ſaid he) thy will to make *Telem. Reply.*
My meanes and equall ſhip, thy ayde: but take
(With what wee haue heere, in all friendly vſe)
Thy life from any violence that purſues.
Thus tooke he in, his Lance; and it extended
Aloft the hatches; which himſelfe aſcended.
The Prince tooke ſeate at Sterne: on his right hand,
Set *Theoclymenus*; and gaue command
To all his men, to arme; and ſee made faſt
Amidſt the hollow Keele, the Beechen Maſt
VVith able halſers; hoiſe ſaile; lanch: which ſoone
He ſaw obay'd. And then his Ship did runne
A merry courſe: Blew-ey'd *Minerua* ſent
A fore-right gale; tumultuous, vehement,
Along the aire; that her waies vtmoſt yeeld
The ſhip might make, and plough the brackiſh field.
Then ſet the Sun, and Night black't all the waies.
The ſhip (with *Ioues* wind wing'd) wher th'*Epian* ſwaies
Fetcht *Pheras* firſt: then *Elis*, the diuine;
And then for thoſe Iſles made, that Sea-ward ſhine,
For forme and ſharpneſſe, like a Lances head.
About which, lay the wooers ambuſhed.
On which he ruſh't, to try if he could ſcape
His plotted death; or ſerue Her treacherous Rape.
And now returne we to *Eumæus* Shed;
VVhere (at their foode with others marſhalled) *The ſtories turne to Eum*
Vlyſſes, and his noble Herdſman ſate;
To try if whoſe loues curious eſtate
Stood firme to his abode, or felt it fade;
And ſo would take each beſt cauſe to perſwade
His Gueſt to Towne; *Vlyſſes* thus contends:
Heare me, *Eumæus*, and ye other Friends.
Next Morne, to Towne I couet to be gone,
To beg ſome others almes; not ſtill charge one.
Aduiſe me well then; and as well prouide

Homer

I may be fitted with an honeſt guide:
For through the ſtreets (ſince Need will haue it ſo)
Ile tread, to try if any will beſtow
A diſh of drinke on me, or bit of bread,
Till to *Vlyſſes* houſe I may be led.
And there Ile tell all-wiſe *Penelope*, newes:
Mix with the wooers pride; and (ſince they vſe
To fare aboue the full) their hands excite
To ſome ſmall Feaſt, from out their infinite:
For which, Ile waite, and play the Seruingman,
Fairely enough; command the moſt they can.
For I will tell thee; note me well, and heare,
That if the will be of heauens Meſſenger,
(VVho to the workes of men, of any ſort
Can grace infuſe, and glory) nothing ſhort
Am I of him, that doth to moſt aſpire
In any ſeruice: as to builde a Fire,
To cleaue fere wood: to roaſt, or boile their meat;
To waite at boord, mixe wine, or know the Neate;
Or any worke, in which the poore-cal'd worſt,
To ſerue the rich-cal'd beſt, in Fate are forc't.

Eumeus to Vlyſſes.

He, angry with him, ſaid; Alas poore Gueſt,
VVhy did this counſaile euer touch thy breſt?
Thou ſeek'ſt thy vtter ſpoyle beyond all doubt,
If thou giu'ſt venture on the Wooers rout:
VVhoſe wrong and force, affects the Iron heauen.
Their light delights, are farre from being giuen
To ſuch graue Seruitors. Youths richly trick't
In coats or Caſſocks; Lockes diuinely ſlickt,
And lookes moſt rapting; euer haue the gift
To taſte their crown'd cups, and full Trenchers ſhift.
Their Tables euer like their Glaſſes ſhine;
Loaded with bread, with varied fleſh, and wine.
And thou? go thither? Stay: for heere do none
Grudge at thy preſence: nor my ſelfe, nor one
Of all I feed. But when *Vlyſſes* ſonne
Againe ſhall greet vs, he ſhall put thee on
Both coat and caſſocke; and thy quicke retreat
Set, where thy heart and ſoule deſire thy ſeat.

Vlyſſes anſwere to Eumæus.

Induſtrious *Vlyſſes*, gaue reply:
I ſtill much wiſh, that heauens chiefe Deity
Lou'd thee, as I do; that haſt eaſde my minde
Of woes and wandrings, neuer yet confin'de.
Nought is more wretched in a humane Race,
Then Countries want, and ſhift from place to place.
But for the banefull belly, men take care
Beyond good counſaile: whoſoeuer are
In compaſſe of the wants it vndergoes,

By

By wandrings losses, or dependant woes.
Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home:
VVhich since thou wilt make heere (as ouercome
VVith thy command for stay) Ile take on me
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
Does then *Vlysses* Sire, and Mother breath?
Both whom he left, in th'age next doore to death?
Or are they breathlesse, and descended where
The darke house is, that neuer day doth cleere?
Laertes liues (saide he) but euery howre
Beseecheth *Ioue* to take from him the powre
That ioynes his life and limbes: for with a mone
That breeds a meruaile, he laments his sonne
Depriu'd by death. And addes to that, another
Of no lesse depth; for that dead sonnes dead Mother:
VVhom he a Virgin wedded: which the more
Makes him lament her losse; and doth deplore
Yet more her misse, because her wombe the truer
VVas to his braue sonne; and his slaughter slue her.
VVhich last loue to her, doth his life engage,
And makes him liue an vndigested age.
O! such a death she died, as neuer may
Seize any one, that heere beholds the day;
That either is to any man, a friend,
Or can a woman kill in such a kind.
As long as she had Being, I would be
A still Inquirer (since t'was deere to me,
Though death to her, to heare his name) when she
Heard of *Vlysses*: for I might be bold;
She brought me vp, and in her loue did hold
My life, compar'd with long-vail'd *Ctimie*,
Her yongest yssue (in some small degree
Her daughter yet prefer'd) a braue yong Dame.
But when of youth the dearely loued *Flame
VVas lighted in vs; marriage did prefer
The maide to *Samos*; whence was sent for her
Infinite riches: when, the Queene bestow'd
A faire new suite, new shooes, and all; and vow'd
Me to the field. But passing loth to part,
As louing me, more then she lou'd her hart.
And these I want now; but their businesse growes
Vpon me daily. VVhich the Gods impose,
To whom I hold all; giue account to them,
For I see none, left to the Diadem,
That may dispose all better. So, I drinke
And eate of what is heere; and whom I think
VVorthy or reuerend, I haue giuen to still
These kinds of Guest-rites: for the houshold ill

Eumæus answer to Vlysses.

ἥβην πολυηρατον, Peroptabilem pubem.

(VVhich where the Queene is, ryots) takes her ſtil
From thought of theſe things. Nor is it delight
To heare from her plight; of or worke, or word;
The woo'rs ſpoyle all. But yet my men, will bord
Her ſorrowes often, with diſcourſe of all:
Eating and drinking of the Feſtiuall
That there is kept; and after bring to field
Such things as ſeruants make their pleaſures yield.

Vlyſſes anſwere to Eumæus.

O me (*Eumæus*) ſaide *Laertes* ſonne,
Haſt thou then err'd ſo, of a little one?
(Like me?) From friends, and country? pray thee ſay,
(And ſay a Truth) doth vaſt *Deſtruction* lay
Her hand vpon the wide-way'd * Seat of men?
VVhere dwelt thy Sire, and reuerend Mother then?
That thou art ſpar'd there? Or elſe, ſet alone
In guard of Beeues, or Sheepe: Set th'enemy on;
Surpriſde, and Shipt? transfer'd, and ſold thee heere?
He that bought thee, paid well; yet bought not deere.

**Supposing him to dwel in a Citie.*

Eumæus relates his birth, &c.

Since thou enquir'ſt of that, my gueſt (ſaid he)
Heare and be ſilent: and meane ſpace, ſit free
In vſe of theſe cups, to thy moſt delights;
* Vnſpeakable, in length now, are the Nights.
Thoſe that affect ſleepe yet; to ſleepe haue leaue;
Thoſe that affect to heare, their hearers giue.
But ſleep not ere your houre; *Much ſleep doth grieue.*
VVho euer liſts to ſleepe; Away to bed:
Together with the morning raiſe his head:
Together with his fellowes, breake his faſt;
And then, his Lords Herd, driue to their repaſt.
VVe two, ſtill in our Tabernacle heere,
Drinking & eating; will our boſomes cheere
VVith memories, and tales of our annoyes.
Betwixt his ſorrowes, euery Humane ioyes.
He moſt, who moſt hath felt; and furtheſt err'd:
And now thy wil; to act, ſhall be preferr'd.

Eumæus telles Vlyſſes how hee was bought and ſold.

There is an Iſle aboue *Ortygia*
(If thou haſt heard) they call it *Syria*;
VVhere, once a day, the Sun moues backwards ſtill.
Tis not ſo great as good; for it doth fill
The fields with Oxen; fils them ſtill with Sheepe;
Fils roofes with wine, & makes al Corne there cheap:
No Dearth comes euer there; nor no Diſeaſe,
That doth, with hate, vs wretched mortals ſeaſe.
But when mens varied Nations, dwelling there
In any City, enter th'aged yeare:
The Siluer-bow-bearer (the Sun) and ſhe,
That beares as much renowne for Archery;
Stoop with their painles ſhafts, & ſtrike them dead,

As one would ſleepe, and neuer keepe the bed.
In this Iſle ſtand two Cities: betwixt whome
All things, that of the ſoiles fertility come,
In two part sare diuided. And both theſe,
My Father ruld; (*Cteſius Ormenides*)
A man, like the immortals. With theſe States,
The croſſe-biting *Phæniſsians*, traffick'trates
Of infinit Merchandize, in ſhips brought there;
In which, they then, were held exempt from pere.
There dwelt within my Fathers houſe, a Dame
Borne a *Phæniſsian*; skilfull in the frame
Of Noble Huſwiferies; right tall, and faire.
Her, the *Phæniſsian* great wench-net-lai're,
With ſweet words circumuented, as ſhe was
VVaſhing her Linnen. To his amorous paſſe
He brought her firſt, ſhor'd from his Ship to her;
To whom he did his whole life's loue prefer;
Which, of theſe breſt-expoſing Dames, the harts
Deceiues; though faſhion'd of right honeſt parts.
He askt her after, VVhat ſhe was? and whence?
She paſſing preſently, the excellence
Told of her Fathers Turrets; and that ſhe
Might boaſt her ſelfe, ſprung from the Progeny
Of the rich *Sydons*: and the daughter was
Of the much-yeare-reuenncw'd *Arybas*.
But, that the *Taphian* Pirats, made her prize,
As ſhe return'd from her field-huſwiferies:
Transfer'd her hither; and at that mans houſe
VVhere now ſhe liu'd; for value precious
Sold her to th'Owner. He that ſtole her loue,
Bad her againe, to her births ſeate remoue,
To ſee the faire roofes of her friends againe;
Who ſtill held ſtate, and did the port maintaine,
Her ſelfe reported. She ſaid, Be it ſo;
So you, and al that in your ſhip ſhall roe,
Sweare to returne me, in all ſafety hence.
All ſwore; th'Oath paſt, with euery conſequence:
She bad, Be ſilent now; and not a word
Do you, or any of your friends afford,
Meeting me afterward in any way;
Or at the waſhing Fount; leſt ſome diſplay
Be made, and told the old man: and he then
Keepe me ſtreight bound: To you, and to your men
The vtter ruine, plotting of your liues.
Keepe in firme thought then, euery word that ſtriues
For dangerous vtterance: Haſte your ſhips ful freight
Of what you Trafficke for; and let me ſtreight
Know by ſome ſent friend: *She hath all in hold,

πολυπαιπαλοι. I admodũ vaſer. Der. ex παλευω. I. pertrabo in retia & παις. I. puella.

*Intending the Ship.

And

And (with my ſelfe) Ile bring thence all the gold
I can by all meanes finger: and beſide,
Ile do my beſt, to fee your freight ſupplide
VVith ſome wel-weighing burthen of mine owne.
For I bring vp, in houſe, a great mans ſonne,
As crafty as my ſelfe; who will with me
Run euery way along; and I will be
His Leader, till your Ship hath made him ſure.
He will an infinite great price procure
Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.
This ſaid; She gat her home, and there made ſtay
A whole yeare with vs; Goods of great auaile
Their Ship enriching. VVhich now, fit for ſaile:
They ſent a Meſſenger t'informe the Dame.
And, to my fathers houſe a fellow came,
Full of *Phæniſſian* craft: that, to be ſold
A Tablet bought; the body all of Gold,
The Verge, all Amber. This had ocular view,
Both by my honor'd Mother, and the crew
Of her houſe-handmaids, handl'd; and the price
Beat; askt, and promiſt. And while this deuice
Lay thus vpon the Forge: this Ieweller
Made priuy ſignes (by winkes and wiles) to her
That was his obiect; which ſhe tooke, and he
(His ſigne ſeeing noted) hied to Ship. VVhen ſhe
(My hand ſtill taking, as ſhe vſde to do
To walke abroad with her) conuai'd me ſo
Abroad with her; and in the *Portico*
Found cups, with taſted Viands; which the gueſts
That vſde to flocke about my Fathers feaſts
Had left. They gone (ſome to the Counſaile Court;
Some to heare newes amongſt the talking ſort)
Her Theft, three bowles into her lap conuaid;
And forth ſhe went. Nor was my wit ſo ſtaid
To ſtay her, or my ſelfe. The Sun went downe,
And ſhadowes round about the world were flowne,
VVhen we came to the hauen; in which did ride
The ſwift *Phæniſſian* Ship; whoſe faire broad ſide
They boorded ſtraight: Tooke vs vp; And all went
Along the moyſt waues. VVinde, *Saturnius* ſent.
Six dayes, we day and night ſayl'd: But vvhen *Ioue*
Put vp the ſeuenth day; She, that ſhafts * doth loue,
Shot dead the woman; who into the pumpe
Like to a Dop-chicke, diu'd; and gaue a thumpe
In her ſad ſetling. Forth they caſt her then
To ſerue the Fiſh, and Sea-calues: no more Men.
But I was left there, with a heauy hart.
When, winde and water draue them quite apart

* Diana.

Their

Their owne courſe, and on *Ithaca* they fell;
And there, poore me, did to *Laertes* ſell:
And thus theſe eyes, the ſight of this Iſle prou'd.
Eumæus (he replyed) Thou much haſt mou'd
The minde in me, with all things thou haſt ſaid,
And all the ſufferance on thy boſome laid:
But (truly) to thy ill, hath *Ioue* ioyn'd good,
That one whoſe veines are ſeru'd with humane blood
Hath bought thy ſeruice; that giues competence
Of food, wine; cloth to thee. And ſure th'expence
Of thy lifes date heere, is of good deſart.
VVhoſe labours, not to thee alone, impart
Sufficient food and houſing; but to me.
VVhere I, through many a heap't humanity
Haue hither err'd; where, though (like thee) not ſold,
Not ſtaid, like thee yet; nor nought needfull hold.
This mutuall ſpeech they vſd; nor had they ſlept
Much time before; the much-nere-morning lept
To her faire throne. And now ſtrooke ſaile, the men
That ſeru'd *Telemachus*; arriu'd iuſt then
Nere his lou'd ſhore: wher now they ſtoopt the Maſt,
Made to the Port with Oares, and Anchor caſt;
Made faſt the Ship, and then aſhore they went:
Dreſt ſupper, fil'd wine; when (their appetites ſpent)
Telemachus commanded, they ſhould yield
The Ship to th'owner; while himſelfe, at field
VVould ſee his ſhepherds: when light drew to end
He would his gifts ſee, and to Towne deſcend.
And in the morning, at a Feaſt beſtow
Rewards for all their paines. And whither, now
(Said *Theoclymenus*) my loued Son
Shall I addreſſe my ſelfe? whoſe manſion,
Of all men, in this rough-hewne Iſle, ſhall I
Direct my way to? Or go readily
To thy houſe, and thy Mother? He replied;
Another time, Ile ſee you ſatisfied
VVith my houſe entertainment: but as now,
You ſhould encounter none that could beſtow
Your fit entreaty; and (which leſſe grace were)
You could not ſee my Mother, I not there.
For ſhee's no frequent obiect; but apart
Keepes from her wooers, woo'd with her deſart,
Vp, in her chamber, at her Huſwifery.
But Ile name one, to whom you ſhall apply
Direct repaire; and thats *Eurymachus*,
Renown'd deſcent, to wiſe *Polybius*:
A man whom th'*Ithacenſians* looke on now,
As on a God: ſince he, of all that wow

Is farre ſuperior man; and likeſt far
To wed my mother: and as circular
Be in that honor, as *Vlyſſes* was.
But heauen-houſd *Ioue* knowes, the yet hidden paſſe
Of her diſpoſure; and on them he may
A blacker ſight bring, then her Nuptiall day.
As this he vtter'd; on his right hand flew
A Saker; ſacred to the God of view:
That, in his Tallons truſt, and plum'd a Doue;
The Feathers round about the Ship did roue,
And on *Telemachus* fell; whom th'Augure then
Tooke faſt by'th hand; withdrew him from his men;
Theoclymenus to Telemachus. And ſaid; *Telemachus*; This Hawke is ſent
From God; I knew it for a ſure Oſtent
VVhen firſt I ſaw it. Be you well aſſur'd,
There will no wooer be by heauen indur'd
To rule in *Ithaca*, aboue your Race:
But your pow'rs euer fill the Regall place.
Telemachus to Theoclymenus. I wiſh to heauen (ſaid he) thy word might ſtand;
Thou then ſhouldſt ſoon acknowledge from my hand
Such gifts & friendſhip, as would make thee (Gueſt)
Met, and ſaluted, as no leſſe then bleſt.
Tele. to Pyræus This ſaid; he call'd *Pyræus* (*Clytus* ſonne)
His true aſſociate; ſaying, Thou haſt done
(Of all my Followers, to the *Pylian* ſhore)
My will, in chiefe, in other things; Once more,
Be chiefly good to me: take to thy houſe
This loued ſtranger; & be ſtudious
T'embrace and greete him, with thy greateſt fare,
Till I my ſelfe come, and take off thy care.
Pyræus rep'y. The famous for his Lance ſaide; if your ſtay,
Take time for life heere; this mans care, Ile lay
On my performance; nor what fits a Gueſt,
Shall any penury with-hold his Feaſt.
Thus tooke he ſhip; bad them boord, and away.
They boorded; ſate: but did their labour ſtay
Till he had deckt his feete, and reacht his Lance.
They to the City: he did ſtraight aduance
Vp to his Sties; where Swine lay for him, ſtore;
By whoſe ſides did his honeſt Swine-herd ſnore:
Till his ſhort eares, his longeſt Nights had ended:
And nothing worſe, to both his Lords intended.

The End of the Fifteenth Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Prince at Field; he ſends to Towne
Eumæus, *to make truly knowne*
His ſafe returne. By Pallas *will,*
Telemachus *is giuen the skill*
To know his Father. Thoſe that lay
In Ambuſh, to preuent the way
Of yong Vlyſſides, *for home;*
Retire, with anger ouercome.

Another.

Πῖ { *To his moſt deere,* Vlyſſes *ſoowes;* *The wiſe Son heere his Father knowes.* }

VLyſſes, and diuine *Eumæus* roſe
Soone as the morning could her eyes vncloſe:
Made fire; brake faſt; And to their Paſture ſend
The gather'd Herds: on whom, their Swaines attend.
The ſelfe-tyre barking Dogs, all fawn'd vpon;
Nor bark't, at firſt ſight of *Vlyſſes* ſon.
The whinings of their fawnings yet did greet
Vlyſſes eares; and ſounds of certaine feet;
Who thus beſpake *Eumæus*: Sure ſome friend,
Or one well knowne comes, that the Maſtiues ſpend
Their mouths no lowder. Onely ſome one neare
They whine, and leape about; whoſe feete I heare.
Each word of this ſpeech was not ſpent, before
His Son ſtood in the entry of the dore.
Out-ruſht amaz'd *Eumæus*: and let go
The cup to earth, that he had labor'd ſo,
Cleanſ'd for the neate wine: Did the Prince ſurpriſe,
Kiſt his faire forehead: Both his louely eyes,
Both his white hands; And tender teares diſtil'd.
There breath'd no kind-ſoul'd Father, that was fild
Leſſe with his ſonnes embraces, that had liu'd
Ten yeares in farre-off earth; now new retriu'd,
His onely childe too, gotten in his age:
And for whoſe abſence he had felt the rage

Eumæus amaze and kinde welcome of Telemachus.

Of griefes vpon him; then for this diuin'd
So much for forme, was this diuine for mind:
VVho kiſt him through: who grew about him kiſſing,
As freſh from death ſcapt. Whō (ſo long time miſſing)
He wept for ioy, and ſaid; Thou yet art come,
(Sweet light, ſweet Sun-riſe) to thy cloudy home.
O (neuer I look't) when once ſhipt away
For *Pylos* ſhores, to ſee thy turning day.
Come; enter lou'd Son; Let me feaſt my hart
VVith thy ſweete ſight; new come, ſo farre apart.
Nor when you liu'd at home, would you walk downe
Often enough heere, but ſtaide ſtill at Towne:
It pleaſ'd you then, to caſt ſuch forehand view
About your houſe, on that moſt * damned crew.
It ſhall be ſo then, Friend (ſaide he) but now
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know
If ſtill my Mother, in her houſe remaine:
Or if ſome wooer hath aſpir'd to gaine
Of her in Nuptials: for *Vlyſſes* bed,
By this, lies all with Spiders cobwebs ſpred,
In penury of him that ſhould ſupply it.
She ſtill (ſaid he) holds her moſt conſtant quiet,
Aloft thine owne houſe, for the beds reſpect:
But for her Lords ſad loſſe; ſad nights and daies
Obſcure her beauties, and corrupt their raies.
This ſaid; *Eumæus*, tooke his brazen Speare;
And in he went: when, being enter'd neare
VVithin the ſtony threſhold; From his ſeat,
His Father roſe to him: who would not let
Th'old man remoue; but drew him backe and preſt
VVith earneſt termes his ſitting; Saying, Gueſt;
Take heere your ſeate againe; we ſoone ſhall get
VVithin our owne houſe heere, ſome othet ſeat:
Heere's one will fetch it. This ſaid; downe againe
His Father ſate: and to his ſonne, his Swaine
Strew'd faire greene Oſiers; and impoſ'd thereon
A good ſoft Sheepeskin, which made him a Throne.
Then he appoſ'd to them, his laſt-left Roſte;
And in a wicker basket, bread engroſte:
Fil'd luſcious wine; and then tooke oppoſite ſeate
To the diuine *Vlyſſes*. VVhen the meate
Set there before them; all fell to, and eate.
VVhen they had fed; the Prince ſaid, pray thee ſay,
Whence coms this gueſt? what ſeaman gaue him way
To this our Iſle? I hope theſe feete of his
Could walke no water; who boaſts he, he is?
Ile tell all truly Son: From ample *Crete*
He boſts himſelfe; and ſayes, his erring feete

Hath

* ἀιδήλον ὄμηλον, ἀιδηλος, of ἀιδης, Orcus, & ſignifies properly, tenebricoſus, or infernalis: ſo that, pernicioſus (which is the Latine tranſlation) is not ſo fitte as damned for that crew of diſſolute wooers. The phraſe being now vſed to all ſo licentious.

Haue many Cities trod: And God was he
VVhose finger wrought in his infirmity.
But, to my Cottage, the last scape of his,
VVas from a *Thesprots* Ship. VVhat ere he is,
Ile giue him you: do what you please; His vant
Is, that he is (at most) a suppliant.
Eumæus, (said the Prince) To tell me this,
You haue afflicted my weake Faculties:
For how shall I receiue him to my house
VVith any safety; that suspitious
Of my yong forces (should I be assaide
With any sodaine violence) may want aide
To shield my selfe? Besides, if I go home,
My mother is with two doubts ouercome:
If she shall stay with me, and take fit care
For all such guests, as there seeke guestiue fare;
Her husbands bed respecting, and her fame
Amongst the people: Or her blood may frame
A liking to some wooer, such as best
May bed her in his house; not giuing lest.
And thus am I vnsure, of all meanes free
To vse a Guest there, fit for his degree.
But, being thy Guest; Ile be his supply,
For all weeds, such as mere necessity
Shall more then furnish: Fit him with a sword,
And set him where his heart would haue bene shor'd.
Or (if so pleasd) receiue him in thy Shed:
Ile send thee clothes, I vow; and all the bread
His wish would eate: that to thy men and thee
He be no burthen. But that I should be
His meane to my house; where a company
Of wrong-professing wooers, wildly liue;
I will in no sort author; lest they giue
Foule vse to him; and me, as grauely grieue.
For what great act can any one atchieue
Against a multitude? Although his minde
Retaine a courage of the greatest kinde?
For all minds haue not force in one degree.
Vlysses answer'd; O Friend, since 'tis free *Vlysses to Tell.*
For any man, to change fit words with thee;
Ile freely speake. Me thinkes, a woluish powre
My heart puts on, to teare and to deuoure;
To heare your affirmation; that (in spite
Of what may fall on you, made opposite;
Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,
These wooers should in such iniustice rage.
VVhat should the cause be? Do you wilfully
Indure their spoile? Or hath your Empery

Bene ſuch amongſt your people; that, all gather
In troope, and one voice; (w̃ euen God doth father)
And vow your hate ſo, that they ſuffer them?
Or blame your Kinsfolks faiths, before th'extream
Of your firſt ſtroke hath tried them? whom a man
When ſtrifes, to blowes riſe, truſts: though battel ran
In huge and high waues? would to heauen my ſpirit
Such youth breath'd, as the man that muſt inherit,
Yet neuer toucht *Vlyſſes*: or that he
(But wandring this way) would but come, and ſee
What my age could atchieue (and there is Fate
For Hope yet left; that he may recreate
His eyes with ſuch an obiect.) This my head
Should any ſtranger ſtrike off, if ſtarke dead
I ſtrooke not all: the houſe in open force
Entring with challenge. If their great concourſe
Did ouer-lay me, being a man alone;
(VVhich you vrge for your ſelfe) be you that one.
I rather in mine owne houſe wiſh to dye
One death for all; then ſo indecently
See euermore, deeds worſe then death applied;
Gueſts, wrõg'd with vile words, & blow-giuing pride:
The women-ſeruants dragg'd in filthy kind
About the faire houſe; and in corners blind
Made ſerue the rapes of Ruffins: Food deuour'd
Idely and rudely; wine exhauſt, and pour'd
Through throats prophane; and all about a deed,
That's euer wooing, and will neuer ſpeed.

Telemachus to his Father.

Ile tell you (Gueſt) moſt truly, ſaide his Son;
I do not thinke, that all my people ron
One hatefull courſe againſt me; Nor accuſe
Kinsfolkes that I, in ſtrifes of weight, might vſe:
But *Ioue* will haue it ſo: our Race alone,
(As if made ſingular) to one, and one
His hand confining. Onely to the King
(*Ioue*-bred *Arceſius*) did *Laertes* ſpring;
Onely to old *Laertes* did deſcend
Vlyſſes; onely to *Vlyſſes* end
Am I the Adiunct; whom he left ſo yong,
That from me, to him, neuer comfort ſprong.
And to all theſe now (for their race) ariſe
Vp in their houſe, a brood of enemies.
As many as in theſe Iſles bow mens knees;
Samos, *Dulychius*, and the rich in Trees
Zacynthus: Or in this rough Iſles command,
So many ſuiters for the Nuptials ſtand,
That aske my Mother; and meane ſpace, prefer
Their luſts to all ſpoile, that diſhonor her.

Nor doth ſhe (though ſhe loaths) deny their ſuites;
Nor they denials take, though taſte their fruites.
But all this time, the ſtate of all things there
Their throats deuoure; and I muſt ſhortly beare
A part in all; and yet the periods
Of theſe deſignes, lye in the knees of Gods.
Of all Loues then, *Eumæus*; make quicke way
To wiſe *Penelope*; and to her, ſay
My ſafe returne from *Pylos*; and alone
Returne thou hither, hauing made it knowne.
Nor let (beſides my Mother) any eare
Partake thy Meſſage; ſince a number beare
My ſafe returne diſpleaſure. He replied;
I know, and comprehend you; you diuide,
Your minde with one that vnderſtands you well.
But, all in one yet; may I not reueale
To th'old hard-fated *Arceſiades
Your ſafe returne? who through his whole diſtres
Felt for *Vlyſſes*, did not yet ſo grieue,
But with his houſhold, he had will to liue;
And ſeru'd his appetite, with wine, and food;
Surueigh'd his husbandry, and did his blood
Some comforts fitting life: But ſince you tooke
Your ſhip for *Pylos*, he would neuer brooke,
Or wine, or food, they ſay; nor caſt an eye
On any labour: but ſits weeping by;
And ſighing out his ſorrowes, ceaſſeleſſe mones
Waſting his body, turn'd all skin and bones.
More ſad newes ſtill (ſaid he) yet; mourne he ſtill:
For if the rule of all mens workes be will,
And his will, his way goes: mine ſtands inclin'd
T'attend the home-turne of my *neerer kind.
Do then, what I inioyne; which, giuen effect;
Erre not to field to him, but turne direct.
Entreating firſt my Mother, with moſt ſpeed;
And all the ſecrecy that now ſerues Neede,
To ſend this way their ſtore-houſe Guardian,
And ſhe ſhall tell all to the aged *Man.
He tooke his ſhooes vp; put them on, and went.
Nor was his abſence, hid from *Ioues* deſcent,
Diuine *Minerua*: who tooke ſtraight, to view,
A goodly womans ſhape, that all workes knew:
And, ſtanding in the entry, did prefer
Her ſight t'*Vlyſſes*. But (though meeting her)
His ſonne *Telemachus*, nor ſaw, nor knew:
The Gods cleere preſences, are knowne to few.
Yet (with *Vlyſſes*) euen the Dogs did ſee,
And would not barke; but, whining lowingly,

Eum. to Telem.

*Laertes.

Telem. to Eum.

**Intending his Father: whoſe returne, though hee were ſure he knowing, or fully expecting: yet he deſir'd to order all things as he were preſent.*

**Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæus would haue told.*

Pallas appeares to Vlysses.

Fled to the Stals farre ſide. VVhere She, her eine
Moou'd to *Vlyſſes*. He knew her deſigne,
And left the houſe, paſt the great Sheep-cotes wall,
And ſtood before her. She bad, Vtter all
Now to his ſonne; nor keepe the leaſt vnloſde:
That all the wooers deaths being now diſpoſde,
They might approach the Towne; Affirming, ſhe
Not long would faile, t'aſſiſt to victory.

Pallas reſtores Vlyſſes youth for the time.

This ſaid; She laide her golden Rod on him;
And with his late-worne weeds grac't euery lim.
His body ſtraitn'd, and his youth inſtill'd;
His freſh blood call'd vp: euery wrinkle fill'd
About his broken eyes; and on his chin
The browne haire ſpred. VVhen his whole trim wrought
She yſſu'd; and he enter'd to his ſonne:
VVho ſtood amaz'd; & thought ſome God had done
His houſe that honor: turn'd away his eyes,

Telemachus to his Father.

And ſayd; Now Gueſt, you grace another guiſe
Then ſuites your late ſhew; Other weeds you weare,
And other perſon. Of the ſtarry ſpheare
You certainly preſent ſome deathleſſe God.
Be pleaſd, that to your here vouchſaf't abod
VVe may giue ſacred rites, and offer Gold

Vlyſſes to Tel.

To do vs ſauour. He replied: I hold
No deified ſtate. VVhy put you thus on me
A Gods reſemblance? I am onely he
That beares thy Fathers name: for whoſe lou'd ſake,
Thy youth ſo grieues: whoſe abſence makes thee take,
Such wrongs of men. Thus kiſt he him; nor could
Forbeare thoſe teares, that in ſuch mighty hold
He held before: ſtill held, ſtill yſſuing euer.
And now (the ſhores once broke) the ſpringtide neuer
Forbore earth from the cheekes he kiſt. His ſonne,
(By all theſe violent arguments; not wonne
To credit him his Father) did deny

Tel. to Vlyſſes.

His kinde aſſumpt: and ſaid, Some Deity
Fain'd that ioyes cauſe, to make him grieue the more:
Affirming, that no man, whoeuer wore
The garment of mortality, could take
(By any vtmoſt power, his ſoule could make)
Such change into it: ſince at ſo much will,
Not *Ioue* himſelfe, could both remoue, and fill
Old age, with youth; and youth, with age ſo ſpoile
In ſuch an inſtant. You wore all the ſoile
Of age but now, and were old: And but now
You beare that yong grace that the Gods indow

Vlyſ. to his ſonne

Their heauen-borne formes withall. His father ſaide:
Telemachus? Admire, nor ſtand diſmaide:

But

But know thy ſolid Father; ſince within,
He anſweres all parts, that adorne his skin.
There ſhall no more *Vlyſſeſſes* come heere.
I am the man, that now this twentith yeare
(Stil vnder ſufferance of a world of ill)
My countrey earth, recouer: 'Tis the will
The Prey-profeſſor *Pallas* puts in act;
VVho put me thus together; thus diſtract,
In aged pieces, as euen now you ſaw,
This youth now rendring. 'Tis within the law
Of her free pow'r. Sometimes to ſhew me pore;
Sometimes againe, thus amply to reſtore
My youth, and Ornaments; She ſtill would pleaſe.
The Gods can raiſe, and throw men downe, with eaſe.
This ſaid; he ſat: when his *Telemachus* pour'd
Himſelfe about him: Teares on teares, he ſhour'd:
And to deſire of mone, increaſt the cloud:
Both wept & howl'd, & laide out ſhrieks more loud;
Then or the Bird-bone-breaking Eagle reres;
Or Brood-kind Vulture with the crooked Seres,
VVhen ruſticke hands, their tender Aries draw,
Before they giue their wings their full-plum'd Law.
But miſerably pour'd they from beneath
Their lids, their teares: while both their breaſts did
As frequent cries: & to their feruent mone, (breath
The light had left the skies; if firſt the ſonne
Their dumbe mones had not vented, with demand
VVhat Ship it was, that gaue the naturall land
To his bleſt feet? He then, did likewiſe lay
Hand on his paſsion; and gaue theſe words way.
Ile tell thee truth, my ſonne; The men that beare
Much fame for ſhipping, my Reducers were
To long-wiſht *Ithaca*; who each man els,
That greets their ſhore, giue paſſe to where he dwels.
The *Phæacenſian* Peeres, in one nights date,
(VVhile I faſt ſlept) fetcht th' *Ithacenſian* ſtate:
Grac't me with wealthy gifts: Braſſe, ſtore of Gold,
And Robes faire wrought: All which haue ſecret hold
In Caues, that by the Gods aduice, I chuſde.
And now, *Minerua's* admonitions vſde
For this retreat; that we might heere diſpoſe
In cloſe Diſcourſe, the ſlaughters of our foes.
Recount the number of the wooers then;
And let me know what name they hold with men:
That my minde, may caſt ouer their eſtates
A curious meaſure; & conferre the rates
Of our two pow'rs, and theirs: to try, if we
Alone, may propagate to victory

Vlyſſes tels his ſonne what ſhip he arriu'd in.

Our

Our bold encounters of them all, or proue
The kind aſſiſtance of ſome others loue.

Telem. to Vlyſ. O Father (he replied) I oft haue heard
Your counſailes, and your force of hand prefer'd
To mighty glory: But your ſpeeches now,
Your ventrous minde, exceeding mighty ſhow.
Euen to amaze they moue me: for in right
Of no fitte counſaile, ſhould be brought to fight,
Two men, 'gainſt th'able faction of a throng.
No one two, o one ten; No twice ten ſtrong
Theſe wooers are: but more by much. For know,
That from *Dulychius* there are fifty two;
All choiſe yong men: and euery one of theſe
Six men attend. From *Samos* croſt the Seas
Twice twelue young Gallants. From *Zacynthus* came
Twice ten. Of *Ithaca*, the beſt of name,
Twice ſix. Of all which, all the State they take,
A ſacred Poet, and a Herald make.
Their delicacies, two (of ſpeciall ſort
In skill of banquets) ſerue. And all this port
If we ſhall dare t'encounter; all thruſt vp
In one ſtrong roofe: haue great care leſt the cup
Your great mind thirſts, exceeding bitter taſte;
And your retreat, commend not to your haſte
Your great attempt; but make you ſay, you buy
Their prides reuenges, at a price too hy.
And therefore (if you could) t'were well you thought
Of ſome aſſiſtent. Be your ſpirit wrought
In ſuch a mans election, as may lend
His ſuccours freely, and expreſſe a Friend.

Vlyſ. to Telem. His Father anſwer'd: Let me aske of thee;
Heare me, conſider; and then anſwer me.
Think'ſt thou if *Pallas*, and the King of skies
We had to Friend; would their ſufficiencies
Make ſtrong our part? Or that ſome other yet
Telemachu. My thoughts muſt worke for? Theſe (ſaide he) are ſet
Aloft the clouds; and are ſound aydes indeed:
As pow'rs not onely, that theſe men exceed;
But beare of all men elſe the high command;
And hold, of Gods, an ouer-ruling hand.

Vlyſſes. VVell then (ſaid he) not theſe ſhall ſeuer long
Their force and ours, in fights aſſur'd, and ſtrong.
And then, twixt vs, and them, ſhall *Mars* prefer
His ſtrength; to ſtand our great diſtinguiſher;
When, in mine owne Roofes, I am forc't to blowes.
But when the day, ſhall firſt her fires diſcloſe;
Go thou for home, and troope vp with the woo'rs;
Thy wil with theirs ioind; pow'r with their rude powrs

And after, ſhall the Herdſman guide to Towne
My ſteps; my perſon wholly ouer-growne
With all apparance of a poore old Swaine,
Heauy, and wretched. If their high diſdaine
Of my vile preſence; make them, my deſert
Affect with contumelies; let thy loued heart
Beate in fixt confines of thy boſome ſtill,
And ſee me ſuffer, patient of their ill.
I, though they drag me by the heeles, about
Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out;
Do thou ſtill ſuffer. Nay, though with their Darts
They beate, and bruiſe me; beare. But theſe foul parts
Perſwade them to forbeare; and by their names
Cal all with kinde words: bidding, for their ſhames
Their pleaſures ceaſe. If yet they yeeld not way;
There breakes the firſt light of their fatall day.
In meane ſpace, marke this: VVhen the chiefly wiſe
Minerua prompts me; Ile informe thine eies
VVith ſome giuen ſigne; & then, all th'armes that are
Aloft thy Rooſe, in ſome neere roome prepare
For ſpeedieſt vſe. If thoſe braue men enquire
Thy end in all; ſtill rake vp all thy fire
In faire coole words: and ſay; I bring them downe
To ſcoure the ſmoke off; being ſo ouer-growne
That one would thinke, all fumes that euer were,
Breath'd ſince *Vlyſſes* loſſe, reflected here.
Theſe are not like the armes, he left behinde
In way for *Troy*. Beſides, *Ioue* prompts my minde
In their remoue apart thus, with this thought:
That, if in heighth of wine, there ſhould bee wrought
Some harſh contention twixt you; this apt meane
To mutual bloodſhed, may be taken cleane
From out your reach; and all the ſpoile preuented
Of preſent Feaſt: perhaps, euen then preſented
My Mothers Nuptials, to your long kinde vowes.
Steele it ſelfe, ready; drawes a man to blowes.
Thus make their thoughts ſecure; to vs alone
Two Swords, two Darts; two ſhields left; w ſee done
VVithin our readieſt reach; that at our will
VVe may reſume, and charge; And all their skil,
Pallas and *Ioue*, that all iuſt counſailes breath;
May darken, with ſecureneſſe, to their death.
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine;
And as thy veines mine owne true blood combine:
Let (after this) none know *Vlyſſes* nere.
Not any one of all the houſhold there;
Not here, the Herdſman: Not *Laertes* be
Made priuy: nor her ſelfe, *Penelope*.

But onely let thy ſelfe, and me worke out
The womens thoughts, of all things borne about
The wooers hearts: and then thy men approue,
To know who honors, who with reuerence loue
Our well-weigh'd Memories; and who is won
To faile thy fit right, though my onely Son.
Tel machus to his Father. You teach (ſaide he) ſo punctually now,
As I knew nothing; nor were ſprung from you.
I hope, heereafter, you ſhall better know
VVhat ſoule I beare; and that it doth not let
The leaſt looſe motion, paſſe his naturall ſeat.
But this courſe you propoſe, will proue, I feare,
Small profit to vs; and could wiſh your care
VVould weigh it better, as too farre about.
For Time will aske much, to the ſifting out
Of each mans diſpoſition, by his deeds.
And, in the meane time, euery wooer feeds
Beyond ſaciety; nor knowes how to ſpare.
The women yet, ſince they more eaſie are
For our enquiry; I would wiſh you try
VVho right your ſtate, who do it iniury.
The men I would omit: and theſe things make
Your labour, after. But to vndertake
The wooers warre; I wiſh your vtmoſt ſpeede,
Eſpecially, if you could cheere the deed,
VVith ſome Oſtent from *Ioue*. Thus (as the Sire
Conſented to the Son) did heere expire
Their mutuall ſpeech. And now the Ship was come
That brought the yong Prince, & his ſoldiers home.
The deepe Hauen (reacht) they drew the Ship aſhore;
Tooke all their Armes out, and the rich Gifts bore
To *Clitius* houſe. But to *Vlyſſes* Court
They ſent a Herald firſt, to make report
To wiſe *Penelope*, that ſafe at field
Her Son was left: yet ſince the Ship would yield
Moſt haſt to her; he ſent that firſt; and them
To comfort with his vtmoſt, the extream
He knew ſhe ſuffer'd. At the Court, now met
The Herald, and the Herdſman; to repeat
One meſſage to the Queene. Both whom (arriu'd
VVithin the gates:) Both to be formoſt ſtriu'd
In that good Newes. The Herald, he for haſt
Amongſt the Maids beſtow'd it; thinking plac'ſt
The Queene amongſt them. Now (ſaid he) O Queen,
Your lou'd Son is arriu'd. And then was ſeene
The Queene her ſelfe: To whom the herdſman tould
All that *Telemachus* inioyn'd he ſhould.
All which diſcharg'd; his ſteps, he backe beſtowes,

And

And left, both Court and City, for his Sowes.
The wooers then grew ſad; ſoule-vext, and all
Made forth the Court. When, by the mighty wall,
They tooke their ſeuerall ſeate, before the gates;
To whom *Eurymachus*, initiates
Their vtter'd greeuance. O (ſayd he) my Friends;
A worke right great begun, as proudly ends.
VVe ſaid, *Telemachus* ſhould neuer make
His voyage good; nor this ſhore euer take
For his returnes receipt: and yet we faile,
And he performes it. Come, let's man a Saile
The beſt in our election; and beſtow
Such ſouldiers in her, as can ſwifteſt row:
To tell our friends, that way-lay his retreat
'Tis ſafe perform'd: and make them quickly get
Their ſhip for *Ithaca*. This was not ſaid,
Before *Amphinomus* in Port diſplaid
The ſhip arriu'd: her ſailes then vnder ſtroke,
And Oares reſum'd. VVhen laughing, thus he ſpoke:
Moue for no meſſenger: theſe men are come;
Some God hath either told his turning home,
Or they themſelues haue ſeene his ſhip gone by:
Had her in chaſe, and loſt her. Inſtantly
They roſe, and went to Port: found drawne to Land
The Ship; the ſouldiers taking Armes in hand.
The woo'rs themſelues, to counſaile went, in throng:
And not a man beſides, or old, or yong,
Let ſit amongſt them. Then *Eupitheus* Sonne
(*Antinous*) ſaid: See what the Gods haue done:
They onely, haue deliuered from our ill
The men we way-laid; euery windy hill
Hath bin their watch-tow'r; where by turns they ſtood
Continuall Sentinell. And we made good
Our worke as well: For (Sun, once ſet) we neuer
Slept winke aſhore, all night; But made ſaile euer
This way, and that; euen till the morning kept
Her ſacred Station; ſo to intercept
And take his life, for whom our ambuſh lay;
And yet hath God, to his returne giuen way.
But let vs proſecute with counſailes, here
His neceſſary death: nor any where
Let reſt his ſafety; for if he ſuruiue,
Our ſailes will neuer, in wiſht Hauens arriue.
Since he is wiſe, hath ſoule, and counſaile to
To worke the people, who will neuer do
Our faction fauour. What we then intend
Againſt his perſon, giue we preſent end
Before he call a counſaile; which, beleeue

Eurymachus to the reſt.

Amphinomus to the oth. r woers

Antinous to the Woers.

His

His ſpirit will haſt,& point where it doth greeue:
Stand vp amongſt them all, and vrge his death
Decreed amongſt vs. Which complaint, will breath
A fire about their ſpleenes; and blow no praiſe
On our ill labours. Leſt they therefore raiſe
Pow'r to exile vs from our Natiue earth,
And force our liues ſocieties to the birth
Of forreigne countries: let our ſpeeds preuent
His comming home, to this auſtere complaint;
(At field and farre from Towne, or in ſome way
Of narrow paſſage:) with his lateſt day
Shewne to his forward youth: his goods and lands,
Left to the free diuiſion of our hands:
The Moouables made al, his Mothers dowre,
And his who-euer, Fate affoords the powre
To celebrate with her, ſweet *Hymens* rites.
Or if this pleaſe not; but your appetites
Stand to his ſafety, and to giue him ſeate
In his whole birth-right; let vs looke to eate
At his coſt neuer more: but euery man
Haſte to his home: and wed with whom he can
At home; and there, lay firſt about for dowre,
And then the woman giue his ſecond powre
Of Nuptiall liking: And, for laſt, apply
His purpoſe, with moſt gifts, and deſtiny.
This, ſilence cauſ'd; whoſe breach, at laſt, begon
Amphinomus, the much renowned Son
Of *Niſus*, ſurnam'd *Aretiades*;
VVho from *Dulychius* (full of flowry Leas)
Led all the wooers; and in chiefe did pleaſe
The Queene with his diſcourſe; becauſe it grew
From rootes of thoſe good mindes that did indue
His goodly perſon: who (exceeding wiſe)
Vſ'd this ſpeech: Friends, I neuer will aduiſe
The Princes death: for 'tis a damned thing
To put to death the yſſue of a King.
Firſt therefore, let's examine, what applauſe
The Gods will giue it. If the equall Lawes
Of *Ioue* approoue it, I my ſelfe will be
The man ſhall kill him; and this companie
Exhort to that minde: If the Gods remaine
Aduerſe, and hate it; I aduiſe, refraine.
This ſaid *Amphinomus*, and pleaſ'd them all:
VVhen all aroſe, and in *Vlyſſes* Hall
Tooke ſeate againe. Then, to the Queene was come
The wooers plot, to kill her ſonne at home:
Since their abroad deſigne had miſt ſucceſſe.
The Herald *Medon* (who the whole addreſſe

Knew

Φερ. ογαθων. *Bonis mentibus* the plurall number vſed euer by Homer.

Knew of their counſailes) making the report.
The Goddeſſe of her ſex, with her faire ſort
Of louely women; at the large Hals dore
(Her bright cheekes clouded, with a veile ſhee wore)
Stood, and directed to *Antinous*
Her ſharpe reproofe; which ſhe digeſted thus:
Antinous? compoſde of iniury,
Plotter of miſchiefe? Though reports that flye
Amongſt our *Ithacenſian* people; ſay
That thou, of all that glory in their ſway,
Art beſt in words and counſailes; Th'art not ſo.
Fond, buſie fellow, why plott'ſt thou the wo
And ſlaughter of my Son? and doſt not feare
The Preſidents of ſuppliants? when the eare
Of *Ioue* ſtoopes to them? 'Tis vniuſt to do
Slaughter for ſlaughter; or pay woe, for wo:
Miſchiefe for kindneſſe; Death for life ſought then,
Is an iniuſtice to be loath'd of men.
Serues not thy knowledge, to remember when
Thy Father fled to vs; who (mou'd to wrath
Againſt the *Taphian* theeues) purſu'd with ſcath
The guiltleſſe *Theſprotis*; in whoſe peoples feare,
Purſuing him for wreake, he landed here.
They after him, profeſſing both their prize
Of all his chiefly valew'd Faculties,
And more priz'd life. Of all whoſe bloodieſt ends
Vlyſſes curb'd them, though they were his frends.
Yet thou, like one that no Law will allow
The leaſt true honor, eat'ſt his houſe vp now
That fed thy Father: woo'ſt for loue, his wife,
VVhom thus thou grieu'ſt; & ſeek'ſt her ſole ſons life.
Ceaſſe, I command thee; and command the reſt,
To ſee all thought of theſe foule faſhions ceaſt.
Eurymachus replyed; Be confident,
Thou all of wit made; the moſt fam'd deſcent
Of King *Icarius:* Free thy ſpirits of feare:
There liues not any one; nor ſhall liue here
Now, nor hereafter; while my life giues heat
And light to me on earth: that dares entreat
VVith any ill touch, thy well-loued Sonne;
But heere I vow, and heere will ſee it done,
His life ſhall ſtaine my Lance. If on his knees
The City-racer, **Laertiades*,
Hath made me ſit; put in my hand his foode,
And held his red wine to me: ſhall the bloode
Of his *Telemachus*, on my hand lay
The leaſt pollution, that my life can ſtay?
No: I haue euer charg'd him not to feare

Penel: to Antin.

Eurym: to Penel

**Vlyſſes.*

Deaths threat from any; And for that moſt deare
Loue of his Father, he ſhall euer be
Much the moſt lou'd, of all that liue to me.
Who kils a guiltleſſe man, from Man may flye;
From God his ſearches, all eſcapes deny.
Thus cheer'd his words; but his affections ſtill
Fear'd not to cheriſh foule intent to kill,
Euen him, whoſe life to all liues he prefer'd.
The Queene went vp; and to her loue appear'd
Her Lord ſo freſhly; that ſhe wept, till ſleepe
(By *Pallas* forc't on her) her eyes did ſteepe
In his ſweet humor. When the Euen was come,
The God-like Herdſman reacht the whole way home.
Vlyſſes and his Son, for ſupper dreſt
A yeare-old Swine; and ere their Hoſt and Gueſt
Had got their preſence; *Pallas* had put by
With her faire rod, *Vlyſſes* royalty;
And render'd him, an aged man againe,
VVith all his vile Integuments; leſt his Swaine
Should know him in his trim, & tell his Queene,
In theſe deepe ſecrets, being not deeply ſeene.

Telem. to Eum. He ſeene; to him, the Prince theſe words did vſe:
VVelcome diuine *Eumæus*; Now what newes
Imployes the City? Are the wooers come
Backe from their Scout diſmaid? Or heere at home

Eum. to Telem. VVill they againe attempt me? He replied,
Theſe touch not my care; I was ſatisfied
To do, with moſt ſpeed, what I went to do;
My meſſage done, returne. And yet, not ſo
Came my newes firſt; a Herald (met with there)
Fore-ſtal'd my Tale, and told how ſafe you were.
Beſides which meerely neceſſary thing;
What in my way chanc't, I may ouer-bring,
Being what I know, and witneſt with mine eyes.
Where the *Hermæan* Sepulcher doth riſe
Aboue the City: I beheld take Port
A Ship; and in her, many a man of ſort:
Her freight was ſhields and Lances; and, me thought
They were the wooers: but of knowledge, nought
Can therein tell you. The Prince ſmil'd, and knew
They were the wooers; caſting ſecret view
Vpon his Father. But what they intended
Fled far the Herdſman: whoſe Swaines labors ended,
They dreſt the Supper; which, paſt want, was eat.
VVhen all deſire ſuffic'd, of wine, and meat;
Of other humane wants, they tooke ſupplies
At *Sleepes* ſoft hand; who ſweetly cloſ'd their eies.

The End of the xvi. Booke.

THE

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus *return'd to Towne,*
Makes to his curious mother knowne
In part, his Trauailes. After whome
Vlysses *to the Court doth come,*
In good Eumæus *guide; and preast*
To witnesse of the Wooers Feast.
Whom (though twice ten yeares did bestow
In farre off parts) his Dog doth know.

Another.

Pῶ { Vlysses *showes through all disguise:* / *Whom his dog knowes;* / *who knowing dies.* }

BVt when aires rosie birth (the Morne) arose,
Telemachus did for the Towne dispose
His early steps; and tooke to his command
His faire long Lance, well sorting with his hand.
Thus, parting with *Eumæus*: Now my friend, *Telem. to Eum.*
I must to Towne; lest too farre I extend
My Mothers mone for me: who till her eyes
Mine owne eyes witnesse; varies teares and cries
Through all extreames. Do then this charge of mine,
And guide to Towne this hapleſſe gueſt of thine;
To beg elſe-where his further Festiuall:
Giue, they that pleaſe, I cannot giue to all:
Mine owne wants take vp for my ſelfe my paine.
If it incenſe him, he the worſt ſhall gaine;
The louely truth I loue, and muſt be plaine.
Alas Friend (ſaide his Father) nor do I
Deſire at all your further charity. *Vlyſſes his Son.*
'Tis better beg in Cities, then in Fields,
And take the worſt a beggers fortune yields.
Nor am I apt to ſtay in Swine-ſties more
How euer: euer the great Chiefe before
The poore Rankes muſt, to euery ſtep obay.

But goe; your man, in my command ſhall ſway:
Anon yet to, by fauor; when your fires
Haue comforted the colde heat, age expires;
And when the Suns flame, hath beſides corrected
The early aire abroad; not being protected
By theſe my bare weeds, from the mornings froſt;
Which (ſince ſo much ground is to be engroſt
By my poore feete as you report) may giue
Too violent charge, to th'heat by which I liue.
This ſaide; his Sonne went on, with ſpritely pace,
And to the wooers, ſtudied little grace.
Arriu'd at home; he gaue his Iaueline ſtay
Againſt a lofty Pillar; and bold way
Made further in. When, hauing ſo farre gone
That he tranſcended, the fayre Porch of Stone;
The firſt by farre, that gaue his entry, eye
VVas Nurſe *Euryclea*; who th'embrodery
Of Stooles there ſet; was giuing Cuſhions faire:
VVho ranne vpon him, and her rapt repaire
Shed teares for ioy. About him gather'd round
The other Maides; his head, and ſhoulders, croun'd
VVith kiſſes and embraces. From aboue
The Queene her ſelfe came, like the Queene of Loue;
Or bright *Diana*: Caſt about her Sonne
Her kinde embraces: with effuſion
Of louing teares; kiſt both his louely eyes,
His cheekes, and forehead; and gaue all ſupplies
Penel. to Telem. With this entreaty: Welcome ſweeteſt light;
I neuer had conceite, to ſet quicke ſight
On thee thus ſoone; when thy lou'd fathers fame
As farre as *Pylos*, did thy ſpirit enflame:
In that ſearch ventur'd all vnknowne to me.
O ſay, By what power cam'ſt thou now to be
Mine eyes deare obiect? He return'd reply,
Telem. to his Mother. Moue me not now: when you my ſcape deſcry
From iminent death; to thinke me freſh entrapt;
The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I ſcap't.
Double not needleſſe paſſion, on a heart
VVhoſe ioy ſo greene is, and ſo apt t'inuert:
But pure weeds putting on, aſcend and take
Your women with you: that yee all may make
Vowes of full Hecatombs, in ſacred fire
To all the God-heads; If their onely Sire
Vouchſafe reuenge of gueſt-rites wrong'd, which hee
Is to protect, as being their Deity.
My way ſhall be directed to the hall
Of common Concourſe, that I thence may call
A ſtranger; who from off the *Pylian* ſhore

Came

Came friendly with me; whom I ſent before
VVith all my ſouldiers; but in chiefe did charge
Pyræus with him, wiſhing him t'enlarge
His loue to him, at home, in beſt affaire,
And vtmoſt honors, till mine owne repaire.
Her Son, thus ſpoken; his words could not beare
The wings too eaſily through her either eare:
But putting pure weeds on; made vowes entire
Of perfect Hecatombes, in ſacred fire
To all the Deities; if their onely Sire
Vouchſaft reuenge of gueſt-rites, wrong'd; which he
VVas to protect, as being their Deity.
Her Son left houſe: In his faire hand, his Lance;
His dogs attending, and on euery glance
His lookes caſt from them; *Pallas* put a grace
That made him ſeeme of the celeſtiall race.
VVhom (come to concourſe) euery man admir'd:
About him throng'd the wooers, and deſir'd
All good to him in tongues; but in their hearts
Moſt deepe ils threatn'd, to his moſt deſerts.
Of whoſe huge rout, once free; he caſt glad eie
On ſome, that long before his infancie,
VVere with his Father, great, and gracious:
Graue *Halytherſes*, *Mentor*, *Antiphus*;
To whom he went: tooke ſeate by them: And they
Enquir'd of all things, ſince his parting day.
To them *Pyræus* came, and brought his Gueſt
Along the City thither; whom not leſt
The Prince reſpected; nor was long before
He roſe and met him: The firſt word yet; bore
Pyræus from them both: whoſe haſte, beſought *Pyræ. to Telem.*
The Prince to ſend his women, to ſee brought
The Gifts from his houſe, that *Atrides* gaue,
VVhich, his own roofes, he thought, wold better ſaue.
The wiſe Prince anſwer'd, I can ſcarſe conceiue
The way to theſe workes. If the wooers reaue
By priuy Stratagem, my life at home; *Telem. to Pyræ.*
I rather wiſh, *Pyræus* may become
The Maiſter of them, then the beſt of theſe.
But, if I ſowe in their fields of exceſſe,
Slaughter, and ruine; then thy truſt imploy,
And to me ioying, bring thou thoſe with ioy.
This ſaid; he brought home his grief-practiſd Gueſt;
VVhere both put off, both oyl'd, and did inueſt
Themſelues in rich Robes; waſht, and ſate, and eate.
His Mother, in a faire chaire, taking ſeate
Directly oppoſite: her Loome applied;
VVho (when her Son and Gueſt, had ſatisfied

Pe. to Tel. Their appetites with feaſt) ſaid; O my Sonne,
You know, that euer ſince your Sire was wonne
To go in *Agamemnons* guide to *Troy*;
Attempting ſleepe, I neuer did inioy
One nights good reſt; but made my quiet bed
A Sea blowne vp with ſighes; with teares ſtill ſhed
Embrew'd and troubl'd: yet, though all your miſſe
In your late voyage, hath bene made for this,
That you might know th'abode your Father made.
You ſhun to tell me what ſucceſſe you had.
Now then, before the inſolent acceſſe
The wooers ſtraight will force on vs; expreſſe
What you haue heard. I will (ſaide he) and true.
VVe came to *Pylos*, where the ſtudious due
That any Father could affoord his Son;
(But new arriu'd, from ſome courſe he had ron
To an extreame length, in ſome voyage vow'd)
Neſtor, the Paſtor of the people, ſhow'd
To me arriu'd, in turrets thruſt vp hye;
VVhere not his braue Sons, were more lou'd then I.
Yet of th'vnconquer'd-euer-Sufferer
Vlyſſes; neuer he could ſet his eare
Aliue, or dead, from any earthy man.
But to the great *Lacedemonian*
(*Atrides*, famous for his Lance) he ſent
VVith horſe and Chariots; Me, to learne th'euent
From his Relation; where I had the view
Of *Argine Hellen*, whoſe ſtrong beauties drew
(By wils of Gods) ſo many *Grecian* States,
And *Troians*, vnder ſuch laborious Fates.
Where *Menelaus* ask't me, what affaire
To *Lacedemon*, render'd my repaire.

Telemachus briefly relates his voyage to his Mother.

Men. to Telem. I told him all the truth: who made reply;
O deed of moſt abhor'd indecency!
A ſort of Impotents attempt his bed,
VVhoſe ſtrength of minde, hath Cities leuelled?
As to a Lyons den, when any Hinde
Hath brought her yong Calues, to their reſt inclinde;
When he is ranging hils, and hearby dales,
To make, of Feeders there, his Feſtiuals:
But turning to his luſter; Calues, and Dam,
He ſhewes abhorr'd death, in his angers flame:
So (ſhould *Vlyſſes* finde this rabble, houſd
In his free Turrets, courting his eſpouſd)
Foule death would fall them. O, I would to *Ioue*,
Phœbus, and *Pallas*, that (when he ſhall proue
The broad report of his exhauſted ſtore,
True with his eyes) his Nerues and Sinewes wore

That

That vigor then, that in the *Lesbian* Tow'rs
(Prouok't to wraſtle with the iron powrs
Philomelides vanted) he approu'd;
VVhen, downe he hurl'd his Challenger, and mou'd
Huge ſhouts from all the *Achiues* then in view.
If, once come home, he all thoſe forces drew
About him there to worke: they all were dead,
And ſhould finde bitter his attempted bed.
But, what you aske and ſue for, I (as far,
As I haue heard, the true-ſpoke Marinar)
VVill tell directly; nor delude your eare.
He told me, that an Iſland did enſpheare
(In much diſcomfort) great *Laertes* ſonne;
And that the Nymph *Calypſo* (ouer-ronne
VVith his affection) kept him in her Caues,
Where men, nor Ship, of pow'r to brook the waues;
VVere neere his conuoy to his countries Shore;
And where her ſelfe, importun'd euermore
His quiet ſtay; which not obtain'd, by force,
She kept his perſon from all elſe recourſe.
This told *Atrides*; which was all he knew;
Nor ſtaid I more: but from the Gods there blew
A proſperous winde, that ſet me quickly heere.
This put his Mother, quite from all her cheere: *Theoclymenus to Penelope.*
VVhen *Theoclymenus* the Augure, ſaid:
O woman, honour'd with *Vlyſſes* bed:
Your Son, no doubt, knowes cleerely nothing more:
Heare me yet ſpeake, that can the truth vncore;
Nor will be curious. *Ioue* then, witneſſe beare,
And this thy Hoſpitable Table heere,
VVith this whole houſhold of your blameleſſe Lord;
That, at this houre, his royall feete are ſhor'd
On his lou'd countrey earth; and that euen heere
Comming, or creeping, he will ſee the cheere
Theſe wooers make; and in his ſoules field, ſow
Seeds, that ſhall thriue to all their ouerthrow.
This, ſet a ſhip-boord, I knew ſorted thus,
And cried it out, to your *Telemachus*. *Penel. to Theoc.*
Penelope replied; VVould this would proue;
You well ſhould witneſſe a moſt friendly loue,
And gifts ſuch of me, as encountring Fame
Should greete you with, a bleſſed Mortals name.
This mutuall ſpeech, paſt: all the wooers were
Hurling the ſtone, and toſſing of the Speare
Before the Pallace, in the paued Court:
VVhere other-whiles, their petulant reſort
Sate plotting iniuries. But when the hower
Of Supper enter'd; and the feeding power

Brought

Brought ſheepe from field, that fil'd vp euery way
VVith thoſe that vſde to furniſh that puruay;
Medon, the Herald (who of all the reſt
Medon, the Herald cals of the Woers to ſupper Pleaſd moſt the woers and at euery Feaſt
VVas euer neere) ſaid; You whoſe kind conſort
Make the faire branches of the Tree, our Court;
Grace it within now, and your Suppers take.
You that for health, and faire contentions ſake
Wil pleaſe your minds; know, bodies muſt haue meat;
Play's worſe then idleneſſe, in times to eate.
This ſaid; all left; came in; caſt by, on Thrones
And Chaires, their garments. Their prouiſions
VVere Sheepe, Swine, Goats; the chiefly great & fat.
Beſides an Oxe, that from the Herd they gat.
And now, the King and Herdſman, from the field,
In good way were to Towne: Twixt whom was held
Some walking conference; which thus begun
Eume. to Vlyſſ. The good *Eumæus*: Gueſt, your will was wun,
(Becauſe the Prince commanded) to make way
Vp to the City; though I wiſht your ſtay,
And to haue made you Guardian of my ſtall:
But I, in care and feare, of what might fall,
In after anger of the Prince; forbore.
The checkes of Princes, touch their ſubiects ſore.
But make we haſt, the day is neerely ended;
And cold ayres ſtill, are in the Euen extended.
Vlyſſ. to Eume. I know't (ſaid he) conſider all; your charge
Is giuen to one that vnderſtands at large.
Haſte then: heereafter, you ſhall leade the way;
Affoord your Staffe to, if it fit your ſtay,
That I may vſe it; ſince you ſay, our paſſe
Is leſſe friend to a weake foot, then it was.
Thus caſt he on his necke, his naſty Scrip,
All patcht and torne: A cord that would not ſlip
For knots, and bracks, about the mouth of it,
Made ſerue the turne: and then his Swaine did fit
His forc't ſtate with a ſtaffe. Then plied they hard
Their way to towne: Their Cottage left in guard
To Swaines and Dogs. And now, *Eumæus* led
The King along: his gatments to a thred
All bare, and burn'd; and he himſelfe hard bore
Vpon his ſtaffe; at all parts like a pore
And ſad old begger. But when now they got
The rough high-way; their voyage wanted not
The waſhing Fount of the City. Much, of the City: where a Fount they reacht,
From whence the Towne their choiſeſt water fetcht,
That euer ouer-flow'd; and curious Art
VVas ſhewne about it: In which, three had part;

VVhoſe

VVhoſe names, *Neritus* and *Polyctor* were,
And famous *Ithacus*. It had a Sphere
Of poplar, that ranne round about the wall;
And into it, a lofty Rocke let fall,
Continuall ſupply of coole cleare ſtreame:
On whoſe top, to the Nymphs that were ſupreme
In thoſe parts loues; a ſtately Altar roſe;
VVhere euery Trauailer, did ſtill impoſe
Deuoted ſacrifice. At this fount, found
Theſe ſilly Trauailers, a man renown'd
For guard of Goats, which now he had in guide;
VVhoſe huge-ſtor'd Herd, two herdſmen kept beſide:
For all Herds it exceld; and bred a feed
For wooers onely. He was *Dolius* ſeede,
And call'd *Melanthius*. VVho caſting eye
One theſe two there, he chid them terribly:
And ſo paſt meane, that euen the wrethed fate,
Now on *Vlyſſes*, he did irritate.
His fume, to this effect, he did purſue:
VVhy ſo; tis now at all parts paſsing true,
That ill leades ill: good euermore doth traine
VVith like, his like: VVhy thou vnenuied Swaine,
VVhither doſt thou leade this ſame victleſſe Leager?
This bane of banquets; this moſt naſty begger?
VVhoſe ſight doth make one ſad, it ſo abhorres;
VVho with his ſtanding in ſo many doores,
Hath broke his backe; and all his beggery tends
To beg baſe cruſts, but to no manly ends;
As asking ſwords, or with actiuity
To get a Caldron. VVouldſt thou giue him me,
To farme my Stable, or to ſweepe my yarde,
And bring brouſe to my kids; and that prefer'd,
He ſhould be at my keeping for his paines,
To drinke as much whey, as his thirſty veynes
VVould ſtill be ſwilling (whey made all his fees)
His mouſtrous belly, would oppreſſe his knees.
But he hath learn'd to leade baſe life about;
And will not worke, but crouch among the rout;
For broken meate, to cram his burſten gut.
Yet this Ile ſay; and he will finde it put
In ſure effect; that if he enters where
Vlyſſes rooſes caſt ſhade; the ſtooles will there
About his eares flye; all the houſe wil throw;
And rub his ragged ſides, with cuffes enow.
Paſt theſe reuiles; his manleſſe rudeneſſe ſpurn'd
Diuine *Vlyſſes*; who, at no part turn'd
His face from him, but had his ſpirit fed
VVith theſe two thoghts; If he ſhould ſtrike him dead

Melanthius to Eumæus and Vlyſſes.

VVith

VVith his beſtowed ſtaffe: or at his feete
Make his direct head, and the pauement meete.
But he bore all, and entertain'd a breſt,
That in the ſtriſe of all extremes did reſt.

Eumæus curſeth Melan. for his rude vſage of Vlyſſes.

Eumæus, frowning on him; chid him yet:
And lifting vp his hands to heauen, he ſet
This bitter curſe at him: O you that beare
Faire name to be the race of *Iupiter*,
Nymphes of theſe Fountaines! If *Vlyſſes* euer
Burn'd thighes to you; that hid in fat, did neuer
Faile your acceptance, of or Lambe, or Kid;
Grant this grace to me; let the man thus hid
Shine through his dark fate: make ſom God his guide;
That, to thee (Goat-herd) this ſame Pallats *pride,
Thou driu'ſt afore thee; he may come and make
The ſcatterings of the earth; and ouer-take
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to euer erre
About the City, hunted by his feare.
And in the meane ſpace, may ſome ſlothfull Swaines,
Let lowſie ſickneſſe gnaw thy Cattels Vaines.

*Intending his fat Herd, kept onely for the wooers dainties Pallas.

Melan: anſwer to Eumæus.

O Gods! (replyed *Melanthius*) what a curſe
Hath this dog barkt out; and can yet, do wurſe?
This man, ſhall I haue giuen into my hands,
VVhen, in a well-built Ship, to farre-off Lands
I ſhall tranſport him: That (ſhould I want here)
My ſale of him, may finde me victels there.
And (for *Vlyſſes*) would to heauen, his ioy
The Siluer-bearing-bow-God, would deſtroy,
This day, within his houſe; as ſure as he
The day of his returne ſhall neuer ſee.
This ſaid, he left them, going ſilent on;
But he out-went them, and tooke ſtraight vpon
The Pallace royall, which he enter'd ſtraight;
Sat with the wooers, and his Trenchers fraight
The Keruers gaue him, of the fleſh there vented:
But bread, the reuerend Buttlereſſe preſented.
He tooke, againſt *Eurymachus*, his place;
VVho moſt of all the wooers, gaue him grace.
And now, *Vlyſſes* and his Swaine got nere:
VVhen, round about them, viſited their eare
The hollow Harpes delicious-ſtricken ſtring;
To which, did *Phæmius* (neere the wooers) ſing.
Then, by the hand, *Vlyſſes* tooke his Swaine,
And ſaide, *Eumæus?* One may heere ſee plaine
(In many a grace) that *Laertiades*
Built heere theſe Turrets; and (mongſt others theſe)
His whole Court arm'd, with ſuch a goodly wall:
The Corniſh, and the Cope, Maieſticall:

*Vlyſſes.

His double gates, and Turrets, built too ſtrong
For force, or vertue, euer to expugne.
I know, the Feaſters in it, now abound,
Their Cates caſt ſuch a ſauour; and the ſound
The Harpe giues, argues, an accompliſht Feaſt;
The Gods made Muſicke, Banquets deereſt Gueſt.
These things (ſaid he) your skill may tell with eaſe,
Since you are grac't with greater knowledges.
But now, conſult we, how theſe workes ſhall ſort,
If you will firſt approch this praiſed Court,
And ſee theſe wooers (I remaining here)
Or I ſhall enter, and your ſelfe forbeare.
But be not you, too tedious in your ſtay
Leſt thruſt ye be, and buffeted away.
Braine hath no fence for blowes; looke too't I pray.
You ſpeake to one that comprehends (ſaid he)
Go you before; and heere, aduenture me.
I haue of old, bene vſde to cuffes and blowes;
My minde is hardn'd; hauing borne the throwes
Of many a ſoure euent, in waues, and wars;
Where knockes and buffets are no Forreinars.
And this ſame harmefull belly, by no meane,
The greateſt Abſtinent, can euer weane.
Men ſuffer much Bane, by the Bellies rage;
For whoſe ſake, Ships in all their equipage
Are arm'd, and ſet out to th'vntamed Seas;
Their bulkes full fraught with ils to enemies.
Such ſpeech they chang'd: when in the yeard there lay
A dogge, call'd *Argus*; which, before his way
Aſſum'd for *Ilion*; *Vlyſſes* bred;
Yet ſtood his pleaſure then, in little ſted;
(As being too yong) but growing to his grace,
Yong men made choiſe of him for euery Chace;
Or of their wilde Goats, of their Hares, or Harts.
But, his King gone; and he, now paſt his parts;
Lay all abiectly on the Stables ſtore,
Before the Oxe-ſtall, and Mules ſtable dore,
To keepe the clothes, caſt from the Peſſants hands,
While they laide compaſſe on *Vlyſſes* Lands:
The Dog, with Tickes (vnlook't to) ouer-growne.
But, by this Dog, no ſooner ſeene, but knowne
VVas wiſe *Vlyſſes*, who (new enter'd there)
Vp went his Dogs laide eares; and (comming nere)
Vp, he himſelfe roſe, fawn'd, and wag'd his Sterne;
Coucht cloſe his eares, and lay ſo: Nor deſceerne
Could euermore his deere-lou'd Lord againe.
Vlyſſes ſaw it; nor had powre t'abſtaine
From ſhedding tears: which (far-off ſeeing his Swain)

Vlyſſes dog, called Argus.

The Dog dyed as ſoone as hee had ſeen Vlyſſes

He

He dried from his ſight cleane; to whom, he thus
His griefe diſſembled: 'Tis miraculous,
That ſuch a Dog as this, ſhould haue his laire
On ſuch a dunghill; for his forme is faire.
And yet, I know not, if there were in him
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly lim.
Or he liu'd empty of thoſe inward things,
As are thoſe trencher-Beagles, tending Kings;
VVhom for their pleaſures, or their glories ſake,
Or faſhion; they into their fauours take.

Eumæus Deſcription of Vlyſſes Dogge.

This Dog (ſaid he) was ſeruant to one dead
A huge time ſince. But if he bore his head
(For forme and quality) of ſuch a hight,
As when *Vlyſſes* (bound for th' *Ilion* fight,
Or quickly after) left him: your rapt eyes
VVould then admire, tō ſee him vſe his Thyes,
In ſtrength, and ſwiftnes. He would nothing flye,
Nor any thing let ſcape. If once his eye
Seiz'd any wilde beaſt, he knew ſtraight his ſcent:
Go where he would, away with him he went.
Nor was there euer any Sauage ſtood
Amongſt the thickets of the deepeſt wood
Long time before him, but he pull'd him downe;
As well by that true hunting to be ſhowne
In ſuch vaſte couerts; as for ſpeed of pace
In any open Lawne; For in deepe chace,
He was a paſſing wiſe, and well-noſ'd Hound.
And yet is all this good in him vncroun'd
With any grace heere now. Nor he more fed
Then any errant Curre. His King is dead,
Farre from his country; and his ſeruants are
So negligent, they lend his Hound, no care.
Where Maiſters rule not, but let Men alone;
You neuer there, ſee honeſt ſeruice done.
That Man's halfe vertue, Ioue *takes quite away,*
That once is Sun-burn'd with the ſeruile day.
This ſaid; he enter'd the well-builded Towers,
Vp bearing right vpon the glorious wooers;
And left poore *Argus* dead. His Lords firſt ſight,
Since that time twenty yeares, bereft his light.
Telemachus, did farre the firſt behould
Eumæus enter; and made ſignes he ſhould
Come vp to him. He (noting) came, and tooke
On earth, his ſeate. And then, the Maiſter Cooke
Seru'd in more banquet: Of which; part he ſet
Before the wooers; part the Prince did get:
VVho ſate alone; his Table plac't aſide;
To which, the Herald did the bread diuide.

After

After *Eumæus*, enter'd straight the King,
Like to a poore, and heauy aged thing:
Bore hard vpon his staffe; and was so clad,
As would haue made his meere beholder sad.
Vpon the Ashen floore, his limbes he spred;
And gainst a Cypresse threshold staid his head;
The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct,
Tried by the Plumbe, and by the Architect.
The Prince then bad the Herdsman giue him bread,
The fineſt there: and see, that prostrated
At-all-parts-plight of his, giuen all the cheare
His hands could turne to: Take (saide he) and beare
These cates to him; and bid him beg of all
These wooers heere; and to their feastiuall
Beare vp with all the impudence he can;
Bashfull behauiour, fits no needy Man.
He heard, and did his will: Hold Gueſt (saide he)
Telemachus commends these cates to thee:
Bids thee beare vp, and all these woo'rs implore;
Wit must make Impudent, whom Fate makes pore.
O *Ioue* (said he) do my poore pray'rs the grace,
To make him blessed'st of the mortall race:
And euery thought now, in his generous heart,
To deeds that further my desires conuert.
Thus tooke he in, with both his hands, his store;
And in the vncouth Scrip that lay before
His ill-shod feete, repos'd it: whence he fed
All time the Musicke to the Feasters plaid.
Both ioyntly ending. Then began the woo'rs
To put in old act, their tumultuous pow'rs.
When *Pallas* standing close, did prompt her frend,
To proue how farre the bounties would extend
Of those proud wooers; so, to let him try,
Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity.
Howeuer, no thought toucht *Minerues* minde,
That any one should scape his wreake design'd.
He handsomly became all; crept about
To euery wooer; held a forc't hand out:
And all his worke, did in so like a way,
As he had practis'd begging many a day.
And though they knew, all beggers could do this,
Yet they admir'd it, as no deede of his;
Though farre from thought of other: vs'd expence
And pitty to him: who he was, and whence,
Enquiring mutually. *Melantheus* then:
Heare me, ye wooers of the farre-fam'd Queen,
About this begger: I haue seene before
This face of his; and know for certaine more:

Vlysses ruthfull fashion of entrie to his own Hal.

That this Swaine brought him hither. What he is,
Or whence he came, flies me. Reply to this
Antinous made; and mockt *Eumæus* thus.
O thou renowned Herdſman, why to vs
Brought'ſt thou this begger? Serues it not our hands,
That other Land-leapers, and Cormorands
(Prophane poore knaues) lye on vs, vnconducted,
But you muſt bring them? So amiſſe inſtructed
Art thou in courſe of thrift, as not to know
Thy Lords goods wrackt, in this their ouer-flow?
VVhich, thinkſt thou nothing, that thou calſt in theſe?
Eumæus anſwer'd; Though you may be wiſe,
You ſpeak not wiſely: VVho cals in a Gueſt
That is a gueſt himſelfe? None cal to Feaſt
Other then men that are of publique vſe:
Prophets, or Poets, whom the Gods produce;
Phyſitians for mens ils; or Architects.
Such men, the boundleſſe earth affoords reſpects
Bounded in honour; and may call them wel:
But poore men, who cals? Who doth ſo excell
In others good, to do himſelfe an ill?
But all *Vlyſſes* ſeruants haue bene ſtill
Eye-ſores in your waie, more then all that woo;
And cheefly I. But what care I, for you?
As long as theſe roofes, hold as thrals to none,
The wiſe *Penelope*, and her God-like Sonne.
Forbeare (ſaid he) and leaue this tongues bold ill;
Antinous vſes to be croſſing ſtill,
And giue ſharpe words: his blood that humor beares,
To ſet men ſtil together by the eares.
But (turning then t'*Antinous*) O (ſaide he)
You entertaine a Fathers care of me;
To turne theſe eating gueſts out: Tis aduiſe
Of needful vſe for my poore faculties.
But God doth not allow this: There muſt be
Some care of poore men, in humanitie.
What you your ſelues take; giue; I not enuy,
But giue command that hoſpitality
Be giuen al ſtrangers: Nor ſhal my pow'rs feare,
If this mood in me, reach my Mothers eare;
Much leſſe the ſeruants, that are heere to ſee
Vlyſſes houſe kept, in his old degree.
But you beare no ſuch mind; your wits more caſt
To fill your ſelfe, then let another taſt.
Antinous anſwer'd him; Braue ſpoken man!
VVhoſe minds free fire, ſee check't, no vertue can;
If all we wooers heere, would giue as much
As my minde ſerues; his *Larges ſhould be ſuch

*Inte-ding V-lyſſes.

As would for three months ſerue his farre off way
From troubling your houſe, with more cauſe of ſtay.
This ſaid; he tooke a ſtoole vp, that did reſt
Beneath the boord, his ſpangled feete at feaſt:
And offer'd at him: But the reſt, gaue all,
And fil'd his fulſome Scrip with Feſtiuall.
And ſo *Vlyſſes* for the preſent, was,
And for the future furniſht; and his paſſe
Bent to the doore, to eate. Yet could not leaue
Antinous ſo: but ſaid; Do you to giue
(Lou'd Lord) your preſence, makes a ſhew to me,
As you not worſt were of the company,
But beſt? and ſo much, that you ſeeme the King:
And therefore, you ſhould giue ſome better thing,
Then bread, like others. I will ſpred your praiſe
Through all the wide world; that haue in my daies
Kept houſe my ſelfe; and trod the wealthy waies
Of other men, euen to the Title, Bleſt;
And often haue I giuen an erring Gueſt
(How meane ſoeuer) to the vtmoſt gaine
Of what he wanted: kept whole troopes of men;
And had all other commings in; with which
Men liue ſo well, and gaine the fame of Rich.
Yet *Ioue* conſum'd all: he would haue it ſo:
To which, his meane was this; he made me go
Farre off, for Egypt, in the rude conſort
Of all-waies-wandring Pyrats; where, in Port
I bad my lou'd men, draw their Ships aſhore,
And dwell amongſt them: Sent out ſome t'explore
Vp to the Mountaines; who (intemperate,
And their inflam'd bloods, bent to ſatiate)
Forrag'd the rich fields; hal'd the women thence,
And vnwean'd children, with the foule expence
Both of their fames, and bloods. The cry then flew
Straight to the City; and the great fields grew
With horſe, and foot; and flam'd with iron armes;
VVhen *Ioue* (that breaks the Thunder in Alarmes)
An ill flight caſt amongſt my men: Not one
Inſpir'd with ſpirit, to ſtand, and turne vpon
The fierce purſuing foe: and therefore ſtood
Their ill fate thicke about them: ſome in blood,
And ſome in bondage: Toiles led by conſtraint
Faſtning vpon them. Me, along they ſent
To *Cyprus*, with a ſtranger Prince they met,
Dmetor Iaſides; who th'Imperiall ſeat
Of that ſweete Iſland, ſwaid in ſtrong command;
And thus feele I heere, Needs contemned hand.
And what God ſent (ſaide he) this ſuffering bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off; nor prophane
My boord ſo boldly, leſt I ſhew thee here,
Cyprus and *Egypt*, made more ſoure then there.
You are a ſawcy ſet-fac't Vagabond.
About with all you go; and they, beyond
Diſcretion giue thee, ſince they finde not heere
The leaſt proportion ſet downe to their cheere.
But euery Fountaine hath his vnder floods;
It is no Bounty, to giue others goods.
O Gods (replied *Vlyſſes*) I ſee now,
You beare no ſoule, in this your goodly ſhow;
Beggers at your boord, I perceiue, ſhould get
Scarſe ſalt from your hands, if thēſelues broght meat:
Since, ſitting where anothers boord is ſpread,
That flowes with feaſt; not to the broken bread
VVill your allowance reach. Nay then (ſaid he,
And look't auſterely) If ſo ſaucy be
Your ſuffer'd language, I ſuppoſe, that cleere
You ſhall not ſcape without ſome broken cheere.
Thus rapt he vp a ſtoole, with which he ſmit
The Kings right ſhoulder, 'twixt his necke, and it.
He ſtood him like a rocke: *Antinous* dart
Not ſtirr'd *Vlyſſes*: who, in his great hart
Deepe ils proiected; which, for time yet, cloſe
He bound in ſilence; ſhooke his head, and went
Out to the Entry, where he then gaue vent
To his full ſcrip; ſate on the earth, and eate,
And talk't ſtill to the wooers: heare me yet
Ye wooers of the Queene. It neuer greeues
A man to take blowes, where for Sheepe, or Beeues,
Or other maine poſſeſsions, a man fights:
But for his harmefull belly, this man ſmites,
VVhoſe loue to many a man, breeds many a wo.
And if the poore haue Gods, and Furies to;
Before *Antinous* weare his Nuptiall wreath,
He ſhall be worne vpon the dart of death.
Harſh Gueſt (ſaide he) ſit ſilent at your meate,
Or ſeeke your deſperate plight ſome ſafer ſeate;
Leſt by the hands, or heeles, youths drag your yeares,
And rend your rotten ragges about your eares.
This made the reſt, as highly hate his folly,
As he had violated ſomething holy.
VVhen one (euen of the proudeſt) thus began:
Thou doſt not nobly, thus to play the man
On ſuch an errant wretch: O ill diſpoſ'd!
Perhaps ſome ſacred God-head goes encloſ'd
Euen in his abiect outſide: For the Gods
Haue often viſited theſe rich abods

Like ſuch poore ſtranger Pilgrims; ſince their pow'rs
(Being alwayes ſhapefull) glide through Townes and (Tow'rs;
Obſeruing as they paſſe ſtil, who they be
That piety loue, and who impiety.
This, all men ſaid; But he held ſayings cheape:
And all this time *Telemachus* did heape
Sorrow on ſorrow, on his beating hart
To ſee his Father ſtricken; yet let part
No teare to earth, but ſhooke his head, and thought
As deepe as thoſe ils, that were after wrought.
The Queen now hearing of her poore gueſts ſtroke;
Said to her Maid, (as to her wooer ſhe ſpoke)
I wiſh the famous for his Bow, the Sun
VVould ſtrike thy heart ſo. Her wiſh (thus begun)
Her Lady, faire *Eurynome* purſude
Her execration; and did thus conclude:
So may our vowes call downe from heauen, his end;
And let no one life of the reſt, extend
His life till morning. O *Eurynome*
(Replied the Queene) may all Gods ſpeake in thee:
For all the wooers, we ſhould rate as foes;
Since all their weales, they place in others woes.
But this *Antinous*, we paſt all, ſhould hate,
As one reſembling blacke and cruell Fate.
A poor ſtrange wretch; beg'd here, compel'd by need:
Askt all, and euery one gaue in his deed;
Fill'd his ſad Scrip, and eaſ'd his heauy wants:
Onely this man, beſtow'd vnmanly tants;
And with a cruell blow (his force let flye)
'Twixt necke and ſhoulders, ſhew'd his charity.
Theſe minds (aboue) ſhe and her Maids did ſhow;
VVhile, at his ſcrip, *Vlyſſes* ſate below.
In which time, ſhe *Eumæus* call'd, and ſaid:
Go, good *Eumæus*, and ſee ſoone conuaid
The ſtranger to me: Bid him come and take
My ſalutations for his welcomes ſake;
And my deſire ſerue, if he hath not heard
Or ſeene diſtreſt *Vlyſſes*? who hath err'd
Like ſuch a man; and therefore chance may fall,
He hath, by him bene met, and ſpoke withall.
O Queene (ſaide he) I wiſh to heauen, your eare
Were quit of this vnreuerend noiſe you heare
From theſe rude wooers; when I bring the gueſt:
Such words, your eare, would let into your breſt
As would delight it, to your very heart.
Three nights and dayes, I did my Roofe impart
To his fruition; (for he came to me
The firſt of all men, ſince he fled the Sea)

And yet he had not giuen a perfect end
To his relation, of what woes did ſpend
The ſpight of Fate on him: *But as you ſee
A Singer, breathing out of Deity
Loue-kindling lines; when all men ſeated nere,
Are rapt with endleſſe thirſt, to euer heare:
So ſweetn'd he, my boſome, at my meate;
Affirming that *Vlyſſes* was in *Crete*,
VVhere firſt the memories of *Minos* were,
A Gueſt to him, there dwelling, then as deare
As his true Father: and from thence, came he
Tir'd on with ſorrowes; toſt from ſea to ſea;
To caſt himſelfe in duſt, and tumble heere
At wooers feete, for blowes, and broken cheere.
But, of *Vlyſſes* (where the *Theſprots* dwell,
A wealthy people) *Fame*, he ſayes, did tell
The ſtill ſuruiuall: who his Natiue light
VVas bound for now; with treaſure infinite.
Call him (ſayd ſhe) that he himſelfe may ſay
This, ouer to me. We ſhall ſoone haue way
Giuen by the wooers: They, as well at Gate,
As ſet within doores, vſe to recreate
Their high-fed ſpirits. As their humors leade,
They follow; and may well; for ſtill they treade
Vncharg'd waies here; their own welth lying vnwaſted
In poore-kept houſes: onely ſomething taſted
Their bread and wine is, by their houſhold Swaines:
But they themſelues, let looſe continuall Reines
To our expences; making ſlaughter ſtill
Of Sheepe, Goats, Oxen; feeding paſt their fill;
And vainly lauiſhing our richeſt wine.
All theſe extending paſt the ſacred line.
For here liues no man, like *Vlyſſes* now
To curbe theſe ruines: But ſhould he once ſhow
His country light, his preſence; He and his
VVould ſoone reuenge theſe wooers iniuries.
This ſaid; about the houſe, in ecchoes, round,
Her Sons ſtrange Neeſings made a horrid ſound;
At which, the Queene yet laught, and ſaid; Goe call
The ſtranger to me: Heard'ſt thou not to all
My words laſt vtter'd, what a Neeſing brake
From my *Telemachus*? From whence I make
This ſure concluſion; That the death, and fate
Of euery wooer heere, is neere his date.
Call then the Gueſt; and if he tel as trew
VVhat I ſhal aske him; Cote, cloke, all things new
Theſe hands ſhal yeeld him. This ſaid; down he went
And told *Vlyſſes*, that the Queene had ſent

*Simil: In which Vlyſſes is compared with a Poet, for the ſweetneſſe of his ſpeech.

Neezing a good Omen.

To call him to her; that she might enquire
About her husband, what her sad desire
Vrg'd her to aske: and if she found him true,
Both cote, and cassocke (which he needed) new
Her hands would put on him; And that the Bread
VVhich now he begg'd amongst the commune tread;
Should freely feed his hunger now from her;
VVho, all he wisht, would to his wants prefer.
His answer was; I will with fit speed, tell
The whole truth to the Queene; For, passing well
I know her Lord; since he and I, haue shar'd
In equall sorrowes. But I much am scar'd
With this rude multitude of wooers here;
The rage of whose pride, smites heauens brazē sphere:
Of whose rout, when one strooke me for no fault;
Telemachus, nor none else, turn'd th'assault
From my poore shoulders. Therfore though she hast;
Beseech the Queene, her patience, will see past
The dayes broad light; and then, may she enquire.
'Tis but my closer preasing to the fire
In th'Euenings cold; because, my weeds, you know
Are passing thin: For I made bold to show
Their brackes to you, and pray'd your kinde supply.
He heard, and hasted; and met instantly
The Queene vpon the pauement in his way:
Who askt; what? bringst thou not? what cause of stay
Finde his austere suppose? Takes he feare
Of th'vniust wooers? Or thus hard doth beare
On any other doubt the house obiects?
He does me wrong; and giues too nice respects
To his fear'd safety. He does right (said he)
And what he feares, should moue the policie
Of any wise one; taking care to shun
The violent wooers; He bids bide, til Sun
Hath hid his broad light: and, beleeue it, Queene,
T'will make your best course: since you two, vnseene
May passe th'encounter: you to speake more free;
And he, your eare gaine, lesse distractedly.
The Guest is wise (said she) and well doth giue
The right thought vse. Of all the men that liue,
Life serues none such, as these proud wooers are,
To giue a good man, cause to vse his care.
Thus (all agreed) amongst the wooers goes
Eumæus to the Prince; and (whispering close)
Said; Now, my Loue, my charge shall take vp me,
(Your goods, and mine) VVhat here is, you must see
In fit protection. But, in chiefe, regard
Your owne deere safegard; whose state, study hard,

Lest

Leſt ſufferance ſeize you. Many a wicked thought
Conceale theſe wooers; whom iuſt *Ioue* ſee brought
To vtter ruine, ere it touch at vs.
So chance it, Friend (replyed *Telemachus*)
Your Beuer taken, go: in firſt of day
Come, and bring ſacrifice, the beſt you may.
To me, and to th'immortals, be the care
Of whatſoeuer heere, the ſafeties are.
This ſaid; he ſate in his elaborate Throne.
Eumæus (fed to ſatisfaction)
Went to his charge; left both the Court and wals,
Full of ſecure, and fatall Feſtiuals.
In which, the wooers pleaſures ſtill would ſway:
And now begun, the Euens nere-ending day.

The End of the Seauententh Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses, *and Rogue* Irus *fight*.
Penelope, *vouchsafes her sight*
To all her Wooers: who present
Gifts to her; ravisht with content.
A certaine Parle then we sing,
Betwixt a Wooer, and the King.

Another.

Σημα { *The Beggers glee,*
the Kings high fame;
Gifts given to see
a vertuous Dame. }

THere came a commune Begger to the Court;
Who, in the City, begg'd of all resort:
Excell'd in madnesse of the gut; drunke, eate
Past intermission: was most hugely great;
Yet had no fiuers in him, nor no force:
In sight, a Man; In mind, a living Corse.
His true name, was *Arnæus*: for his mother
Impos'd it from his birth. And yet another
The City youth would giue him (from the course
He after tooke; deriu'd out of the force
That Need held on him: which was vp and downe
To run on all mens errands through the Towne)
VVhich sounded, *Irus*. VVhen whose gut was come,
He needs would barre *Vlysses* his owne home,
And fell to chiding him: Old man (saide he)
Your way out of the Entry, quickly see
Be with faire Language taken; lest your stay
But little longer, see you dragg'd away.
See Sir: Obserue you not, how all these make
Direct signes at me? Charging me to take
Your heeles, and drag you out? But I take shame.
Rise yet, y'are best; lest we two play a game
At cuffes together. He bent browes, and saide:
VVretch! I do thee no ill; nor once vpbraide

Thy

Thy preſence with a word; nor what mine eye
By all hands ſees thee giuen, one thought enuy:
Nor ſhouldſt thou enuy others. Thou mayſt ſee
The place will hold vs both; and ſeem'ſt to me
A Begger like my ſelf: which who can mend?
The Gods giue moſt, to whom they leaſt are Friend:
The cheefe goods Gods giue, is in good to end.
But to the hands ſtrife, of which y'are ſo free,
Prouoke me not, for feare you anger me;
And leſt the old man, on whoſe ſcorne you ſtood,
Your lips and boſome, make ſhake hands in blood.
I loue my quiet well, and more will loue
To morrow then to day. But if you moue
My peace beyond my right; the warre you make,
Will neuer after giue you will to take
Vlyſſes houſe into your begging walke.
O Gods (ſaide he) how volubly doth talke
This eating gulfe? And how his fume breakes out,
As from an old crackt Ouen? whom I will clout
So bitterly; and ſo with both hands mall
His chaps together; that his teeth ſhall fall,
As plaine ſeene on the earth, as any Sowes
That ruts the Corne-fields, or deuoures the Mowes.
Come; cloſe we now, that all may ſee, what wrong
An old man tempts, that takes at cuffes, a yong.
Thus in the entry of thoſe lofty Tow'rs,
Theſe two, with al ſplene, ſpent their iarring pow'rs:
Antinous tooke it; laught, and ſaide; O Friends
We neuer had ſuch ſport: This Gueſt contends
VVith this vaſte Begger, at the Buffets fight;
Come, ioyne we hands, and ſcrew vp all their ſpight.
All roſe in Laughters; and about them, bore
All the ragg'd rout of beggers at the dore.
Then mou'd *Antinous* the victors hire
To all the woo'rs thus: There are now at fire
Two breſts of Goat: both which, let Law ſet downe
Before the man, that wins the dayes renowne,
With all their fat and greauie: And of both
The glorious Victor, ſhal preferre his tooth,
To which he makes his choiſe of, from vs all;
And euer after, banquet in our Hall,
VVith what our boords yeeld: Not a Begger more
Allow'd to ſhare; but all keepe out at dore.
This he propoſd; and this they all approu'd;
To which *Vlyſſes* anſwer'd: O moſt lou'd,
By no meanes ſhould an old man; and one old
In chiefe with ſorrowes, be ſo ouer-bold
To combat with his yonger: But alas,

Mans-owne-ill-working belly, needs will paſſe
This worke vpon me; and enforce me too
To beate this fellow. But then, you muſt doo
My age no wrong, to take my yongers part,
And play me foule play; making your ſtrokes ſmart
Helpe his to conquer: for you eaſly may
With your ſtrengths cruſh me. Do then right, & lay
Your Honors on it, in your oaths, to yield
His part no aide; but equall leaue the field.
All ſwore his will. But then *Telemachus*,
His Fathers ſcoffes, with comforts ſerious,
Could not but anſwer, and made this reply.
Gueſt! If thine owne powers cheere thy victory,
Feare no mans elſe, that will not paſſe it free:
He fights with many, that ſhall touch but thee.
Ile ſee thy gueſt-right paide: Thou heere art come
In my protection: and to this, the ſumme
Of all theſe wooers (which *Antinous* are
And King *Eurymachus*) conioyne their care.
Both vow'd it. VVhen *Vlyſſes*, laying by
His vpper weed, his inner beggery
Nere ſhew'd his ſhame: which he, with rags preuẽted
Pluckt from about his Thighes; and ſo preſented
Their goodly ſight, which were ſo white, and great;
And his large ſhoulders, were to view, ſo ſet
By his bare rags; his armes, his breaſt and all,
So broad, and brawny (their grace naturall
Being helpt by *Pallas*, euer ſtanding nere)
That all the wooers, his admirers were
Beyond all meaſure: mutuall whiſpers, driuen
Through all their cluſter, ſaying; Sure as heauen,
Poore *Irus* pull'd vpon him, bitter blowes.
Through his thin Garment, what a Thigh he ſhowes!
They ſaid; But *Irus* felt. His Cow-herd minde
VVas mou'd at roote. But now, he needs muſt finde
Facts to his brags; and forth at all parts fit
The ſeruants brought him; all his artires ſmit
VVith feares, and tremblings. VVhich *Antinous* ſaw,
And ſaide; Nay, now too late comes feare; No Law,
Thou ſhouldſt at firſt haue giuen thy braggart vaine,
Nor ſhould it ſo haue ſwell'd, if terrors ſtraine
Thy ſpirits to this paſſe; for a man ſo old;
And worne with penuries, that ſtill lay hold
On his ragg'd perſon. Howſoeuer, take
This vow from me, for firme; That if he make
Thy forces ſtoope; and proue his owne ſupreame;
Ile put thee in a Ship, and downe the ſtreame
Send thee aſhore, where King *Echetus* raignes,

(The roughest tyrant, that the world containes)
And he will slit thy Nostrils, crop each eare;
Thy shame cut off, and giue it dogges to teare.
The buffet fight betwixt Vlysses and Irus: This shook his Nerues the more. But both were now
Brought to the Lists; and vp did either throw
His heauy fists. *Vlysses*, in suspence
To strike so home, that he should fright from thence
His Cow-herd soule (his trunke laide prostrate there:)
Or let him take more leisure to his feare,
And stoope him by degrees. The last, shew'd best,
To strike him slightly; out of feare the rest
Would else discouer him. But (peace now broke)
On his right shoulder, *Irus* laide his stroke.
Vlysses strooke him, iust beneath the eare,
His iaw-bone broke, and made the blood appeare.
VVhen straight, he strew'd the dust, and made his crie
Stand for himselfe; with whom, his teeth did lie,
Spit with his blood out: and against the ground
His heeles lay sprawling. Vp the hands went round
Of all the wooers; all at point to dye
VVith violent laughters. Then the King did ply
The Beggers feete, and dragg'd him forth the Hall
Along the Entry, to the gates, and wall:
VVhere leauing him, he put into his hand
A Staffe, and bad him there vse his command
On Swine, and Dogs; and not presume to be
Lord of the guests, or of the Beggery:
Since he, of all men, was the scum and curse:
And so, bad please with that, or fare yet wurse.
Then cast he on his scrip, all patcht, and rent,
Hung by a rotten cord; and backe he went
To greete the Entries threshold with his seat.
The wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat
VVith gentle words his conquest; laughing still:
Pray'd *Ioue*, and all the Gods, to giue his will
VVhat most it wisht him; and would ioy him most,
Since he so happily had cleer'd their cost
Of that vnsauoury morsell; whom they vow'd
To see with all their vtmost haste bestow'd
Aboord a ship; and for *Epirus* sent
To King *Echetus*: on whose Throne was spent
The worst mans seat ỳ breath'd. And thus was grac't
Diuine *Vlysses*: who with ioy embrac't
Euen that poore conquest. Then was set to him
The goodly Goats breast promist (that did swim
In fat and greauy) by *Antinous*.
And from a Basket (by *Amphinomus*)
VVas two Breads giuen him; who (besides) renown'd
His banquet, with a golden Goblet cround,

And

And this high ſalutation: Frolicke, Gueſt;
And be thoſe riches that you firſt poſſeſt
Reſtor'd againe, with full as many ioyes,
As in your poore ſtate, I ſee now annoyes.
Amphinomus (ſaide he) you ſeeme to me
Exceeding wiſe, as being the progeny
Of ſuch a Father, as autentique Fame
Hath told me was ſo: One of honour'd name,
And great reuennues in *Dulychius*;
His faire name, *Niſus*. He is blazon'd thus;
And you to be his Sonne; his wiſedome heyring,
As well as wealth: his ſtate, in nought empairing.
To proue which, all waies; let me tell you this
(As warning you to ſhun the miſeries
That follow full ſtates, if they be not held
With wiſedome ſtill at full; and ſo compeld
To courſes, that abode not in their browes,
By too much ſwindge, their ſodaine ouerthrowes)
Of all things breathing, or that creepe on earth;
Nought is more wretched then a humane Birth.
Bleſs'd men, thinke neuer, they can curſed be,
While any power laſts, to moue a knee.
But when the bleſt Gods, make them feele that ſmart,
That fled their Faith ſo; as they had no hart,
They beare their ſufferings; and, what wel they might
Haue cleerly ſhun'd, they then meet in deſpight.
The Minde of Man flyes ſtil out of his way,
Vnleſſe God guide, and prompt it, euery day.
I thought me once, a bleſſed man with men;
And faſhion'd me, to all ſo counted then:
Did all iniuſtice like them; what for Luſt,
Or any pleaſure, neuer ſo vniuſt
I could by powre, or violence, obtaine;
And gaue them both in all their powres the raigne:
Bold of my Fathers, and my Brothers ſtill;
VVhile which held good, my Arts ſeem'd neuer ill.
And thus is none, held ſimply, good or bad;
But as his will is either miſt, or had.
Al goods, Gods gifts man cals, how ere he gets them:
And ſo takes all, what price ſo ere, God ſets them.
Saies nought, how ill they come; nor will controule
That Rauine in him, though it coſt his ſoule.
And theſe parts here, I ſee theſe wooers play,
Take all that fals; and all diſhonors lay
On that mans Queen, that (tell your frends) doth bear
No long times abſence, but is paſsing neare.
Let God then, guide thee home; leſt he may meete
In his returne, thy vndeparted feete.

For when he enters, and ſees men ſo rude,
The quarrell cannot but in blood conclude.
This ſaid; he ſacrific'd; then drunke, & then
Referr'd the giuen Boule, to the guide of men;
VVho walk't away, afflicted at his heart;
Shook head, and fear'd, that theſe facts wold conuert
To ill in th'end. Yet had not grace to flie:
Minerua ſtaid him, being ordain'd to die
Vpon the Lance of yong *Vlyſſides*.
So, downe he ſate; and then did *Pallas* pleaſe
T'incline the Queenes affections, to appeare
To all the wooers; to extend their cheare
To th'vtmoſt lightning, that ſtill vſhers death:
And made her put on all the painted ſheath,
That might both ſet her wooers fancies hye;
And get her greater honor in the eye
Euen of her Son & Soueraigne, then before.
VVho laughing yet (to ſhew her humor bore
No ſerious appetite to that light ſhow)
She told *Eurynome*, that not till now
She euer knew her entertaine deſire
To pleaſe her wooers eyes; but oft on fire
She ſet their hate, in keeping from them ſtill;
Yet now ſhe pleaſ'd t'appeare: though from no will
To do them honor; vowing ſhe would tell
Her ſon that of them, that ſhould fit him well
To make vſe of: which was, not to conuerſe
Too freely with their pride; nor to diſperſe
His thoughts amongſt them, ſince they vſ'd to giue
Good words; but through them, ill intents did driue.
Eurynome replied: With good aduiſe
You vow his counſaile, & your open guiſe.
Go then, aduiſe your Son; nor keepe more cloſe
Your cheekes, ſtil drown'd in your eyes ouer flowes.
But bathe your body, & with Balmes make cleere
Your thickn'd count'nance; *Vncompoſed cheare,*
And euer mourning, will the Marrow weare.
Nor haue you cauſe to mourn; your Son hath now
Put on that vertue, which (in chiefe) your vow
VViſht (as your bleſſing) at his birth, might decke
His blood & perſon. But forbeare to ſpeake
Of Baths, or Balmings, or of beauty, now
(The Queene replyed) leſt (vrging comforts) you
Diſcomfort much: becauſe the Gods haue wonne
The ſpoile of my lookes, ſince my Lord was gone.
But theſe muſt ſerue. Cal hither then, to me
Hippodamia, & *Antonoe*;
That thoſe our traine additions may ſupply
Our owne deſerts. And yet beſides, Not I (VVith

(VVith all my age) haue learn'd the boldneſſe yet
T'expoſe my ſelfe to men, vnleſſe I get
Some other Gracers. This ſaid; forth ſhe went
To call the Ladies; and much ſpirit ſpent Eurynome.
To make their vtmoſt ſpeed: for now, their Queene
VVould both her ſelfe ſhew, & make them be ſeene.
But now *Minerua* other proiects laid;
And through *Icarius* * daughters Veines conuaid *Penelope.
Sweet ſleepes deſire. In whoſe ſoft fumes, inuolu'd
She was as ſoone as laid; and quite diſſolu'd
Were all her Lineaments. The Goddeſſe then
Beſtow'd immortall gifts on her, that men
Might wonder at her beauties; and the beames
That gliſter in the deified ſupreames,
She cleer'd her mourning count'nance vp withall.
Euen ſuch a radiance, as doth round empall
Crown'd *Cytherea, when her order'd places, *Venus.
Conduct the Beuy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her owne: more plumpe, more hie,
And fairer then the poliſht Iuory,
Rendring her parts, and preſence. This grace done,
Away the Deity flew; and vp did ronne
Her louely-wriſted Ladies, with a noiſe
That blew the ſoft chaines from her ſleeping ioyes.
When ſhe, her faire eyes wip't; and (gaſping) ſaide:
O me vnbleſt! How deep a ſweet ſleepe ſpread
His ſhades about me? VVould *Diana* pleas'd
To ſhoot me with a death no more diſeas'd,
As ſoone as might be: that no more my mone
Might waſte my blood, in weepings neuer done;
For want of that accompliſht vertue ſpher'd
In my lou'd Lord, to all the Greekes prefer'd.
Then ſhe deſcended with her Maids, and tooke
Place in the Portall; whence her beamy looke
Reacht eu'ry wooers heart. Yet caſt ſhe on
So thin a veyle, that through it quite there ſhone
A grace ſo ſtolne, it pleaſd aboue the cleere,
And ſunke the knees of euery wooer there.
Their minds ſo melted in loues vehement fires,
That to her bed ſhe heightn'd all deſires.
The Prince then coming neere, ſhe ſaid; O Son,
Thy thoughts & iudgements haue not yet put on
That conſtancy, in what becomes their good
VVhich all expect in thee: thy yonger blood
Did ſparkle choicer ſpirits. But, arriu'd
At this ful growth, wherein their Forme hath thriu'd
Beyond the bounds of child-hood, (and when now)
Beholders ſhould affirme, This man doth grow
Like the rare ſon of his matchles Sire,

(His goodlineſſe, his beauty, and his fire
Of ſoule aſpir'd to) thou mak'ſt nothing good
Thy Fate, nor fortune; nor thy height of blood,
In manage of thy actions. What a deed
Of foule deſert, hath thy groſſe ſufferance freed
Beneath thine owne Rooſe? A poore ſtranger here
Vſ'd moſt vnmanly! How will this appeare
To all the world; when Fame ſhall trumpet out,
That thus, and thus, are our gueſts beate about
Our Court vnrighted? Tis a blaze will ſhow
Extreamly ſhamefull, to your name, and you.
I blame you not, O Mother (he replide)
That this cleere wrong ſuſtain'd by me, you chide:
Yet know I, both the good and bad of all;
Being paſt the yeares, in which yong errors fall.
But (all this knowne) skill is not ſo exact
To giue (when once it knowes) things fit their fact.
I wel may doubt the preaſe of ſtrangers here;
Who, bent to ill, and onely my Nerues nere,
May do it in deſpight. And yet the iarre
Betwixt our gueſt and *Irus*, was no warre
Wrought by the wooers; nor our gueſt ſuſtain'd
VVrong in that action; but the conqueſt gain'd.
And would to *Ioue*, *Minerua*, and the Sun,
That all your woo'rs, might ſerue *Contention*
For ſuch a purchaſe as the Begger made;
And wore ſuch weak heads: Some ſhould death inuade
Strew'd in the Entry; ſome imbrew the hall,
Till euery man had vengeance capitall;
Sattl'd like *Irus* at the Gates; his head
Euery way nodding; like one forfeited
To reeling *Bacchus*; Knees, nor feete, his owne,
To beare him where hee's better lou'd or knowne.
Their ſpeeches giuen this end, *Eurymachus*
Eurym. courtſhip of the ſuppoſed Widdow Queene. Began his Court-ſhip, and expreſt it thus.
Moſt wiſe *Icarius* daughter; If all thoſe
That did for *Colchos* ventrous ſaile diſpoſe,
For that rich purchaſe; had before but ſeene
Earths richer prize, in th' *Ithacenſian* Queene,
They had not made that voyage; but to you,
Would all their vertues, and their Beings vow.
Should all the world know what a worth you ſtore,
To morrow then to day; and next light, more
Your Court ſhould banquet; ſince to all Dames, you
Are far preferr'd; both for the grace of ſhow,
In Stature, Beauty; Forme in euery kinde
Of all parts outward; and for faultleſſe minde.
Penel. anſwer. Alas (ſaid ſhe) my Vertue, Body, Forme,

The Gods haue blaſted, with that onely ſtorme
That rauiſht *Greece* to *Ilion*; ſince my Lord
(For that warre ſhip't) bore all my goods abord:
If he (return'd) ſhould come, and gouerne here
My lifes whole ſtate; the grace of all things there
His guide would heighten, as the ſpirit it bore:
VVhich dead in me, liues; giuen him long before.
A ſad courſe I liue now; heauens ſterne decree
VVith many an ill, hath numb'd and deaded me.
He tooke life with him, when he tooke my hand,
In parting from me to the *Troian* ſtrand:
Theſe words my witneſſe; VVoman! I conceiue
That not all th' *Achiues* bound for *Troy*, ſhall leaue
Their Natiue earth, their ſafe returned bones;
Fame ſaying, that *Troy* traines vp approued ſonnes
In deeds of Armes: Braue putters off of ſhafts:
For winging Lances, Maiſters of their crafts;
Vnmatched Riders; ſwift of foot; and ſtreight
Can arbitrate a warre of deadlieſt weight:
Hope then, can ſcarſe fill all with lifes ſupply;
And of all, any failing; why not I?
Nor do I know, if God hath marſhall'd me
Amongſt the ſafe-return'd: Or his decree
Hath left me to the thraldome, order'd there.
Howeuer, all cares be thy burthens here:
My Sire and Mother, tend as much as now,
I, further off; more neere in cares be you.
Your Son, to mans ſtate grown, wed whom you will:
And (you gone) his care, let his houſhold fill.
Thus made my Lord his will; & heauen ſees prou'd
Almoſt at all parts; for the Sun remou'd
Downe to his ſet; ere long, wil leade the night
Of thoſe abhorred Nuptials, that ſhould fright
Each worthy woman; which her ſecond are
VVith any man that breaths; her firſt Lords care
Dead, becauſe he to fleſh and blood is dead;
VVhich, I feare, I ſhal yeeld to, and ſo wed
A ſecond husband; and my reaſon is,
Since *Ioue* hath taken from me all his bliſſe.
Whom God giues ouer, they themſelues forſake;
Their greefes, their ioyes; their God, their deuill make.
And 'tis a great griefe; nor was ſeene till now,
In any faſhion of ſuch men as woo
A good and wealthy woman; and contend
VVho ſhal obtaine her, that thoſe men ſhould ſpend
Her Beeues and beſt Sheepe, as their cheefeſt ends;
But rather, that her ſelfe, and all her friends
They ſhould with Banquets, and rich gifts entreat;

Vlyſſes words to his wife at parting.

Their life is death, that liue with others meat.
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, much reioyc't to heare
His Queene thus fiſh for gifts; and keepe in cheare
Their hearts with hope, that ſhe would wed againe;
Her minde yet ſtill, her firſt intent retaine.
Antinous ſaw, the wooers won to giue;
And ſaid; wiſe Queene, by all your meanes receiue
What euer bounty, any woo'r ſhall vſe;
Gifts freely giuen, 'tis folly to refuſe.
For know, that we reſolue not to be gone
To keepe our owne roofes; till of all, ſome One
VVhom beſt you like, your long-woo'd loue ſhal win
This pleaſ'd the reſt; and euery one ſent in
His preſent by the Herald; Firſt had place
The Wooers Gifts. *Antinous* gift: a robe of ſpeciall grace,
Exceeding ful and faire; and twenty hewes
Chang'd luſter to it. To which, choiſe of ſhewes:
Twelue maſsy plated Buttons, all of Gold,
Enricht the ſubſtance, made to fairly hold
The Robe together; all lac'd downe before,
VVhere Keepes and Catches, both ſides of it wore.
Eurymachus, a golden Tablet gaue;
In which did Art, her choiſeſt workes engraue;
And round about, an Amber verge did run,
That caſt a radiance from it, like the Sun.
Eurydamas, two ſeruants had, that bore
Two goodly Earings; whoſe rich hollowes wore
Three Pearles in either, like ſo many eyes,
Reflecting glances, radiant as the skies.
The King *Pyſander*, great *Polyctors* heire,
A Casket gaue, exceeding rich and faire.
The other, other wealthy gifts commended
To her faire hand; which took, and ſtraight aſcended
This Goddeſſe of her ſex, her vpper State.
Her Ladies, all her gifts elaborate,
Vp bearing after. All to dancing then
The wooers went, and ſongs delightfull ſtraine;
In which they frolickt, till the Euening came:
And then raiſ'd ſable *Heſperus* his flame.
VVhen, for their Lights within; they ſet vp there
3. Lampes, whoſe weekes were wood exceeding ſere,
And paſsing porous; which they cauſd to burne,
Their matter euer miniſter'd by turne
Of ſeueral Hand-maids. VVhom *Vlyſſes* (ſeeing
Too conuerſant with wooers; ill agreeing
VVith guiſe of maids) aduiſd in this faire ſort:
Vlyſſes to his Wiues women. Maids of your long-lackt King; keepe you the port
Your Queenes chaſt preſence beares? Go, vp to her,

Im-

Imploy your Loomes, or Rockes, and keepe ye there:
Ile ſerue to feed theſe lamps; ſhold theſe Lords dances
Laſt til *Aurora* cheer'd vs with her glances.
They cannot weary me, for I am one
Borne to endure, when all men elſe haue done.
They wantonly brake out in Laughters all;
Look't on each other: and to termes did fall
Cheek-proud *Melantho*, who was *Dolius* ſeed,
Kept by the Queene, that gaue her dainty breed
Fit for her daughter: and yet won not ſo
Her heart to her, to ſhare in any wo
She ſuffer'd for her Lord: But ſhe was great
VVith great *Eurymachus*; and her loues heat
In his bed quenched. And this cholericke thing,
Beſtow'd this railing Language on the King.
Baſe Stranger; you are taken in your braine,
You talke ſo wildely: Neuer you, againe
Can get where you were borne; and ſeeke your bed
In ſome Smithes Houill, or the Market ſted;
But heere you muſt take confidence to prate
Before all theſe; for feare can get no ſtate
In your wine-hardy ſtomacke. Or, 'tis like
To proue your natiue garbe: your tongue will ſtrike
On this ſide of your mouth ſtill, being at beſt.
Is the man idle-brain'd for want of reſt?
Or proud, becauſe he beate the roguiſh begger?
Take heed Sir, leſt ſome better man beleager
Your eares with his fiſts; and ſet headlong hence
Your bold abode heere, with your bloods expence.
He looking ſternly on her; anſwer'd her:
Dog! What broad Language giu'ſt thou? Ile preſet
Your vſage to the Prince; that he may fall
Foule on your faire limbes, til he tel them all.
This fray'd the wenches; and al ſtraight got gone
In feare, about their buſineſſe: Euery one
Confeſsing he ſaide well. But he ſtood now
Cloſe by the Creſſets; and did lookes beſtow
On all men there: his Braine employd about
Some ſharper buſineſſe, then to dance it out;
VVhich had not long to go. Nor therefore would
Minerua let the wooers ſpleenes grow cold,
VVith too good vſage of him; that his hart
Might fret enough, and make his choller ſmart.
Eurymachus, prouok't him firſt, and made
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
Fetch farre; from what was ſpoken long before;
That his poore forme, perhaps ſome Deity bore.
It well may chance (ſaid he) ſome God doth beare

This mans reſemblance: For, thus ſtanding nere
The glittering Torches; his ſlick't head doth throw
Beames round about it, as thoſe Treſſers do.
For not a haire he hath to giue it ſhade.
Say, wil thy heart ſerue t'vndertake a Trade
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence
To walke my grounds, and looke to euery Fence:
Or plant high trees: thy hire ſhould raiſe thy forces;
Food ſtore, & cloaths. But theſe ſame ydle courſes
Thou art ſo prompt in, that thou wilt not worke,
But forrage vp and downe, and beg, and lurke
In euery houſe, whoſe Roofes hold any will
To feed ſuch fellowes. That thy gut may fil,
Giues end to all thy Beeing. He replyed;
I wiſh, at any worke, we two were tryed;
In hight of Spring time, when heauens lights are long;
I, a good crook'd Sithe, that were ſharpe, and ſtrong:
You, ſuch another, where the graſſe grew deepe;
Vp by day breake, and both our labours keepe
Vp, til ſlow darknes eaſ'd the labouring light;
Faſting all day, and not a crum til night:
VVe then ſhould proue our either workmanſhip.
Or if (againe) Beeues, that the goad, or whip
VVere apt t'obey, before a tearing Plow:
Big, luſty beaſts: Alike in bulke and brow;
Alike in Labour, and alike in ſtrength;
Our taske foure Acres, to be Till'd in length
Of one ſole day: Againe then you ſhould try
If the dul glebe, before the Plough ſhould flye;
Or I, a long Stitch could beare cleane, and euen.
Or laſtly; if the guide of earth & heauen
Should ſtir ſterne war vp, either here or there;
And that, at this day, I had double Speare,
And Shield, and ſteele Caske, fitting for my browes;
At this work likewiſe, midſt the foremoſt blowes
Your eyes ſhould note me; and get little cauſe
To twit me with my bellies ſole applauſe.
But you affect, t'affect with iniurie,
Your minde vngentle; ſeeme in valour hie,
Becauſe 'gainſt few; and thoſe, not of the beſt
Your conuerſation hath bene ſtill profeſt.
But if *Vlyſſes* (landed on his earth,
And enter'd on the true right of his birth)
Should come & front ye; ſtraight, his ample Gates
Your feete would hold, too narrow for your Fates.
He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch; and vow'd
To be his death, ſince he durſt proue ſo proud
Amongſt ſo many: to tell him ſo home

VVhat he affected. Askt, if ouercome
With wine he were; or (as his Minion saíd)
Talk't stil so idlely; and were palsied
In his minds instruments: or was proud, because
He gat from *Irus* off, with such applause?
VVith all which, snatching vp a stoole, he threw:
VVhen old *Vlysses*, to the knees withdrew,
Of the *Dulychian* Lord *Amphinomus*,
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus
His aged obiect: and his Pages hand,
(A Boy, that waited on his cups command,
Now holding of an Ewre to him) he smit.
Downe fel the sounding Ewre; and after it,
The guiltlesse Page, lay sprawling in the dust,
And crying out. VVhen all the wooers thrust
A tumult vp amongst them; wishing all,
The rogue had perisht in some Hospitall,
Before his life there, stirr'd such vprores vp;
And with rude speeches, spice their pleasures cup.
And all this for a Begger, to fulfill
A filthy Prouerbe: *Good still yeelds to ill.*
The Prince cried out on them, to let the bad
Obscure the good so; Told them they were mad;
Abusd their banquet; and affirm'd some God
Tried maisteries with them: Bad them, take their load
Of food and wine: Sit vp, or fal to bed
At their free pleasures; and since he gaue head
To all their freedomes; why should they mistake
Their owne rich humors for a Beggers sake?
All bit their lips to be so taken downe;
And taught the course that shold haue bin their own;
Admir'd the Prince; and saide, he brauely spoke.
But *Nisus* Son then, strooke the equall stroke,
And saide, O Friends, let no man here disdaine
To put vp equall speeches; nor maintaine
VVith serious words, an humor; Nor with stroke,
A Stranger in anothers house prouoke,
Nor touch the meanest seruant; but confine
All these dissentions in a bolle of wine:
VVhich fill vs Cup-bearer; that hauing done
Our nightly sacrifice, we may attone
Our powres with sleepe; resigning first the guest
Vp to the Prince, that holds all interest
In his disposure here: the House being his
In iust descent, & all the faculties.
Thls all approu'd; when Noble *Mulius*

Telem. mockes the wooers, yet wins their praise.

(He-

(Herald in chiefe, to Lord *Amphinomus*)
The VVine distributed with reuerend grace
To eu'ry wooer: when the Gods giuen place
VVith seruice fit, they seru'd themselues, and tooke
Their parting Cups: till (when they all had shooke
The angry humor off) they bent to rest;
And euery VVooer to seuerall Roofes addrest.

The End of the Eighteenth Booke
of Homers Odysses.

THE NINETEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses *and his Son, eschew*
Offending of the Wooers view
With any Armour. His Birth's seate,
Vlysses *tels his Queene, is* Crete.
Euryclea *the truth yet found,*
Discouer'd by a scar-heal'd wound,
Which in Parnassus *tops, a Bore*
(Strooke by him in his Chace) did gore.

Another.

Tav. { *The King still hid by what he said.* / *By what he did, informes his maid.* }

YEt did Diuine *Vlysses* keepe his Roofe;
And with *Minerua* plotted ſtill the proofe
Of al the wooers deaths. VVhen thus, his Son
He taught with theſe fore-counſailes: we muſt ron
A cloſe courſe with theſe Armes, & lay them by.
And to the wooers make ſo faire a ſky,
As it would neuer thunder. Let me then
(That you may wel retaine) repeate agen
VVhat in *Eumæus* Cottage, I aduiſ'd.
If when they ſee your leyſure exerciſ'd
In fetching downe your Armes: & aske what vſe
Your minde will giue them: Say, 'tis their abuſe
VVith ſmoke & ruſt, that makes you take them down;
This not being like the Armory well knowne
To be the leauings of *Laertes* Son,
Conſorting the deſigne for *Ilion*.
Your eyes may ſee how much they are infected,
As all fires vapors, euer ſince, reflected
On thoſe ſole Armes. Beſides, a grauer thought,
Ioue graues within you, leſt (their ſpirits wrought
Aboue their pitch with wine) they might contend
At ſome high banquet, & to wounds tranſcend;

Vlysses former counsaile to his Son, for disposing the Armes repeated.

Their

Their Feaſt inuerting; which, perhaps may be
Their Nuptiall feaſt, with wiſe *Penelope*.
The ready weapon when the bloud is vp,
Doubles the vprore, heightned by the Cup.
Wrath's meanes for Act; curbe all the wayes ye can;
As Loadſtones draw the ſteele, ſo ſteele draw's Man.
Retaine theſe words; nor what is good, think thus
Receiu'd at ſecond hand, ſuperfluous.
The Sonne obeying, did *Eurycléa* call,
And bad her ſhut (in the vtter Porches) all
The other women; till himſelfe brought downe
His Fathers Armes, which all were ouer-growne
By his neglect, with ruſt: his Father gone,
And he too childiſh, to ſpend thoughts vpon
Thoſe manly Implements; but he would now
Reforme thoſe yong neglects; and th'armes beſtow
Paſt reach of ſmoke. The louing Nurſe replide;
I wiſh (O Son) your powers would once prouide
For wiſedomes habit; See your houſhold were
In thrifty mannage, and tend all things there.
But if theſe armes muſt downe; and euery Maide
Be ſhut in vtter roomes; who elſe ſhould aide
Your worke with light? He anſwer'd; This my gueſt:
There ſhal not one in my houſe, taſt my Feaſt,
(Or ioyne in my * Naue) that ſhall ydlely liue,
How euer farre hence, he his home deriue.
He ſaid, and his words ſtood; The doores ſhe ſhut
Of that ſo wel-fill'd houſe; and th'other put
Their thoghts in act; Beſt Shields, Helmes, ſharpned Lances
Brought downe; and *Pallas* before both, aduances
A golden Creſſet, that did caſt a Light,
As if the Day ſate, in the Throne of Night.
VVhen (halfe amaz'd) the Prince ſaid, O my Father,
Mine eyes, my ſoules pow'rs all in wonder gather:
For though the wals, and goodly wind-beames here,
All all theſe Pillars, that their heads, ſo rere,
And all of Firre; they ſeeme yet, all of fire.
Some God is ſurely with vs. His wiſe Sire,
Bad peace, and keepe the counſailes of the Gods;
Nor aske a word: Theſe Pow'rs that vſe abods
Aboue the ſtarres, haue power from thence to ſhine
Through night, and all ſhades, to earths inmoſt Mine.
Go thou for ſleepe; and leaue me here to wake
The women and the Queene; whoſe heart doth ake
To make enquiry for my ſelfe, of me.
He went to ſleepe, where lights did endleſly
Burne in his Night-roomes: where he feaſted Reſt,
Til dayes faire weed, did all the world inueſt.

* χοῖνιξ ἅπτηται, *They will needs turne this;* Quadram (*for* Modium) guſtet. *Though the words beare no ſuch ſignification: But giue a Prouerb then in vſe, Repetition: which way, Hee ſhall not inyn or make.*

* *ſpoke in the Naue of my chariot, or Chariot wheele,* χοῖνιξ, or χοίνικις *ſignifying* Modiolus Rotæ, *and* ἅπτω Necto.

Thus

Thus was diuine *Vlyſſes* left alone
VVith *Pallas*, plotting foule confuſion
To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queene;
Phebe, with golden *Cytherea* ſeene,
Her Port preſented. VVhom they ſet a Chaire
Aſide the fire: The faſhion circulare;
The ſubſtance Siluer, and rich Elephant;
VVhoſe Fabricke, did the cunning finger vant
Of great *Icmalius*: who beſides, had done
A footſtoole for her, that did ſute her Throne:
On which, they caſt an ample skin, to be
The Cuſhion, for her other Royalty.
And there ſhe ſate; about whom, came her Maids,
VVho brought vpon a Table ſtore of Breads,
And Bolles, that with the wooers wine were cround.
The Embers then they caſt vpon the ground.
From out the Lampes, and other Fuell added;
That ſtill, with cheereful flame, the ſad houſe gladded.
Melantho, ſeeing ſtill *Vlyſſes* there;
Thus ſhe held out her ſpleene: Still ſtranger, here?
Thus late in night? To ſee what Ladies do?
Auant you wretch: hence; Go, without doores, go:
And quickly too; leſt ye be findg'd away
VVith burning fire-brands. He (thus ſeeing their fray
Continu'd by her with ſuch ſpleene) replide;
Minion! VVhat makes your angry blood thus chide
My preſence ſtill? Is it, becauſe you ſee
I ſhine not in your wanton brauery?
But weare theſe rags? It fits the needy Fate
That makes me beg thus, of the commune ſtate.
Such poore ſoules, and ſuch beggers, yet are men;
And euen my meane meanes, means had to maintain
A wealthy houſe; and kept a manly preaſe;
VVas counted bleſſed; and the poore acceſſe
Of any Begger, did not ſcorne, but feede
VVith often hand: and any man of neede
Releeu'd as fitted: kept my ſeruants to,
Not few; but did with thoſe additions go,
That call choiſe men, *The Honeſt*; who are ſtild
The rich, the great. But what ſuch great ones build
Ioue oft puls downe, as thus he ruin'd me;
His will was ſuch, which is his equity.
And therefore (woman) beare you fitting hand
On your behauiour, leſt your ſpirit thus mann'd,
And cheriſht with your beauties (when they wane)
Comes down: Your pride now, being then your bane.
And in the meane ſpace, ſhun the preſent danger;
Leſt your bold faſhion, breed your Soueraigns anger.

Or left *Vlysses* come: of whom, euen yet
Hope finds some life in fate. Or, be his seat
Amongst the meerly ruin'd; yet his Sonne
(Whose lifes heate, *Phœbus* saues) is such a one,
As can discouer, who doth well deserue
Of any woman heere; His yeares, now serue.
The Queen gaue eare, & thus suppreſt the flame:
Thou quite without a brow; past female shame;
I heare thy monstrous boldnesse, which thy head
Shall pay me paines for. Thou hast heard it said,
And from my selfe too; and at euery part
Thy knowledge serues thee; that (to ease my hart
So punisht in thy witnesse) my desire
Dwelt on this Stranger; that I might enquire
My lost friends Beeing. But 'tis euer tride,
Both Man and God, are still forgot with Pride.
Eurynome! Bring heere this Gueſt a seat,
And Cushion on it; that we two, may treat
Of the affaire in question. Set it neare,
That I may softly speake, yet he well heare.
She did this little freely; and he sat
Close by the Queen; who askt him, Whence, & what
He was himselfe? And what th'inhabited place?
Where liu'd his parents? whence he fetcht his race?

Vlysses to his Queene.

O woman (he replyed) with whom, no man
That moues in earths vnbounded circle, can
Maintaine contention, for true honor geuen;
Whose fame, hath reacht the *fairely flowing heauen.
Who, like a neuer-ill-deseruing King,
That is well spoke of; First, for worshipping,
And striuing to resemble God, in Empire;
Whose equall hand, impartially doth temper,
Greatnesse, and *Goodnesse*: To whom therefore, beares
The blacke earth, store of all graine; Trees conferres,
Cracking with burthen, Long-liu'd Herds creates;
All which, the Sea, with her sorts, emulates;
And all this feeds, beneath his powrefull hand,
Men, valiant, many, making strong his Land
With happy liues led; Nothing else, the cause
Of all these blessings, but well order'd Lawes;
Like such a King, are you; in Loue, in Fame,
And all the blisse that deifies a Dame.
And therefore, do not mixe this with a mone
So wretched, as is now in question.
Aske not my Race, nor Countrey; least you fill
My heart yet fuller, with repeated ill:
For I must follow it, with many teares;
Though 'tis not seemly, to sit wounding eares

*κραιρον ὐ-
ρην.

In

In publique Roofes, with our particular life;
Times worſt expence, is ſtill-repeated Griefe.
I ſhould be irkeſome to your Ladies here:
And you your ſelfe would ſay, you vrg'd your eare
To what offends it: My ſtill-broken eine,
Suppoſing wounded with your too much wine.
Stranger (ſaid ſhe) you feare your owne exceſſe,
With giuing me too great a nobleneſſe.
The Gods, my perſon, Beauty, Vertue to,
Long ſince ſubuerted; when the *Ilion* wo
The Greeke deſigne attempted. In which, went
My praiſe, and honor. In his gouernment
Had I deſeru'd your vtmoſt grace; But now
Siniſter Deity, makes diſhonor woo
(In ſhew of grace) my ruine. All the Peres,
Syluane *Zacynthus*, and *Dulychius* Spheres,
Samos and *Ithaca*, ſtrange ſtrifes haue ſhowne,
To win me; ſpending on me, all mine owne.
Will wed me, in my ſpite: And theſe are thoſe,
That take from me, all vertue to diſpoſe
Or Gueſt, or Suppliant: or take any courſe
Amongſt my Heralds (that ſhould all diſburſe)
To order any thing: Though I neede none
To giue me greeſe at home; Abroad erres one
That my veins ſhrink for; whō, theſe (holding gone)
Their Nuptials haſten, and find me as ſlow.
Good ſpirits prompted me, to make a ſhow
Of vndertaking a moſt curious taske,
That an vnmeaſur'd ſpace of time would aske;
VVhich, they enduring long, would often ſay,
VVhen ends thy worke? I ſoone had my delay;
And prai'd their ſtay: For though my Lord wer dead,
His Fathers life yet, matter miniſtred
That muſt imploy me: which, (to tell them true)
W as that great worke I nam'd. For now, nere drew
Laertes death; and on my hand did lye
His funerall Robe: whoſe end (being now ſo nye)
I muſt not leaue, and loſe ſo much begun:
The rather, leſt the Greeke Dames might be wun
To taxe mine honor; if a man ſo great
Should greet his graue, without his winding ſheet.
Pride made them credulous; and I went on:
VVhen, whatſoeuer all the day had done,
I made the night helpe, to vndo againe;
Though oyle, and watch it coſt, and equall paine.
Three yeares my wit ſecur'd me vndiſcern'd:
Yet, when the fourth came, by my Maids diſcern'd
(Falſe careleſſe wenches) how they were deluded:

Homer 136240

When (by my light deſcern'd) they all intruded;
Vſ'd threatning words, and made me giue it end.
And then could I, to no more length extend
My linger'd Nuptials: Not a counſaile more
VVas to be ſtood vpon; my Parents bore
Continuall hand on me, to make me wed:
My Sonne grew angry, that ſo ruined
His goods were by them. He is now a man;
VViſe in a great degree; and one that can
Himſelfe, giue order to his houſhold fare:
And *Ioue*, giue equal glory, to his care.
But thus you muſt not paſſe me: I muſt know,
(It may be, for more end) from whence doth grow
Your race, and you; For I ſuppoſe you, none
Sprung of old Oake, or iuſtl'd out of ſtone.
He anſwer'd; O *Vlyſſes* reuerend wife!
Yet hold you purpoſe to enquire my life?
Ile tell you, though it much afflict me more
Then all the ſorrowes I haue felt before.
As worthily it may: ſince ſo long time,
As I haue wandred from my Natiue Clime,
Through humane Cities: and in ſufferance ſtil:
To rip all wounds vp (though, of all their ill
I touch but part) muſt actuate all their paine.
But, aske you ſtill; Ile tell, though ſtil ſuſtaine.

Vlyſ: fain'd relation of himſelf to his wife.

In middle of the ſable Sea, there lies
An Iſle, cal'd *Crete*; a rauiſher of eyes:
Fruitfull, and mann'd with many an infinite ſtore:
Where ninety Cities crowne the famous ſhore;
Mixt with all Languag'd men: There *Greekes* ſuruiue;
There the great-minded *Eteocretans* liue:
There the *Dorenſians*, neuer out of war:
The *Cydons* there; and there the ſingular
Pelaſgian people: There doth *Gnoſſus* ſtand,
That mighty City; where had moſt command
Great *Ioues* Diſciple (*Minos*) who nine yeares
Conferr'd with *Ioue*: Both great familiares
In mutual counſailes. And this *Minos* Son,
(The mighty-minded King *Deucalion*);
VVas Sire to me, & royall *Idomen*,
VVho with *Atrides*, went to *Ilion* then,
My elder Brother, and the better man;
My name *Aethon*. At that time began
My knowledge of *Vlyſſes*; whom my home
Receiu'd with gueſt-rites. He was thither come
By force of weather, from the *Malean* coaſt
But new got off; where he the Nauy loſt,
Then vnder ſaile for *Troy*; and wind-bound lay

Long

Long in *Amniſus*; hardly got away
From horrid ſtormes, that made him anchor there,
In Hauens that ſacred to *Lucina* were;
Dreadfull and dangerous. In whoſe boſome crept
Lucina's Cauerne. But in my roofe ſlept
Vlyſſes, ſhor'd in *Crete*: who firſt enquir'd
For royall *Idomen*; and much deſir'd
To taſte his gueſt-rites; ſince to him had bene
A welcome Gueſt my Brother *Idomene*.
The tenth, or, leuenth light, on *Vlyſſes* ſhin'de
In ſtay at *Crete*; attending then the winde
For threatn'd *Ilion*. All which time, my houſe
VVith loue and entertainments curious
Embrac't his perſon: though a number more
My hoſpitable roofes receiu'd before.
His men I likewiſe call'd; and from the ſtore
Allow'd them meale, and heat-exciting wine;
And Oxen for their ſlaughter; to confine
In my free hand the vtmoſt of their need.
Twelue daies the *Greeks* ſtaid, ere they got them freed;
A gale ſo bitter blew out of the North,
That none could ſtand on earth, being tumbled forth
By ſome ſterne God. But on the thirteenth day
The tempeſt ceaſt, & then went Greekes their way.
Thus, many tales *Vlyſſes* told his wife,
At moſt, but painting; yet moſt like the life:
Of which, her heart, ſuch ſenſe took through hir eares,
It made her weepe, as ſhe would turne to teares.
And as from off the Mountaines melts the ſnow,
Which *Zephyres* breath conceald; but was made flow
By hollow *Eurus*, which ſo faſt poures downe,
That with their Torrent, flouds haue ouer-flowne:
So downe her faire cheekes, her kinde tears did glide;
Her miſt Lord mourning, ſet ſo neere her ſide.
Vlyſſes much was mou'd to ſee her mourne,
VVhoſe eies yet ſtood as dry, as Iron, or Horne,
In his vntroubl'd lids; which, in his craft
Of bridling paſsion, he from iſſue ſaf't.
VVhen ſhe had giuen her moane ſo many teares,
That now 'twas ſatiate: her yet louing feares
Askt thus much further: You haue thus farre tried
My loues credulity: But if gratified
VVith ſo long ſtay he was with you, you can
Deſcribe what weede he wore; what kinde of man:
Both he himſelfe was, and what Followers
Obſeru'd him there. Alas (ſayd he) the yeares
Haue growne ſo many ſince (this making now
Their twentith reuolution) that my ſhow

Of theſe ſlight notes, will ſet my memory ſore;
But (to my now remembrance) this he wore:
Vlyſſes deſcription of his apparell going for Troy.
A double purple Robe, drawne cloſe before
With golden Buttons; pleated thicke, and bore
A facing, where a hundred colours ſhinde:
About the skirts, a Hound; A freckl'd Hinde
In full courſe hunted. On the fore-skirts yet,
He pincht, and pull'd her downe: when with hir feet,
And all her force, ſhe ſtruggl'd hard for flight.
VVhich had ſuch life in Gold, that to the ſight
It ſeem'd the Hinde it ſelfe for euery hiew;
The Hound and al, ſo anſwering the view,
That all admir'd all. I obſeru'd beſide
His inner weed, ſo rarely beautifide,
That dumbe amaze it bred; and was as thin,
As any dry and tender Onion skin:
As ſoft 'twas too, and gliſter'd like the Sun.
The women were to louing wonder wun
By him and by his weeds. But (by the way)
You muſt excuſe me, that I cannot ſay
He brought this ſuite from home, or had it there
Sent for ſome Preſent; or perhaps elſewhere
Receiu'd it for his gueſt-gift: For your Lord
Had Friends not few: The Fleete did not afford
Many, that had not fewer. I beſtow'd
A well-edg'd ſword on him; a Robe that flow'd
In foulds, and fulneſſe, and did reach his feete,
Of richeſt purple: Brought him to his Fleete,
VVith all my honor: And beſides (to add
To all this ſifted circumſtance) he had
A Herald there; in height, a little more
Put from the earth: that thicker ſhoulders wore;
A ſwarth complexion, and a curled head;
His name *Eurybates*; and much in ſtead,
He ſtood your King, imploy'd in moſt command,
Since moſt of all, his minde could vnderſtand.
VVhen all theſe ſignes ſhe knew, for chiefly trew;
Deſire of moane vpon her beauties grew:
And yet (euen that deſire ſuffic'd) ſhe ſaid.
Till this (my Gueſt) a wretched ſtate arraid
Your ill-vſd perſon: but from this houre forth,
You ſhalbe honor'd, and finde all the worth
That fits a friend. Thoſe weeds theſe hands beſtow'd
From out my wardrobe: thoſe gold buttons ſow'd
Before for cloſure, and for Ornament.
But neuer more, muſt his returne preſent
The perſon that gaue thoſe adornments State.
And therefore, vnder an abhorred Fate

VVas

VVas he induc't to feed the commune fame,
To visit vile *Troy*; I, too vile to name.
No more yet mourne (said he) nor thus see pinde
Your louely person: *Weeping, wast's the Minde.*
And yet I blame you not; for any Dame
That weds one yong, and brings to him, his name;
(VVhat euer man he is) will mourne his losse:
Much more respectfull then, must shew your woes,
That weepe thus for *Vlysses*; who (Fame saies)
VVas equal with the Gods, in all his waies.
But where no cause is, there must be no mone:
And therefore heare me; my Relation
Shal lay the cleere truth naked to your view;
I heard amongst the *Thesprots*, for most trew,
That Lord *Vlysses* liu'd, and stood iust now
On his returne for home: That wealth did flow
In his possession; which, he made not knowne,
But begg'd amongst the people; since alone
He quite was left: for all his men were lost
In getting off, from the *Trinacrian* Coast;
Ioue and the Sun, was wroth with them, for rape
Made of his Oxen; and no man let scape
The rugged deepes of *Neptune*: Onely he
The Ships Keele onely keeping, was by Sea
Cast on the faire *Pheacian* Continent;
VVhere men suruiue, that are the Gods descent;
And like a God receiu'd him; gaue him heapes
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps
Themselues safe home: which, he might long ago
His pleasure make: but profit would not so.
He gather'd going, and had mighty store
Of Gold in safegard: so beyond the Shore
That commune sailes kept, his high flood of wit
Bore glorious top; and all the world, for it
Hath farre exceeded. All this *Phedon* told,
That doth the Scepter of *Thesprotia* hold:
VVho swore to me, in houshold sacrifice,
The Ship was lancht, and men to man the prise;
That soone should set him on his countrey earth:
Shew'd me the goods, enow to serue the birth,
That in the tenth age of his seed, shold spring;
Yet in his Court contain'd. But then the King
(Your husband) for *Dodona* was in way;
That from th'oraculous Oake, he might display
Ioues will; what course for home would best preuaile:
To come in pompe; or beare a secret saile.
But me, the King dispatcht in course before;
A Ship then bound for the *Dulychian* shore.

So

So thus you see his safety, whom you mourne,
VVho now is passing neere; and his returne
No more will punish with delayes, but see
His friends, and country: All which truth to thee
Ile seale with sacred Oath. Be witnesse *Ioue*,
Thou first, and best, of all the Thron'd aboue;
And thou house of the great *Laertes* heire,
To whose high roofes, I tender my repaire;
That what I tell the Queene, euent shall crowne:
This yeare, *Vlysses* shall possesse his owne:
Nay, ere the next month ends, shall heere arriue;
Nay ere it enters, heere abide aliue.
O may this proue (saide she;) gifts, friendship, then
Should make your name the most renown'd of men.
But 'tis of me receiu'd; and must so sort,
That nor my Lord shall euer see his Court,
Nor you gaine your deduction thence; for now
The alter'd house doth no such man allow
As was *Vlysses* (if he euer were)
To entertaine a reuerend Passenger,
And giue him faire dismission. But (Maids) see
Ye bathe his feete; and then with Tapistry,
Best sheets, and blanquets, make his bed, and lay
Soft wascotes by him; that (lodg'd warme) he may
Euen till the golden-seated mornings ray,
Enioy good rest; and then, with her first light,
Bathe, and giue almes; that cherisht appetite
He may apply within our Hall, and sit
Safe by *Telemachus*. Or if th'vnfit
And harmfull minde of any be so base
To greeue his age againe; let none giue grace
Of doing any deed, he shall command
(How wroth so euer) to his barbarous hand.
For how shall you (guest) know me for a Dame
That passe so far, nay, turne and winde the Fame
Of other Dames for wisedome, and the frame
Of houshold vsage; if your poore thin weeds
I let draw on you, want, and worser deeds;
That may, perhaps, cause heere your latest day?
The life of Man is short, and flyes away.
And if the Rulers selfe of households, be
Vngentle, studying inhumanity,
The rest proue worse. But he beares all the blame:
All men will, liuing, vow against his name,
Mischiefes, and miseries; And (dead) supply
VVith bitter Epitaphes, his memory.
But if himselfe be noble, (noble things
Doing, and knowing) all his Vnderlings

VVill imitate his Nobleſſe; and all gueſts
Giue it, in many; many intereſts.
But (worthieſt Queen, ſaid he) where you command
Baths and rich beds for me, I ſcorne to ſtand
On ſuch ſtate now; nor euer thought it yet,
Since firſt I left the ſnowy hils of *Crete*.
VVhen once I fell a ſhip-boord, thoſe thoughts fled;
I loue to take now (as long ſince) my bed:
Though I began the vſe, with ſleepleſſe nights;
I, many a darkneſſe, with right homely rites
Haue ſpent ere this houre; & deſir'd the Morne
Would come; and make ſleepe to the world a ſcorne:
Nor run theſe dainty Bathes in my rude head;
Nor any handmaid (to your ſeruice bred)
Shal touch my ill-kept feete, vnleſſe there liue
Some poore old drudge here, that hath learnd to giue
Old men good vſage; & no worke wil fly:
As hauing ſuffer'd ill, as much as I.
But if there liue, one ſuch, in your command;
I wil not ſhame to giue my foot, her hand.
She gaue this anſwere: O my loued Gueſt,
There neuer enter'd theſe kinde Roofes, for reſt,
Stranger or Friend, that ſo much wiſedome laide
In gage for Gueſt-rites, as your lippes haue paide.
There liues an old maide in my charge, that knowes
The good you ſpeake of, by her many woes;
That nouriſht and brought vp, with curious care,
Th'vnhappy man, your old familiar:
Euen ſince his Mother let him view the light,
And oft hath felt in her weake armes, his weight.
And ſhe (though now much weaker) ſhal apply
Her Maiden ſeruice, to your modeſty.
Euryclea, riſe; and waſh the feete of one,
That is of one age with your Soueraigne gone.
Such hands, ſuch feet hath, though of alter'd grace:
Much griefe in men, wil bring on change apace.
She (from her aged ſlumber wak't) did cleare
Her heauy eyes; and inſtantly (to heare
Her Soueraignes name) had worke enough to dry
Her cheekes from teares: and to his memory
Theſe Mones did offer: O my Son (ſaide ſhe)
I neuer can take greefe enough for thee;
VVhom *Goodnes* hurts; & whō, euen *Ioues* high ſpleen
(Since thou art *Ioue*-like) hates the moſt of men.
For none hath offer'd him ſo many Thyes;
Nor ſuch whole Hecatombes of ſacrifice,
Fat, and ſelected, as thy zeale hath done;
For all, but praying that thy noble Sonne,

Thy

Thy happy age, might ſee at ſtate of man.
And yet hath *Ioue* with Miſts *Cimmerean*
Put out the light of his returning day.
And as your ſelfe (O Father) in your way
Tooke theſe faire roofes for hoſpitable rights,
Yet finde (for them) our dogged womens ſpights:
So he (in like courſe) being driuen to proofe
(Long time ere this) what ſuch a royall Roofe
Would yeeld his miſeries; found ſuch vſage there.
And you (now flying the foule Language here,
And many a filthy fact of our faire Dames)
Fly me, like them; and put on cauſleſſe ſhames
To let me clenſe your feet. For not the cauſe
The Queenes command yeelds, is the pow'r ỳ drawes
My will to waſh your feete. But what I do,
Proceeds from her charge, and your reuerence to.
Since I, in ſoule, am ſtricken with a ruth
Of your diſtreſſes, and paſt* ſhow of truth.
Your ſtrangeneſſe claiming little intereſt
In my affections: and yet many a Gueſt
Of poore condition, hath bene harbour'd here:
But neuer any, did ſo right appeare
Like King *Vlyſſes*, as your ſelfe; For ſtate,
Both of your ſtature, voice, and very gate.
So all haue ſaid (ſaid he) that euer yet
Had the proportions of our figures met,
In their obſeruances; ſo right, your eye,
Proues in your ſoule, your iudging faculty.
Thus tooke ſhe vp a Caldron, brightly ſcour'd,
To clenſe his feete in: and into it, pour'd
Store of cold waue. which on the fire ſhe ſet;
And therein bath'd (being temperatly heat)
Her Soueraigns feet. Who turnd him from the light;
Since ſodainly, he doubted her conceit
(So rightly touching at his ſtate before)
A ſcar now ſeeing on his foot, that bore
An old note to diſcerne him; might deſcry
The abſolute truth; which (witneſt by her eye)
VVas ſtraite approu'd. He firſt receiu'd this ſore,
As in *Parnaſſus* tops, a white tooth'd Bore
He ſtood in chace withall; who ſtrooke him there,
At ſuch time, as he liu'd a ſoiourner,
VVith his grand Sire, *Autolycus*: who, th'Art
Of Theft and ſwearing (not out of the hart,
But by equiuocation) firſt adorn'd
Your witty man withall; and was ſuborn'd
By *Ioues* deſcent (ingenious *Mercurie*)
VVho did beſtow it; ſince ſo many a Thie

*Intending with Truth it ſelfe: not his ſhew onely.

Of

Of Lambes, and Kids, he had on him beſtow'd
In ſacred flames; who therefore, when he vow'd
VVas euer with him. And this man impoſ'd
Vlyſſes name; the light being firſt diſcloſ'd
To his firſt ſight then; when his grand Sire came
To ſee the then preferrer of his fame,
His loued daughter. The firſt ſupper done,
Euryclea, put in his lap, her Sonne,
And pray'd him to bethinke, and giue his name;
Since that deſire, did all deſires inflame.
Daughter, and Son-in-Law (ſayd he) let then
The name that I ſhall giue him, ſtand with men;
Since I arriu'd here, at the houre of paine,
In which, mine owne kinde entrailes did ſuſtaine
Moane for my daughters, yet vnended throes:
And when ſo many mens and womens woes,
In ioynt compaſſion met, of humane birth,
Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;
Let *Odyſſeus* be his name, as one
Expoſd to iuſt conſtraint of all mens mone.
VVhen heere at home, he is arriu'd at ſtate,
Of mans firſt youth; he ſhall initiate
His practiſd feete, in trauaile made abrode;
And to *Pernaſſus*, where mine owne abode
And chiefe meanes lye; addreſſe his way, where I
VVill giue him from my opened treaſury,
VVhat ſhall returne him well; and fit the Fame
Of one that had the honor of his name.
For theſe faire gifts he went, and found all grace
Of hands, and words, in him and all his race.
Amphithea (his Mothers mother) to
Applied her to his loue; withall, to do
In Grandames welcomes: both his faire eyes kiſt,
And browes; and then, commanded to aſſiſt
VVere all her ſonnes, by their reſpected Sire,
In furniſhing a Feaſt; whoſe eares did fire
Their minds with his command: who home ſtraite led
A fiue-yeares-old-male Oxe; feld, ſlew, and ſtead:
Gather'd about him; cut him vp with Art;
Spitted, and roaſted; and his euery part
Diuided orderly. So all the day
They ſpent in feaſt: No one man went his way
VVithout his fit fill. VVhen the Sun was ſet,
And darkneſſe roſe, they ſlept; till dayes fire het
Th'enlightned earth: and then, on hunting went
Both Hounds, and all *Autolycus* deſcent.
In whoſe guide, did diuine *Vlyſſes* go;
Climb'd ſteepe *Parnaſſus*, on whoſe forehead grow

Autolycus *giues his Grand child* Vlyſſes *his name: from whence the* Odyſſes *is deriu'd* Ὀδυσσεύς, *deriu'd of* Ὀδυ-ζομαι, *ex* Ὀδυνη factum: (*ſignifying* dolorem proprie corporis) nam ira ex dolore oritur.

All

All ſyluan off-ſprings round. And ſoone they rech't
The Concaues, whence ayrs ſounding vapors fetcht
Their loud deſcent. As ſoone as any Sun
Had from the Ocean (where his waters run
In ſilent deepneſſe) raiſ'd his golden head:
The early Huntſmen, all the hill had ſpread;
Their Hounds before them, on the ſearching Traile:
They neere, and euer eager to aſſaile.
Vlyſſes, brandiſhing a lengthfull Lance,
Of whoſe firſt flight, he long'd to proue the chance.
Then found they lodg'd a Bore, of bulke extreame,
In ſuch a Queach, as neuer any beame
The Sun ſhot, pierc'ſt: Nor any paſſe, let finde
The moiſt impreſsions of the fierceſt winde:
Nor any ſtorme the ſterneſt winter driues;
Such proofe it was: yet all within, lay leaues
In mighty thickneſſe; and through all this, flew
The hounds loud mouthes. The ſounds, the tumult (threw;
And all together rouz'd the Bore, that ruſht
Amongſt their thickeſt: All his briſſels, puſht
From forth his rough necke; and with flaming eyes
Stood cloſe, and dar'd all. On which horrid priſe
Vlyſſes firſt charg'd; whom, aboue the knee
The ſauage ſtrooke, and rac't it crookedly
Along the skin, yet neuer reacht the bone.
Vlyſſes Lance yet, through him, quite was throwne;
At his right ſhoulder entring: at his left,
The bright head paſſage to his keenneſſe cleft,
And ſhew'd his point gilt, with the guſhing gore.
Downe in the duſt fell the extended Bore,
And forth his life flew. To *Vlyſſes*, round
His Vnckle drew; who (wofull for his wound)
With all Art bound it vp; and with a charme
Staid ſtraight the blood: went home, & when the harm
Receiu'd full cure; with gifts, and all euent
Of ioy, and loue; to his lou'd home, they ſent
Their honor'd Nephew: whoſe returne, his Sire,
And reuerend Mother, tooke with ioyes entire:
Enquir'd all paſſages; all which, he gaue
In good relation: Nor of all, would ſaue
His wound from vtterance: By whoſe ſcar he came
To be diſcouered by this aged Dame.
VVhich, when ſhe clenſing felt, and noted well:
Downe from her Lap, into the Caldron, fell
His weighty foot, that made the Braſſe reſound:
Turn'd all aſide, and on th'embrewed ground
Spilt all the water. Ioy and griefe together
Her breſt inuaded: and of weeping weather

Her

Her eyes ſtood full: Her ſmall voice, ſtucke within
Her part expreſsiue; till at length, his chin
She tooke, and ſpake to him: O Sonne (ſaide ſhe)
Thou art *Vlyſſes*; nor canſt other be:
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my King
I had gone ouer, with the warmed Spring.
Then look't ſhe for the Queene, to tell her all;
And yet, knew nothing ſure: thogh nought could fall
In compaſſe of all thoughts, to make her doubt.
Minerua, that diſtraction ſtrooke throughout
Her minds rapt forces; that ſhe might not tell.
Vlyſſes, noting yet her aptneſſe well;
With one hand tooke her chin; and made all ſhew
Of fauour to her: with the other, drew
Her offer'd parting cloſer: Askt her why,
She, whoſe kinde breaſt had nurſt ſo tenderly
His infant life; would now, his age deſtroy?
Though twenty yeares had held him from the ioy
Of his lou'd country. But, ſince onely ſhe,
(God putting her in minde) now knew, 'twas he;
He charg'd her ſilence; and to let no care
In all the Court more, know his being there:
Leſt, if God gaue into his wreakfull hand
Th'inſulting wooers liues: he did not ſtand
On any partiall reſpect with her,
Becauſe his Nurſe; and to the reſt prefer
Her ſafety therefore; But when they ſhould feele
His puniſhing finger, giue her equall ſteele.
What words (ſaid ſhe) flye your retentiue pow'rs?
You know, you locke your counſailes in your Tow'rs
In my firme boſome: and, that I am farre
From thoſe looſe frailties. Like an Iron barre
Or bolt of ſolidſt ſtone, I will containe:
And tell you this beſides; That if you gaine
By Gods good aide, the wooers liues in yours;
VVhat Dames are heere their ſhameleſſe Paramours,
And haue done moſt diſhonor to your worth,
My information, well ſhall paint you forth.
It ſhal not neede (ſaide he) my ſelfe will ſoone
(VVhile thus I maske heere) ſet on euery one
My ſure obſeruance of the worſt, and beſt:
Be thou then ſilent, and leaue God the reſt.
This ſaid; the old Dame, for more water went;
The reſt was all vpon the Pauement ſpent,
By knowne *Vlyſſes* foot. More brought (and he
Supplied beſides with ſweeteſt Oyntments) ſhe
His ſeate drew neere the fire, to keepe him warme:
And, with his peec't rags, hiding cloſe his harme:

The Queene came neere, and ſaid: Yet (gueſt) afford
Your further patience; till, but in a word
Ile tell my woes to you: For well I know,
That *Reſts ſweet Houre*, her ſoft ſoote orders now:
When all poore men, how much ſoeuer grieu'd,
VVould gladly get their wo-watcht pow'rs relieu'd.
But God hath giuen my griefe a heart ſo great,
It will not downe with reſt. And ſo I ſet
My iudgement vp, to make it my delight.
All day I mourne; yet nothing let the right
I owe my charge, both in my worke and Maids;
And when the night brings reſt to others aides,
I toſſe my bed; *Diſtreſſe* with twenty points,
Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning ioynts
Conuey the vitall heate. And as all night,
Pandareus daughter (poore *Edone*) ſings,
Clad in the verdure of the yearly Springs;
VVhen ſhe for *Itylus*, her loued Sonne
(By *Zetus* iſſue; in his madneſſe, done
To cruell death) poures out her hourely mone,
And drawes the eares to her of euery one;
So flowes my mone, that cuts in two my minde,
And here and there, giues my diſcourſe the winde;
Vncertain whether I ſhal with my Son
Abide ſtill heere, the ſafe poſſeſsion
And guard of all goods: Reuerence to the bed
Of my lou'd Lord; and to my far-off ſpred
Fame with the people; putting ſtill in vſe;
Or follow any beſt *Greeke* I can chuſe
To his fit houſe, with treaſure infinite
VVon to his Nuptials. VVhile the infant plight
And want of iudgement kept my Son in guide;
He was not willing with my being a Bride,
Nor with my parting from his Court: But now
(Arriu'd at mans ſtate) he would haue me vow
My loue to ſome one of my wooers heere,
And leaue his Court; offended that their cheere
Should ſo conſume his free poſſeſsions.
To ſettle then a choice in theſe my mones,
Heare and expound a dreame, that did engraue
My ſleeping fancy. Twenty Geeſe, I haue;
All which, me thought, mine eye ſaw taſting wheate
In water ſteep't, and ioy'd to ſee them eate.
VVhen ſtraight, a crooke-beak't Eagle, from a hill,
Stoop't, and truſt all their neckes, and all did kill;
VVhen (all left ſcatter'd on the Pauement there)
She tooke her wing vp, to the Gods faire ſphere:
I, euen amid my Dreame, did weepe and mourne,

To

To ſee the Eagle, with ſo ſhrew'd a turne,
Stoope my ſad turrets; when, me thought there came
About my mournings, many a Grecian Dame
To cheere my ſorrowes; in whoſe moſt extreame
The Hawke came back, and on the prominent beame
That croſt my Chamber, fell; and vſ'd to me
A humane voice, that ſounded horribly;
And ſaide; Be confident, *Icarius* ſeed;
This is no dreame, but what ſhall chance indeed.
The Geeſe, the wooers are: the Eagle, I,
VVas heeretofore a Fowle: but now imply
Thy husbands Beeing; and am come to giue
The wooers death, that on my Treaſure, liue.
With this, Sleepe left me; and my waking way
I tooke to try, if any violent prey
Were made of thoſe my Fowles; which, well enough
I (as before) found feeding at their Trough,
Their yoted wheate. O woman (he replide)
Thy dreame can no interpretation bide,
But what the Eagle made, who was your Lord;
And ſaide, himſelfe would ſure effect afford
To what he told you; that confuſion
To all the wooers ſhould appeare; and none
Eſcape the Fate, and death, he had decreed.
She anſwer'd him: O Gueſt, theſe dreames exceede
The Art of man t'interpret; and appere
Without all choiſe, or forme; nor euer were
Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are
To theſe light Dreames, that like thin vapors fare,
Two two-leau'd gates; the one of Iuory;
The other, Horne. Thoſe dreames that *Fantaſie*
Takes from the poliſht Iuory Port, delude
The Dreamer euer, and no truth include:
Thoſe that the glittering Horn-gate, lets abrode,
Do euermore, ſome certaine truth abode.
But this my dreame, I hold of no ſuch ſort
To flye from thence; yet, which ſoeuer Port
It had acceſſe from, it did highly pleaſe
My Son, and me. And this, my thoughts profeſſe;
That Day that lights me from *Vlyſſes* Court,
Shall both my infamy, and curſe conſort.
I therefore purpoſe to propoſe them now
In ſtrong Contention, *Vlyſſes* Bow;
Which he that eaſly drawes; and from his draft,
Shoots through twelue Axes (as he did his ſhaft,
All ſet vp in a rowe; And from them all,
His ſtand-farre-off kept firme) my fortunes ſhall
Diſpoſe; and take me to his houſe from hence,

The two parts of Dreames.

The propoſition of Vlyſſes Bow to the Wooers, determined by Penelope.

Homer

VVhere I was wed, a Maide; in confluence
Of feaſt and riches: ſuch a Court heere then,
As I ſhall euer in my dreames reteine.
Do not (ſaid he) deferre the gameſull priſe,
But ſet to taske their importunities
With ſomething elſe, then Nuptials: For your Lord
VVill to his Court and Kingdome be reſtor'd,
Before they thred thoſe ſteeles, or draw his Bow.
O Gueſt (repli'de *Penelepe*) would you
Thus ſit, and pleaſe me with your ſpeech; mine eares
VVould neuer let mine eye-lids cloſe their Spheares;
But none can liue without the death of ſleepe;
Th'Immortals, in our mortall memories keepe
Our ends, and deaths by ſleepe; diuiding ſo,
(As by the Fate and portion of our wo)
Our times ſpent heere; to let vs nightly try,
That while we liue; as much as liue, we dye.
In which vſe, I will to my bed aſcend,
VVhich I bedeaw with teares, and ſigh paſt end,
Through all my houres ſpent; ſince I loſt my ioy,
For vile, lew'd, neuer-to-be-named *Troy*.
Yet there, Ile proue for ſleepe, which take you here;
Or on the earth, if that your cuſtome were;
Or haue a bed, diſpoſ'd for warmer reſt.
Thus left ſhe with her Ladies, her old Gueſt:
Aſcended her faire chamber, and her bed:
VVhoſe ſight did euer duly make her ſhed
Teares for her Lord; which ſtill her eyes did ſteepe,
Till *Pallas* ſhut them with delightſome ſleepe.

The End of the Nineteenth Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes, *in the Wooers Beds,*
Reſoluing firſt to kill the Maids;
That ſentence giuing off; His care
For other Obiects doth prepare.

Another.

Ψ. { *Ioues thunder chides;* / *but cheers the king;* / *The Wooers prides* / *diſcomfiting.* }

VLyſſes in the Entry, laide his head,
And vnder him, an Oxe-hide newly ſlead;
Aboue him Sheep fels ſtore; & ouer thoſe
Eurynome caſt Mantles. His repoſe
VVould bring no ſleepe yet; ſtudying the ill
He wiſht the wooers; who came by him ſtill
VVith all their wenches; laughing, wantoning
In mutuall lightneſſe, which his heart did ſting;
Contending two wayes; if (all patience fled)
He ſhould ruſh vp, and ſtrike thoſe Strumpets dead;
Or let that night be laſt, and take th'extreme
Of thoſe proud wooers, that were ſo ſupreme
In pleaſure of their high fed fantaſies.
His heart did barke within him; to ſurprize
Their ſports with ſpoiles: No fell ſhee-Maſtiue can
Amongſt her whelpes, flye eagrer on a man
She doth not know; yet ſents him ſomething neare,
And faine would come to pleaſe her tooth and teare;
Then his diſdaine, to ſee his Rooſe ſo fil'de
VVith thoſe fowle faſhions: Grew within him wilde
To be in blood of them. But finding beſt
In his free iudgement, to let paſsion reſt;
He chid his angry ſpirit, and beate his breſt:
And ſaid; Forbeare (my minde) and thinke on this:

There hath bene time, when bitter agonies
Haue tried thy patience: Call to minde the day,
In which the *Cyclop*, which paſt manly ſway
Of violent ſtrength, deuour'd thy friends; thou then
Stoodſt firmely bold, till from that helliſh den
Thy wiſedom broght thee off; whē nought but death
Thy thoughts reſolu'd on. This diſcourſe did breath
The fiery boundings of his heart, that ſtill
Lay in that æſture; without end, his ill
Yet manly ſuffering. But from ſide to ſide
It made him toſſe apace: you haue not tride
A fellow roaſting of a Pig before
A haſty fire, (his belly yeelding ſtore
Of fat, and blood) turne faſter: labour more
To haue it roaſt, and would not haue it burne;
Then this, and that way, his vnreſt made turne
His thoughts, and body; would not quench the fire,
And yet, not haue it heighten his deſire
Paſt his diſcretion; and the fit enough
Of haſt, and ſpeed; that went to all the proofe
His well laid plots, and his exploits requir'd;
Since he, but one, to all their deaths aſpir'd.

Pallas appeares to Vlyſſes.

In this contention, *Pallas* ſtoop't from heauen;
Stood ouer him, and had her preſence giuen
A womans forme; who ſternly thus began:
Why thou moſt ſowre, and wretched-fated man
Of all that breath! yet lieſt thou thus awake?
The houſe, in which thy cares ſo toſſe and take
Thy quiet vp, is thine: thy wife is there;
And ſuch a Son, as if thy wiſhes were
To be ſuffic'd with one; they could not mend.
Goddeſſe (ſaid he) tis true; But I contend
To right their wrongs: and (though I bee but one)
To lay vnhelpt, and wreakfull hand vpon
This whole reſort of impudents, that here
Their rude aſſemblies neuer will forbeare.
And yet a greater doubt imployes my care;
That if their ſlaughters, in my reaches are,
And I performe them; (*Ione* and you not pleaſ'd)
How ſhall I flye their friends? & would ſtand feaſ'd
Of counſaile, to reſolue this care in me.
Wretch (ſhe replied) a friend of worſe degree,
Might win thy credence: that a mortall were,
And vſ'd to ſecond thee; though nothing nere
So powerfull in performance, nor in care:
Yet I, a Goddeſſe, that haue ſtill had ſhare
In thy atchicuements, and thy perſons guard,
Muſt ſtill be doubted by thy Braine, ſo hard

To credit any thing aboue thy powre,
And that muſt come from heauen; if euery houre
There be not perſonall apparance made,
And aide direct giuen, that may ſenſe inuade.
Ile tell thee therefore cleerely: If there were
Of diuers languag'd men, an Army here
Of fifty Companies; all driuing hence
Thy Sheepe and Oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge vs, and beſiedge vs round;
Thou ſhouldſt their prey reprize, & them confound.
Let ſleepe then ſeize thee: *To keepe watch all Night,*
Conſumes the ſpirits, and makes dull the ſight.
Thus pour'd the Goddeſſe ſleepe into his eyes,
And re-aſcended the *Olympian* skies.
VVhen care-and-lineament-reſoluing ſleepe,
Had laide his temples in his golden ſteepe;
His, wiſe-in-chaſt-wit-worthy-wife, did riſe:
(Firſt ſitting vp in her ſoft bed) her eyes
Opened with teares, in care of her eſtate,
VVhich now, her friends reſolu'd to terminate
To more delaies, and make her marry one.
Her ſilent teares (then ceaſt) her Orizon
This Queene of women to *Diana* made.
Reuerend *Diana*; let thy Darts inuade
My wofull boſome, and my life depriue,
Now at this inſtant; or ſoone after driue
My ſoule with Tempeſts forth, and giue it way
To thoſe farre-off darke Vaults, where neuer day
Hath powre to ſhine; and let them caſt it downe
Where refluent *Oceanus* doth crowne
His curled head; where *Pluto's* Orchard is,
And entrance to our after miſeries.
As ſuch ſterne whirlewinds, rauiſht to that ſtreame,
Pandareus daughters, when the Gods to them
Had reft their parents; and them left alone
(Poore orphan children) in their Manſion.
VVhoſe deſolate life, did loues ſweet Queene incline
To nurſe with preſſed Milke, and ſweeteſt wine;
VVhom *Iuno* deckt, beyond all other Dames
VVith wiſedomes light, and beauties mouing flames:
VVhom *Phœbe*, goodlineſſe of ſtature render'd,
And to whoſe faire hands, wiſe *Minerua* tender'd,
The Loome and Needle, in their vtmoſt skill.
And while Loues Empreſſe skal'd th' *Olympian* hill,
To beg of Lightning-louing *Ioue* (ſince hee
The meanes to all things knowes; and doth decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortall Race)
For thoſe poore virgins, the accompliſht grace

Of ſweeteſt Nuptials: The fierce *Harpyes* prey'd
On euery good, & miſerable Maid;
And to the hatefull Furies, gaue them all
In horrid ſeruice. Yet, may ſuch Fate fall
From ſteepe *Olympus*, on my loathed head;
Or faire-chair'd *Phœbe*, ſtrike me inſtant dead:
That I may vndergo the gloomy Shore,
To viſit great *Vlyſſes* ſoule; before
I ſooth my idle blood, and wed a wurſe.
And yet, beneath how deſperate a curſe
Do I liue now? It is an ill, that may
Be well indur'd, to mourne the whole long day;
So nights ſweete ſleepes (that make a man forget
Both bad, and good) in ſome degree would let
My thoughts leaue greeuing. But, both day and night,
Some cruell God, giues my ſad memory ſight.
This night (me thought) *Vlyſſes* grac't my bed
In all the goodly ſtate, with which he led
The Grecian Army: which gaue ioyes extreame
To my diſtreſſe, eſteeming it no dreame,
But true indeed: and that conceite I had,
That when I ſaw it falſe, I might be mad.
Such cruell Fates, command in my lifes guide.
By this, the mornings Orient, dewes had di'de
The earth in all her colours; when the King
In his ſweet ſleepe, ſuppoſ'd the ſorrowing
That ſhe vſ'd waking in her plaintiffe bed
To be her mourning, ſtanding by his head,
As hauing knowne him there. VVho ſtraight aroſe,
And did againe within the Hall diſpoſe
The Carpets and the Cuſhions, where before
They ſeru'd the ſeats. The Hide, without the dore
He carried backe; & then, with held vp hands,
He pray'd to him, that heauen & earth commands;
O Father *Ioue*; If through the moyſt and dry
You (willing) brought me home; when miſery
Had puniſht me enough, by your free doomes;
Let ſome of theſe within thoſe inner roomes,
(Startl'd with horror of ſome ſtrange Oſtent)
Come heere, & tell me, that great *Ioue* hath bent
Threatnings without, at ſome lewd men within.
To this his pray'r, *Ioue* ſhooke his ſable chin,
And thunder'd from thoſe pure clouds that (aboue
The breathing aire) in bright *Olympus* moue.
Diuine *Vlyſſes* ioy'd, to heare it rore.
Report of which, a woman Miller bore
Straight to his eares; For neere to him, there gro und
Milles for his Corne, that twice ſix women found

Continuall motion, grinding Barley meale,
And wheat (mans Marrow.) Sleepe the eies did ſeale
Of all the other women: hauing done
Their vſuall taske; which yet, this Dame alone
Had ſcarſe giuen end to; being, of al the reſt,
Leaſt fit for labour. But when theſe ſounds, preſt
Her eares, aboue the rumbling of her Mill:
She let that ſtand, look't out; and heauens ſteepe hill
Saw cleere, and temperate; which made her (vnware
Of giuing any comfort to his care,
In that ſtrange ſigne he pray'd for) thus inuoke.
O King of men, and Gods; a mighty ſtroke
Thy thundring hand laide, on the cope of ſtarres;
No cloud in all the aire; and therefore warres
Thou bidſt to ſome men, in thy ſure Oſtent:
Performe to me (poore wretch) the maine euent,
And make this day, the laſt, and moſt extream,
In which the wooers pride ſhall ſolace them
With whooriſh Banquets in *Vlyſſes* Roofe:
That, with ſad toyle, to grinde them meale enough,
Haue quite diſſolu'd my knees: vouchſafe then, now
Thy thunders may their lateſt Feaſt foreſhow.

The Miller-woman's prayer to Ioue, in ſatisfaction of Vlyſſes prayer.

This was the *Boone, *Vlyſſes* begg'd of *Ioue*;
VVhich (with his Thunder) through his boſom droue
A ioy, that this vant breath'd: Why now theſe men
(Deſpite their pride) will *Ioue* make, pay me paine.
By this, had other Maids then thoſe that lay,
Mixt with the wooers; made a fire like day,
Amidſt the harth of the illuſtrious Hall:
And then the Prince, like a Celeſtiall
Roſe from his bed; to his embalm'd feete, tied
Faire ſhooes: his ſword about his breaſt applied;
Tooke to his hand his ſharp-pil'd Lance, and met
Amidſt the Entry, his old Nurſe, that ſet
His haſt, at ſodaine ſtand; To whom he ſaid:
O (my lou'd Nurſe) with what grace haue you laid
And fed my gueſt heere? Could you ſo neglect
His age, to lodge him thus? Though all reſpect
I giue my Mothers wiſedome, I muſt yet
Affirme, it fail'd in this: For ſhe hath ſet
At much more price, a man of much leſſe worth,
Without his perſons note; and yet caſts forth
With ignominious hands (for his Forme ſake)
A man much better. Do not faulty make
(Good Son) the faultleſſe. He was giuen his ſeat
Cloſe to her ſide; and food, till he would eat.
VVine til his wiſh was ſeru'd: For ſhe requir'd
His wants, and will'd him all things he deſir'd.

Viz. *That ſome from within, might vſſue; & witneſſe in his hearing, ſome wreakefull Oſtent to his enemies fro heauen*

Com-

Commanded her chiefe Maides to make his bed;
But he (as one whom ſorrow onely fed
And all infortune) would not take his reſt
In bed, and couerings, fit for any Gueſt;
But in the Entry, on an Oxes hide,
Neuer at Tanners; his old Limbes implide
In warme Sheep-fels; yet ouer all, we caſt
A mantle, fitting, for a man more grac'ſt.
He tooke her anſwere: Left the houſe, and went
(Attended with his dogges) to ſift th' euent
Of priuate Plots, betwixt him and his Sire
In commune counſaile. Then the crue entire
Of al the houſhold Maids, (*Euryclea*) bad
Beſtir them through the houſe; and ſee it clad
In all beſt Forme: gaue all their parts; and one
She ſet to furniſh euery ſeate and Throne
With Needle-workes, and purple clothes of State;
Another ſet to ſcoure and cleanſe the Plate:
Another, all the Tables to make proud
With porous Sponges: Others, ſhe beſtow'd
In all ſpeed to the Spring, to fetch from thence
Fit ſtore of water; all, at all expence
Of paines, ſhe will'd to be: For this, to all
Should be a day of commune Feſtiuall;
And not a wooer now ſhould ſeeke his home,
Elſe where then there; But all were bid to come
Exceeding early; and be rais'd to heauen,
With all the entertainment could be geuen.
They heard with greedy eares; and euery thing
Put ſtraight in practiſe: Twenty to the Spring
Made ſpeed for water; Many in the houſe
Tooke paines; and all, were both laborious
And skill'd in labour. Many fell to Fell
And cleaue their wood: & all did more then well.
Then troop't the luſty wooers in; and then
Came all from Spring. At their heeles; loaded men
With ſlaughter'd Brawnes: of all the Herd, the prize,
That had bene long fed vp in ſeuerall Sties.
Eumæus, and his men, conuei'd them there.
He (ſeeing now the King) began to chere,
And thus ſaluted him: How now, my Gueſt?
Haue yet your vertues found more intereſt
In theſe great wooers good reſpects? Or ſtill
Purſue they you, with all their wonted ill?
I would to heauen, *Eumæus* (he replide)
The Deities once would take in hand their pride;
That ſuch vnſeemly faſhions put in frame
In others Roofes, as ſhew no ſparke of ſhame.

Thus

Thus theſe; and to theſe came *Melanthius*,
Great guardian of the moſt egregious
Rich wooers Herds, conſiſting all of Goats:
VVhich he, with two more draue, & made their coats
The ſounding *Porticos* of that faire Court.
Melanthius (ſeeing the King) this former ſort
Of vpland Language gaue: VVhat? ſtill ſtay heere?
And dull theſe wooers with thy wretched cheere?
Not gone for euer, yet? why now I ſee
This ſtrife of cuffes betwixt the beggery,
(That yeſterday aſſaid, to get thee gone)
And thy more roguery, needs wil fall vpon
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence
Till I ſet on thee: thy ragg'd impudence
Is ſo faſt footed. Are there not beſide
Other great Banquetants, but you muſt ride
At anchor ſtil with vs? He nothing ſaid,
But thought of ill enough, and ſhooke his head.
Then came *Philætius* (a chiefe of men)
That to the wooers all-deuouring den
A barren Stere draue, and fat Goats; for they
In cuſtome were, with Traffiquers by ſea,
That who they would ſent; and had vtterance there.
And for theſe likewiſe, the faire Porches were
Hurdles, and Sheep-pens, as in any Faire.
Philætius tooke note in his repaire,
Of ſeene *Vlyſſes*; being a man as well
Giuen to his minds vſe as to buy & ſell;
Or do the drudgery that the blood deſir'd;
And (ſtanding neere *Eumæus*) this enquir'd.
VVhat Gueſt is this, that makes our houſe of late
His entertainer? whence claimes he the ſtate
His birth in this life holds? what Nation?
VVhat race? what country ſtands his ſpeech vpon?
Ore hardly portion'd, by the terrible Fates.
The ſtructure of his Lineaments relates
A Kings reſemblance in his pompe of reigne
Euen thus, in theſe rags. But poore erring men
That haue no firme homes, but range here and there
As Need compels, God keepes in this earths ſphere,
As vnder water: and this tune he ſings,
VVhen he is ſpinning euen the cares of Kings.
Thus comming to him; with a kinde of feare
He tooke his hand; and (touch't exceeding neare
VVith meere imagination of his worth)
This ſalutation he ſent lowdly forth.
Health! Father ſtranger; in another world
Be rich and happy: though thou here art hurld

136240
Homer

At feete of neuer ſuch inſulting Neede.
O *Ioue*, there liues no one God of thy ſeede
More ill to man, then thou. Thou tak'ſt no ruth
(VVhen thou thy ſelfe haſt got him, in moſt truth:)
To wrap him in the ſtraites of moſt diſtreſſe,
And in the curſe of others wickednesſe.
My browes haue ſwet to ſee it; and mine eyes
Broke all in teares; when this being ſtill the guiſe
Of worthieſt men, I haue but onely thought,
That downe to theſe ils, was *Vlyſſes* wrought;
And that (thus clad) euen he is error driuen,
If yet he liues, and ſees the light of heauen.
But, if now dead, and in the houſe of hell,
O me! O good *Vlyſſes!* That my weale
Did euer wiſh: and when, but halfe a man
Amongſt the people *Cephalenian*;
His bounty, to his Oxens charge preferr'd
One in that youth: which now, is growne a Herd
Vnſpeakeable for number; and feede there
With their broad heads, as thicke, as of his eare
A Field of Corne is to a man: yet theſe,
Some men aduiſe me, that this noted preaſe
Of wooers may deuoure; and wiſh me driue
Vp to their Feaſts with them; that neither giue
His Son reſpect, though in his owne free roofe;
Nor haue the wit to feare th'infallible proofe
Of heauenly vengeance: but make offer now
The long-lack't Kings poſſeſſions to beſtow
In their ſelfe ſhares. Me thinkes, the minde in me
Doth turne as faſt; as (in a flood, or Sea)
A raging whirlepit doth; to gather in
To filthy death, thoſe ſwimmers in their ſin.
Or feeds a motion as circulare
To driue my Herds away. But while the Son
Beares vp with life, t'were hainous wrong to ron
To other people with them; and to truſt
Men of another earth: and yet more iuſt
It were to venture their Lawes; the maine right
Made ſtil their Maiſters; then at home loſe quite
Their right, and them; and ſit and greeue to ſee
The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttonie.
And I had long ſince fled, and tried th'euent
VVith other proud Kings (ſince, more inſolent
Theſe are, then can be borne,) But that, euen ſtil
I had a hope, that this (though borne to ill)
VVould one day come from ſome coaſt, & their laſt
In his roofes ſtrew, with ruines red, and vaſt.
Herdſman (ſaid he) becauſe thou art in ſhow,

Nor lewd, nor indiſcreete; and that I know
There rules in thee an vnderſtanding ſoule,
Il'e take an oath, that in thee ſhall controule
All doubt of what I ſweare: be witneſſe, *Ioue*,
That ſwai'ſt the firſt Seate, of the thron'd aboue;
This hoſpitable Table; and this houſe;
That ſtill holds title for the ſtrenuous
Sonne of *Laertes*; that (if ſo you pleaſe)
Your eyes ſhall witneſſe, *Laertiades*
Arriu'd at home; and all theſe men that raigne
In ſuch exceſſes heere; ſhall heere lye ſlaine.
He anſwer'd: Stranger I would iuſt *Ioue* wold ſigne
What you haue ſworne: in your eyes beams ſhould ſhine
What powers I mannage; and how theſe my hands,
VVould riſe and follow, where he firſt commands.
So ſaid *Eumæus*: praying all the Sky
That wiſe *Vlyſſes* might arriue and trie.
Thus while they vow'd: the wooers ſat as hard
On his Sons death: but had their counſels skar'd;
For on their left hand, did an Eagle ſore;
And in her ſeres, a fearefull Pigeon bore;
VVhich ſeene; *Amphinomus* preſa'gd: O friends,
Our Counſailes neuer will receiue their ends
In this mans ſlaughter: let vs therefore plie,
Our bloody feaſt, and make his Oxen die.
Thus came they in; caſt off on ſeates, their cloakes;
And fell to giuing ſacrificing ſtrokes
Of Sheepe and Goates; the cheefely fat, and great;
Slew fed vp Swine, and from the Heard, a Neate.
The inwards (roaſted,) they diſpoſd'e betwixt
Their then obſeruers; wine in Flaggons mixt.
The bolles *Eumæus* brought; *Philætius*, bread;
Melanthus fill'd the wine. Thus dranke and fed
The feaſtfull wooers. Then the Prince (in grace
Of his cloſe proiect) did his Father place
Amids the paued Entrie; in a Seate
Seemeleſſe, and abiect: a ſmall boord and meate
Of th'onely inwards. In a cup of gold
Yet ſent him wine; and bad him now drinke bolde;
All his approches, he himſelfe would free
Gainſt all the wooers: ſince he would not ſee
His Court made populare: but that his Sire
Built it to his vſe. Therefore all the fire
Blowne in the wooers ſpleenes, he bad ſuppreſſe;
And that in hands, nor words they ſhould digreſſe
From that ſet peace, his ſpeech did then proclaime.
They bit their lips, and wondred at his aime
In that braue Language: when *Antinous* ſaide;

13624c Homer

Though this ſpeech (Grecians) be a meere vpbraide;
Yet this time giue it paſſe: The will of *Ioue*
Forbids the violence of our hands, to moue;
But of our tongues, we keepe the motion free:
And therefore, if his further iollity
Tempt our encounter with his Braues, let's checke
His growing inſolence: though pride to ſpeake,
Fly paſſing high with him. The wiſe Prince made
No more ſpring of his ſpeech, but let it fade.

The Feaſt that Eurimachus ſpoke of before, returned vnto

And now the Heralds bore about the Towne
The ſacred Hecatombe: to whoſe renowne
The faire-haird Greekes aſſembl'd; and beneath
Apollo's ſhady wood; the holy death
They put to fire; which (made enough) they drew;
Diuided all, that did in th'end accrew
To glorious ſatisfaction. Thoſe that were
Diſpoſers of the Feaſt, did equall cheere
Beſtow on wretched *Laertiades*,
With all the wooers ſoules: It ſo did pleaſe
Telemachus to charge them: And, for theſe
Minerua would not ſee the malices
The wooers bore; too much contain'd, that ſo
Vlyſſes mou'd heart, yet might higher flow
In wreakfull anguiſh. There was wooing there
(Amongſt the reſt) a Gallant, that did beare
The name of one well learn'd, in ieſts prophane;
His name *Cteſippus*, borne a *Samiane*:
Who proud, becauſe his Father was ſo rich,
Had ſo much confidence, as did bewitch
His heart with hope, to wed *Vlyſſes* wife:
And this man ſaid: Heare me, my Lords, in ſtrife
For this great widdow: This her gueſt did ſhare
Euen feaſt with vs, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it: For 'tis not good
Nor equall, to depriue Gueſts of their food;
And ſpecially, what euer gueſt makes way
To that houſe where *Telemachus* doth ſway.
And therefore, I will adde to his receipt,
A gift of very hoſpitable weight,
VVhich he may giue againe, to any Maide
That bath's his graue feete; and her paines fee paide;
Or any ſeruant elſe, that the diuine
Vlyſſes lofty Battlements confine.
Thus ſnatcht he with a valiant hand, from out
The poore folkes commune basket, a Neat's foot,
And threw it at *Vlyſſes*: who, his head
Shrunke quietly aſide; and let it ſhed
His malice on the wall. The ſuffering man

A laughter raiſing, moſt *Sardinian*
VVith ſcorne, and wrath mixt, at the *Samian*.
VVhom thus the Prince reprou'd; Your valour wan
Much grace *Cteſippus*; and hath eaſ'd your minde
VVith mighty profit: yet you ſee it finde
No marke it aim'd at; the poore ſtrangers part
Himſelfe made good enough, to ſcape your Dart.
But ſhould I ſerue thee worthily, my Lance
Should ſtrike thy heart through, &(in place t'aduance
Thy ſelfe in Nuptials with his wealth) thy Sire
Should make thy toomb heere; that the fooliſh fire
Of all ſuch valors, may not dare to ſhow
Theſe foule indecencies to me. I now
Haue yeares to vnderſtand my ſtrength, and know
The good and bad of things; and am no more
At your large ſufferance, to behold my ſtore
Conſum'd with patience: See my Cattell ſlaine,
My wine exhauſted; and my Bread, in vaine
Spent on your licenſe: For, to one then yong,
So many enemies were match too ſtrong.
But let me neuer more, be witneſſe to
Your hoſtile minds; Nor thoſe baſe deeds ye do:
For, ſhould ye kill me, in my offred wreake,
I wiſh it rather; and my death would ſpeake
Much more good of me, then to liue and ſee,
Indignity, vpon indignity:
My Gueſts prouok't with bitter words and blowes;
My women ſeruants, dragg'd about my houſe
To luſt, and rapture. This made ſilence ſeize
The houſe throughout: till *Damaſtorides*
At length the calme brake: and ſaid; Friend, forbeare
To giue a iuſt ſpeech a diſdainfull eare:
The Gueſt no more touch, nor no ſeruant here.
My ſelfe, will to the Prince and Queene commend
A motion gratefull, if they pleaſe to lend
Gratefull receite: as long as any hope
Left wiſe *Vlyſſes* any paſſage ope
To his returne in our conceits; ſo long
The Queenes delayes to our demands ſtood ſtrong
In cauſe, and reaſon; and our quarrels thus
With gueſts; the Queene, or her *Telemachus*,
Set neuer foote amongſt our liberall Feaſt;
For ſhould the King returne, though thought deceaſt,
It had bene gaine to vs, in finding him,
To loſe his wife: But now, ſince nothing dim
The daies breakes out, that ſhewes he neuer more
Shal reach the deere touch of his countrey ſhore,
Sit by your Mother, in perſwaſion,

Homer 13624c

That now it ſtands her honor much vpon
To chooſe the beſt of vs; and who giues moſt,
To go with him home. For ſo, all things loſt
In ſticking on our haunt ſo; you ſhall cleere
Recouer, in our no more concourſe here:
Poſſeſſe your birth-right wholly; eate and drinke;
And neuer more on our diſgraces thinke.
By *Ioue*, no *Agelaus*: For I ſweare
By all my Fathers ſorrowes; who doth erre
Farre off from *Ithaca*; or reſts in death:
I am ſo farre from ſpending but my breath,
To make my Mother any more defer
Her wiſhed Nuptials; That Ile counſaile her
To make her free choiſe: And beſides, will giue
Large gifts to moue her. But I feare to driue,
Or charge her hence: For God will not giue way
To any ſuch courſe, if I ſhould aſſay.
At this, *Minerua* made for fooliſh ioy
The wooers mad; and rouz'd their late annoy
To ſuch a laughter, as would neuer downe.
They laught with others cheeks; eate meat oreflowne
VVith their owne bloods: their eies ſtood full of teares
For violent ioyes: Their ſoules yet thought of feares:
VVhich *Theoclymenus* expreſt, and ſaid:
O wretches! VVhy? Suſtaine ye (well apaid)
Your imminent ill? A night, with which *Death* ſees;
Your heads, and faces, hides beneath your knees.
Shriekes burn about you: your eies, thruſt out teares:
Theſe fixed wals, and that maine Beame that beares
The whole houſe vp, in bloody torrents fall:
The Entry full of ghoſts ſtands: Full the Hall
Of paſſengers to hel: And, vnder all
The diſmall ſhades; The Sun ſinkes from the Poles;
And troubl'd aire, poures bane about your ſoules.
They ſweetly laught at this: *Eurymachus*
To mocks diſpoſ'd, and ſaide; This new-come-t'vs
Is ſurely mad; conduct him forth to light
In th'open Market place: he thinkes 'tis night
Within the houſe. *Eurymachus* (ſaid he)
I will not aske for any guide of thee:
I both my feete enioy; haue eares, and eies,
And no mad ſoule within me: and with theſe
Will I go forth the doores: becauſe I know,
That imminent miſchiefe muſt abide with you;
VVhich, not a man of all the wooers here
Shall flye, or ſcape. Ye all too highly beare
Your vncurb'd heads: Impieties ye commit,
And euery man affect, with formes vnfit.

This

This ſaid; he left the houſe, and tooke his way
Home to *Pyræus*; who, as free as day,
Was of his welcome. When the wooers eyes
Chang'd lookes with one another, and (their guiſe
Of laughters, ſtill held on) ſtill eaſ'd their breſts,
Of will to ſet the Prince againſt his gueſts:
Affirming, that of all the men aliue
He worſt lucke had; and prou'd it worſt to giue
Gueſts entertainment: For he had one there
A wandring Hunter out of prouendere,
An errant Begger euery way; yet thought
(He was ſo hungry) that he needed nought
But wine and Victuals: nor knew how to do;
Nor had a ſpirit to put a knowledge to;
But liu'd an idle burthen to the earth.
Another then ſtept vp; and would lay forth
His lips in phropheſie, thus: But (would he heare
His friends perſwaſions) he ſhould finde it were
More profit for him, to put both abord
For the *Sicilian* people, that afford
Theſe *feete of men, good price: and this would bring
Good meanes for better gueſts. Theſe words made
To his eares idlely: who had ſtill his eye (wing
Vpon his Father, looking feruently
When he would lay his long-withholding hand
On thoſe proud wooers. And, within command
Of all this ſpeech that paſt, *Icarius* heire
(The wiſe *Penelope*) her royall chaire
Had plac't of purpoſe. Their high dinner then
With all pleaſ'd palates, theſe ridiculous men
Fell ſweetly to: as ioying they had ſlaine
Such ſtore of banquet. But there did not raigne
A bitterer banquet Planet in all heauen,
Then that which *Pallas*, had to that day driuen;
And, with her able friend now, meant t'appoſe;
Since they, till then, were in deſerts ſo groſe.

The End of the Twentith Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

PEnelope *propoſeth now,*
To him that drawes Vlyſſes *Bow*
Her inſtant Nuptials. Ithacus,
Eumæus, *and* Philætius,
Giues charge for guarding of the Gates;
And he, his ſhaft ſhoots through the plates.

Another.

φῖ. { *The Nuptiall vow,*
and Game reherſt:
Drawne is the Bow,
the ſteeles are pierſt. }

Pallas (the Goddeſſe with the ſparkling eyes)
Excites *Penelope*, t'obiect the priſe
(The Bow & bright ſteeles) to the wooers ſtrength;
And here began the ſtrife and blood at length.
She firſt aſcended by a lofty ſtaire,
Her vtmoſt chamber; of whoſe doore, her faire
And halfe tranſparent hand, receiu'd the Key,
Bright, brazen; bitted paſsing curiouſly,
And at it hung a knob of Iuory.

And this did leade her, where was ſtrongly kept
The treaſure Royall; in whoſe ſtore lay heap't,
Gold, Braſſe, and Steele, engrauen with infinite Art;
The crooked Bowe, and Arrowy quiuer, part
Of that rich Magazin. In the Quiuer, were
Arrowes a number; ſharpe, and ſighing gere.
The Bow was giuen by kinde *Eurytides*
(*Iphitus*, faſhion'd like the Deities)
To yong *Vlyſſes*; when within the Roofe
Of wiſe *Ortilocus*, their paſſe had proofe
Of mutuall meeting in *Meſſena*; where
Vlyſſes claim'd a debt: To whoſe pay, were
The whole *Meſſenian* people bound; ſince they
From *Ithaca*, had forc't a wealthy prey
Of Sheepe, and Sheepherds. In their ſhips they thruſt
Three hundred Sheepe together: for whoſe iuſt

And

And inſtant rendry, old *Laertes* ſent
Vlyſſes his Ambaſſador, that went
A long way in the Ambaſſie; yet then
Bore but the formoſt Prime, of yongeſt men.
His Father, ſending firſt to that affaire
His graueſt Counſailors, and then his heire.
Iphitus made his way there, hauing loſt
Twelue female horſe; and Mules, commended moſt
For vſe of burthen; which were after, cauſe
Of death, and Fate to him. For (paſt all Lawes
Of hoſpitality) *Ioues* mighty *Son
(Skill'd in great Acts) was his confuſion
Cloſe by his houſe; though at that time his gueſt:
Reſpecting neither the appoſed Feaſt
And hoſpitable Table, that in loue
He ſet before him; nor the voyce of *Ioue*:
But, ſeizing firſt his Mares, he after ſlew
His hoſt himſelfe. From thoſe Mares ſerch, now grew
Vlyſſes knowne t'*Iphitus*; who, that Bow
At their encounter, did in loue beſtow,
Which great *Eurytus* hand, had borne before
(*Iphitus* Father) who (at deaths ſad dore)
In his ſteepe Turrets, left it to his Son.
Vlyſſes gaue him a keene Faulchion,
And mighty Lance; and thus began they there
Their fatall Loues: For after, neuer were
Their mutuall Tables to each other knowne;
Becauſe *Ioues* Son, th'vnworthy part had ſhowne
Of ſlaughtering this God-like louing man,
Eurytus Son; who with that Bow began
And ended loue t'*Vlyſſes*: who, ſo deare
A gift eſteem'd it, that he would not beare
In his black Fleete, that gueſt-rite to the war;
But, in fit memory of one ſo farre
In his affection; brought it home, and kept
His treaſure with it; where till now it ſlept.
And now the Queene of women had inten:
To giue it vſe; and therefore made aſcent
Vp all the ſtaires height, to the chamber dore:
Whoſe ſhining leaues, two bright Pilaſters bore
To ſuch a Cloſe, when both together went;
It would reſiſt the Aire in their conſent.
The Ring ſhe tooke then, and did draw aſide
A barre that ran within; and then implide
The Key into the Locke; which gaue a ſound
(The Bolt then ſhooting) as in paſture ground
A Bull doth Low, and make the valleys ring:
So loud the Locke humm'd, when it looſd his Spring,

Ιππους Δωδεκα θηλειας. Equas duodecem fœminæ

*Hercules.

And

And ope the doores flew. In ſhe went, along
The lofty chamber, that was boorded ſtrong
With heart of Oake; which many yeares ago
The Architect did ſmooth and poliſh ſo,
That now as then, he made it freſhly ſhine;
And tried the euenneſſe of it with a Line.
There ſtood in this roome, Preſſes that encloſ'd
Robes odorferous; by which repoſ'd
The Bow was vpon pins: Nor from it farre
Hung the round Quiuer, glittering like a Starre;
Both which, her white extended hand tooke downe:
Then ſate ſhe low, and made her lap a Crowne
Of both thoſe Reliques; which ſhe wept to ſee,
And cried quite out with louing memory
Of her deare Lord: To whoſe worth, paying then
Kinde debts enow: She left; and to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked Bow,
And ſhaft-receiuing Quiuer, that did flow
With arrowes, beating ſighes vp where they fell.
Then, with another Chiſt, repleate as well
With Games won by the King, of Steele and Braſſe,
Her Maids attended. Paſt whom, making paſſe
To where her wooers were; She made her ſtay
Amids the faire Hall doore, and kept the ray
Of her bright count'nance hid with veyles ſo thin,
That though they ſeem'd t'expoſe, they let loue in;
Her Maids on both ſides ſtood; and thus ſhe ſpake.
Heare me, ye wooers, that a pleaſure take
To do me ſorrow, and my houſe inuade
To eate and drinke; as if 'twere onely made
To ſerue your Rapines: My Lord long away;
And you allow'd no colour for your ſtay
But his ſtill abſence; ſtriuing who ſhall frame
Me for his wife; and (ſince 'tis made a game)
I heere propoſe diuine *Vlyſſes* Bow
For that great Maiſter-peece, to which ye vow.
He that can draw it, with leaſt ſhow to ſtriue,
And through theſe twelue Ax-heads, an arrow driue;
Him will I follow, and this houſe forgo,
That nouriſht me a Maid: now furniſht ſo
With all things fit; and which I ſo eſteeme
That I ſhall ſtill liue in it in my dream.
This ſaid, ſhe made *Eumæus* giue it them.
He tooke, and laide it by; and wept for wo,
And like him, wept *Philætius*; when the Bow
Of which his King was bearer, he beheld.
Their teares, *Antinous* manhood much refeld;
And ſaid, Ye ruſtick fooles! that ſtill each day

Your

Your minds giue ouer to this vaine diſmay,
VVhy weepe ye (wretches?) and the widdowes eyes
Tempt with renew'd thought; that would otherwiſe
Depoſe her ſorrowes, ſince her Lord is dead,
And teares are idle? Sit, and eate your bread,
Nor whiſper more a word; or get ye gone,
And weepe without doores: Let this Bow alone
To our out-matcht contention: For I feare,
The Bow will ſcarſe yeeld draught to any heere.
Heere no ſuch man liues, as *Laertes* Son
Amongſt vs all: I knew him; Thought puts on
His lookes ſight now, me thinkes, thogh then a child.
Thus ſhew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes enſtild
His ſtrength, the ſtretcher of *Vlyſſes* ſtring,
And his ſteeles piercer: But his ſhaft muſt ſing
Through his piercſt Pallat firſt; whom ſo he wrong'd
In his free roofe; and made the reſt ill tongu'd
Againſt his vertues. Then the ſacred heat
That ſpirited his Son, did further ſet
Their confidence on fire; and ſaid: O Frends,
Ioue hath bereft my wits: The Queene intends
(Though I muſt grant her wiſe) ere long to leaue
Vlyſſes Court; and to her bed receaue
Some other Lord: yet notwithſtanding, I
Am forc't to laugh, and ſet my pleaſures hye
Like one mad ſicke. But wooers, ſince ye haue
An obiect for your trials now ſo braue,
As all the broad *Achaian* earth exceeds:
As ſacred *Pylos*; as the *Argiue* breeds;
As blacke *Epyrus*, as *Mycena's* birth;
And as the more-fam'd *Ithacenſian* earth;
All which, your ſelues well know, and oft haue ſaide;
(For what neede hath my Mother of my aide
In her aduancement?) Tender no excuſe,
For leaſt delay; nor too much time profuſe
In ſtay to draw this Bow; but draw it ſtraight;
Shoot, and the ſteeles pierce: make all ſee how ſleight
You make theſe poore barres, to ſo rich a priſe.
No eagrer yet? Come on: My faculties
Shall try the Bowes ſtrength, and the pierced ſteele:
I will not for my reuerend Mother feele
The ſorrowes that I know will ſeize my heart,
To ſee her follow any, and depart
From her ſo long-held home: But firſt extend
The Bow and Arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am onely to ſucceede my Sire
In guard of his games; and let none aſpire
To their beſides poſſeſsion. This ſaid;

His

His purple Robe he caſt off. By he laide
His well-edg'd ſword; and firſt, a ſeuerall pit
He digg'd for euery Axe, and ſtrengthen'd it
VVith earth, cloſe ramm'd about it: On a rew
Set them of one height, by a Line he drew
Along the whole twelue; and ſo orderly
Did euery deed belonging (yet his eye
Neuer before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze roſe all his lookers on.
Then ſtood he neere the doore, & prou'd to draw
The ſtubborne Bow: Thrice tried, & thrice gaue Law
To his vncrown'd attempts: the fourth aſſay
VVith all force offering, which a ſigne gaue ſtay
Giuen by his Father; though hee ſhew'd a minde
As if he ſtood right heartily inclinde
To perfect the exploite: when, all was done
In onely drift to ſet the wooers on.
His weakneſſe yet confeſt; he ſaid, O ſhame
I either ſhall be euer of no name,
But proue a wretch: Or elſe I am too yong,
And muſt not now preſume on pow'rs ſo ſtrong
As ſinewes yet more growing, may ingraft,
To turne a man quite ouer with a ſhaft.
Beſides, to men whoſe Nerues are beſt prepar'd;
All great Aduentures, at firſt proofe, are hard.
But come, you ſtronger men, attempt this Bow,
And let vs end our labour. Thus, below
A well-ioyn'd boord he laide it; and cloſe by,
The brightly-headed ſhaft: then thron'd his Thie
Amidſt his late-left ſeate. *Antinous* then
Bad all ariſe: but firſt, who did ſuſtaine
The cups ſtate euer; and did ſacrifice
Before they eate ſtill: and that man, bad riſe,
Since on the others right hand he was plac't;
Becauſe he held the right hands riſing, grac't
VVith beſt ſucceſſe ſtill. This direction wun
Supreame applauſe; and firſt, roſe *Oenops* Son
Liodes, that was Prieſt to all the reſt,
Sate loweſt with the Cup ſtill, and their ieſt
Could neuer like; but euer was the man
That checkt their follies: and he now began
To taſte the Bow: the ſharpe ſhaft tooke, tug'd hard,
And held aloft: and till he quite had marr'd
His delicate tender fingers, could not ſtir
The churliſh ſtring: who therefore did refer
The game to others; ſaying, that ſame Bow
(In his preſage) would proue the ouerthrow
Of many a chiefe man there: nor thought the Fate

VVas

VVas any whit auſtere; ſince *Deaths* ſhort date
Were much the better taken; then long life
Without the obiect of their amorous ſtrife;
For whom they had burn'd out ſo many dayes
To finde ſtill other, nothing but delayes
Obtaining in them: and affirm'd that now
Some hop't to haue her: but when that tough Bow
They all had tried, and ſeene the vtmoſt done,
They muſt reſt pleaſd to ceaſe; and now ſome one
Of all their other faire-veyl'd Grecian Dames
VVith gifts, and dow'r, and *Hymeneal* Flames;
Let her loue light to him, that moſt will giue,
And whom the Nuptiall deſtiny did driue.
Thus laid he on the well-ioyn'd poliſht Bord
The Bow, and bright-pil't ſhaft; and then reſtor'd
His ſeate his right. To him, *Antinous*
Gaue bitter language, and reprou'd him thus.
VVhat words (*Liodes*) paſſe thy ſpeeches guard?
That 'tis a worke to beare? And ſet ſo hard,
They ſet vp my diſdaine: This Bow muſt end
The beſt of vs? ſince thy armes cannot lend
The ſtring leaſt motion. Thy Mothers throwes
Brought neuer forth thy armes, to draught of Bowes;
Or knitting ſhafts off. Though thou canſt not draw
The ſturdy Plant, thou art to vs no law.
Melanthius? Light a fire, and ſet thereat
A chaire and cuſhions; & that maſſe of fat
That lyes within, bring out; that we may ſet
Our Pages to this Bow, to ſee it heat
And ſuppl'd with the ſuet; and then wee
May giue it draught, and pay this great decree
Vtmoſt performance. He a mighty fire
Gaue inſtant flame, put into act th'entire
Command layd on him: Chaire and cuſhions ſet;
Laid on the Bow, which ſtraight the Pages het,
Chaft, ſuppl'd with the Suet to their moſt;
And ſtill was all their Vnctuous labour loſt:
All wooers ſtrengths, too indigent and pore
To draw that Bow: *Antinous* armes, it tore;
And great *Eurymachus* (the both cleere beſt)
Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to reſt.
Forth then went both the Swaines; and after them
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, when being paſt th'extreme
Of all the Gates; with winning words he tride
Their loues, and this askt: Shall my counſailes hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know
If ſodainly *Vlyſſes* had his Vow
Made good for home; and had ſome God to guide

His ſteps and ſtrokes to, to wreak theſe wooers pride;
Would your aids ioyne on his part, or with theirs?
How ſtand your hearts affected? They made prayr's,
That ſome God would pleaſe, to returne their Lord;
He then ſhould ſee, how farre they would affoord
Their liues for his. (He ſeeing their truth) replied;
I am your Lord; through many a ſufferance tried,
Arriu'd now heere; whom twenty yeares haue held
From foorth my Country: yet are not conceal'd
From my ſure knowledge; your deſires to ſee
My ſafe returne. Of all the company
Now ſeruing heere beſides; not one but you
Mine eare hath witneſt willing to beſtow
Their wiſhes of my life, ſo long held dead.
I therefore vow, (which ſhall be perfected)
That if God pleaſe, beneath my hand to leaue
Theſe wooers liueleſſe; ye ſhall both receiue
Wiues from that hand, and meanes; and neere to me
Haue houſes built to you: and both ſhall be
As friends, and brothers to my onely Sonne.
And that ye well may know me; and be wonne
To that aſſurance: the infallible Signe
The white-tooth'd Bore gaue, this markt knee of mine
When in *Parnaſſus*, he was held in chaſe
By me, and by my famous Grandſires race;
Il'e let you ſee. Thus ſeuer'd he his weede
From that his wound; and euery word had deed
In their ſure knowledges; VVhich made them caſt
Their armes about him; his broade breſt imbrac't,
His necke and ſhoulders kiſt. And him, as well
Did thoſe true powers of humane loue compell
To kiſſe their heads and hands; and to their mone
Had ſent the free light of the cheerefull Sunne,
Had not *Vlyſſes* broke the ruth, and ſaide;
Ceaſe teares, and ſorrowes, leſt wee proue diſplaide,
By ſome that iſſue from the houſe; and they
Relate to thoſe within. Take each his way,
Not altogether in; but one by one:
Firſt I, then you; and then ſee this be done:
The enuious wooers will by no meanes giue
The offer of the Bow, and Arrow leaue
To come at me; ſpight then their pride, do thou
(My good *Eumæus*) bring both ſhaft and Bow,
To my hands proofe; and charge the maides before;
That inſtantly, they ſhut in euery doore;
That they themſelues, (if any tumult riſe
Beneath my Roofes; by any that enuies,
My will to vndertake the Game) may gaine

No paſſage forth, but cloſe at worke containe
With all free quiet; or at leaſt, conſtrain'd.
And therefore (my *Philætius*) ſee maintain'd
(VVhen cloſe the gates are ſhut) their cloſure faſt;
To which end, be it thy ſole worke to caſt
Their chaines before them. This ſaid, in he led;
Tooke firſt his ſeate, and then they ſeconded
His entry with their owne. Then tooke in hand
Eurymachus the Bow, made cloſe his ſtand
Aſide the fire; at whoſe heate, here and there
He warm'd and ſuppl'd it, yet could not ſtere
To any draught, the ſtring, with all his Art;
And therefore, ſweld in him his glorious heart;
Affirming; that himſelfe, and all his friends
Had cauſe to greeue: Not onely that their ends
They miſt in marriage (ſince enow beſides
Kinde Grecian Dames, there liu'd to be their Brides
In *Ithaca*, and other bordering Townes)
But that to all times future, their renownes
VVould ſtand diſparag'd, if *Vlyſſes* Bow
They could not drawe, and yet his wife would woo.
Antinous anſwer'd; That there could enſue
No ſhame at all to them: For well he knew,
That this day was kept holy to the Sunne
By all the City: and there ſhould be done
No ſuch prophane act; therefore bad, lay by
The Bow for that day: but the maiſtery
Of Axes that were ſet vp, ſtill might ſtand;
Since that no labour was, nor any hand
VVould offer to inuade *Vlyſſes* houſe,
To take, or touch with ſurreptitious
Or violent hand, what there was left for vſe.
He therefore bad the Cup-bearer infuſe
VVine to the Bolles; that ſo, with ſacrifice
They might let reſt the ſhooting exerciſe;
And in the morning make *Melanthius* bring
The cheefe Goats of his Herd, that to the King
Of Bowes and Archers, they might burne the Thyes
For good ſucceſſe; and then, attempt the prize.
The reſt ſate pleaſd with this: the Heralds ſtraite
Pour'd water on their hands: each Page did waite
VVith his crown'd cup of wine: ſerv'd euery man
Till all were ſatisfied: and then began
Vlyſſes plot of his cloſe purpoſe, thus:
Heare me, ye much renown'd *Eurymachus*,
And King *Antinous*, in cheefe; who well,
And with *decorum* ſacred, doth compell
This dayes obſeruance; and to let lay downe

The Bow, all this light; giuing Gods their owne.
The mornings labour, God the more wil bleſſe,
And ſtrength beſtow, where he himſelfe ſhall pleaſe.
Againſt which time, let me preſume to pray
Your fauours, with the reſt; that this aſſay,
May my olde armes prooue; trying if there lye
In my poore powers the ſame actiuity
That long ſince crown'd them: Or if needy fare
And deſolate wandring, haue the web worne bare
Of my lifes thred at all parts; that no more
Can furniſh theſe affaires as heeretofore.
This heat their ſpleens paſt meaſure; blown with fear,
Leſt his loth'd temples, would the garland weare
Of that Bowes draught: *Antinous* vſing ſpeech
To this ſowre purpoſe: Thou moſt arrant wretch
Of all gueſts breathing; in no leaſt degree
Grac't with a humane ſoule: It ſerues not thee
To feaſt in peace with vs; take equall ſhare
Of what we reach to; ſit, and all things heare
That we ſpeake freely (which no begging gueſt
Did euer yet) but thou muſt make requeſt
To mixe with vs in merit of the Queene.
But wine enflames thee; that hath euer beene
The bane of men: whoeuer yet would take
Th'exceſſe it offers; and the meane forſake.
Wine ſpoilde the *Centaure* great *Eurytion*,
In gueſt-rites, with the mighty-minded Son
Of bolde *Ixion*; in his way to warre,
Againſt the *Lapithes*; who driuen as farre
As madneſſe, with the bold effects of wine;
Did outrage to his kinde hoaſt; and decline
Other Heroes from him, feaſted there;
With ſo much anger, that they left their cheere,
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court; ſlit his noſe,
Cropt both his eares; and in the ill diſpoſe
His minde then ſufferd; drew the fatall day
On his head, with his hoaſt. For thence the fray
Betwixt the *Centaures*, and the *Lapithes*
Had mortall act: but he for his exceſſe
In ſpoile of wine, far'd worſt himſelfe; As thou
For thy large cups, if thy armes draw the Bow,
My minde foretels ſhalt feare: for not a man
Of all our Conſort, that in wiſedome can
Boaſt any fit ſhare, will take prayers then;
But to *Echetus*, the moſt ſterne of men
A blacke Saile freight with thee; whoſe worſt of ill,
Be ſure is paſt all ranſome. Sit then ſtill;
Drinke temperately; and neuer more contend
With men your yongers. This, the Queene did end

VVith

With her defence of him; and told his Foe
It was not faire, nor equall t'ouercrow
The pooreſt Gueſt her ſonne pleaſ'd t'entertaine
In his free Turrets; with ſo proud a ſtraine
Of threats, and brauings; asking if he thought
That if the ſtranger to his armes had brought
The ſtubborne Bow downe; he ſhould marry her
And beare her home? And ſaid, himſelfe ſhould erre
In no ſuch hope; nor of them all the beſt
That greeu'd at any good, ſhe did her gueſt,
Should banquet there; ſince it in no ſort ſhow'd
Nobleſſe in them, nor paid her, what ſhe ow'd
Her owne free rule there. This *Eurymachus*
Confirm'd and ſaide; nor feeds it hope in vs
(*Icarius* daughter) to ſolemnize Rites
Of Nuptials with thee; Nor in nobleſt ſights
It can ſhew comely; but to our reſpects
The rumor, both of ſexes, and of Sects
Amongſt the people, would breede ſhame, and feare,
Leſt any worſt Greeke ſaid; See, men that were
Of meane deſeruings, will preſume t'aſpire
To his wiues bed, whom all men did admire
For fame and merit; could not draw his Bow,
And yet his wife, had fooliſh pride to woo:
When ſtraight an errant Begger comes and drawes
The Bow with eaſe, performing all the Lawes
The game beſide contain'd; and this would thus,
Proue both indignity and ſhame to vs.
The Queene replied; The fame of men I ſee
Beares much price, in your great ſuppoſ'd degree;
Yet who can proue (amongſt the people great)
That of one ſo eſteem'd of them, the ſeat
Doth ſo defame and ruine? And beſide,
With what right is this gueſt thus vilefied
In your high cenſures? when the man, in blood
Is well* compoſd, and great; his parents good.
And therefore giue the Bow to him, to try
His Birth and breeding by his Cheualry.
If his armes draw it; and that *Phœbus* ſtands
So great a glory to his ſtrength, my hands
Shall adde this guerdon: Euery ſort of weed,
A two-edg'd Sword and Lance, to keepe him freed
From Dogs and Men hereafter; and diſmis
His worth to what place tends that heart of his.
Her ſonne gaue anſwere; That it was a wrong
To his free ſway, in all things that belong
To guard of that houſe, to demand the Bow
Of any wooer, and the vſe beſtow

* Εὐαρηγὴς, Bene compactus & coagmentatis.

Vpon the ſtranger: For the Bow was his,
To giue or to with-hold: No maiſteries
Of her propoſing, giuing any power
T'empaire his right in things, for any wower;
Or any that rough *Ithaca* affords;
Any that *Elis*; of which, no mans words
Nor pow'rs ſhould curbe him (ſtood he ſo enclin'd)
To ſee the Bow in abſolute gift reſign'd
To that his gueſt, to beare and vſe at will:
And therefore bad his Mother keepe her ſtill
Amongſt her women, at her Rocke and Loome;
Bowes were for men: and this Bow did become.
Paſt al mens, his diſpoſure; ſince his Sire
Left it to him, and all the houſe entire.
She ſtood diſmaid at this; and in her minde
His wiſe words laide vp; ſtanding ſo inclinde
As he had will'd; with all her women, going
Vp to her chamber: there, her teares beſtowing
(As euery night ſhe did) on her lou'd Lord,
Til ſleepe and *Pallas*, her fit reſt reſtor'd.
The Bow, *Eumæus* tooke, and bore away;
Which vp in tumult, and almoſt in fray
Put all the wooers: One enquiring thus.
Whether? Rogue? abiect? wilt thou beare from vs
That Bow propoſd? Lay downe, or I proteſt
Thy dogs ſhal eate thee, that thou nouriſheſt
To guard thy Swine: amongſt whom (left of all)
Thy life ſhal leaue thee; if the Feſtiuall
VVe now obſerue to *Phœbus*; may our zeales
Grace with his aide, and all the Deities elſe.
This threat made good *Eumæus* yeelde the Bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow
From ſuch a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats; and ſaide, Set gon
That Bow yet further: tis no ſeruants part
To ſerue too many Maiſters: raiſe your hart
And beare it off, leſt (though your yonger) yet
VVith ſtones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I cloſe, I ſhal prooue too ſtrong:
I wiſh, as much too hard for all this throng
The Gods would make me; I ſhould quickly ſend
Some after, with iuſt ſorrow to their end:
They waſte my victles ſo, and ply my cup,
And do me ſuch ſhrewd turnes ſtill. This put vp
The wooers all in Laughters; and put downe
Their angers to him; that ſo late were growne
So graue and bloody, which reſolu'd that feare
Of good *Eumæus*; who did take and beare

The King the Bow; call'd Nurſe, and bad her make
The doores all ſure; that if mens tumults take
The eares of ſome within; they may not fly,
But keepe at worke ſtill, cloſe and ſilently.
These words put wings to her; and cloſe ſhe put
The chamber doore: The Court gates then were ſhut
By kind *Philetius*, who ſtraight did go
From out the Hall; and in the *Portico*
Found laid, a Gable of a Ship, compoſ'd
Of ſpongy Bulruſhes; with which hee cloſ'd
(In winding round about them) the Court gates:
Then tooke his place againe, to view the Fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he ſaw
Vlyſſes viewing, ere he tried to draw
The famous Bow; which euery way he mou'd;
Vp, and downe turning it: in which he prou'd
The plight it was in: fearing chiefly, leſt
The hornes were eate with wormes, in ſo long reſt.
But what his thoughts intended, turning ſo;
And keeping ſuch a ſearch about the Bow:
The wooers little knowing, fell to ieſt;
And ſaid; Paſt doubt, he is a man profeſt
In Bowyers craft, and ſees quite through the wood:
Or ſomething (certaine) to be vnderſtood
There is, in this his turning of it ſtill:
A cunning Rogue he is, at any ill.
Then ſpake another proud one; Would to heauen
I might (at will) get Gold, till he hath geuen
That Bow his draught: with theſe ſharp ieſts, did theſe
Delightſome woo'rs, their fatall humors pleaſe.
But when the wiſe *Vlyſſes* once had laide
His fingers on it; and to proofe ſuruaide
The ſtil ſound plight it held: As one of skill
In ſong, and of the Harpe; doth at his will
In tuning of his Inſtrument; extend
A ſtring out with his pin; touch all, and lend
To euery wel-wreath'd ſtring, his perfect ſound,
Strooke all togither: with ſuch eaſe, drew round
The King, the Bow. Then twang'd he vp the ſtring,
That, as a Swallow, in the aire doth ſing
VVith no continu'd tune; but (pauſing ſtill)
Twinkes out her ſcatter'd voice in accents ſhrill;
So ſharpe the ſtring ſung, when he gaue it touch,
Once hauing bent and drawne it. Which ſo much
Amaz'd the wooers, that their colours went
And came, moſt grieuouſly. And then, *Ioue* rent
The aire with thunder; which at heart did chere
The now-enough-ſuſtaining Traueller.

Tha-*Ioue*, againe, would his attempt enable.
Then tooke he into hand, from off the Table
The firſt drawne arrow; and a number more
Spent ſhortly on the wooers. But this One,
He meaſur'd by his arme (as if not knowne
The length were to him) nockt it then; and drew:
And through the Axes, at the firſt hole, flew
The ſteele-chardg'd arrow; which whē he had done,
He thus beſpake the Prince: You haue not wonne
Diſgrace yet by your Gueſt; for I haue ſtrook
The marke I ſhot at; and no ſuch toile tooke
In wearying the Bow, with fat and fire,
As did the wooers: yet reſeru'd entire
(Thanke heauen) my ſtrength is; & my ſelfe am tried,
No man to be ſo baſely vilified
As theſe men pleaſ'd to thinke me. But, free way
Take that; and all their pleaſures: and while Day
Holds her Torch to you; and the howre of feaſt
Hath now full date; giue banquet; and the reſt
(Poeme and Harpe) that grace a wel-fill'd boorde.
This ſaide: he beckn'd to his Sonne; whoſe ſword
He ſtraight girt to him: tooke to hand his Lance,
And, compleate arm'd, did to his Sire aduance.

The End of the XXI. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Wooers in Mineruaes *sight*
Slaine by Vlysses; *All the night*
And lustfull Huswiues, by his Sonne
And seruants, are to slaughter done.

Another.

χϊ. { *The end of Pride,*
& lawlesse Lust;
Is wretched tried,
with slaughters iust }

THe vpper rags, that wise *Vlysses* wore,
Cast off; he rusheth to the great Hall dore
With Bow and Quiuer full of shafts; & downe
He pour'd before his feet; & thus made known
His true state to the wooers: This strife, thus
Hath harmlesse bene decided: Now for vs
There rests another marke, more hard to hit,
And such as neuer man before hath smit;
VVhose full point likewise, my hands shall assay,
And try if *Phœbus* will giue me his day.
He said; and off his bitter Arrow thrust
Right, at *Antinous*; that strooke him iust
As he was lifting vp the Bolle; to show,
That 'twixt the cup, & lip, much ill may grow.
Death toucht not at his thoughts, at Feast: for who
VVould thinke, that he alone could perish so
Amongst so many? And he, best of all?
The Arrow in his throate tooke full his fall;
And thrust his head farre through the other side:
Downe fell his cup; downe he; downe all his pride.
Straight from his Nostrils gusht the humane gore:
And as he fell, his feete farre ouerbore
The feastfull Table; all the Rost, and Bread
About the house strew'd. VVhen his high-born head
The rest beheld so low, vp rusht they all,

And

And ranſack't euery Corner of the Hall
For Shields and Darts: but all fled farre their reach;
Then fell they foule on him with terrible ſpeach,
And told him, it ſhould proue the deereſt ſhaft
That euer paſt him; and that now was ſaf't
No ſhift for him, but ſure and ſodaine death:
For he had ſlaine a man, whoſe like did breath
In no part of the Kingdome: and that now
He ſhould no more for Game, ſtriue with his Bow,
But Vultures eate him there. Theſe threats they ſpent;
Yet euery man beleeu'd, that ſterne euent
Chanc't 'gainſt the authors will: O Fooles, to thinke
That all their reſt, had any cup to drinke,
But what their great *Antinous* began.
He (frowning) ſaide; Dogs, ſee in me the man
Ye all held dead at *Troy*: My houſe it is
That thus ye ſpoile; that thus your Luxuries
File with my womens rapes: in which, ye woo
The wife of one that liues; and no thought ſhow
Of mans fit feare, or Gods: your preſent Fame,
Or any faire ſence of your future name.
And therefore, preſent and eternal death
Shall end your baſe life. This made freſh feares breath
Their former boldneſſe: euery man had eye
On all the meanes, and ſtudied wayes to flye
So deepe deaths imminent. But, ſeeing none,
Eurymachus began with ſuppliant mone
To mooue his pitty, ſaying; If you be
This Iles *Vlyſſes*, we muſt all agree
In grant of your reproofes integrity.
The Greekes haue done you many a wrong at home;
At field as many: But of all, the ſumme
Lies heere contract in death: For onely he
Impoſd the whole ill Offices that we
Are now made guilty of: and not ſo much
Sought his endeuours; or in thought did touch
At any Nuptials; but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces: For, to be our King
VVas his cheefe obiect: his ſole plot it was!
To kil your Son: which *Ioues* hand would not paſſe,
But ſet it to his owne moſt merited end.
In which, end your iuſt anger; nor extend
Your ſterne wreake further: Spend your royal pow'rs
In milde ruth of your people; we are yours.
And whatſoeuer waſte of wine; or food,
Our Liberties haue made; wee'le make all good
In reſtitutions: call a Court, and paſſe
A fine of twenty Oxen, Gold, and Braſſe,

On euery Head; and raiſe your moſt rates ſtill,
Till you are pleaſd with your confeſſed fill:
VVhich if we faile to tender: all your wrath,
It ſhalbe iuſtice in our bloods to bathe.
Eurymachus (ſaide he) if you would giue
All that your Fathers hoord, to make ye liue;
And all that euer you your ſelues poſſeſſe,
Or ſhal by any induſtry increaſe:
I would not ceaſe from ſlaughter, till your bloods
Had bought out your intemperance in my Goods.
It reſts now for you, that you either fight
That will ſcape death, or make your way by flight:
In whoſe beſt choiſe, my thoughrs conceiue, not one
Shall ſhun the death, your firſt hath vndergone.
This quite diſſolu'd their knees: *Eurymachus*
Enforcing all their feares, yet counſail'd thus:
O Friends 'This man, now he hath got the Bow
And Quiuer by him, euer will beſtow
His moſt inacceſſible hands at vs
And neuer leaue, if we auoide him thus,
Til he hath ſtrew'd the pauement with vs all:
And therefore, ioyne we ſwords, and on him fall
With Tables forc't vp; and borne in oppoſd
Againſt his ſharpe ſhafts; when being round encloſd
By all our on-ſets, we ſhall either take
His horrid perſon, or for ſafety make
His rage retire from out the Hall and Gates:
And then, if he eſcape, wee'l make our ſtates
Knowne to the City, by our generall cry:
And thus this man ſhal let his laſt ſhaft fly,
That euer his hand vanted. Thus he drew
His ſharpe edg'd ſword; and with a table, flew
In, on *Vlyſſes* with a terrible throte,
His fierce charge vrging. But *Vlyſſes* ſmote
The boord, and cleft it through, from end to end
Borne at his breaſt, and made his ſhaft extend
His ſharp head to his Liuer: his broad breaſt
Pierc't at his Nipple: when, his hand releaſt
Forthwith his ſword, that fel and kiſt the ground;
VVith cups and victles, lying ſcattered round
About the pauement: amongſt which, his brow
Knockt the embrued earth: while in paines did flow
His vitall ſpirits, til his heeles ſhooke out
His feaſtful life; and hurl'd a Throne about,
That way-laide deaths convulſions in his feete;
When from his tender eyes, the light did fleet.
Then charg'd *Amphinomus* with his drawne blade
The glorious King, in purpoſe to haue made

His

His feete forſake the houſe: But his aſſay
The Prince preuented; and his Lance gaue way
Quite through his ſhoulder, at his backe: his breſt
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruine, preſt
Grones from the pauement; which his forhead ſtrook.
Telemachus his long Lance then forſooke
(Left in *Amphinomus*) and to his Sire
Made fiery paſſe; not ſtaying to acquire
His Lance againe; in doubt that while he drew
The fixed pile, ſome other might renew
Fierce charge vpon him; and his vnarm'd head
Cleaue with his back-drawne ſword: for which he fled
Cloſe to his Father; bad him arme, and he
Would bring him Shield and Iauelins inſtantly;
His owne head arming; more armes laying by
To ſerue the Swine-herd, and the Oxen-herd.
Valour well arm'd, is euer moſt preferd.
Run then (ſaide he) and come, before the laſt
Of theſe auxilliary ſhafts are paſt:
For feare, leſt (left alone) they force my ſtand
From forth the Ports. He flew, and brought to hand
Eight Darts, foure Shields, 4. Helmes. His owne parts
Firſt put in armes, he furniſht both his men, (then
That to their King ſtood cloſe. But he, as long
As he had ſhafts to friend, enough was ſtrong
For all the wooers: and ſome one man ſtill
He made make euen with earth. Till all, a hill
Had raiſd in th'euen floor'd Hall. His laſt ſhaft ſpent,
He ſet his Bow againſt a beame, and went
To arme at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the wooers: who, vnarm'd, could be
No great aſſailants. In the well-built wall
A window was thruſt out, at end of all
The houſes Entry: on whoſe vtter ſide
There lay a way to Towne; and in it, wide
And two leau'd folds were forg'd, that gaue fit meane
For flyers out; and therefore, at it then
Vlyſſes plac't *Eumæus* in cloſe guard:
One onely paſſe ope to it: which (prepar'd
In this ſort by *Vlyſſes*, 'gainſt all paſſe)
By *Agelaus* tardy memorie, was
In queſtion call'd: who bad, ſome one aſcend
At ſuch a window; and bring ſtraight to frend
The City with his clamor; that this man
Might quickly ſhoot his laſt. This, no one can
Make ſafe acceſſe to (ſaide *Melanthius*)
For 'tis too neere the Hals faire doores: whence thus
The man afflicts ye: For from thence, there lies

But

But one ſtreight paſſage to it; that denies
Acceſſe to all; if any one man ſtand
(Being one of courage) and will countermand
Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you armes, from where the King doth lay
His whole munition: and, beleeue there is
No other place, to all the Armories
Both of himſelfe and Sonne. This ſaide: a paire
Of lofty Staires he climb'd; and to th'affaire,
Twelue Shields, twelue Lances broght; as many casks,
VVith horſe-haire Plumes; and ſet to bitter taſks
Both Son and Sire. Then ſhrunke *Vlyſſes* knees,
And his lou'd heart; when thus in armes he ſees
So many wooers; and their ſhaken darts:
For then the worke ſhew'd, as it askt more parts
To ſafe performance: and he tolde his Sonne,
That or *Melanthius*, or his maides had done
A deed, that foule warre, to their hands conferd.
O Father (he replyed) tis I haue err'd
In this cauſ'd labour: I, and none, but I;
That left the doore ope, of your Armory.
But ſome (it ſeemes) hath ſet a ſharper eye
On that important place: *Eumæus!* haſt
And ſhut the doore; obſeruing who hath paſt
To this falſe action: any maide; or One
That I ſuſpect more; which is *Dolius* Sonne.
VVhile theſe ſpake thus; *Melanthius* went againe
For more faire armes; whom the renowned Swaine
Eumæus ſaw: and tolde *Vlyſſes* ſtraight,
It was the hatefull man, that his conceite
Before ſuſpected; who had done that ill:
And (being againe there) askt if he ſhould kill
(If his power ſeru'd) or he ſhould bring the Swaine
To him; t'inflict on him a ſeuerall paine
For euery forfeite, he had made his houſe.
He anſwer'd: I and my *Telemachus*
VVill heere containe theſe proud ones, in deſpite,
How much ſoeuer, theſe ſtolne armes excite
Their guilty courages; while you two take
Poſſeſsion of the Chamber: the doores make
Sure at your backe: and then (ſurpriſing him)
His feete and hands binde; wrapping euery lim
In pliant chaines; and with a halter (caſt
Aboue the winde-beame (at himſelfe made faſt)
Aloft the Column draw him: where-aliue
He long may hang; and paines enow, depriue
His vexed life, before his death ſucceede.

This

This charge (ſoone heard) as ſoone they put to deed;
Stole on his ſtealth; and at the further end
Of all the chamber, ſaw him buſily bend
His hands to more armes: when they (ſtill at dore)
Watcht his returne. At laſt, he came, and bore
In one hand, a faire Helme: in th'other held
A broad, and ancient ruſty-reſted Shield,
That old *Laertes* in his youth had worne;
Of which, the checke-bands had with age bin torne.
They ruſht vpon him, caught him by the haire,
And dragg'd him in againe: whom (crying out)
They caſt vpon the pauement: wrapt about
With ſure and pinching cords, both foote and hand;
And then (in full acte of their Kings command)
A pliant chaine beſtow'd on him; and hal'd
His body vp the columne, till he ſeal'd
The higheſt wind-beame. Where, made firmly faſt,
Eumæus on his iuſt infliction, paſt
This pleaſurable cauill: Now you may,
All night keepe watch heere, and the earlieſt day
Diſcerne (being hung ſo high) to rouſe from reſt
Your dainty Cattle, to the wooers Feaſt.
There (as befits a man of meanes ſo faire)
Soft may you ſleepe, nought vnder you but aire;
And ſo, long hang you. Thus they left him there,
Made faſt the doore; and with *Vlyſſes*, were
All arm'd in th'inſtant. Then they all ſtood cloſe;
Their minds fire breath'd in flames againſt their foes.
Foure in th'Entry fighting all alone;
VVhen from the Hall charg'd many a mighty one:
But to them then, *Ioues* ſeede (*Minerua*) came,
Reſembling *Mentor*, both in voice and frame
Of manly perſon. Paſsing well apaide
Vlyſſes was; and ſaide, Now *Mentor*, aide
Gainſt theſe odde miſchiefes: call to memory now
My often good to thee; and that, we two
Of one yeares life are. Thus he ſaid: but thought
It was *Minerua*, that had euer brought
To her ſide, ſafety. On the other part,
The wooers threatn'd: but the chiefe in heart
VVas *Agelaus*; who, to *Mentor* ſpake.
Mentor: Let no words of *Vlyſſes* make
Thy hand a fighter on his feeble ſide,
Gainſt al vs wooers: for we firme abide
In this perſwaſion; That when Sire and Son
Our ſwords haue ſlaine, thy life is ſure to ron
One fortune with them: what ſtrange acts haſt thou
Conceit to forme here? Thy head muſt beſtow

The wreake of theirs, on vs: And when thy powrs
Are taken downe by theſe fierce ſteeles of ours;
All thy poſſeſsions, in doores, and without
Muſt raiſe on heape with his; and all thy rout
Of ſons and daughters, in thy Turrets bleed
Wreake offerings to vs; and our Towne ſtand freed
Of all charge with thy wife. *Mineruaes* heart
Was fir'd with theſe Braues: the approu'd deſert
Of her *Vlyſſes*, chiding: ſaying, No more
Thy force nor fortitude, as heretofore
Will gaine thee glory. VVhen nine yeares at *Troy*,
VVhite-wriſted *Hellens* reſcue, did imploy
Thy armes and wiſedome; ſtill, and euer vſde
The bloods of thouſands, through the field diffuſde
By thy vaſte valor; *Priams* broad-waide Towne
By thy graue parts, was ſackt, and ouerthrowne;
And now, amongſt thy people, and thy goods,
Againſt the wooers baſe and petulant bloods,
Stint'ſt thou thy valour? Rather mourning here,
Then manly fighting? Come Friend, Stand we nere;
And note my labour, that thou maiſt diſcerne
Amongſt thy foes, how *Mentors* Nerues will erne
All thy old Bounties. This ſhe ſpake, but ſtaide
Her hand from giuing each-way-often-ſwaide
Vncertaine conqueſt, to his certaine vſe;
But ſtill would try, what ſelfe-pow'rs would produce
Both in the Father, and the glorious Son.
Then, on the wind-beame, that along did ron
The ſmoaky roofe; transform'd *Minerua* ſat
Like to a Swallow; ſometimes cuffing at
The ſwords and Lances, ruſhing from her ſeate;
And vp and downe the troubl'd houſe, did beate
Her wing at euery motion. And as ſhe
Had rouz'd *Vlyſſes*; ſo, the enemy
Damaſtors ſonne excited; *Polybus*,
Amphinomus, and *Demeptolemius*,
Eurynomus, and *Polyctorides*;
For theſe were men, that of the wooing preaſe
VVere moſt egregious, and the clearly beſt
In ſtrength of hand, of all the deſperate reſt
That yet ſuruiu'd, and now fought for their ſoules;
VVhich ſtraight, ſwift arrowes ſent among the Fouls.
But firſt, *Damaſtors* ſonne had more ſpare breath
To ſpend on their exciterments, ere his death;
And ſaide, That now *Vlyſſes* would forbeare
His diſmall hand, ſince *Mentors* ſpirit was there,
And blew vaine vants about *Vlyſſes* eares;
In whoſe truſt, he would ceaſe his Maſſacres,
Reſt him, and put his friends huge boaſts in proofe:

And ſo was he beneath the Entries roofe
Left with *Telemachus*, and th'other two:
At whom (ſaide he) diſcharge no Darts: but thro
All at *Vlyſses*, rouſing his faint reſt;
Whom if we ſlaughter, by our intereſt
In *Ioues* aſsiſtance, all the reſt may yield
Our pow'rs no care, when he ſtrowes once the field.
As he then will'd: they all at randon threw,
VVhere they ſuppoſd he reſted; and then flew
Minerua after euery Dart, and made
Some ſtrike the threſhold; ſome the wals inuade:
Some beate the doores; and all acts rendred vaine
Their graue ſteele offer'd: which eſcap't, Againe
Came on *Vlyſses*, ſaying; O that we,
The wooers troope, with our ioynt Archerie
Might ſo aſſaile; that where their ſpirits dream
On our deaths firſt, we firſt may ſlaughter them.
Thus the much ſufferer ſaid; and all let fly,
VVhen euerie man ſtrooke dead his enemy:
Vlyſses ſlaughtred *Demoptolemus*:
Euryades by yong *Telemachus*
His death encounter'd. Good *Eumæus* ſlew
Elatus; And *Philætius* ouerthrew
Pyſander: all which, tore the paued floore
Vp with their teeth: The reſt retir'd before
Their ſecond charge, to inner roomes; and then
Vlyſses follow'd: from the ſlaughter'd men
Their darts firſt drawing. While ſ worke was done,
The wooers threw, with huge contention
To kill them all; when with her Swallow wing,
Minerua cufft; and made their Iauelins ring
Againſt the doores, and threſholds, as before:
Some yet did graze vpon their markes. One tore
The Princes wriſt, which was *Amphimedon*;
Th'extreame part of the skin, but toucht vpon.
Cteſippus, ouer good *Eumæus* Shield
His ſhoulders top did taint; which yet did yield
The Lance free paſſe, and gaue his hurt the ground.
Againe then charg'd the wooers, and girt round
Vlyſses with their Lances; who turn'd head,
And with his Iauelin ſtrooke *Eurydamas* dead.
Telemachus, diſliu'd *Amphimedon*;
Eumæus, *Polybus*; *Philætius* won
Cteſippus boſome with his dart, and ſaid;
(In quittance of the Ieſters part he plaid,
The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlyſses*) Now
Great Sonne of *Po'ytherſes*; you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts; and loue to wound

The*heart of any with a ieſt; ſo crown'd
Your wit be with a laughter; neuer yeilding
To fooles in folly; but your glory building
On putting downe in fooling, ſpitting forth
Puſt words at all ſorts: Ceaſe to ſcoffe at worth,
And leaue reuenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits beare the ſharper edge by ods:
And in the meane time, take the Dart I draue,
For that right hoſpitable foote you gaue
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, begging but his owne.
Thus ſpake the black-Ox-herdſman; & ſtraight down
Vlyſſes ſtrooke another with his Dart,
(*Damaſtors* ſon.) *Telemachus* did part
Iuſt in the midſt, the belly of the faire
Euenors ſonne; his fierce Pile taking aire
Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face;
His whole browes knocking, and did marke the place.
And now, man-ſlaughtering *Pallas* tooke in hand
Her Snake-frindg'd ſhield, & on that beam took ſtand
In her true forme, where Swallow-like ſhe ſat.
And then, in this way of the houſe, and that:
The wooers (wounded at the heart with feare)
Fled the encounter: As in Paſtures, where
Fat Herds of Oxen feede, about the field
(As if wilde madneſſe their inſtincts impeld)
The high-fed Bullockes flye: whom in the Spring
(When dayes are long) Gadbees, or Breezes ſting.
Vlyſſes and his ſonne, the Flyers chac'ſt;
As when with crooked Beakes and Seres, a caſt
Of hill-bred Eagles, caſt off at ſome game,
That yet their ſtrengths keepe; But (put vp) in flame
The Eagles ſtoopes; From which, along the field
The poore Foules make wing: this and that way yield
Their hard-flowne Pinions: Then, the clouds aſſay
For ſcape or ſhelter; their forlorne diſmay
All ſpirit exhaling, all wings ſtrength to carry
Their bodies forth; and (truſt vp) to the Quarry
Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to ſee
Their Hawkes performe a flight ſo feruently;
So (in their flight) *Vlyſſes* with his Heire,
Did ſtoope and cuffe the wooers, that the aire
Broke in vaſte ſighes: whoſe heads, they ſhot & cleft;
The Pauement boyling with the ſoules they reft:
Liodes (running to *Vlyſſes*) toke
His knees; and thus did on his name inuoke:
Vlyſſes: Let me pray thee, to my place
Affoord the reuerence; and to me the grace:
That neuer did, or ſaide, to any Dame

*Φιλοκερτομος amans cor alicui ſcindere maledicentia.

Thy Court contain'd, or deede, or word to blame.
But others ſo affected, I haue made
Lay downe their inſolence; and if the trade
They kept with wickedneſſe, haue made them ſtill
Deſpiſe my ſpeech, and vſe their wonted ill;
They haue their penance by the ſtroke of death;
Which their deſ rt, diuinely warranteth:
But I am Prieſt amongſt them; and ſhall I,
That nought haue done worth death, amongſt thē dy?
From thee, this Prouerbe then will men deriue;
Good turnes do neuer their meere deeds ſurniue.
He (bending his diſpleaſed forehead) ſaide;
If you be Prieſt amongſt them, as you pleade,
Yet you would marry; and with my wife too;
And haue deſcent by her: For all that woo
Wiſh to obtaine, which they ſhould neuer doo
Dames husbands liuing. You muſt therefore pray
Of force, and oft in Court heere; that the day
Of my returne for home might neuer ſhine;
The death to me wiſh't, therefore ſhall be thine.
This ſaid; he tooke a ſword vp that was caſt
From *Agelaus*, hauing ſtrooke his laſt;
And on the Prieſts mid necke, he laide a ſtroke
That ſtrooke his head off; tumbling as he ſpoke.
Then did the Poet *Phæmius* (whoſe ſur-name
VVas call'd *Terpiades*; who thither came,
Forc't by the woo'rs) fly death; but being nere
The Courts great gate, he ſtood, and parted there
In two his counſailes; either to remoue
And take the Altar of *Hereeian Ioue*;
(Made ſacred to him; with a world of Art
Engrauen about it; where were wont t'impart
Laertes, and *Vlyſſes*, many a Thye
Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)
Or venture to *Vlyſſes*: claſpe his knee,
And pray his ruth. The laſt was the decree
His choiſe reſolu'd on. Twixt the royall Throne,
And that faire Table that the Bolle ſtood on
VVith which they ſacrific'd; his Harpe he laide
Along the earth; the Kings knees hugg'd, and ſaide:
Vlyſſes! Let my prayers obtaine of thee
My ſacred skils reſpect, and ruth to mee.
It will heereafter grieue thee to haue ſlaine
A Poet, that doth ſing to Gods and men.
I, of my ſelfe am taught: for God alone,
All ſorts of ſong hath in my boſome ſowne:
And I, as to a God, will ſing to thee;

Then

Then do not thou deale like the Prieſt, with me.
Thine owne lou'd ſonne *Telemachus* will ſay,
That not to beg heere; nor with willing way
Was my acceſſe to thy high Court addreſt,
To giue the wooers my ſong after Feaſt;
But being many, and ſo much more ſtrong;
They forc't me hither, and compell'd my Song.
This did the Princes ſacred vertue heare;
And to the King his Father, ſaid: Forbeare
To mixe the guiltleſſe, with the guilties blood.
And with him likewiſe, let our mercies ſaue
Medon the Herald; that did ſtill behaue
Himſelfe with care of my good, from a childe;
If by *Eumæus* yet he be not kild;
Or by *Philætius*; nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the houſe it ſwet.
This *Medon* heard, as lying hid beneath
A Throne ſet neere; halfe dead with feare of death;
A new-flead Oxe-hide (as but there throwne by)
His ſerious ſhroud made, he lying there, to fly.
But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne;
His Oxe-hide caſt as quickly, and as ſoone
The Princes knees ſeiz'd: ſaying, O my loue,
I am not ſlaine; but heere aliue, and moue.
Abſtaine your ſelfe; and do not ſee your Sire
Quench with my cold blood, the vnmeaſur'd fire
That flames in his ſtrength, making ſpoile of me,
His wraths right, for the wooers iniury.
Vlyſſes ſmil'd, and ſaid; Be confident
This man hath ſau'd, and made thee different;
To let thee know, and ſay, and others ſee,
Good life, is much more ſafe then villany.
Go then, ſit free without, from death within:
This much renowned Singer, from the ſin
Of theſe men likewiſe quit. Both reſt you there,
While I my houſe purge, as it fits me here.
This ſaide, they went and tooke their ſeat without
At *Ioues* high Altar, looking round about,
Expecting ſtill their ſlaughter: VVhen the King
Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing
Made from more death. But all, laid proſtrate there
In blood and gore he ſaw: whole ſholes they were;
And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creake
VVithout the white Sea, when the Fiſhers breake
Their many-meſhed Draught-net vp, there lye
Fiſh friſking on the Sands; and faine the dry
VVould for the wet change. But th'al-ſeeing beam
The Sun exhales, hath ſuckt their liues from them;

So, one by other, ſpraul'd the wooers there.
Vlyſſes, and his Son then, bid appeare
The Nurſe *Eurycles*, to let her heare
His minde in ſomething, fit for her affaire.
He op't the doore, and call'd; and ſaid, Repaire
Graue Matron, long ſince borne; that art our Spy
To all this houſes ſeruile huſwifery:
My Father cals thee, to impart ſome thought
That askes thy action. His word, found in nought
Her ſlacke obſeruance, who ſtraight op't the dore
And enter'd to him; when himſelfe before
Had left the Hall. But there, the King ſhe view'd
Amongſt the ſlaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:
And as a Lyon ſculking all in Night,
Farre off in Paſtures; and come home, all dight
In iawes and breſt-lockes, with an Oxes blood,
New feaſted on him, his lookes full of mood;
So look't *Vlyſſes*; all his hands and feete
Freckl'd with purple. When which ſight did greete
The poore old woman (ſuch workes being for eyes
Of no ſoft temper) out ſhe brake in cries;
VVhoſe vent, though throughly opened; he yet cloſd,
Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints compoſd;
Forbeare; nor ſhrieke thus: But vent ioyes as loud;
It is no piety to bemone the proud:
Though ends befall them, mouing neere ſo much,
Theſe are the portions of the Gods to ſuch.
Mens owne impieties, in their inſtant act,
Suſtaine their plagues; which are with ſtay but rackt.
But theſe men, Gods nor men had in eſteeme:
Nor good, nor bad, had any ſence in them.
Their liues directly ill, were therefore cauſe
That *Death* in theſe ſterne formes, ſo deepely drawes.
Recount then to me, thoſe licentious Dames,
That loſt my honor, and their ſexes ſhames.
Ile tell you truly (ſhe replied,) There are
Twice fiue and twenty women here, that ſhare
All worke amongſt them; whom I taught to Spin,
And beare the iuſt bands that they ſuffer'd in:
Of all which, onely there were twelue, that gaue
Themſelues to impudence, and light behaue;
Nor me reſpecting, nor herſelfe (the Queene.)
And for your Son, he hath but lately bene
Of yeares to rule: Nor would his Mother beare
His Empire, where her womens labors were.
But let me go, and giue her notice now
Of your arriuall. Sure ſome God doth ſhow
His hand vpon her, in this reſt ſhe takes,

That

That all theſe vprores beares, and neuer wakes.
Nor wake her yet (ſaid he) but cauſe to come
Thoſe twelue light women, to this vtter roome.
She made all vtmoſt haſte, to come and go,
And bring the women he had ſummon'd ſo.
Then, both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call
The women to their aide, and cleere the Hall
Of thoſe dead bodies: Clenſe each boord, & Throne
VVith wetted Sponges: which, with fitneſſe done,
He bad take all the Strumpets, twixt the wall
Of his firſt Court; and that roome next the Hall;
In which, the veſſell of the houſe were ſcour'd;
And in their boſomes ſheath their euery ſword,
Till all their ſoules were fled; and they had then,
Felt 'twas but paine to ſport with lawleſſe men.
This ſaid; the women came, all drown'd in mone,
And weeping bitterly. But firſt, was done
The bearing thence the dead: all which, beneath
The *Portico* they ſtow'd, where death on death
They heap't together. Then tooke all, the paines
Vhyſes will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines
VVith paring-ſhouels wrought: The women bore
Their parings forth; and al the clotter'd gore.
The houſe then clenſd, they brought the women out,
And put them in a roome, ſo wall'd about,
That no meanes ſeru'd their ſad eſtates to flye.
Then ſaide *Telemachus*, Theſe ſhall not dye
A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poiſon that gaue Luſt her foode,
The body clenſing; but a death that chokes
The breath, and all together, that prouokes
And ſeemes as Bellowes, to abhorred Luſt;
That both on my head; pour'd depraues vniuſt,
And on my Mothers; ſcandaling the Court,
VVith men debaucht, in ſo abhorr'd a fort.
This ſaid; a Halſer of a ſhip they caſt
About a croſſe beame of the roofe; which faſt
They made about their neckes, in twelue parts cut;
And hal'd them vp ſo high, they could not put
Their feete to any ſtay. As which was done,
Looke how a Mauis, or a Pygeon
In any Groue, caught with a Sprindge, or Net;
VVith ſtrugling Pinions 'gainſt the ground doth beat
Her tender body; and that then-ſtreight bed
Is ſowre to that ſwindge, in which ſhe was bred;
So ſtriu'd theſe taken Birds, till euery one
Her pliant halter, had enforc't vpon
Her ſtubborne necke; and then aloft was haul'd

To wretched death. A little ſpace they ſprauld
Their feet faſt mouing; but were quickly ſtill.
Then fetcht they downe *Melanthius*, to fulfill
The equall execution; which was done
In Portall of the Hall; and thus begun:
They firſt ſlit both his Noſethrils, cropt each eare;
His Members tugg'd off, which the doggos did teare,
And chop vp bleeding ſweet; and while red hot
Th e vice-abhorring blood was; off they ſmote
His hands and feet, and there that worke had end:
Then waſht they hands & feet, that blood had ſteind;
And tooke the houſe againe. And then the King
(*Eurycles* calling) bad her quickly bring
All ill-expelling Brimſtone, and ſome fire,
That with perfumes caſt, he might make entire
The houſes firſt integrity in all.
And then his timely will was, ſhe ſhould call
Her Queene and Ladies; ſtill yet charging her,
That all the Handmaids ſhe ſhould firſt confer.
She ſaid, he ſpake as fitted; But before.
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And ſhe would others bring him: that not ſo
His faire broad ſhoulders might reſt clad; and ſhow
His perſon to his ſeruants, was too blame.
Firſt bring me Fire, ſaid he. She went, and came
VVith fire, & ſulphure ſtraight; with which the hall,
And of the huge houſe, all roomes capitall
He throughly ſweetned. Then went Nurſe to call
The Handmaid ſeruants downe; & vp ſhe went
To tell the newes, and will'd them to preſent
Their ſeruice to their Soueraigne Downe they came,
Suſtaining Torches all, and pour'd a flame
Of Loue, about their Lord: with welcomes home,
VVith huggings of his hands, with laborſome
Both heads and fore-heads, kiſſes, and embraces;
And plyed him ſo, with all their louing graces,
That teares and ſighes, tooke vp his whole deſire;
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

The End of the XXII. Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses to his wife is knowne:
A briefe sum of his Trauailes showne.
Himselfe, his Son, and Seruants go
T'approue the Wooers ouerthrow.

Another.

For all annoyes
sustain'd before;
The true wiues ioyes,
now made the more.

THe seruants thus inform'd; the Matron goes
Vp, where the Queene was cast in such repose;
Affected with a feruent ioy to tell
VVhat all this time she did with paine conceale.
Her knees reuokt their first strength; and her feete
Were borne aboue the ground with wings, to greete
The long-greeu'd Queene, with newes her King was come;
And (neere her) said: Wake, Leaue this withdrawne roome;
That now your eyes may see, at length, though late,
The man return'd, which all the heauy date
Your woes haue rackt out, you haue long'd to see:
Vlysses is come home, and hath set free
His Court of all your wooers; slaughtering all;
For wasting so his goods with Festiuall:
His house so vexing; and for violence done,
So all waies varied to his onely sonne.
She answer'd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;
Of whose pow'r now, thy pow'rs such proof haue had.
The Gods can blinde with follies, wisest eies,
And make men foolish, so to make them wise.
For they haue hurt euen thy graue braine, that bore
An vnderstanding spirit heretofore.
VVhy hast thou wak't me to more teares, when *Mone*
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?
Thy madnesse much more blamefull, that with lyes
Thy haste is loaden: and both robs mine eyes

Of

13624c
Homer

Of moſt delightſome ſleepe; and ſleepe of them,
That now had bound me in his ſweet extream,
T'embrace my lids, and cloſe my vſuall Spheres.
I haue not ſlept ſo much this twenty yeares;
Since firſt my deareſt ſleeping-Mate was gone
For that too-ill-to-ſpeake of, *Ilion*.
Hence, take your mad ſteps backe; if any Maid
Of all my traine beſides, a part had plaid
So bold to wake, and tell mine eares ſuch lies;
I had return'd her to her huſwiferies
VVith good proofe of my wrath to ſuch rude Dames;
But go, your yeares haue ſau'd their yonger blames.
She anſwer'd her: I nothing wrong your eare,
But tell the truth: your long-miſt Lord is heere;
And, with the wooers ſlaughter, his owne hand
(In chiefe exploit) hath to his owne command
Reduc't his houſe; and that poore Gueſt was he,
That all thoſe wooers, wrought ſuch iniurie.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his Father; but his wiſedome ſo
Obſeru'd his counſailes; to giue ſurer end
To that great worke, to which they did contend.
This call'd her ſpirits to their conceiuing places;
She ſprung for ioy, from blames into embraces
Of her graue Nurſe: wip't euery teare away
From her faire cheekes; and then began to ſay
What Nurſe ſaid, ouer thus; O Nurſe, can this
Be true thou ſayſt? How could that hand of his
Alone, deſtroy ſo many? They would ſtill
Troope all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers, ſo vnited? How? (ſaid ſhe)
I haue nor ſeene, nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. VVe ſate within, in feare;
The doores ſhut on vs: and from thence might heare
The ſighes, and grones of euery man he ſlew;
But heard, nor ſaw more: till at length, there flew
Your ſonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,
And bad me then come foorth: and then I ſee
Vlyſſes ſtanding in the midſt of all
Your ſlaughtred wooers, heap't vp like a wall,
One on another, round about his ſide;
It would haue done you good to haue deſcride
Your conqu'ring lord; al ſmeard with blood & gore
So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore
The ſlaughtred carkaſſes; that now before
The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pilde.
And now your victor, all the Hall (defilde
VVith ſtinch of hot death) is perfuming round;

And

And with a mighty fire the harth hath crown'd.
Thus, all the death remou'd, and euery roome
Made ſweet and ſightly; that your ſelfe ſhould come
His pleaſure ſent me. Come then, take you now
Your mutuall fils of comfort: Griefe, on you
Hath long, and many ſufferings laid; which length,
VVhich many ſuffrings, nowe your vertuous ſtrength
Of vncorrupted chaſtneſſe, hath conferr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd
Is ſafe arriu'd at home: his wife, his ſonne
Found ſafe & good; all ill that hath bene done
On all the dooers heads (though long prolong'd)
His right hath wreak't, and in the place they wrong'd.
She anſwer'd: Do not you now laugh, and boſt
As you had done ſome great act; ſeeing moſt
Into his Being: For, you know, he won
(Euen through his poore, and vile condition)
A kind of prompted thought; that there was plac't
Some vertue in him, fit to be embrac't
By all the houſe; but, moſt of all, by me
And by my Son, that was the progenie
Of both our loues. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofes ye plead to me:
Some God hath ſlaine the wooers, in diſdaine
Of the abhorred pride, he ſaw ſo raigne
In thoſe baſe workes they did: No man aliue,
Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriue
At their abodes once, euer could obtaine
Regard of them: and therefore their ſo vaine
And vile deſerts, haue found as vile an end.
But (for *Vlyſſes*) neuer will extend
His wiſht returne to *Greece*: Nor he yet liues.
How ſtrange a Queen are you? (ſaid ſhe) that giues
No truth your credit? That your husband, ſet
Cloſe in his houſe at fire, can purchaſe yet
No faith of you; But that he ſtill is farre
From any home of his? your wit's at warre
With all credulity euer; and yet now
Ile name a ſigne, ſhall force beleefe from you:
I bath'd him lately; and beheld the ſcar
That ſtill remaines a marke too ocular
To leaue your heart yet blinded; and I then
Had run and told you: but his hand was feine
To cloſe my lips from th'acclamation
My heart was breathing: and his wiſedome won
My ſtill retention, till he gaue me leaue,
And charge to tell you this. Now then, receaue
My life for gage of his returne; which take

In any cruell faſhion; if I make
All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurſe (ſaid ſhe)
Though many things thou knowſt, yet theſe things be
Veil'd in the counſailes th'vncreated Gods
Haue long time maskt in: whoſe darke periods
Tis hard for thee to ſee into; But come,
Lets ſee my ſon; the ſlaine; and he by whom
They had their ſlaughter. This ſaid, down they went;
When on the Queens part, diuers thoghts wer ſpent;
If (all this giuen no faith) ſhe ſtill ſhould ſtand
Aloofe, and queſtion more: Or his hugg'd hand,
And loued head, ſhe ſhould at firſt aſſay
With free-giuen kiſſes. VVhen her doubtfull way
Had paſt the ſtony pauement, ſhe tooke ſeate
Againſt her husband, in the oppoſite heate
The fire then caſt vpon the other wall:
Himſelfe, ſet by the Columne of the Hall;
His lookes caſt downwards, and expected ſtill,
VVhen her incredulous, and curious will
To ſhun ridiculous error, and the ſhame
To kiſſe a Husband, that was not the ſame,
VVould downe, and win enough faith from his ſight.
She ſilent ſate, and her perplexed plight
Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, ſhe ſtood cleare
He was her Husband: ſometimes, the ill weare
His perſon had put on, transform'd him ſo,
That yet his ſtampe would hardly currant go.
Her ſon her ſtrangeneſſe ſeeing; blam'd her thus:
Mother, vngentle Mother! tyrannous!
In this too curious modeſty you ſhow;
Why ſit you from my Father? Nor beſtow
A word on me, t'enquire and cleere ſuch doubt
As may perplexe you? Found man euer out
One other ſuch a wife? That could forbeare
Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare
In infinite ſufferance, he had ſpent apart:
No Flint ſo hard is, as a womans hart.
Son (ſhe replied) Amaze containes my minde,
Nor can I ſpeake, and vſe the commune kind
Of thoſe enquiries; nor ſuſtaine to ſee
VVith oppoſite lookes, his countenance. If this be
My true *Vlyſſes* now return'd; there are
Tokens betwixt vs of more fitneſſe farre
To giue me argument, he is my Lord;
And my aſſurance of him, may afford
My proofes of ioy for him, from all theſe eies
VVith more *decorum*; then obiect their guiſe
To publique notice. The much-Sufferer brake

In

In laughter out; and to his Son ſaid; Take
Your Mother from the preaſe; that ſhe may make
Her owne proofes of me, which perhaps may giue
More cauſe to the acknowledgements, that driue
Their ſhew thus off. But now, becauſe I goe
So poorely clad, ſhe takes diſdaine to know
So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord.
Let vs conſult then, how we may accord
The Towne to our late action. Some one, ſlaine,
Hath made the all-left ſlaughterer of him, faine
To fly his friends and country. But our ſwords
Haue ſlaine a Cities moſt ſupportfull Lords;
The chiefe Peeres of the kingdome: therefore ſee
You vſe wiſe meanes t'vphold your victorie.
See you to that good Father (ſaide the Son)
Whoſe counſailes haue the ſoueraigne glory won
From all men liuing. None will ſtriue with you;
But with vnqueſtion'd Girlands grace your brow:
To whom, our whol alacrities we vow
In free attendance. Nor ſhall our hands leaue
Your onſets needy of ſupplies, to giue
All the effects that in our pow'rs can fall.
Then this (ſaid he) to me ſeemes capitall
Of all choiſe courſes: Bathe we firſt, and then
Attire we freſhly: all our Maides and men
Enioyning likewiſe, to their beſt attire.
The ſacred Singer then, let touch his Lire;
And go before vs all in gracefull dance,
That all without, to whoſe eares ſhal aduance
Our cheerefull accents, (or of Trauailers by,
Or firme inhabitants) ſolemnity
Of frolicke Nuptials may imagine heere.
And this, performe we; leſt the maſſakere
Of all our wooers be divulg'd about
The ample City, ere our ſelues get out,
And greet my Father, in his Groue of Trees;
Where, after, we will proue what policies
Olympius ſhall ſuggeſt, to ouercome
Our lateſt toiles, and crowne our welcome home.
This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on freſh attire,
Both men and women did; Then tooke his Lire
The holy ſinger, and ſet thirſt on fire
With ſongs, and faultleſſe dances: all the Court
Rung with the footings, that the numerous ſport
From iocund men drew, and faire-girdl'd Dames;
Which, (heard abroad) thus flew the cõmune fames:
This ſure the day is, when the much-woo'd Queen
Is richly wed; O wretch! That hath not beene

Homer 136240

So conſtant, as to keepe her ample houſe
Til th'vtmoſt houre, had brought her formoſt ſpouſe.
Thus ſome conceiu'd, but little knew the thing.
And now, *Eurynome* had bath'd the King;
Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himſelfe attir'd
In veſtures royall. Her part then inſpir'd
The Goddeſſe *Pallas*; deck't his head and face
With infinite beauties: gaue a goodly grace
Of ſtature to him: a much plumper plight
Through all his body breath'd; Curles ſoft, & bright
Adorn'd his head withall, and made it ſhow,
As if the flowry *Hyacinth* did grow
In all his pride there: In the generall trim
Of euery locke, and euery curious lim.
Looke how a skilfull Artizan, well ſeene
In all Arts Metalline; as hauing beene
Taught by *Minerua*, and the God of fire,
Doth Gold, with Siluer mix ſo; that entire
They keepe their ſelfe diſtinction; and yet ſo,
That to the Siluer, from the Gold, doth flow
A much more artificiall luſter then his owne;
And thereby to the Gold it ſelfe, is growne
A greater glory, then if wrought alone;
Both being ſtuck off, by eithers mixtion:
So did *Minerua*, hers and his combine;
He more in Her, She more in Him did ſhine.
Like an Immortall from the Bath, he roſe:
And to his wife did all his grace diſpoſe,
Encountring this her ſtrangeneſſe: Cruell Dame
Of all that breathe; the Gods, paſt ſteele and flame
Haue made thee ruthleſſe: Life retaines not one
Of all Dames elſe, that beares ſo ouer-growne
A minde with abſtinence; as twenty yeares
To miſſe her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares;
And at his comming, keepe aloofe; and fare
As of his ſo long abſence, and his care,
No ſenſe had ſeiſd her. Go Nurſe, make a bed,
That I alone may ſleepe; her heart is dead
To all reflection. To him, thus replied
The wiſe *Penelope*: Man, halfe deified;
'Tis not my faſhion to be taken ſtreight
With braueſt men: Nor pooreſt, vſe to ſleight.
Your meane apparance made not me retire;
Nor this your rich ſhew, makes me now admire,
Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,
If not my husband? All his certainty
I knew at parting; but (ſo long apart)
The outward likeneſſe, holds no full deſart

For me to truſt to. Go Nurſe, ſee addreſt
A ſoft bed for him; and the ſingle reſt
Himſelfe affects ſo. Let it be the bed,
That ſtands within our Bridal Chamber-ſted,
VVhich he himſelf made: Bring it forth from thence,
And ſee it furniſht with magnificence.
This ſaid ſhe, to aſſay him; and did ſtir
Euen his eſtabliſht patience; and to hir.
Whom thus he anſwerd: Woman! your words proue
My patience ſtrangely: VVho is it can moue
My Bed out of his place? It ſhall oppreſſe
Earths greateſt vnder-ſtander; and vnleſſe,
Euen God himſelfe come, that can eaſely grace
Men in their moſt skils, it ſhall hold his place.
For Man: he liues not, that (as not moſt skill'd,
So not moſt yong) ſhall eaſely make it yield.
If (building on the ſtrength in which he flowes)
He addes both Leuers to, and Iron Crowes.
For, in the fixure of the Bed, is ſhowne
A Maiſter-peece; a wonder: and 'twas done
By me, and none but me: and thus was wrought;
There was an Oliue tree, that had his grought
Amidſt a hedge; and was of ſhadow, proud;
Freſh, and the prime age of his verdure ſhow'd.
His leaues and armes ſo thicke, that to the eye
It ſhew'd a columne for ſolidity.
To this, had I a comprehenſion
To build my Bridall Bowre; which all of ſtone,
Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raiſde; and caſt
A Roofe about it, nothing meanly grac'ſt;
Put glew'd doores to it, that op't Art enough.
Then, from the Oliue, euery broad-leau'd bough
I lopt away: then fell'd the Tree, and then
VVent ouer it, both with my Axe, and Plaine:
Both gouern'd by my Line. And then, I hew'd
My curious Bed-ſted out; in which, I ſhew'd
VVorke of no commune hand. All this, begon,
I could not leaue, till to perfection
My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimble; bor'd
The holes, as fitted: and did laſt, afford
The varied Ornament; which ſhew'd no want
Of Siluer, Gold, and poliſht Elephant.
An Oxe-hide Dide in purple, then I threw
Aboue the cords. And thus, to curious view
I hope I haue obiected honeſt ſigne,
To proue, I author nought that is not mine:
But, if my bed ſtand vnremou'd, or no,
O woman, paſſeth humane wit to know.
This ſunk her knees & heart, to heare ſo true

The ſignes ſhe vrg'd; and firſt, did teares enſue
Her rapt aſſurance: Then ſhe ran, and ſpread
Her armes about his necke; kiſt oft his head;
And thus the curious ſtay ſhe made, excuſde:
Vlyſſes! Be not angry, that I vſde
Such ſtrange delayes to this; ſince heretofore
Your ſuffering wiſedome, hath the Gyrland wore
From all that breath: and 'tis the Gods that thus
With mutuall miſſe, ſo long afflicting vs,
Haue cauſd my coyneſſe: To our youths, enuied
That wiſht ſociety, that ſhould haue tied
Our youths and yeares together: and ſince now
Iudgement and *Duty*, ſhould our age allow
As full ioyes therein, as in youth and blood:
See all yong anger, and reproofe withſtood,
For not at firſt ſight giuing vp my armes:
My heart ſtill trembling, leſt the falſe alarmes
That words oft ſtrike vp, ſhould ridiculize me.
Had *Argiue Hellen* knowne credulity
VVould bring ſuch plagues with it; and her, againe
(As auctreſſe of them all) with that foule ſtaine
To her, and to her countrey; ſhe had ſtaid
Her loue and mixture from a ſtrangers bed.
But God impell'd her to a ſhameleſſe deede,
Becauſe ſhe had not in her ſelfe decreed
Before th'attempt; That, ſuch acts ſtill were ſhent,
As ſimply in themſelues, as in th'euent.
By which, not onely ſhe her ſelfe ſuſtaines,
But we, for her fault, haue paid mutuall paines.
Yet now; ſince theſe ſignes of our certaine bed
You haue diſcouer'd, and diſtinguiſhed
From all earths others: No one man but you,
Yet euer getting of it th'onely ſhow;
Nor one, of all Dames, but my ſelfe, and ſhe
My Father gaue; old *Actors* progenie:
(Who euer guarded to our ſelues, the dore
Of that thick-ſhaded chamber) I, no more
Will croſſe your cleere perſwaſion: though, till now,
I ſtood too doubtfull, and auſtere to you.
Theſe words of hers, ſo iuſtifying her ſtay,
Did more deſire of ioyfull mone conuay
To his glad minde; then if at inſtant ſight,
She had allow'd him, all his wiſhes right.
He wept for ioy, t'enioy a wife ſo fit
For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wit;
And held chaſte vertue at a price ſo high.
And as ſad men at Sea, when ſhore is nigh, (loſt
VVhich long their hearts haue wiſht (their ſhip quite

By

By *Neptunes* rigor; and they vext, and toſt
Twixt winds &black waues, ſwimming for their liues;
A few eſcap't; and that few that ſurviues
(All drencht in ſome, and brine) craule vp to Land,
VVith ioy as much as they did worlds command;
So deare, to this wife, was her husbands ſight;
Who ſtill embrac't his necke; and had, (til light
Diſplaid her ſiluer Enſigne) if the Dame
That beares the blew sky, entermixt with flame
In her faire eyes, had not infixt her thought
On other ioyes, for loues ſo hardly brought
To long'd-for meeting: who th'extended night
VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light
Her wing-hoou'd horſe ioyne; (*Lampus*, *Phaeton*)
Thoſe euer Colts, that bring the morning on
To worldly men; But, in her golden chaire,
Downe to the Ocean, by her ſiluer haire
Bound her aſpirings. Then *Vlyſſes* ſaid;
O wife: Nor yet are my contentions ſtaid;
A moſt vnmeaſur'd labour, long and hard
Askes more performance; to it, being prepar'd
By graue *Tireſias*, when downe to hell
I made darke paſſage; that his skill might tell
My mens returne, and mine. But come, and now
Enioy the ſweet reſt that our Fates allow.
The place of reſt is ready, (ſhe replyed)
Your will at full ſerue, ſince the deified
Haue brought you, where your right is to command.
But ſince you know (God making vnderſtand
Your ſearching mind) informe me, what muſt be
Your laſt ſet labour; Since 'twill fall to me
(I hope) to heare it after; tell me now:
The greateſt pleaſure is before to know.
Vnhappy? (ſaid *Vlyſſes*) To what end
Importune you this labour? It will lend
Nor you, nor me, delight; but you ſhall know,
I was commanded, yet more to beſtow
My yeares in trauaile; many Cities more
By Sea to viſit: and when firſt, for ſhore
I left my ſhipping, I was will'd to take
A nauall Oare in hand; and with it make
My paſſage forth, till ſuch ſtrange men I met,
As knew no Sea, nor euer ſalt did eat
VVith any victles: who the purple beakes
Of Ships did neuer ſee: nor that which breakes
The waues in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare,
And ſerues as wings, with which a ſhip doth ſoare.
To let me know then, when I was arriu'd

On that ſtrange earth, where ſuch a people liu'd.
He gaue me this for an vnfailing ſigne:
When any one, that tooke that Oare of mine
Borne on my ſhoulder, for a Corne-clenſe Fan,
I met aſhore; and ſhew'd to be a man
Of that Lands labour: There had I command
To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that ſtrand
T'imperiall *Neptune* (whom I muſt implore)
A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow-aſcending Bore:
And then turne home; where all the other Gods
That in the broad heauen made ſecure abods,
I muſt ſolicite (all my curious heed
Giuen to the ſeuerall rites they haue decreed)
VVith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home
A gentle death ſhould ſeize me, that would come
From out the Sea, and take me to his reſt
In full ripe age; about me, liuing bleſt,
My louing people: To which (he preſag'd)
The ſequell of my fortunes were engag'd.
If then (ſaide ſhe) the Gods will pleaſe t'impoſe
A happier Being to your fortunes cloſe
Then went before; your hope giues comfort ſtrength,
That life ſhall lend you better dayes at length.
VVhile this diſcourſe ſpent mutual ſpeech, the bed
Eurynome and Nurſe had made; and ſpred
With richeſt Furniture; while Torches ſpent
Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went
The aged Nurſe; and where their Soueraignes were,
Eurynome (the Chamber-maid) did beare
A Torch, and went before them to their reſt:
To which ſhe left them; and for hers addreſt.
The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)
Reſum'd the old Lawes of th'embracing bed.
Telemachus, and both his Herdſmen, then
Diſſolu'd the dances, both to Maids and men;
VVho in their ſhady roofes tooke timely ſleepe.
The Bride, and Bridegroome, hauing ceaſt to keepe
Obſerued Loue-ioyes; from their fit delight,
They turn'd to talke. The Queene then did recite
VVhat ſhe had ſuffer'd by the hatefull rout
Of harmfull wooers, who had eate her out
So many Oxen, and ſo many Sheepe;
How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe
Had quite exhauſted. Great *Vlyſſes* then,
VVhat euer ſlaughters he had made of men;
VVhat euer ſorrowes he himſelfe ſuſtain'd,
Repeated amply; and her eares remain'd
VVith all delight, attentiue to their end.

Nor

Nor would one winke ſleepe, till he told her all;
Beginning where he gaue the *Cacons* fall.
From thence, his paſſe to the *Lotophagie*;
The *Cyclops* acts; the putting out his eye,
And wreake of all the Souldiers he had eate,
No leaſt ruth ſhewne, to all they could entreate.
His way to *Æolus*; his prompt receit,
And kinde diſmiſsion: his inforc't retreate
By ſodaine Tempeſt, to the fiſhy maine;
And quite diſtraction from his courſe againe.
His landing at the *Læſtrigonian* Port,
VVhere ſhips and men, in miſerable ſort,
Met all their ſpoiles; his ſhip, and he, alone
Got off from the abhorr'd confuſion.
His paſſe to *Circe*; her deceits, and Arts:
His thence deſcenſion to th'infernall parts:
His lifes courſe of the *Thebane* Prophet learn'd;
VVhere, all the ſlaughter'd Grecians he deſcern'd,
And loued Mother. His aſtoniſht eare
VVith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.
His ſcape from th'erring Rockes, which *Scylla* was,
And rough *Charybdis*; with the dangerous paſſe
Of all that toucht there: His *Sicilian*
Offence giuen to the Sun: His euery man
Deſtroy'd by thunder, vollied out of heauen,
That ſplit his Ship; his owne endeuours driuen
To ſhift for ſuccours on th'*Ogygian* ſhore,
VVhere Nimph *Calypſo*, ſuch affection bore
To him in his arriuall: That with feaſt
She kept him in her Caues, and would haue bleſt
His welcome life, with an immortall ſtate;
VVould he haue ſtaid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:
All which, ſhe neuer could perſwade him to.
His paſſe to the *Phæacians*, ſpent in wo:
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,
A God deſcended from the ſtarry Sphere:
Their kinde diſmiſsion of him home, with Gold,
Braſſe, Garments; all things his occaſions would.
This laſt word vſde; ſleepe ſeiz'd his weary eye,
That ſalues all care, to all mortality.
In meane ſpace, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,
That when *Vlyſſes*, thought enough time ſpent
In loue-ioyes with his wife; to raiſe the Day,
And make his graue occaſions, call, away.
The Morning roſe, and he; when thus he ſaide;
O Queene: Now ſatiate with afflictions, laide
On both our boſomes; (you oppreſſed heere
VVith cares for my returne; I, euery where,

By

136240
Homer

By *Ioue*, and all the other Deities, toſt
Euen till all hope of my returne was loſt)
And both arriu'd at this ſweet Hauen, our Bed;
Be your care vſde, to ſee adminiſtred
My houſe-poſſeſsions left. Thoſe Sheepe that were
Conſum'd in ſurfets by your wooers heere;
Ile forrage, to ſupply with ſome; and more,
The ſuffering Grecians ſhall be made reſtore,
Euen till our ſtalles receiue their wonted fill.
And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill
Long ſuffer'd for me: To the many-tree'd
And ample Vineyard grounds, it is decreed
In my next care, that I muſt haſte, and ſee
His long'd-for preſence. In the meane time, be
Your wiſedome vſde; that ſince (the Sun aſcended)
The fame will ſoone be through the Town extended,
Of thoſe I heere haue ſlaine; your ſelfe (got cloſe,
Vp to your chamber) ſee you there repoſe,
Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke afford
Without your Court; nor anie man, a word.
This ſaid, he arm'd: To arms, both Son and Swain
His powre commanding; who did entertaine
His charge with ſpirit: Op't the gates, and out;
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
Auroraes ruddie fire: through all whoſe light
Minerua led them, through the Towne, from ſight.

The End of the XXIII. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

BY Mercury *the Wooers soules*
Are vsher'd to th' Infernall Paoles.
Vlysses, *with* Laertes *met;*
The people, are in vprore set
Against them, for the wooers ends:
Whom Pallas *stayes, and renders Frends.*

Another.

ω. { *The vprores fire,*
the Peoples fall:
The Grandsire, Sire,
and Son, to all. }

ARllenian Hermes with his golden rod,
The wooers soules (that yet retain'd abod
Amids their bodies) call'd in dreadfull rout
Forth to th' Infernals; who came murmuring out.
And as amids the desolate retreate
Of some vaste Cauerne (made the sacred seate
Of austere spirits) Bats, with Brests, and wings
Claspe fast the wals; and each to other clings:
But, swept off from their couerts, vp they rise
And flye with murmures, in amazefull guise
About the cauerne: So these (grumbling) rose
And flockt together. Downe before them goes
None-hurting Mercury, to hels broad waies;
And straight to those streights, where the Ocean staies
His lofty current in calme deepes, they flew.
Then to the snowy rocke, they next withdrew;
And to the close of *Phœbus* orient gates:
The Nation then of Dreames; and then the states
Of those soules Idols, that the weary dead
Gaue vp in earth: which, in a flowry Mead
Had habitable situation.
And there they saw the soule of *Thetis* son;
Of good *Patroclus*; braue *Antilochus*,
And *Aiax*; the supremely strenuous
Of all the Greeke hoast, next *Plebeian*:
All which assembled about *Maias* son.

And

And to them (after) came the mournfull Ghoſt
Of *Agamemnon*; with all thoſe, he loſt
In falſe *Ægyſthus* Court. *Achilles* then
Beholding there, that mighty King of men:
Deplor'd his plight, and ſaid: O *Atreus* Son!
Of all Heroes; all *Opinion*
Gaue thee, for *Ioues* moſt lou'd; ſince moſt command
Of all the Greekes, he gaue thy eminent hand
At ſiedge of *Ilion*, where we ſuffer'd ſo:
And is the iſſue this? That firſt in wo,
Sterne Fate did therefore ſet thy ſequell downe?
None borne paſt others Fates, can paſſe his owne.
I wiſh to heauen, that in the heighth of all
Our pompe at *Ilion*, Fate had ſign'd thy fall;
That all the Greekes might haue aduanc't to thee,
A famous Sepulcher; and Fame might ſee
Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end;
But now, a wretched death did Fate extend
To thy confuſion, and thy Iſſues ſhame.
O *Thetis* Son (ſaid he) the vitall flame
Extinct at *Ilion*, far from th'*Argiue* fields;
The ſtile of bleſſed, to thy vertue yields.
About thy fall, the beſt of *Greece* and *Troy*
VVere ſacrific'd to ſlaughter: Thy inſt ioy
Conceiu'd in battell, with ſome worth forgot,
In ſuch a death, as great *Apollo* ſhot
At thy encounters: Thy braue perſon lay
Hid in a duſty whirlewinde, that made way
VVith humane breaths, ſpent in thy ruines ſtate;
Thou great, wert greatly valew'd, in thy Fate.
All day we fought about thee; nor at all
Had ceaſt our conflict, had not *Ioue* let fall
A ſtorme, that forc't off our vnwilling feete.
But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to fleete
Thy glorious perſon (bath'd and balm'd) we laide
Aloft a bed; and round about thee, paide
The *Greekes* warme teares, to thy deplor'd deceaſe;
Quite danted, cutting all their curles increaſe.
Thy death draue a diuine voice through the Seas,
That ſtarted vp thy Mother from the waues;
And all the Marine Godheads, left their caues,
Conſorting to our fleet, her rapt repaire:
The *Greekes* ſtood frighted, to ſee Sea, and Aire,
And Earth, combine ſo, in thy loſſes ſence;
Had taken ſhip, and fled for euer thence,
If old-much-knowing-*Neſtor* had not ſtaide
Their ruſhing off: His counſailes hauing ſwaide
In all times former, with ſuch cauſe, their courſes;

Who

Who bad containe themſelues, and truſt their forces;
For all they ſaw, was *Thetis* come from Sea,
VVith others of the watry progenie,
To ſee and mourne for her deceaſed Son.
VVhich ſtaid the feares, that all to flight had won;
And round about thee ſtood th'old Sea-gods ſeedes,
VVretchedly mourning: their immortall weeds
Spreading vpon thee: all the ſacred Nine
Of deathleſſe *Muſes*, paid thee dues diuine;
By varied turnes their heauenly voyces venting;
All in deepe paſſion for thy death conſenting.
And then, of all our Army, not an eye
You could haue ſeene, vndrown'd in miſery;
The mouing *Muſe*, ſo rul'd in euery minde.
Full ſeuenteene dayes and nights, our teares confin'd
To celebration of thy mourned end;
Both men, and Gods, did in thy moane contend.
The eighteenth day, we ſpent about thy heape
Of dying fire: Blacke Oxen, fatteſt Sheepe
VVe ſlew, paſt number. Then the precious ſpoile
(Thy Corſe) wee tooke vp, which with floods of oile
And pleaſant Hony we embalm'd; and then
VVrapt thee in thoſe Robes, that the Gods did raine:
In which, we gaue thee to the hallowed flame;
To which, a number of heroicall name,
All arm'd, came ruſhing in, in deſperate plight;
As preſt to ſacrifice their vitall right
To thy dead ruines, while ſo bright they burn'd:
Both foote & horſe brake in, and fought, & mourn'd
In infinite tumult. But when all the night
The rich flame laſted; and that waſted quite
Thy body was with the enamor'd fire;
VVe came in early Morne, and an entire
Collection made, of euery Iuorie bone;
VVhich waſht in wine, and giuen fit vnction,
A two-ear'd Bolle of Gold, thy Mother gaue,
By *Bacchus* giuen her; and did forme receaue
From *Vulcans* famous hand; which (O renown'd
Great *Thetis* Son) with thy faire bones, we crown'd;
Mixt with the Bones of **Mœnetiades*, * *Patroclus*
And braue *Antilochus*; who, in deceaſe
Of thy *Patroclus*, was thy fauours Deere.
About thee then, a matchleſſe Sepulchere,
The ſacred hoaſt of the *Achaians* raiſd
Vpon the *Helleſpont*; where moſt it ſeiſd
(For height, and conſpicuity) the eies
Of liuing men, and their poſterities.
Thy Mother then obtain'd the Gods conſent

To

To inſtitute an honor'd game, that ſpent
The beſt approuement of our Grecian Fames;
In whoſe praiſe, I muſt ſay, that many games
About *Heroes* Sepulchers, mine eyes
Haue ſeene perform'd: But theſe, bore off the prize
VVith myracles to me, from all before.
In which, thy Siluer-footed Mother, bore
The Inſtitutions name; but thy deſarts
(Being great with heauen) cauſ'd al the eminent parts.
And thus, through all the worſt effects of Fate,
Achilles Fame, euen *Death* ſhall propagate:
VVhile any one, ſhall lend the light an eye,
Diuine *Æacides* ſhal neuer dye.
But wherein can theſe comforts be conceiu'd
As rights to me? when hauing quite atchieu'd
An end with ſafety, and with Conqueſt too
Of ſo vnmatcht a warre; what none could do
Of all our enemies there, at home, a Friend,
And VVife, haue giuen me inglorious end.
VVhile theſe thus ſpake, the *Argus*-killing ſpy
Brought neere, *Vlyſſes* noble victory
To their renew'd diſcourſe; in all the ends
The wooers ſuffer'd, and ſhew'd thoſe his Frends.
VVhom now, amaze inuaded with the view,
And made giue backe: yet *Agamemnon* knew
Melanthius heyre, much-fam'd *Amphimedon*,
Who had in *Ithaca*, Gueſt-fauours ſhown
To great *Atrides*; who firſt ſpake, and ſaide:
Amphimedon: what ſufferance hath bene laide
On your aliue parts, that hath made you make
This land of darkneſſe, the retreat you take?
So all together? All being like in yeeres?
Nor would a man haue chooſd, of all the Peeres
A City honors, men to make a part
More ſtrong for any obiect? Hath your ſmart
Bene felt from *Neptune*, being at Sea? His wrath,
The winds, and waues, exciting to your ſcath?
Or haue offenſiue men impoſd this Fate?
Your Oxen driuing; or your flockes eſtate?
Or for your City fighting, and your wiues,
Haue deaths vntimely, ſeiz'd your beſt-tim'd liues?
Informe me truly: I was once your Gueſt;
VVhen I, and *Menelaus* had profeſt
Firſt armes for *Ilion*; and were come aſhore
On *Ithaca*, with purpoſe to implore
Vlyſſes aide; that City-racing man,
In wreake of the adulterous *Phrygian*.
Retaine not you the time? A whole months date

We ſpent at Sea, in hope to inſtigate
In our arriuall, old *Laertes* Son;
VVhom (hardly yet) to our deſigne we won.
The Soule made anſwer: Worthieſt King of men,
I well remember euery paſſage then
You now reduce to thought; and will relate
The truth, in whole forme, of our timeleſſe Fate.
VVe woo'd the wife of that long abſent King;
VVho (though her ſecond marriage, were a thing
Of moſt hate to her) ſhe would yet deny
At no part our affections; nor comply
With any in performance: but decreed
In her delayes, the cruell Fates, we feed.
Her craft was this: She vndertooke to weaue
A Funerall garment, deſtin'd to receaue
The corſe of old *Laertes*; being a taske
Of infinite labour, and which Time would aske.
In midſt of whoſe attempt, ſhe cauſd our ſtay
VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way
Of honor'd Nuptials to me: Though my Lord
Abide amongſt the dead; yet ceaſe to bord
My choiſe for preſent Nuptials; and ſuſtaine
(Leſt what is paſt me, of this web, be vaine)
Till all receiue perfection: 'Tis a weede
Diſpoſ'd, to wrap in, at his Funerall neede
The old *Laertes*: who (poſſeſsing much)
Would (in his want of rites as fitting) touch
My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.
Thus ſpake ſhe, and perſwaded; and her Frame
All day ſhe labour'd; her dayes worke not ſmall;
But euery night time, ſhe vnwrought it all.
Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;
But when the fourth year came, her ſlights could mask
In no more couert; ſince her truſted Maid
Her whole deceite, to our true note betraid.
VVith which, ſurpriz'd, ſhe could no more protract
Her workes perfection: but gaue end exact
To what remain'd: waſht vp, and ſet thereon
A gloſſe ſo bright, that like the Sun and Moon
The whole worke ſhew'd together. And when now
Of meere neceſsity, her honour'd vow
She muſt make good to vs: ill fortune brought
Vlyſſes home; who yet, gaue none one thought
Of his arriuall; but far-off at field
Liu'd with his Herdſman: Nor his truſt would yield
Note of his perſon; but liu'd there, as Gueſt;
Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profeſt.
At length, *Telemachus* left *Pylos* ſank;

Homer 136240

And with a Ship, fetcht ſoone his natiue Land.
When yet, not home he went: but laid his way
Vp to his Herdſman, where his Father lay;
And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore
The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.
Telemachus, in other wayes, beſtow'd
His courſe home firſt, t'aſſociate vs that woo'd.
The Swaine, the King led after, who came on
Ragged and wretched, and ſtill lean'd vpon
A borrow'd ſtaffe. At length, he reacht his home;
VVhere (on the ſodaine, and ſo wretched, come)
Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame
Of his returne there: but did wrongs extreame
Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore
VVith that old patience he had learn'd before.
But when the minde of *Ioue* had rais'd his owne;
His ſon and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;
Faſt lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vſe)
He will'd his wife (for firſt meane) to produce
His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one
Could ſtir the ſtring: Himſelfe yet, ſet vpon
The deadly ſtrength it held; Drew all, with eaſe;
Shot through the ſteeles, and then began to ſeaſe
Our armeleſſe boſomes; ſtriking firſt, the breſt
Of King *Antinous*, and then the reſt
In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end,
Becauſe ſome God (he knew) ſtood firme his frend.
Nor prou'd it worſe with him; but all in flood,
The Pauement ſtraight, bluſht with our vitall blood:
And thus our ſoules came heere; our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofes: no word conuaid
To any friend, to take vs home and giue
Our wounds fit balming; nor let ſuch as liue
Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, ſhed
Thoſe teares, and dead rites, that renowne the dead.
Atrides Ghoſt gaue anſwere; O bleſt Son
Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, haſt won
With mighty vertue, thy vnmatched wife.
How good a knowledge: how vntoucht a life
Hath wiſe *Penelope*? How well ſhe laide
Her husbands rights vp! whom ſhe lou'd a Maid?
For which, her vertues ſhall extend applauſe
Beyond the circles fraile mortality drawes;
The deathleſſe in this vale of death, compriſing,
Her praiſe, in numbers, into infinites riſing.
The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot
No ſuch chaſte thoughts; but cut the virgin knot
That knit her ſpouſe & her, with murtherous ſwords.

For which, posterities shall put hatefull words
To notes of her: that all her Sex defam'd,
And for her ill, shall euen the good beblam'd.
To this effect, these, these digressions made
In hell; Earths darke, and euer-hiding shade.
Vlysses, and his Son (now past the Towne)
Soone reacht the field, elaborately growne
By old *Laertes* labour: when, with cares
For his lost Son, he left, all Court affaires;
And tooke to this rude vpland, which, with toile
He made a sweet and habitable soile:
VVhere stood a house to him; about which, ran
In turnings thicke, and Labyrinthian,
Poore Houels, where his necessary men
That did those workes (of pleasure to him then)
Might sit, and eate, and sleepe. In his owne house
An old *Sicilian* Dame liu'd; studious
To serue his sowre age with her cheerefull paines.
Then saide *Vlysses* to his Son, and Swaines;
Go you to Towne, and for your dinner kill
The best Swine ye can choose; my selfe will still
Stay with my father, and assay his eye,
If my acknowledg'd truth, it can descry;
Or that my long times trauaile, doth so change
My sight to him, that I appeare as strange.
Thus gaue he armes to them, and home he hied:
Vlysses to the fruitfull field, applied
His present place: nor found he *Dolius* there,
His sonnes, or any seruant, any where
In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence,
Were dragging bushes, to repaire a Fence,
Old *Dolius* leading all. *Vlysses* found
His father farre aboue, in that faire ground,
Employd in proyning of a Plant: his weeds
All torne and tatter'd; fit for homely deeds,
But not for him. Vpon his legs he wore
Patcht boots, to guard him from the brambles gore:
His hands, had thorne-proofe hedging Mittens on;
His head a Goats-skin Caske: through all which shone
His heart giuen ouer, to abiectest mone.
Him, when *Vlysses* saw, consum'd with age,
And all the Ensignes on him, that the rage
Of griefe presented: he brake out in teares:
And (taking stand then, where a tree of Peares
Shot high his forehead ouer him) his minde
Had much contention. If to yeeld to kinde,
Make straight way to his father; kisse, embrace,
Tell his returne, and put on all the face

And faſhion of his inſtant told returne,
Or ſtay th'impulſion; and the long day burne
Of his quite loſſe giuen, in his Fathers feare,
A little longer: trying firſt his cheare
With ſome free dalliance; th'earneſt being ſo neare.
This courſe his choiſe preferr'd, and forth he went:
His Father then, his aged ſhoulders bent
Beneath what yeares had ſtoop't; about a Tree
Buſily digging: O, old man (ſaid he)
You want no skill, to dreſſe and decke your ground,
For all your Plants doth order'd diſtance bound:
No Apple, Peare, or Oliue, Fig, or Vine;
Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine
To graſſe, or flow'rs, ſtands empty of your care,
Which ſhewes exact in each peculiare:
And yet (which let not moue you) you beſtow
No care vpon your ſelfe; though to this ſhow
Of outward irkſomneſſe, to what you are,
You labour with an inward froward eare,
Which is your age; that ſhould weare all without
More neate, and cheriſhing. I make no doubt
That any ſloth you vſe, procures your Lord
To let an old man, go ſo much abhord
In all his weeds; nor ſhines there in your looke
A faſhion, and a goodlineſſe, ſo tooke
VVith abiect qualities, to merit this
Naſty entreaty: Your reſemblance is
A very Kings, and ſhines through this retreate.
You looke like one, that hauing waſht, and eate,
Should ſleepe ſecurely, lying ſweet, and neate.
It is the ground of Age, when cares abuſe it,
To know life's end; and as 'tis ſweet, ſo vſe it.
But vtter truth, and tell; what Lord is he,
That rates your labour, and your liberty?
VVhoſe Orchard is it, that you husband thus?
Or quit me this doubt; For if *Ithacus*
This kingdome claimes for his: the man I found
At firſt arriuall heere, is hardly ſound
Of braine, or ciuill; not induring ſtay,
To tell, nor heare me, my enquiry out
Of that my friend; if ſtil he bore about
His life and Being; or were diu'd to *Death*,
And in the houſe of him that harboureth
The ſoules of men. For once he liu'd my gueſt;
My Land and houſe retaining intereſt
In his abode there; where there ſoiourn'd none,
As gueſt, from any forreigne Region
Of more price with me. He deriu'd his race

From

From *Ithaca*; and ſaid, his Father was
Laertes, ſurnam'd *Arceſiades*.
I had him home; and all the offices
Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend;
Whoſe proofe I did to wealthy gifts extend:
Seuen Talents, Gold; a Bolle all ſiluer, ſet
With pots of flowers: twelue robes, that had no pleat:
Twelue cloakes (or mantles) of delicious dye:
Twelue inner weeds: Twelue ſutes of Tapiſtry:
I gaue him likewiſe: women skill'd in vſe
Of Loome, and Needle; freeing him to chuſe
Foure the moſt faire. His Father (weeping) ſaide,
Stranger! The earth to which you are conuaide,
Is *Ithaca*; by ſuch rude men poſſeſt,
Vniuſt and inſolent, as firſt addreſt
To your encounter; but the gifts you gaue
VVere giuen (alas) to the vngratefull graue.
If with his people, where you now arriue,
Your Fate had bene to finde your friend aliue,
You ſhold haue found like Gueſt-rites from his hand;
Like gifts, and kinde paſſe to your wiſhed land.
But how long ſince, receiu'd you as your gueſt
Your Friend, my Son? who was th'vnhappieſt
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?
O borne, when Fates, and ill Aſpects let fall
A cruell influence for him; Farre away
From Friends and Countrey; deſtin'd to alay
The Sea-bred appetites; or (left aſhore)
To be by Fowles, and vpland Monſters tore.
His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,
Bemoning (as behoou'd) his parted life:
Nor cloſing (as in honours courſe it lyes
To all men dead) in bed, his dying eyes.
But giue me knowledge of your name, and race:
What City bred you? VVhere the anchoring place
Your ſhip now rides at lies, that ſhor'd you here?
And where your men? Or if a paſſenger
In others Keeles you came; who (giuing Land
To your aduentures heere, ſome other Strand
To fetch in further courſe) haue left to vs
Your welcome preſence? His reply was thus:
I am of *Alybande*, where I hold
My names chiefe houſe, to much renowne extold.
My Father *Aphidantes*; fam'd to ſpring
From *Polypemon*; the *Moloſsian* King:
My name, *Eperitus*. My taking land
On this faire Iſle, was rul'd by the command
Of God, or Fortune: quite againſt conſent

136240
Homer

Of my free purpoſe; that, in courſe was bent
For th'Iſle *Sicania*. My Ship is held
Farre from the City, neere an ample field.
And for (*Vlyſſes*) ſince his paſſe from me
'Tis now fiue yeares. Vnbleſt by Deſtiny,
That all this time, hath had the Fate to erre:
Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure
His putting off, and on his right hand flew;
VVhich, to his paſſage, my affection drew:
His ſpirit ioyfull, and my hope was now
To gueſt with him, and ſee his hand beſtow
Rights of our friendſhip. This, a cloud of griefe
Caſt ouer all the forces of his life.
VVith both his hands, the burning duſt he ſwept
Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,
And fetcht a ſigh, as in it, life were broke:
VVhich greeu'd his Son, and gaue ſo ſmart a ſtroke
Vpon his noſethrils, with the inward ſtripe,
That vp the Veine roſe there; and weeping ripe
He was, to ſee his Sire feele ſuch woe
For his diſſembl'd ioy; which now (let goe)
He ſprung from earth, embrac't and kiſt his Sire:
And ſaid; O Father: he, of whom y'enquire
Am I my ſelfe, that (from you, twenty yeares)
Is now returned. But do not breake in teares;
For now, we muſt not formes of kinde maintaine,
But haſte and guard the ſubſtance. I haue ſlaine
All my wiues wooers; ſo, reuenging now
Their wrong ſo long time ſuffer'd. Take not you
The comfort of my comming then, to heart
At this glad inſtant; but, in prou'd deſert
Of your graue iudgement; giue mone, glad ſuſpence,
And, on the ſodaine, put this conſequence
In act as abſolute, as all time went
To ripening of your reſolute aſſent.
All this haſte made not his ſtaide faith, ſo free
To truſt his words; who ſaid, If you are he,
Approue it by ſome ſigne. This ſcar then ſee
(Replied *Vlyſſes*) giuen me by the Bore
Slaine in *Parnaſſus*; I being ſent before
By yours, and by my honour'd Mothers will,
To ſee your Sire *Autolycus* fulfill
The gifts he vow'd, at giuing of my Name.
Ile tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame
Of this faire Orchard) that I askt of you
Being yet a childe; and follow'd, for your ſhow
And name of euery Tree. You gaue me then
Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-bearers, ten;
Peare-trees, thirteene; and fifty rankes of Vine;

Each one of which, a ſeaſon did confine
For his beſt eating. Not a Grape did grow,
That grew not there, and had his heauy brow
When *Ioues* faire daughters (the all-ripening how'rs)
Gaue timely date to it. This charg'd the pow'rs
Both of his knees and heart, with ſuch impreſsion
Of ſodaine comfort, that it g ue poſſeſsion
Of all, to *Trance*: The ſignes were all ſo true,
And did the loue, that gaue them, ſo renue.
His caſt his armes about his ſonne, and ſunke;
The circle, ſlipping to his feete. So ſhrunke
VVere all his ages forces, with the fire
Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old Sire;
The Son tooke vp, quite liueleſſe: But his breath
Againe reſpiring; and his ſoule from death
His bodies pow'rs recouering: Out he cried,
And ſaid; O *Iupiter*! I now haue tried,
That ſtill there liue in heauen, remembring Gods;
Of men that ſerue them; though the periods
They ſet to their apparances, are long
In beſt mens ſufferings; yet, as ſure, as ſtrong
They are in comforts: be their ſtrange delayes
Extended neuer ſo, from dayes to dayes.
Yet ſee the ſhort ioyes, or the ſoone-mixt feares
Of helpes with-held by them, ſo many yeares:
For, if the wooers now, haue paide the paine
Due to their impious pleaſures; Now, againe
Extreame feare takes me, leſt we ſtraight ſhall ſee
Th' *Ithacenſians* here, in mutinie;
Their Meſſengers diſpatcht, to win to friend
The *Cephalenian* Cities. Do not ſpend
Your thoughts on theſe cares (ſaide his ſuffering ſon)
But be of comfort; and ſee that courſe ron
That beſt, may ſhun the worſt: Our houſe is nere;
Telemachus, and both his Herdſmen, there
To dreſſe our ſupper with their vtmoſt haſt;
And thither haſte we. This ſaide; Forth they paſt;
Came home, and found *Telemachus*, at feaſt
With both his Swaines: while who had done, all dreſt
VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arraid
The old King was, by his *Sicilian* Maid.
By whoſe ſide, *Pallas* ſtood; his crookt-age ſtreitning;
His fleſh more plumping; and his looks enlightning:
VVho yſſuing then to view, his ſon admir'd
The Gods Aſpects into his forme inſpir'd:
And ſaid; O Father: certainly ſome God
By your addreſſion in this ſtate, hath ſtood;
More great, more reuerend, rendring you by farre,

At all your parts, then of your ſelfe, you are.
I would to *Ioue* (ſaid he) the Sun, and She
That beares *Ioues* ſhield, the ſtate had ſtood with me,
That helpt me take in the wel-builded Tow'rs
Of ſtrong *Nericus* (the *Cephalian* pow'rs
To that faire City, leading) two dayes paſt,
While with the wooers, thy conflict did laſt;
And I had then bene in the wooers wreake;
I ſhould haue helpt thee ſo, to render weake
Their ſtubborne knees, that in thy ioyes deſert,
Thy breaſt had bene too little for thy heart.
This ſaid; and ſupper order'd by their men,
They ſate to it; old *Dolius* entring then;
And with him (tyr'd with labour) his ſonnes came,
Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* dame:
That brought them vp, and dreſt their Fathers fare.
As whoſe age grew; with it, encreaſt her care
To ſee him ſeru'd as fitted. VVhen (thus ſet)
Theſe men beheld *Vlyſſes* there, at meate;
They knew him; and aſtoniſht in the place,
Stood at his preſence: who, with words of grace
Call'd to olde *Dolius*, ſaying; Come, and eate,
And baniſh all aſtoniſhment: your meate
Hath long bene ready; and our ſelues made ſtay,
Expecting euer, when your wiſhed way
VVould reach amongſt vs. This brought fiercely on
Old *Dolius* from his ſtand; who ran vpon
(VVith both his armes abroad) the King, and kiſt
Of both his rapt vp hands, the either wriſt;
Thus welcomming his preſence: O my Loue,
Your preſence heere (for which all wiſhes ſtroue)
No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone
In guide before you, to your manſion:
Welcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend.
Knowes yet *Penelope?* Or ſhall we ſend
Some one to tell her this? She knowes (ſaid he)
VVhat need theſe troubles (Father) touch at thee?
Then came the Sonnes of *Dolius*; and againe
VVent ouer with their Fathers entertaine;
VVelcom'd, ſhooke hands; & then to feaſt ſate down;
About which, while they ſate; about the Towne
Fame flew, and ſhriek't about, the cruell death
And Fate, the wooers had ſuſtain'd beneath
Vlyſſes roofes. All heard; together all,
From hence, and thence met, in *Vlyſſes* Hall,
Short-breath'd, and noiſefull: Bore out all the dead
To inſtant buriall: while their deaths were ſpread
To other Neighbor-Cities, where they liu'd:

From

From whence, in ſwifteſt Fiſher-boats, arriu'd
Men to transfer them home. In meane ſpace, here
The heauy Nobles, all in counſaile were;
Where (met in much heape) vp to all aroſe
Extremely-greeu'd *Eupitheus*; ſo to loſe
His Son *Antinous*; who, firſt of all
By great *Vlyſſes* hand, had ſlaughtrous fall.
VVhoſe Father (weeping for him) ſaide; O Friends,
This man hath author'd workes of diſmall ends;
Long ſince, conueying in his guide to *Troy*,
Good men, and many, that did ſhips employ:
All which are loſt, and all their Souldiers dead;
And now, the beſt men *Cephalenia* bred
His hand hath ſlaughter'd. Go we then (before
His ſcape to *Pylos*, or the *Elean* Shore,
VVhere rule the *Epeans*) 'gainſt his horrid hand:
For we ſhall grieue, and *infamy* will brand
Our Fames for euer; if we ſee our Sons
And Brothers end in theſe confuſions,
Reuenge left vninflicted. Nor will I
Enioy one dayes life more; But greeue, and die
VVith inſtant onſet. Nor ſhould you ſuruiue
To keepe a baſe, and beaſtly name aliue.
Haſte then, let flight preuent vs. This with teares
His griefes aduiſd, and made all ſufferers
In his affliction. But by this, was come
Vp to the Counſaile, from *Vlyſſes* home
(VVhen ſleep had left thē, which the ſlaughters there
And their ſelfe dangers, from their eyes, in feare
Had two nights intercepted) thoſe two men,
That iuſt *Vlyſſes* ſau'd out of the ſlaine;
VVhich *Medon*, and the ſacred Singer were.
Theſe ſtood amidſt the Counſaile; and the feare
The ſlaughter had impreſt, in eithers looke
Stucke ſtil ſo gaſtly; that amaze it ſtrooke
Through euery there beholder: To whoſe eares
One thus enforc't, in his fright, cauſe of theirs:
Attend me *Ithacenſians*; This ſterne fact
Done by *Vlyſſes*, was not put in act
VVithout the Gods aſſiſtance; Theſe ſelfe eies
Saw one of the immortall Deities
Cloſe by *Vlyſſes*; *Mentors* forme put on
At euery part: and this ſure Deity, ſhone
Now neere *Vlyſſes*, ſetting on his bold
And ſlaughterous ſpirit: Now, the points controll'd
Of all the wooers weapons; round about
The arm'd houſe whisking; in continuall rout
Their party putting, till in heapes they fell.

This

This newes, new fears did through their ſpirits impel:
When *Halitherſes* (honor'd *Maſtors* ſonne,
VVho of them all, ſaw onely what was done
Preſent, and future) the much-knowing man
And aged Heroe, this plaine courſe ran
Amongſt their counſailes: Giue me likewiſe eare;
And let me tell ye, Friends; that theſe ils beare
On your malignant ſpleenes, their ſad effects;
VVho, not what I perſwaded, gaue reſpects:
Nor what the peoples Paſtor (*Mentor*) ſaide;
That you ſhould ſee your iſſues follies ſtaid
In thoſe foule courſes; by their petulant life
The goods deuouring, ſcandaling the wife
Of no meane perſon; who (they ſtill would ſay)
Could neuer more ſee his returning day:
VVhich yet, appearing now: now giue it truſt,
And yeeld to my free counſailes: Do not thruſt
Your owne ſafe perſons, on the acts, your Sons
So deerely bought, leſt their confuſions
On your lou'd heads, your like addictions draw.
This ſtood ſo farre, from force of any Law
To curbe their looſe attempts, that much the more
They ruſht to wreake, and made rude tumult rore.
The greater part of all the Court aroſe:
Good counſaile could not ill deſignes diſpoſe.
Eupitheus was perſwader of the courſe,
VVhich (compleate arm'd) they put in preſent force:
The reſt, ſate ſtill in counſaile. Theſe men met
Before the broad Towne, in a place they ſet
All girt in armes; *Eupitheus* chooſing Chiefe
To all their follies, who put griefe to griefe;
And in his ſlaughter'd ſons reuenge did burne.
But Fate gaue neuer feete to his returne;
Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* ſpake
To *Ioue*, her Father, with intent to make
His will, high Arbiter, of th'act deſign'd;
And askt of him, what his vnſearched mind
Held vndiſcouer'd; If with Armes, and ill,
And graue encounter, he would firſt fulfill
His ſacred purpoſe; or both parts combine
In peacefull friendſhip? He askt, why incline
Theſe doubts, thy counſailes? Haſt not thou decreed
That *Ithacus* ſhould come, and giue his deed
The glory of reuenge, on theſe and theirs?
Performe thy will; the frame of theſe affaires
Haue this fit iſſue. When *Vlyſſes* hand
Hath reacht full wreake; his then renown'd command
Shall reigne for euer: Faithfull Truces ſtrooke

'Twixt him, and all; For euery man ſhall brooke
His Sons and Brothers ſlaughters; by our meane
To ſend *Oblivion* in; expugning cleane
The *Character* of enmity in all,
As in beſt Leagues before. *Peace, Feaſtinall,*
"And Riches in abundance, be the ſtate,
"That crownes the cloſe of Wiſe Vlyſſes *Fate.*
This ſpurr'd the Free; who, from heauens Continent
To th'*Ithacenſian* Iſle, made ſtraight deſcent.
Where (dinner paſt) *Vlyſſes* ſaid; Some one
Looke out to ſee their neereneſſe. *Dolius* ſonne
Made preſent ſpeed abroad, and ſaw them nie;
Ran backe, and told; Bad Arme; and inſtantlie
Were all in armes. *Vlyſſes* part, was foure;
And ſixe more ſons of *Dolius*: All his powre
Two onely more, which were his aged Sire,
And like-year'd *Dolius*, whoſe liues ſlaked fire;
All white had left their heads: yet, driuen by Neede,
Made Souldiers both, of neceſſary deede.
And now, all girt in armes; the Ports, ſet wide,
They ſallied forth, *Vlyſſes* being their guide.
And to them, in the inſtant, *Pallas* came,
In forme and voice, like *Mentor*; who, a flame
Inſpir'd of comfort in *Vlyſſes* hart
VVith her ſeene preſence. To his Son, apart
He thus then ſpake; Now Son, your eyes ſhall ſee
(Expoſ'd in ſlaughterous fight) the enemy;
Againſt whom, who ſhall beſt ſerue, will be ſeene:
Diſgrace not then your race, that yet hath beene
For force, and fortitude, the formoſt tried,
Of all earths off-ſprings. His true Son replied;
Your ſelfe ſhall ſee (lou'd Father) if you pleaſe,
That my deſeruings ſhall in nought digreſſe
From beſt fame of our Races formoſt merit.
The old King ſprung for ioy, to heare his ſpirit:
And ſaid; O lou'd Immortals, what a day
Do your cleere bounties to my life diſplay?
I ioy, paſt meaſure, to behold my Son
And Nephew, cloſe in ſuch contention
Of vertues martiall. *Pallas* (ſtanding neere)
Said, O my Friend! Of all, ſupreamly deere
Seed of *Arceſius*; Pray to *Ioue*, and her
That rules in Armes, (his daughter) and a dart
(Spritefully brandiſht) hurle at th'aduerſe part.
This ſaid, He pray'd; and ſhe, a mighty force
Inſpir'd within him; who gaue inſtant courſe
To his braue-brandiſht Lance, which ſtrook the braſſe
That cheek't *Eupitheus* Caske; and thruſt his paſſe

Quite

Homer 13624c

Quite through his head; who fell, & ſounded falling;
His Armes, the ſound againe, from earth recalling.
Vlyſſes, and his Son, ruſht on before;
And with their both-way-headed Darts, did gore
Their enemies breaſts ſo thicke, that all had gone
The way of ſlaughter, had not *Pallas* throwne
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to ſtay
And ſpare expence of blood. Her voice did fray
The blood ſo from their faces, that it left
A greeniſh paleneſſe. All their hands it reft
Of all their weapons; falling thence, to earth:
And to the commune Mother of their Birth
(The City) all fled, in deſire, to ſaue
The liues yet left them. Then *Vlyſſes* gaue
A horrid ſhout; and like *Ioues* Eagle flew
In fiery purſuite, till *Saturnius* threw
His ſmoaking lightning twixt them; that had fall
Before *Minerua*: who then, out did call
Thus to *Vlyſſes*: Borne of *Ioue*! abſtaine
From further bloodſhed: *Ioues* hand in the ſlaine
Hath equall'd in their paines, their prides to thee;
Abſtaine then, leſt you moue the Deity.
Againe then, twixt both parts, the ſeed of *Ioue*
(*Athenian Pallas*) of all future loue
A league compoſ'd; and for her forme, tooke choice
Of *Mentors* likeneſſe; both in Limb, and Voice.

The End of the XXIIII. and laſt Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

So wrought diuine Vlyſſes *through his woes:*
So, crown'd the Light with him; His Mothers Throes;
As through his great Renowner, I haue wrought;
And my ſafe ſaile, to ſacred Anchor brought.
Nor did the Argiue *ſhip, more burthen feele,*
That bore the Care of all men, in her Keele;
Then my aduenturous Barke: The Colchean *Fleece,*
Not halfe ſo precious, as this ſoule of Greece.
In whoſe ſongs I haue made our ſhores reioyce,
And Greeke *it ſe'fe veile, to our* Engliſh *voyce.*
Yet this ineſtimable Pearle, wil all
Our Dunghil Chanticheres, *but obuious call;*
Each Moderne ſcraper, this Gem ſcratching by;

His

His Oate preferring far. Let ſuch, let ly:
So ſcorne the ſtars the clouds; as true-ſoul'd men
Deſpiſe Deceiuers. For, as Clouds would faine
Obſcure the Stars: yet (Regions left below
With all their enuies) bar them but of ſhow;
For they ſhine euer, and wil ſhine, when they
Diſſolue in ſinckes, make Mire, and temper Clay:
So puft Impoſtors (our Muſe-vapours*) ſtriue,*
With their ſelfe-blowne additions, to depriue
Men ſolid, of their full; though infinite ſhort
They come in their compare; and falſe report
Of leuelling, or touching, at their light,
That ſtill retaine their radiance, and cleere right;
And ſhal ſhine euer. When, alas, one blaſt
Of leaſt diſgrace, teares downe th' Impoſtors Maſt;
His Tops, and Tacklings; His whole Freight, and He
Confiſcate to the Fiſhy Monaſchy;
His traſh, by fooliſh Fame bought now, from hence,
Giuen to ſerue Mackarell *forth, and* Frankincence.
Such then, and any; too ſoft-ey'd to ſee
Through workes ſo ſolid, any worth, ſo free
Of all the learn'd profeſſions, as is fit
To praiſe at ſuch price; let him thinke his wit
Too weake to rate it; rather then offend
With his poore pow'rs, Ages, and Hoſts of Fees.

To the Ruines of Troy, and Greece.

Troy rac't; *Greece* wrackt: who mournes? Ye both may boſt;
Elſe th' *Ilyads*, and *Odyſſes*, had bene loſt.

Ad Deum.

THe onely true God, (betwixt whom and Me,
I onely bound my comforts; and agree
With all my actions) onely truly knowes,
And can iudge truly me, with all that goes
To all my Faculties. In whoſe free grace
And inſpiration, I onely place
All meanes to know (with my meanes; Study, praire,
In, & from his word taken) ſtaire by ſtaire,
In all continual contentation, riſing
To knowledge of his Truth; and practiſing

His

136240
Homer

His wil in it, with my ſole Sauiours aide,
Guide, and enlightning: Nothing done, nor ſaide,
Nor thought that good is; but acknowledg'd by
His inclination, skill, and faculty.
By which, to finde the way out to his loue
Paſt all the worlds; the ſphere is, where doth moue
My ſtudies, prai'rs, and pow'rs: No pleaſure taken
But ſign'd by his: for which, my blood forſaken,
My ſoule I cleaue to: and what (in his blood
That hath redeem'd, cleanſd, taught her) fits her good.

Deo opt. Max. gloria.

FINIS.

13624c

Homer